

"Sort or Use" Ter Hit.

DETSY BIDOWAY.

Among the indigenous flowers of East Tennessee is one variously known as the chandeleur, mountain, Chilhowee or East Tennessee hily. Lovely in form, of an exquisite fragrance, pure white in color; to see it is to desire to possess it, and the mountaineers "turn many an honest penny" by the sale of the bulbs.

Shortly after I came to reside in the Chilhowee, I engaged a supply of these bulbs of Sammy Dunn, who faithfully promised to bring them on the following Wednesday. Wednesday came, but no Sammy, and, consequently, no bulbs. The next day, meeting Aunt Pruney Fairlock, a mountain woman of my acquaintance, I inquired if she knew what had become of the delinquent Sammy.

"Sammy Dunn? Why, he air powerful sick, an' his folks air mighty 'fraid ez he won't never be no better."

Sammy had impressed me as being an embodiment of physical health and endurance. He must have been taken suddenly ill; what was the matter with him?

"He hev got ther milk-sick."

"The milk-sick? What is that?"

"Waal, I reckon hit air jes' ther milk-sick. I hain't never hearn hit call by nary nuther name."

"But how do people get it?"

"Why, ther cow, she eats ther milk-sick, and ther people eats ther milk-sick."

"Oh!" a ray of light piercing the Egyptian darkness, "I see. It's some poisonous weed the cow eats, and her milk is affected by it."

"Taint nary weed, hit's jes' ther milk-sick."

A silence. I was dimly recalling something I had heard or read of milk-sickness, some disease among cattle, something that, doubtless, I had, at the time, informed myself upon, but which had now passed beyond recall. My face must have indexed my perplexity, for Aunt Pruney suddenly exclaimed: "Ain't yer never hearn tell o' ther milk-sick?"

I acknowledged my benightedness, and begged for enlightenment.

"Waal, we-uns 'low hit's somethink chet falls with ther dew, fur of yer gether anythink from ther fiols that's got ther milk-sick in't whilst ther dew air on ter hit, an' eat hit, yer'll get ther milk-sick; of yer git ther strawberries 'fore ther dew air dried off'n 'em, yer'll git hit; an' jes' so of ther cow eat ther paster whilst hit air wet with ther milk sick dew, she'll git hit."

"I should think you would be afraid your cows would get in those places without your knowing it."

"Oh, folks ez us 'ter hit kin mostly tell when they strain ther milk, ther look o' hit is sorter green. 'Fore now folks hev taken ther milk when they knowed hit was not good, an' sot it ter cream, an' churnin' ther butter ter sell, an' after er time word has kin back o' folks takin' ther milk-sick from that ther butter."

"Is there much of the milk-sickness around here?" I ask, mentally signing a total abstinence butter pledge.

"Not much. Hit's mosly in dark-some places whar ther air is unwholesome, cause ther sun don't hev much chance et em, bein' ther so shet in by ther mountains."

"Have you any of these places on your farm?"

"We-uns hain't got nary milk-sick fiol, ner never hev hod nun, an' I air powerful glad, an' hit's er mighty strook o' luck, seein' wo air renters, an' hev lived 'roun' right smart. Lawdy, lawdy! hit air enough ter gin er body ther crops ter look at them dark-some places, an' member ther death ther is in 'em. I knowed er fambly 'et hod ony on em, an' sich heaps o' trouble ez they hed, an' lox' two or three out'n ther fambly, but somehow et las' they got sort er use' ter hit, an' didn't seein ter min' hit."

"Darksome places where the air is unwholesome?" I have seen such places. They have been in every city, town and village (except one), in which I have ever been. I know one town that has an entire street of them, and another the entire side of a street. They are artificially darkened, either by placing screens at the windows, or by blurring them with paint, and a screen is always seen before the opened door. The air is defiled with nicotine, alcohol and profanity.

I have known many families that have lost two or three of their number because of these places. I was once acquainted with a family in which were six sons and a daughter. The parents were in affluence at circumstances, and, what was better, were sincere Christians. They took their children to church and to Sunday school, and gave them every educational and social advantage. Yet not only the six sons, but the husband of the daughter, fell victims to the unwholesome air of those darksome places.

An exceptional case? Yes, it is the

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by JOHN INNES, Toronto.

Air, "The Girl I Left Behind Me"

Musical notation for the first part of the carol, including a list of four variations: 1. Ring out the merry, 2. 'Twas Christmas tide when, 3. 'Twas on the eve of the day, 4. Oh! merry, happy.

Musical notation with lyrics: Christmas bell That tells of joy and glad-ness, Our hap-py hearts with pleasure swell, This is no time for...

Musical notation with lyrics: sad-ness, This is the crown-ing of the year, A day of mer-ry mak-ing, With feast and song our...

Musical notation with lyrics: hearts we'll cheer, All anx-i-ous cares for-sak-ing, but we are this morn-ing bring-ing...

only family that I have ever known that lost so large a number from this cause. But I doubt if I am exceptional in having had such a family among my acquaintances.

Does the government know of these places? Why, that is the strange part of it: the government encourages and fosters them.

Then why don't the people arise in their majesty and might, and enact a law prohibiting their existence? The people! O well, I suppose they have got "sort er use' ter hit."

Household Information.

When using buttermilk for griddle cakes, dilute a third with cold water, so that the cakes will not be sticky.

A shovelful of hot coals held over varnished furniture will, it is said, take out spots and stains. Rub the place while warm with flannel.

A dripping pan half full of cold water on the upper grate in the oven will prevent pies or cakes from burning.

The latest fancy in splashers are large fans spread against the wall behind the washstand.

A tallow candle or a piece of tallow wrapped in tissue paper and laid among furs and other garments of wool, it is said, prevent the ravages of moths. It is also a preventative against the Buffalo bug.

It is said that white silk lace can be cleaned by washing in benzine. It is best to do this work out of doors, away from fires and lights.—Selected.

Diseased Eggs.

A WRITER in a recent sanitary bulletin states that soon after it became the practice to transport eggs in large quantities and long distances by railway trains, it was found on their arrival that adhesion had taken place between the membranes of the yolk and those of the shell, so that the yolk could not be turned out of the shell unbroken. On examination by experienced pathologists, this was found to be the result of true inflammation; the material of the

adhesion was found to be precisely the same as that of the plastic exudation in inflammation of the lungs or bowels. It will at first seem absurd to speak of inflammation in such an unformed mass as an egg; but this arises from our forgetting that, structureless and unorganized as it seems, the egg, even when fresh laid, is a living being, and capable of disease from external causes.

The cause of this inflammation is undoubtedly the shaking and friction from the motion of the cars, and it cannot but render the egg more or less unhealthy, as the products of inflammation can never be as salutary in food as those of healthy growth.—Good Health.

He Was Afraid.

THAT dinner party—it was in Jimmy's eyes a wonderful affair. Several of the young people were there, and all thought it a remarkable dinner. Such beautiful dishes, and not empty either, but heaped with delicious food. Several were there whom Jimmy had never seen before—old friends, Captain Buswell said, whom he chanced to meet in the street, and sailor-like, he said he "just towed them into port."

The captain spoke of one as an "old chum, out of town, and happening along, he had been towed into port."

Jimmy did not catch the name, but he liked the man's face. He would have been still more interested in the man if he could have heard a conversation between this man and his wife before he left his home in another city.

"Hustand, you'll promise me you won't touch any liquor while you are gone!" said the wife.

"Mary, I give you my word on that. You know I have made up my mind to quit drinking. I shall keep my word. God help me!"

"And you help yourself, too."

"I'll try, Mary."

Somehow Jimmy could not keep his eyes off from this guest at Captain Buswell's table. Jimmy liked his handsome face, his very agreeable manner, his cheery voice. He sat quite near

Captain Buswell, and he could hear distinctly the conversation between the captain and the handsome, affable stranger. At last Jimmy heard the captain say:

"There, I almost forgot one thing! I believe I am losing my memory."

He called aloud "Bob!" A tall colored waiter, whose face Jimmy had seen several times on the street, sprang forward to receive the order, briskly, as if his master had fainted and needed help.

"Bring up a few bottles," Jimmy heard the captain say. Then the latter added something about "beer for the young folks."

Jimmy opened his eyes wide. Going to be drinking at that table? What would Jimmy do? "Don't you touch it, Jimmy," he heard his mother say. If that mother had understood what a gauntlet her boy's principles must run at the captain's table, she would not have permitted him to go, though absence might have offended all the Buswells between here and Australia.

However, there was Jimmy at the table, and "beer for the young folks" was coming. Jimmy was uneasy. He had felt like a very strong temperance boy at home; but, somehow, when he saw the colored waiter slip forward with the bottles that the captain ordered, when he heard Charlie Evans whisper "Good!" to Bob Tuck at the sight of the beer, Jimmy's temperance principles began to waver. It was so much easier at home by his mother's side, watching from the window that old drunkard, to be an enthusiastic teetotaler. But here! Jimmy's face reddened with excitement.

And somehow the stranger looked uneasy. Jimmy saw him drop his fork on the floor, pull his handkerchief out of his pocket, wipe his face, hem, blush—plainly the stranger was embarrassed in view of the bottles.

"Ha! ha!" said Captain Buswell, elevating a bottle with a purple fluid that gurgled into a dainty wine-glass next him. "I must have the pleasure of filling it myself personally for you," he said to the stranger. He handed

his neighbor the glass, filled a second for himself, and bade the waiter to give "a little harmless beer to the young folks."

What would Jimmy do? He looked at Steve Ames, another youthful guest, and Steve looked at him. Steve took his beer and lifted it to his lips. What would the stranger do? "Don't touch it," Jimmy heard his mother saying, and allowed his glass to remain untouched. The stranger nervously played with his wine-glass, while Captain Buswell boisterously praised his portion, ank smacking his lips, said he "must have another."

"Hem-m-m!"

It was the stranger. He had lifted his glass toward his lips, coughed and then set it down again. Jimmy's glass was still untouched.

"Jimmy, Jimmy," said Captain Buswell, patronizingly, "are you not going to take your beer?"

"No, I thank you, sir."

Everybody at the table looked up in astonishment. To think that at the great Captain Buswell's table just a boy should refuse what was set before him!

"Are you afraid of it, Jimmy?" The stranger's glass was half-way to his lips, but at this question his hand halted.

"Yes, sir," rang out Jimmy's answer, prompt and bold and clear. The stranger's glass went down so suddenly that a part of the wine was spilled on the table.

"Indeed!" said the captain. He tried to laugh, and others joined; but it was forced merriment. If Jimmy had noticed, there was not much drinking after his declaration that he was afraid. The stranger did not reach out his hand again toward his glass.

But who was he? The next day, after school, when Jimmy returned home, his mother said, turning to a caller, "Cousin George, this is our Jimmy."

It was the stranger at Captain Buswell's party.

"Jimmy," he whispered, "thank you for your example yesterday."—Interview.