GOLDEN-ROD.

BY ANGELINA W. WRAY.

All along the highways,
Along the lanes and by-ways,
The golden-rod's in bloom.
From the darkest places
Merry little faces
Brighten up the gloom.

O golden-rod! O golden-rod!
Through the sunny weather,
Nod and grow, gleam and glow,
And all be glad together.

Where the winds are calling,
Brown nuts slowly falling,
The yellow blossoms glow.
How they gleam and glitter!
Hear the robins twitter,
"Almost time to go."

O golden-rod! golden-rod!
Autumn days are flying.
Nod and grow, gleam and glow,
And do your best by trying.

Willow trees are turning,
Maple leaves are burning,
Golden rod's afire.
Fairy torches glimmer,
Woods are in a shimmer,
And the flames leap higher.

November rain is all in vain.
Down, Down, it dashes.
O golden-rod! golden-rod!
You've burned the woods to ashes!

THE HOME.

Saved by Air and Exercise.

An invalidism of two years' duration having at length terminated in almost complete recovery, gratitude for the re-establishment of health impels me to express certain strongly-felt convictions. According to my experience, medical aid in cases of chronic debility and nervous exhaustion is well nigh valueless. The beneficent influence of pure air and sunshine, however, combined with judicious exercise, cannot be overestimated. In acute diseases, medicines may be, probably are, essential, but when the forces of nature have been long devitalized, the continued use of such stimulants often deprives the patient of rallying power. Although I was not entirely helpless, the dreary monotony of months of sofa existence was attended by much suffering. The sweet pellet of the homœopathist and the rigorous compounds of the "old school" were alike tried with little, if any, success, and after having received much conflicting advice from doctors, and paid exorbitant bills for the same, I was inclined to the depressing belief that the blessing of health would never be vouchsafed to me.

At this juncture, circumstances placed me amid most inspiring surroundings. With grand specimens of nature's handiwork everywhere visible, mountains, green hills and valleys, I awoke one day to the realization of a new energy. Under the magic influence of an invigorating atmosphere, the sense of weariness which had formerly oppressed me diminished rapidly. Following the advice of friends I adopted the plan of walking a carefully increased distance daily, and remaining in the open air as much as possible. At first all attempt at exercise proved very fatiguing, but gradually the muscles acquired strength, and now at the expiration of three months I am beginning to be conscious of the reviving power of restored physical condition and am rejoicing in health as only those can do who have been subject to the trial of sickness. That my remarkable improvement is due to outdoor life I feel confident, and shall hereafter be an enthusiastic advocate of ozone and exercise as contrasted with the wearisome and inefficient formula of doctors and drugs.—*Carrie E. A.*

Care of the Ears.

There is something discouraging in the slow progress of science in the treatment of deafness. Where twenty cases of trouble with the eyes are cured, probably not more than one of deafness is helped at all. This is accounted for by the greater need of eyesight than of hearing in the work of life, and of the consequent inducements which have been presented to the investigation of diseases of the eyes. But every one numbers among his acquaintances scores of people, many of them young or middle aged, who suffer cruelly from their infirmity. The lesson is strongly thrust upon us to take the most stringent care of our hearing and of that of our families.

Never allow your children's ears to be "boxed." In washing them handle them with the greatest care. While not unduly muffling the ears in winter, see that during long rides, and in all other cases of protracted exposure, these delicate organs are well protected. After scarlet fever, and during the progress of hay fever and other disorders which are likely to affect the ears, see that the best possible care is taken of them.

Teachers should explain the structure of this wonderful organ, and the laws which govern it to their pupils. An elderly man, one of the humblest and most devout of Christians, who had been deaf for many years, one day was gazing longingly up at the leaves of a great tree above him which were waving in the June breeze. "What are you looking at father?" asked his daughter. His reply brought tears to the eyes of all who heard it. "Oh, nothing, nothing, my dear"—with an attempt to be cheerful which was habitual with him—"I was only thinking how many years it had been since I had heard the pleasant rustling which the leaves make when there is a little wind like this, and how nice it would be to hear the birds sing again. That is one of the happy things that I am looking forward to *up there!*"—and he pointed reverently to the sky.

HOME-MADE INK.—Mothers who have several children to send to school, will be glad to know how to make their own ink instead of buying so many bottles of it as are usually required. A very excellent black ink may be made as follows: To one gallon of water, add one-eighth of a pound of gum arabic, one-eighth of a pound of sugar, one-eighth of a pound of copperas, and three-eighths of a pound of powdered nutgalls, and let it steep in an iron kettle one hour. To make red ink, put one teaspoonful of aqua ammonia in an ounce vial, add gum arabic the size of two peas, six grains number forty carmine, eight grains number six carmine; fill the bottle with soft water and it is ready for use. To make blue ink, add rain water to Prussian blue until it is of the desired shade.

CRYSTALLIZED GRASSES.—Pulverize one pound of the best white alum, and dissolve it over a slow fire in a quart of pure soft water. Do not let it boil, and be careful to keep everything out of the solution which could possibly stain it. A new earthen bowl is the best dish to heat it in. Tie together the stems of the grasses which are to be crystallized, and suspend them in the liquid when it is about milkwarm allowing them to remain about twenty-four hours; then remove them and let them dry in the sun for five hours. Do not let them become too heavy or the stems will not support them. By adding a little coloring, you can have a pretty variety.

FOR home decoration a few palms are worth a large number of common plants. They cost but little more and their requirements are the same as other plants—cleanliness, moisture, food, suitable temperature. Although there are over 100 varieties, only a few are adapted to home culture. True, they bear neither fruit nor flowers, but the leaves are so handsome, growth so curious and form so graceful that they are always pleasing to the eye. Few plants are more companionable or better worth study. Place a palm now and then in parlor or dining room and see the transformation of a plain room into one which gratifies the æsthetic sense.—*Belle P. Drury.*

THE FARM.

Dairy Data.

Mr. L. S. Hardin has "cold and hungry eyes" for facts and calculations, and pleasing originality in presenting them. Here are suggestive samples from his "New Dairy":

Don't flatter yourself that the Lord did not make you smart enough to improve your methods. Just try it awhile. Get a sheet of paper, a pencil and a stick for a ruler. Now draw a correct ground plan of the barn, to include everything on the ground floor. This will amuse you an hour or two. Now sit down and do some hard thinking over it, and see if you cannot devise some great and economical improvements. Then figure out the cost. That will do for the first lesson.

"Every dairy stable, and especially every creamery or cheese factory, should be made as ornate as circumstances of the owner can afford. This kind of ornamentation has a double effect—it helps to kindle the pride and interest of the owner in his business, and attracts the kindly criticism of those he may need as patrons.

"The barrel or box churn, as ordinarily made, is a terror to keep clean. It is difficult to get at the seams and creases, and the fresh air and sunshine refuse to enter the dark cavity. The smell of the average barrel churn after it has been in use several months in hot weather is enough to take the life and flavor out of the purest cream, while the butter is sure to revenge such treatment by shortly coming off flavor.

"Did you ever notice little dark-colored spots floating on the top of the can of milk when you opened it at the factory? When you do just run your thumb-nail around on the inside on the top of the can where everything is out of sight and see what you get. Don't smell of it as you value your life. It is well to do this in presence of the patron if you can, and mildly suggest that this little oversight be attended to.

"The pigs should be kept in dry, well-ventilated covered pens, not less than half a mile from the factory; a mile would be better. There should never, no never, be a connecting pipe between creamery and pigpen. All the waters of the ocean could not keep it sweet and clean in hot weather, and then the smell of the hogs—oh, take them over the hills and far away.

"Why is it that women play a part of so much more importance in the dairy in England than here? Many of the best cheesemakers and nearly all the fine buttermakers over there are women, and many of the dairy schools of England and Ireland are undes charge of women. Let us call our American girls back from the factory, the shop and the typewriter, and beg them go to work in the dairy school. Learn to do business on your own hook.

"City boys are easier to teach to become good buttermakers than country boys. It's very much harder to unlearn a man than to originally teach him. If he knows nothing about the business his mind is receptive and he learns readily; if he knows one way and you want to teach him another you have all his vanity and pigheaditiveness enlisted against you. Again, the country boy, has been brought up at the old-fashioned churn, and has generally had enough of it, while the city boy looks forward hopefully to a fresh experience. For our part we don't blame the country boy, especially if he had been compelled to eat the butter he made."

A Story for Farmers' Sons.

After all that has been said—and many times repeated—in regard to the general need of industry, economy and thoroughness on the part of farmers' young sons in all they do, it is discouraging to see how far short a majority come of accomplishing what they might achieve. Having watched the career of a farmer's son from his infancy to the present time, when he is twenty-eight years old, I am so impressed with his success that I cannot refrain from telling other farmer's sons, hoping some will be persuaded to emulate the example. At an early age he decided that his life business should be teaching, and he has since bent every energy to that point. He was never known to spend money uselessly, nor to waste time or anything else. His father's farm was near a railroad station, but several miles from town. Frequently he needed articles from the village, but could not spare a horse to go, so he gave his boy money for his fare and sent him; but he walked instead and saved the money, eventually to purchase some book he had in mind. Later he worked for a wealthy man and was so faithful in all he did that he soon acquired the esteem of his employer, who says to-day that he never knew the young man to slight a task, to be wasteful in any respect, or to equivocate a particle. A convenient school fitted him for college, where his father sent him four years, with the understanding that when he became able he should return the full expense.

This boy did not engage in hazing while at college, nor practice "athletics," as a majority of students do. His athletic exercise consisted of farm-work through every vacation, to reduce his college bill. As he was to become a teacher of modern languages, his rich friend persuaded him to accept $800 and go abroad a year among those who speak these languages in order to get the native pronunciation. Returning, he had saved $200 of the $800 and returned it. Then for two years he was college instructor at $400 a year. At the same time he earned more than that "coaching" students who were behind in classwork. He next accepted the professorship of modern languages in a Western college at a salary of $3,000, where he is now. He has repaid his father and his patron, principal and interest, has a nice family of his own, a good home, money ahead, and yet so young. He never was considered a brilliant youth, but he had what was better—a mind to decide to do something and a "hang dog" persistency in following the course he had marked out for himself. Perhaps after all this is of itself evidence of the possession of superior talent. A majority of farmers' young sons can become as successful in some line as the subject of our sketch is in his if they will adopt his course. Honor awaits those who will do it, whether their preferences lead to agriculture, law, medicine, manufactures or merchandise. I learn when it is too late, to my great grief, that I made a sad failure in that point.—*Galen Wilson.*

Comfort by Contrast.

Farmers get the "blues" and hardly know how to keep their spirits up; that is the very time they should be specially careful not to pour any spirits down. It is good to feel thankful that things are not worse with us; that will do more towards making us feel better than anything else. Men get more favors from God if thankful for what they have. I well recollect, when a boy, saying "thank you" to my father for a small token of his appreciation; and for doing so he gave me something of considerably more value. How much more willing is your Heavenly Father to reward you. The farmer may have troubles in the summer time; but they are not half as hard to bear as the troubles of the working classes in our overcrowded cities. Sleeping at night in a large, cool room in a farm-house is a far superior way of living to that practised by the hard-working poor of this city. Every farmer who has a chronic disposition to growl should visit New York on a warm night, in the latter part of July, and as he looks at the thousands trying to get an hour's sleep on the fire-escapes of the tenement houses, in order to get at least a breath of air, he will be willing to go back to the farm-house and thank God that his lot is no worse than it is.—*New York Witness.*

Rain-Making—Both Sides of the Question.

The recent experiments under Government auspices, for rain-making, have attracted much attention. Scientific men are divided as to the practicability of causing a precipitation of moisture by the use of explosives.

Both General R. G. Dyrenforth and Prof. Simon Newcomb discuss the question in the *North American Review* for October. The former is disposed to think that the experiments go to prove the possibility of producing rain at will. He says that not less than nine showers fell during the sixteen days of our experiments; a most extraordinary occurrence in the locality, and especially at this season of the year. That these results were not produced at an excessive expense of material may be seen from the fact that in the entire series of experiments only two tons of iron, one ton of acid, one-fourth ton of potash and manganese, and one ton of rackarock powder and other explosives were consumed, none of which are expensive materials. He holds that experiments clearly demonstrate that the concussions from explosions exert a marked and practical effect upon the atmospheric conditions in producing or occasioning rainfall, and that when the atmosphere in a "threatening" condition—which is frequently the case, in most arid regions, without any rain resulting—rain can be caused to fall, almost immediately, by jarring together the particles of moisture which hang in suspension in the air. This last result, he reports, was repeatedly effected, the drops sometimes commencing to fall within twelve seconds from the moment of the initial explosion. Altogether, the results of our first experiments have been exceedingly gratifying and encouraging to the advocates of the theory that rain can be produced at will by artificial means.

Prof. Newcomb, however, is very sceptical about reaching such results by these methods. A thousand detonations can produce no more effect upon the air, or upon the watery vapor in it, than a thousand rebounds of a small boy's rubber ball would produce upon a stone wall. So far as the compression of the air could produce even a momentary effect, it would be to prevent, rather than to cause, condensation of its vapor, because it is productive of heat, which produces evaporation, not condensation . . . But how, it may be asked, shall we deal with the fact that Mr. Dyrenforth's recent explosions of bombs under a clear sky in Texas were followed in a few hours, or a day or two, by rains in a region where rain was almost unknown? Too little is known about the fact, if such it be, to do more than to ask questions about it, suggested by well-known scientific truths. If there is any scientific result which we can accept with confidence, it is that ten seconds after the sound of the last bomb died away, silence resumed her sway. From that moment everything in the air—humidity, temperature, pressure, and motion—was exactly the same as if no bomb had been fired. Now, what went on during the hours that elapsed between the sound of the last bomb and the falling of the first drop of rain? Did the aqueous vapor already in the surrounding air slowly condense into clouds and raindrops in defiance of physical laws? If not, the hours must have been occupied by the passage of a mass of thousands of cubic miles of warm, moist air coming from some other region to which the sound could not have extended. Or was Jupiter Pluvius awakened by the sound after two thousand years of slumber, and did the laws of nature become silent at his command? When we transcend what is scientifically possible, all suppositions are admissible; and we leave the reader to take his choice between these and any others he may choose to invent.—*Watchman.*

TEMPERANCE.

What Drink Did for Joe.

"Can you let me have fifty cents, sir?"

A *Witness* man was chatting with the steward of one of the large steamships in his room a few evenings ago, when these words were spoken from outside and evidently intended for the steward's hearing. "Come right in, Joe," said the steward kindly, and the door opened.

When the supplicant saw the stranger he drew back and would have retreated had not the steward insisted on his being seated. Turning to the reporter the latter said, "Here is a young man with a history—a graduate of Cambridge." The young fellow, who was probably about twenty-five years of age, hung his head in silence and tears began to course down his pale cheeks. Addressing him again the steward said: "Now, Joe, what do you want the fifty cents for?"

"I want to go ashore for a short time. We have been a week in port and I haven't been ashore yet, and we'll be sailing to-morrow morning. I have been in the galley since morning."

"Tell us something about yourself," continued the steward, "I have often taken notice of you and know you to be different from the others. You were educated in Cambridge, weren't you?"

"I was, sir. My family live in London, and are high up in the social scale, and rich. After my university education my father gave me five hundred pounds to set myself up in business. I lost that money in a very short time, did not care to ask for more, and made up my mind to go to sea. I have now been about a year away. No, my parents don't know what has become of me."

At this juncture the second steward came in, and, seeing the galley hand sitting there, roughly ordered him out. His chief, however, asked him how he dared speak that way to any person in his room. "This young man is going to stay here as long as I like to keep him, and now you leave the room." This rebuff told. The second steward looked surprised, but quietly obeyed orders.

"Well Joe, here is fifty cents."

"Thank you, sir."

The young fellow went out. In speaking of him the steward said he had occasion to notice particularly the young fellow with the refined features whose duties were in the galley. His conversation was that of a gentleman at all times. He was a good linguist and a brilliant musician. He got about two pounds a month. An hour afterwards the young man was brought on to the ship in a drunken condition and had to be put to bed by one of the ship's hands. He had gone from the steamer to one of the dens on the wharf and had taken his position at the piano, where he kept a drunken audience amused until he himself succumbed to the poisonous liquor which is allowed to be sold in these places. When the steward saw him brought aboard, he said, "There is the secret of that young man's downfall."—*Montreal Witness.*

Stop and Think.

Do young men who are in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors ever stop to think what such a practice is doing for them? It not only threatens to destroy health and manhood, but it shuts them out from better positions in the employment of those who conduct the business of the country. No drinking man can secure a position as teacher in a college; as bank cashier; as superintendent of any railroad; as ticket agent in any important city in the country. In fact there is scarcely any place of trust that will in these days be entrusted to a drinking man. Not because a drinking man is more dishonest at heart than others, but because he can not be trusted. He is more liable to neglect his business than is a sober man and the temptation to use his employer's money is much greater. Young men who are just starting out in life should remember this.

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— Experientia docet: "I've got $10,000; I want to build a house." "You can't do it." "Why not?" "It takes $20,000 to build a house for $10,000."—*Puck.*

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EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the ninetieth day of December next, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner, so called, on Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, pursuant to the directions of a certain decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the fourth day of July, A. D. 1885, in a cause wherein Benjamin B. Bustin was Plaintiff, and Mary A. Duncan Defendant, with the approbation of me, the undersigned Barrister, the mortgaged premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill as follows:

"ALL that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate in the City of Saint John, and described as follows:—Beginning at the intersection of the northern side line of Lot No. 164 (one hundred and sixty-four), on the City Plan (said by heirs of Richard Simonds to the late Robert Duncan,) with the easterly side line of Brussels street, thence northerly along the said easterly side line of Brussels street twenty-five feet more or less, thence easterly parallel with the said northern line of Lot number 164 sixty-eight feet nine inches more or less, or to the western line of land sold by said Mary Ann Duncan to the Rev. Robert Duncan, thence along said last mentioned line southerly twenty-five feet more or less to the said northern line of Lot number one hundred and sixty-four (164), thence along said last mentioned line sixty-eight feet nine inches more or less to the place of beginning, being a portion of the western half of Lot No. 165 (one hundred and sixty-five) on the City Plan, together with the improvements thereon, and the appurtenances thereto belonging, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, also all the estate, right, title, interest, use, possession, property, claim and demand, whatsoever, both at law and in equity, of her the said mortgagor, of, in, to or out of or upon the said lands and premises, and every part and parcel thereof."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated this thirty-first day of August, A. D. 1891.

JOHN L. CARLETON, Barrister.

E. T. C. KNOWLES, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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155 cases Domestic Soft Hats;
35 cases Domestic Stiff Hats;
50 cases New York Soft Fur Hats;
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