

To Start Perspiration.

When Rodolphus Young was under examination by the board that was to decide upon his fitness to receive a diploma as M. D., he chanced to find the sages in a critical mood; and it may be that they thought him a good subject for a little of their sportive hazing. Among the questions asked was this: "In case of excessive fever, sharp, rapid pulse, and dry, parched skin, with tongue also dry, what would you do for your patient?" "I'd get up a perspiration as quickly as possible," was the answer. "Exactly. And how would you do it?" Rodolphus named a few of the diaphoretics which he considered best adapted to the case. "Yes—and suppose they didn't answer?" The student mentioned a few more medicines which might be useful. "Well," pursued the chief of the board, "and what if that didn't answer?" In a rapid manner Rodolphus spun off the whole list of diaphoretics, stimulating and alterative, adding all the external appliances of heat, friction, water, and so forth, allowable. And yet the goggle-eyed examiner persisted. He seemed determined to make the neophyte pronounce the fatal words, "I don't know." "Well," said the chief of the torturers, as calmly and coolly as though he had been putting a sensible question, "and suppose all that would not answer, would you have any recourse left?" "Yes," cried Rodolphus, with a sudden snap of his jaws; "if none of that would start a perspiration, I would bring the patient up here and let you examine him." Rodolphus passed.

Suggestions about Ironing.

Iron the back of the shirt first, then do the sleeves and the neck binding; be very careful not to stretch the neck. Now slip in the bosom board, and with a clean cloth wrung out of hot water rub the bosom well; if the bosom wrinkles anywhere, rub them toward the bottom. Iron quickly with a hot iron, but not hot enough to stick and scorch—with a little practice you will soon learn when the iron is just right; raise the plaits with the blunt edge of a table knife, and iron again. Now take the cloth, wrung out of clean hot water again, and rub the bosom over again. Take the polishing iron and rub that bosom, a small place at a time, until it "shines" to suit you, and the shine will depend very much upon the strength and perseverance with which you use that iron. It is no child's play to polish a bosom properly; you must bear down very hard with the rounded end of the iron and rub until the bosom is quite dry. The iron must not be too hot—a moderately hot iron is the best. Do the cuffs the same way. When the cuffs are made on the sleeves, do them after ironing the sleeves, and before you touch the bosom. After ironing the bosom, iron the rest of the front. Always keep your polishing iron very clean and bright; never let it get very hot; if you do it will be apt to roughen the smooth surface. It is not at all likely that you will be satisfied with your first or second attempt, but if you persevere in following the directions that I have given, you will succeed at last. If at the end of three or even six months you are able to iron and polish your husband's bosoms, collars and cuffs as they should be done, you will say that the time spent in learning has been well spent.

Do not iron calicoes with very hot irons—it will turn and fade the colors more than the washing. Some ladies always iron calicoes on the wrong side, but will find they will keep clean longer if ironed on the right side.

Iron lace and embroidery on the wrong side, and iron until quite dry, or they will not look nice.

Iron silk handkerchiefs and old silk when quite damp, on the wrong side, and with only a warm iron, as some colors are apt to turn or fade.

To iron flannels, take from the line when not quite dry, roll up a short time, and press with an iron only moderately heated. Pressing does not make the flannel feel so stiff and hard as rubbing with the iron, and very hot irons turn the fabric yellow.—[Ohio Farmer.]

It takes something more than good agricultural productions to make a paying agricultural exhibition now in the days of competition. The glass hen and royalty have done much; the hurdle-races and trials of speed will draw; baby shows and pretty girls have eclipsed farm stock. Michigan State Fair, however, carries off the palm this year. They offer 40 acres of land to the first couple that go before the grand stand and be united in wedlock.

Rules for Visiting.

As a general rule, never invite yourself to stay with any one; do not take such a liberty even with a near relation. Many persons have a habit of making unexpected appearances; they should remember that intrusions of this kind are sure to be more or less resented, and they run the risk of making themselves unwelcome guests. Others in an off-hand manner announce their intention of paying a visit, thereby causing a considerable amount of embarrassment; for though the host may not be averse to the self-invited guest's society, yet the liberty taken may cause great inconvenience.

Be not less particular that you do not take a stranger, or an uninvited person, with you when you pay a visit—unless, of course, you are specially requested to do so. If it should happen that you receive an invitation at a time when you have a friend staying with you, write by return mail declining the invitation, giving the presence of your friend as the reason for your doing so. It is then the province of the giver of the invitation to write and extend the invitation to your friend also. Then you may accept; but do not take the initiative yourself and say you would be glad to come if you could bring So-and-so with you; as your host may be so circumstanced that to say "yes" or "no" would be equally disagreeable.

A considerate visitor will be careful not to keep his host and hostess up to a later hour than that at which they habitually retire. Thoughtless persons frequently occasion much vexation and inconvenience in this way.

In many houses there is a tacit signal that bedtime has arrived by the appearance of a tray with wine, soda-water, biscuits, etc. After partaking of this light refreshment, candlesticks are handed round among the ladies, who then retire to their own apartments. Gentlemen leave the drawing room at the same time; and for them it is permissible to adjourn to the smoking-room for a short time before retiring for the night—this of course, is quite optional, and does not entail the presence of the host.

When staying at a friend's house, a visitor should never take a book from the library to his own room without requesting permission to borrow it. Many people place the highest value on their literary possessions. When a book is lent, care should be taken that it sustains not the slightest damage, either within or without.

No guest should be continually dependent upon her host for entertainment, but should throw herself upon her own resources, and endeavor to amuse herself as much as possible, and should remember, that however welcome she may be, her presence is not always wanted.

From breakfast to luncheon, as a usual thing, visitors should not expect any attention from host or hostess. Both require some time in order to make necessary arrangements; many matters may require the supervision of the hostess, while the host avails himself of this period to occupy himself with his personal concerns. The visitor, too, finds this a convenient time for writing, taking a stroll, reading, etc., in fact, do anything in reason, except look for any attentions from her entertainers during this portion of the day.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed and at ease, in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, the delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like the gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the protection and armour of a giant, by studs and knots of good and precious stones, when they are not in actual warfare.

Says a French critic: "I like a girl before she gets womanish, and a woman before she gets girlish."

Sensible Almost to the Last

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mulcahy lived on a farm. They were shrewd and thrifty, and had the reputation of being "close." Finally, Mrs. Mulcahy sickened and was about to die. Finding herself nearly the end, she expressed a desire to put things in order before that event occurred, and old Tom prepared to listen.

"Tom," said Mrs. Mulcahy, "there's Mrs. Smith, up at the crossing, she owes me \$1.80 for butter; see 'ye get it."

"Sensible to the last, my dear; sensible to the last," said Tom. "I'll get it."

"Then there's Mrs. Jones, up at the creek; she owes me \$1.50 for chickens."

"Ah! look at that, now, for a mind; she forgets nothing."

"And Mrs. Brown, in the village, she owes me \$2.30 for milk."

"D'ye hear that? Sensible to the last; sensible to the last! Go on, my dear."

"And—and—"

"Yis?"

"And Mrs. Roberts, at the toll-gate, I owe her—"

"Ah! poor dear! poor dear!" broke in old Tom, hastily; "how her mind does be wandering! Sure we've allowed her to talk too much entirely, so we have!"

LEAP YEAR'S DIFFICULTIES.—He was a nice young man, with cane, high hat and patent leather boots. He strolled leisurely down Fourth avenue, puffing daintily upon a cigarette, and occasionally twirling the waxed ends of his moustache. He was accosted by a stout woman with a florid complexion.

"Top of the mornin' to ye, Mister Charley," said she.

"Good morning, Mrs. McGuinness," said the nice young man.

"Me darlint boy, would ye—" and she bestowed a bewitching smile upon him.

He dodged out of her reach. The recollection that it was leap year rushed upon him, and he answered:

"Madam—really—I can't—I am very sorry if I cause you pain—but my affections have already been bestowed upon another—and madame—I can't—I can't marry you."

She gazed at him in astonishment, and then said, indignantly, "Who axed ye to marry me? The idea of the likes of me, a poor lone widdy, wid four children to support by washin', axin' ye to marry me; I was only goin' to ax ye for that dollar for washin'."

He sighed, gave her a dollar, and walked sadly away.

PROPORTIONS OF THE HUMAN FIGURE.—The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good. Any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the statue. The hand, from the wrist to the middle forefinger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, is divided into three equal parts, the first division tells the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the ends of the fingers when the arms are extended.

Mothers, there is another thing for you to do. Frolic with your children. Leave out that extra group of tucks from the little skirt, and have a romp in the fields with the boys and girls. Give up the dessert for dinner some day, and devote yourself to the sunshine, and be a child again. Your children will forget about the pies you make, and the memory of, tucked shirts will last but an hour; but the young hearts will never forget that beautiful day when mother left her work and went out in the fields to gather wild flowers with them. Years after, the sight of a daisy will bring back that day; a blue violet will recall mother's eyes, and a bird's song thrilling suddenly from some leafy bough will awaken sweetest memories of that bright spot in childhood.—[Zion's Herald.]