Fun and Fancy.

Dick Turpin, the prince of English cracksmen, once wanted to increase his band by two, and so announced. Two men presented themselves as adroit thieves. 'I want pretty good thieves,' said Dick to one of them. 'As a sample of your skill, let me see you climb that tree and steal the eggs under that setting bird without her knowing it. If you are successful I'll take you.' When thief number one commenced to climb the tree Dick said to the second rogue: 'Now climb that tree and steal the trousers off his legs without his knowing it.' Both fellows went to work in dead earnest, and when the first thief presented his leader with the stolen eggs, pointing triumphantly to the bird still sitting on her nest in ignorance of her loss, he was thunderstruck by Dick's handing him his trousers, with the admonition that a well bred thief never came bare legged into the presence of his chief.

One of those newspaper reporters who always has his nose in everything, tells the following. President Cleveland has removed the French *chief de cusine* from the White House kitchen and appointed in his stead a bonny murphy boiler from the 'ould sod.' A disgusted society woman, whose father was mighty glad to get meat once a week before he made a fortune by discovering a valuable coal deposit, said to me the other night: 'Just think of the President appointing as chef a woman who don't know a pun dee terror from a potato.' Those were her words, gentle reader, and 'those were' her pronunciation. But I cannot give you the expression of calm and majestic superiority which seemed to say: 'Here is a poor newspaper man and I have paralyzed him with my French.' She did, there's no doubt of that.

A story is told about an English girl who, when a French dressmaker arranged her a costume of rich browns and soft yellows, set his artistic soul in a tremor of anguish by calling it 'breakfast.' 'And why, mademoiselle?' he asked reproachfully. 'Why, dear me,' she said, her little fingers straying over the striped brown and white velvet of the underdress and darker brown of the mantle, the overdress matching the dark stripe of velvet and yellow gloves, 'don't you see? Butter—gloves; toast—overdress; cream—white velvet stripe; and chocolate in mantle! Pretty good breakfast, too.' 'Ah, ah!' says the enraged artist now, 'I will make her one lobster salad gown, and it shall be so real that she shall have the indigestion when she wears it.'

Twaddle, twaddle! This preaching about keeping the boys on the farm is getting tiresome. You can no more make the boys devour the dry rot of many of the many so-called agricultural books and papers than you can get them to eat bitter and vapid sweet apples when they can find the juicy, tart ones in a neighbor's orchard. If you won't teach them the brightness, and beauty, and snap, and go of nature, of progressive mechanics, of live business men, of vigorous thinkers on the farm, and what the agricultural schools and colleges may be, then wager all of your crops, and cows and horses to boot, that they will seek the brightness and snap of life in the city or town. And that is all there is of it.—[Our Country home.

Household Hints.

It is said on good authority that chloride of lime freely used about their holes and runways, will drive rats away.

Powdered rice is said to have a great effect in stopping bleeding from fresh wounds. The rice powder is sprinkled upon lint, which is then applied as a compress.

If you would be "way up" in the latest parlor decoration craze, ladies, confiscate your husband's or your father's milking stool, paint and varnish it a three legs, cover its top with embroidery, ornament with ribbon bows, and thus rescued from ignoble uses, consecrate it to the sacred best parlor.

The *Bazar* tells how to seal up jellies, so as to keep them from mould, without the trouble and expense of using paper wet in brandy. Cut circular pieces of thin brown paper two inches larger than the glasses to be covered. Make a paste by stirring a tablespoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of water into a smooth mass, and thinning with more cold water until the paste seems no thicker than water. Dip each piece of paper into the paste until it is wet through, drain a little and spread over the top of the glass, pressing the edges firmly down on the sides. When dry the paper will be tight as a drum-head. The label may be laid on top of the paper as soon as put on the glass; there will be enough paste on the paper to hold the label when dry.

Mary Wager Fisher, in the *Rural New Yorker*, tells how she makes what she calls a "swab," which she uses instead of a dishcloth: "The handle is a round stick the size of a broom handle, a foot long, with a hole in one end through which a string is passed to hang it up; around the other end a groove is cut. I wound the strings around my four fingers held flat, slipped a stout cord through the hole left when the fingers are withdrawn, and tied the loop firmly around in the groove; then cut the bottom of the loop of strings, which results in a heavy fringe falling all around the bottom of the handle. New strings can at any time be added to replenish the swab, which needs to be large and full. I have been thus specific about the swab, as there may be some unfortunate dish-washer left in the world who still clings to a dish cloth, and if so, she may be hereby induced to make for herself a swab, and wonder evermore that she lived so long without one, for it saves the hands from being burned with hot water, the dishes are cleaned more thoroughly and quickly, and the swab never degenerates into a dish-rag."

A Sensation.

An unparalleled sensation is being created all over Ontario by the wonderful and unequalled manner in which Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, Backache, Headache, is removed by one application of Fluid Lightning. No offensive, disgusting drugs need to be taken for days. It is an instant cure. Try a 25c. bottle. 1m

A Plea for Step-Mothers.

Mothers are admitted by every one to be the truest, most unselfish, most faithful, most enduring, of earthly friends. A mother's wisdom is oftentimes questioned, her love never; and all errors of judgment are passed lightly by with the remark: "Oh, well, she is his mother; of course she meant right." The purity of her motives being thus conceded, the mother left to rear her child according to her own ideas. She may carefully attend to, or utterly neglect, its mental, moral, and physical training; "It is her own business." She may be over-indulgent, or harsh and stern; no one interferes. But suppose a mother to die—leaving helpless children behind her? How different is her successor's lot! She may know how to be the mother's mental and moral equal, or even superior; but does any one stop to consider that? Is any one willing to believe that she will intelligently and conscientiously do her utmost in behalf of her adopted children, and so leave her that freedom of will and action which they would never think of denying the real mother? So soon as a woman enters a family as step-mother all eyes are upon her; every tongue is ready to report every circumstance and to impute the gravest motives and predict the most serious consequences for every action. If she withholds a desired indulgence or inflicts even a necessary punishment she is "heartless and cruel;" if she shows a whit more tenderness for her own children she is decried as a monster of partiality; if she be kind and indulgent she is (O self-appointed critics, how great your ingenuity in picking flaws!) "afraid of public opinion" and "indifferent to the children's real welfare."

Brave and courageous, indeed, must be the women who can hold firmly on her way, follow her own convictions of right and duty regardless of all the adverse criticism she provokes. And again, when step-mother and children fail to live together harmoniously, how many stop to inquire whether the children are altogether lovable and dutiful, whether the mother has not done all within her power, and whether the difficulty does not arise from the children's own ungovernable and ungrateful dispositions! Of course, when a child is nearly or quite grown at the advent of a step-mother it is difficult to welcome her heartily—it is hard, indeed, to see a loved mother's place occupied by another, and she who essays to fill that place has need of much tact as well as genuine good-will toward her husband's sons and daughters. But, O young man, young woman, does not your father's wife deserve some consideration from you? Do not hastily conclude her to be your enemy and array yourself against her You may be able to do each other much good. Why should you deny to her the application of that grand old principle of English common law that every one is to be held innocent until his guilt is proven? But how can we find words to express the baseness of one who, having received the wise, watchful, anxious, earnest care and guidance of a step mother from the years of helpless infancy to manhood or womanhood, can still excuse a slighting, disrespectful, unfilial speech or action by the remark, "Oh, she is only my step-mother." A good mother deserves all love, honor and reverence, A good step-mother deserves not one whit less, but, rather more, for she gives from her goodness, benevolence and conscientiousness what the other gives naturally and could not withhold.—[Household.

Ration for the Dairy.

A most successful butter-making dairyman, who keeps a large herd, says one of the best average rations he has tried is: One quart Indian meal, 2 quarts each of oatmeal and wheat bran and 1 pint oil meal. This should be mixed with about half a bushel of cut hay and well moistened with water before feeding. He gives this ration night and morning—to cows of medium size—in addition to what hay they may eat, of which clover is best, if cut just as it is coming into blossom, and cured so that all the leaves adhere to the stems when transported to the barn and mowed away. Larger or smaller cows require correspondingly less or more. Of course when in good pasture, or abundantly soiled, neither meal nor bran is necessary, but if scant then they should be fed whatever they may need of these to keep up flow of milk. It would be better to grind the corn and oats together, at the rate of one bushel of the former to two of the latter, and then mix three quarts of this povender to two quarts of wheat bran, and one pint of oil meal for the ration. Instead of oil meal some substitute cotton-seed meal, but the latter does not agree well with all cows; and being richer and heartier than the former, it might be safer to begin with a gill or half-pint night and morning, and watch its effects before increasing the dose. All grass for hay for cows should be cut not later than when just coming into blossom; some dairymen say it is better to cut before this, and then it will make yellow butter all winter, the same as grass pasture in summer.—[A. B. Allen.

KEENE, N. H., July 20.—Barnum's refractory elephant Albert, which killed Keeper Sweeney on Saturday, was shot dead by a volley by fifty-five members of the Keene light guard at fifteen paces. The beast was valued at $10,000. His remains were donated to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

Ashamed of Her Name.

The modern way of changing and "twisting around" some honorable old family names indicicates a mental vacuum in those who do it. A name on which there is no stain is one of God's best gifts. Accept it, be thankful for it, and do it no dishonor by seeking to put it aside for one more fanciful and fashionable, to which you have no right. We sympathise with the old farmer whose daughter was ashamed of her name:

When she first left her good old country home, with its quiet, simple ways, for a year in a fashionable boarding-school, she signed her name, "Sarah Jane Smith," and took no offence at being called Sally.

Three months later, her letters came home "Sadie J. Smith."

Six months elapsed, and she had become "S. Janie Smithe."

Time rolled along, bringing in its wounderous changes, and when June days came, she blossomed forth as "S. Jeannie Smythe"

Then her father hitched his old blind horse to the vegetable cart; and said,—'I'm goin' ter bring that there Sal home, an' let 'er know that she can't bring objecom on the good old name o' Smith by ringin' in any more 'y' and 'e' changes on it.

They can't nobody say a word of harm agin my branch o' the Smith family. I'm proud of it, an' glad I'm one of 'em. I reckon a month o' right hard work in tatertime 'll let Sary Jane know that J-a-n-e don't spell no 'Jeanny'!'

Tears of a Baby.

I think there is no sadder sight on earth than the tears of a baby. To see the little round face that looks as if it were only made for laughing, all twisted up in a snarl of puckers, the bright eyes squinted out of sight, and great, real tears coursing down the pudgy cheeks, is enough to make a stoic weep in sympathy. It is as if the man in the moon were crying. I knew an English father who, whenever one of his babies—and there was a host of them—cried, would say in tones of comical distress, 'he'd rather see a five-pun note than one of those tears, any day,' and it seemed to those little ones to be the height of devotion and self-denial on his part.

Mrs. Paddock, a writer of Salt Lake City, tells a pathetic story of a broken hearted wife whose first baby never cried aloud, but wept in silence all the time. Sleeping or waking, the tears flowed from its eyes, and in a few weeks it died, its mother said, of a broken heart. It had shed all the tears its mother had repressed before its birth, and its weeping face was a symbol of the face of Utah. In antithesis to these sad facts is a memory we nearly all can conjure up of some fat, rascally baby who would cry and cry and cry until every member of the family was enlisted in his cause, when he would suddenly unbutton his eyes and lo! not a tear would be there. It had been a crocodile bawl of the driest grief.—[Detroit Free Press.

"Our Father."

A good woman, searching out the children of want, one cold day, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say: "Pull the string up high! Pull the string up high!" She looked up and saw a string, which, on being pulled, lifted a latch; and she opened the door upon two little, half-naked children, all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

'Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?' asked the good woman.

'God does,' said the oldest.

'And are you not very cold? No fire on a day like this?'

'Oh! when we are very cold, we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms round me, and we say, 'Now I lay me,' then we get warm,' said the little girl.

'And what have you to eat, pray?'

'When granny comes home she fetches something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows and we say 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father.'

Tears came in the good women's eyes. She had a mistrusting spirit herself; but these two little 'sparrows,' perched in that cold, upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.

Friendship.

Having carefully chosen a few friends, we should never let them go out of our lives if we can by any possibility retain them. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure lightly to be thrown away. And yet many people are not careful to retain their friends. Some lose them through inattention, failing to maintain those little amenities, courtesies, and kindnesses which cost so little and yet are hooks of steel to grapple and hold our friends. Some drop old friends for new ones. Some take offense easily at imagined slights or neglects, and ruthlessly cut the most sacred ties. Some become impatient of little faults, and discard even truest friendships. Some are and incapable of any deep or permanent affection, and fly from friendship to friendship like birds from bough to bough, but make no nest for their hearts in any. There are a great many ways of loosing friends. But when we have once taken them into our lives we should cherish them as rarest jewels. If slights are given, let them be overlooked. If misunderstandings arise, let them be quickly set aright.—[Selected.

Healthfulness of Hammocks.

Beds are occupied night after night, year after year, by divers persons in sickness and in health, in summer's heat and winter's cold, and as to when bedding is remade and purified each one can judge by his own experience. Compare this with the use of the South American hammock, which only requires a stout blanket inside, and in winter a woollen sleeping dress as well of suitable make periodically washable. The sanitary difference becomes at once startling to those who have never considered the subject before.—[Detroit Free Press.

If there is one rule about eating in which all are agreed, it is that our meals should be taken at stated and regular periods.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

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R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

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FOR ALL THE FORMS OF Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders, the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is

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Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles, $5.

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Carpet Warps made to order.

ROLL CARDING.

Our facilities for this work cannot be surpassed. We will endeavor in most cases to do it the day it is brought in, if required.

Custom Spinning and Reeling, or Spinning on the Cap, coarse or fine, hard or soft twist, as required.

We are in a position to do all kinds of custom work, usually done in a full set custom mill, and we will guarantee to do for you fully equal, if not a little better than any in our surroundings.

A call respectfully solicited.

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Restores grey hair to its natural color, removes Dandruff, stops the hair from falling out, increases its growth, and will not soil the skin. As a hair dressing, it has no superior. Guaranteed harmless.

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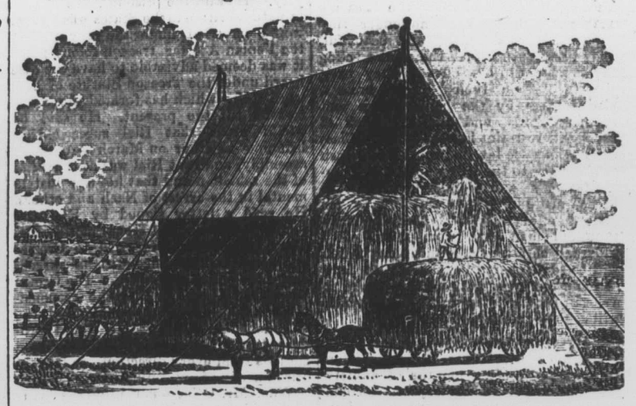

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