

And when the hour comes, as it must, dear  
Mama,  
I beg you very gently break these news.  
—T. B. ALDRICH, in Harper's Magazine for  
August.

#### THROUGH THE STORM.

I heard a voice, a tender voice, soft falling  
Through the storm;  
The waves were high, the bitter winds were  
calling,  
Yet breathing warm  
The skies serene, of sunny uplands lying  
In peace beyond  
This tender voice, unto my voice replying,  
Made answer fond;  
Sometimes, indeed, like crash of armies meet-  
ing,  
Across the gale;  
But over all that sweet voice kept repeating,  
"I shall not fall."  
—NORA PERCY, in Harper's Magazine for August.

#### GERMANY AND THE POTATO BUG.

Farmers need object lessons. The  
German Government caught the idea  
when they feared an invasion of the  
fatherland with the decem lineata, our  
own potato beetle. That every man,  
woman or child who worked in the field  
might recognize the new foe at first  
sight, and set the heel upon him, the  
government had faithful, exact, life-like  
pictures of the potato beetle scattered  
all through the land. The pictures  
were made of exact colors and size of the  
beetle. They show him up in all stages  
of development, from egg to larva,  
from larva to full-grown beetle, and  
placed them on the potato plant and  
on the ground in natural positions.  
Then follow written descriptions of  
habits, time of appearance, and how to  
destroy them. Every German was  
taught to destroy the curse at sight.

In every school-room and every pub-  
lic house or building and in every farm-  
house these cuts and instructions could  
be seen. Every child in Germany  
doubtless knows enough of this beetle  
now to know what is best to do with  
him. The potato beetle was welcomed  
with bloody hands to a hospitable grave  
on German soil. Just so should we  
welcome every foreign weed or insect  
sparrow that appears here. Had  
Americans been as well and promptly  
informed of the nature and appearance  
of the Hessian fly, and what to do with  
it, can it be supposed that the curse  
would have become so universal? Our  
government can not expend our money  
more wisely than by furnishing such  
information. It is not enough to have  
a volume of heavy reading matter illus-  
trated by a few cuts go out as dead  
matter—dead because too late.

#### KEEPING CABBAGE.

A correspondent of the Country  
Gentleman says: The best method  
of keeping cabbage that I ever tried  
was to select a piece of ground quite  
dry, and at the same time mellow and  
easy to trench with spade, or, if a  
large number are to be preserved, use  
a plough first and then the spade, or  
round-pointed shovel, to shape the bot-  
tom and sides, and of sufficient width  
and depth to receive the heads so they  
will not touch either bottom or sides  
of the trench. Now, take a piece of 2  
by 4 inch scantling and place it edge-  
wise over the trench in such a position  
that the heads will not touch either  
side or bottom, after stripping off the  
coarse, outside leaves; suspend the  
heads under the scantling,  
roots up, by putting a suitable nail  
through the stump of the cabbage, the  
roots coming up a trifle higher than the  
natural earth; then take some short  
pieces of board, or other suitable mat-  
terial, just long enough to make a sort  
of rafter reaching from the edge of  
the bank to the scantling, in such posi-  
tion as to give a slight pitch; place a  
board on these rafters, lengthwise, of  
course; scatter over it a sufficient quan-  
tity of straw, or other coarse material,  
to prevent the earth from falling in;  
throw on a sufficient quantity of loose  
earth which came out of the trench, to  
prevent too much freezing, and it will  
keep the heads cool and sufficiently  
moist. Delay placing the heads in posi-  
tion as long as the weather will permit.  
The trenches may be in sections of 10  
or 12 feet, as in opening in spring it  
would be better not to let the air come  
to all at once.

#### SUMMER PLOWING.

If any time can be spared from other  
work, the fields which are to be sown  
to wheat or to grass seed this fall should  
be plowed as soon as may be. Plowed  
now and worked over with the cultivator  
or with the disk harrow a few times  
before the time for seeding will make a  
better seed bed than if plowed before  
sowing time, and the weed seed will  
have opportunity to germinate and be  
killed, so that weeds will be much less  
plenty. Often in a field plowed just be-  
fore seeding, the weeds get such a good  
start of the good seed as to place the  
latter at a disadvantage all the season.  
A worthless weed often takes the man-  
ure and the moisture that should have  
supported the crop, and then so shades  
the other as to give it but a small chance  
for life. It is easy to kill a few million  
weeds in a day with the harrow or

get as large growth or be as valuable  
for feeding as if it were sown earlier,  
but as a green feed if pastures dry up  
or grow poor in September it may be  
very good to have on hand, and if not  
needed then it may be cut for winter  
use, and will prove "better than snow-  
balls," although requiring some grain  
to be fed with it.

#### HARVESTING GRAINS.

All the small grains are ready for har-  
vest this month. They are best if cut  
just as they have passed out of the milk,  
but while the grain is easily broken by  
the pressure of the finger-nail. They  
will then cure in the stock, and may be  
taken to the barn for thrashing without  
the seed rattling out and wasting. If  
cut too green the seed often shrinks  
badly, though this is more frequently  
due to improper or insufficient manur-  
ing than to early cutting. If the heads  
are well filled out and hang down and  
begin to take on the bright golden color  
it is time to commence the harvest. It  
has probably grown all it will. If the  
bundles are made and put in the stock  
on a bright, warm day it may be done  
as fast as cut, without any waiting for  
it to dry. The stocks being upright  
the moisture will evaporate and pass off  
without trouble. If there are, as there  
should not be, many large, green weeds  
in the grain, they should be thrown out  
before binding, not only because they  
may not cure well and will mold the  
straw and grain, but because their seeds  
should not be in the grain. Some of  
them are not good feed for either man  
or beast.

#### HOW TO MAKE VIENNA BREAD.

Many a good housewife who visited  
the Centennial Exposition at Philadel-  
phia determined that she would make  
bread equal to that baked at the Vien-  
na bakery, and she has since tried,  
and tried in vain. The fault, however,  
is not in the making or the baking of  
the bread, but the flour. The Hunga-  
rian flours used at the Vienna bakeries  
are better than any in this country;  
that is they contain more gluten. The  
gluten of the flour is the body whose  
tenacity and elasticity, when in the  
dough, enables it to hold the bubbles of  
gas which are formed in the process of  
rising, and consequently a flour which  
is deficient in gluten can not make a  
light bread. The gluten however when  
present in sufficient amount, must be  
in such a physical condition as not to  
be injured and discolored by the fer-  
mentation which goes on in the dough  
through the action of the yeast. The  
methods of milling are, of course, res-  
ponsible for the condition in which the  
gluten is left in the flour originally, but  
the length of time and manner in which  
the flour is stored and preserved have  
their ultimate effect upon it. The  
Hungarian flours average 37 per cent  
of moist gluten, while that from the  
Minnesota mills averages only 20 per  
cent. May we not hope for an improve-  
ment in the character of our wheats,  
and also for better methods of milling,  
that will produce the very best quality  
of flour? Meanwhile a few bushels of  
home-grown wheat or rye ground at  
a country mill will afford excellent  
bread, the staff of life.

#### MAKING HAY.

There has not been much opportunity  
for cutting grass early this year, or any  
great necessity for it. The backward-  
ness of the season has prevented it  
from ripening on the dry knolls, or  
from lodging in rich and moist places  
as it has done in some years before  
in July.  
Thanks to mowing machines, ted-  
ders, horse rakes, and horse forks it  
does not take as long as it used to  
take to get the hay upon a farm. If  
the beginning is a little later than  
usual it is possible to crowd the work  
fast, and it may be well to put a few  
of such long days, from sun to sun, as  
our grandfathers used to make. If  
the evening from 4 until 8 o'clock, and  
the same time in the morning is spent  
in cutting grass, and the rest of the day  
in stirring, raking and putting it in  
the barn a great deal may be handled  
and the hay will not need as much  
labor expended upon it as if the fore-  
noon was spent in mowing and the  
afternoon in raking and drawing in.  
By this method the hay will be sweet  
nutritious and get well cured.

#### WEEDS.

Whatever else the farmer neglects he  
must not neglect to keep the weeds  
down during this next month, if he ex-  
pects to have a good crop this year, or  
land clear of weed seeds next year.  
No time on the farm is spent to better  
advantage than that of destroying the  
weeds in July and August, before they  
ripen any seed, yet many farmers think  
after the Fourth of July the crops will  
take care of themselves, and keep the  
weeds back so they will do no injury.  
This is a mistake. Potatoes and even  
corn will be injured by weeds that come  
from the seed after the first of July, but  
the injury to the land by filling it with  
weed seeds, and increasing the labor of  
cultivation another season at least three  
fold, is even greater.

seen in several well-known instances,  
do not always carry with them intense  
feelings of reverence for what they go  
to see. Sometimes this is rather pain-  
ful to sensitive souls, and sometimes it  
is very amusing. Two or three sum-  
mers ago I was in a railway train going  
down through Italy, and we had just  
reached the point where the branch line  
strikes off for Rome. I was looking  
out at the window, lazily contemplating  
the sign "A Napoli," which was over  
the other side of the station, when a  
voice, with all the fine nasal resonance  
of the most vigorous of our Yankee  
brakemen, rang out through the train:  
"Na-a-plies Junction! Passengers for  
East Rome and Rome Centre, change  
cars here!" The peal of laughter that  
followed showed me that I had many  
compatriots in the other carriages.  
Everybody took the joke.

#### SAM HOUSTON.

While sitting socially with some friends  
in his room at Willard's, General Sam  
Houston was intruded upon one night  
by a stalwart army officer, who bolted  
in unceremoniously, stalked across the  
room in full regimentals, and demand-  
ed of Houston an apology for insult.  
"You labor under some mistake, sir;  
I am not aware of ever having had the  
honor of meeting you or ever seeing  
you, before this moment," said the  
General, in his quiet, courtly manner.  
The intruder angrily rejoined: "You  
brushed your elbow against mine to-day  
on Pennsylvania Avenue, and never  
stopped to beg pardon. I felt grossly in-  
sulted, and told my friends that I should  
demand an apology, though I did not  
expect to get it. Nothing is left me  
but to seek the satisfaction due to a  
gentleman."

Houston now rose from his chair,  
stood with that imperial dignity which  
he could assume at will, and said, in a  
tone clear and satirical, as he pointed  
the door to the visitor, "Commend me  
to the man who demands an apology  
when he don't expect to get it!"  
[Exit officer amid roars of laughter.]

The vote of General Houston in the  
United States Senate on the repeal of  
the Missouri Compromise rendered him  
temporarily unpopular in Texas. In  
the political campaign following he  
drew large crowds as usual wherever  
he spoke on the hustings, but was  
sometimes interrupted. On one oc-  
casion a local politician, Colonel —  
(call him Thompson), gave the old  
veteran the lie direct in the middle of  
a speech. The General paused; all  
eyes were upon him, and every one  
was curious to see how the hero of San  
Jacinto would resent the wanton insult.  
He said, promptly and very deliberately,  
"Colonel Thompson calls me a liar.  
[Profound silence.] I cannot truthfully  
say that in my long life I have never  
told a falsehood; but, fellow-citizens, I  
will now tell the biggest lie I ever told  
in all my life—Colonel Thompson is a  
gentleman."

#### AN ORIGINAL VERSION.

There lived near Alexandria, in Vir-  
ginia, an old colored man and woman  
whom their acquaintances called Daddy  
and Mammy Williams. He had had  
educational advantages, and could read  
in a fashion peculiarly his own; but his  
wife, although lacking as regards  
erudition, possessed great force of  
character, which she often displayed  
in a manner that was very irritating to  
her husband. When she became partic-  
ularly fractious, Daddy would take  
the Bible, and open to that chapter in  
Revelation beginning, "And there ap-  
peared a great wonder in heaven, a wo-  
man clothed with the sun, and the  
moon under her feet," etc.

With impressive solemnity he would  
read as follows: "An' dere 'peared a  
great wonder in heben, a woman!"  
Slowly closing the book, he would gaze  
sternly at his now subdued wife, for the  
passage never failed to produce the de-  
sired effect.—IDA H. H. GABIE, in  
EDITOR'S DRAWER, Harper's Magazine  
for August.

#### PURE ANTIQUARIANISM.

If looking for an illustration of anti-  
quarian spirit pure and simple, one  
could hardly find a better one than the  
following incident:

A few years ago the writer was invited  
by Professor McN—, as a special fa-  
vor, to see a collection of curiosities  
which the latter had gathered and stor-  
ed away in a dingy rented room in a  
back street of New Orleans. Ascending  
a rickety stairway, he led me to his re-  
pository, threw back a window-shutter  
to let the light in and the musty air out,  
and then placed in my hands a dilapida-  
ted quarto. I carefully placed my open  
palms under it, fearing it would fall to  
pieces, "Ah!" said he, "I see you know  
how to handle a treasure."  
"What is this, professor?" I asked, as  
the old tome lay opened before me,  
written in a language of which I did  
not know the characters; "what is the  
title of the book? What is it about? Who  
wrote it? In what language is it writ-  
ten?"

The professor hesitated as I asked  
these questions, one after another, evinced  
great pleasure at the interest I  
was manifesting, and finally slowly an-

A bill relative to the Penitentiary being  
before the House, he took occasion to  
compare the penal system of his former  
State to that of his adopted one, giving  
preference to the order of things to  
which he had formerly been accus-  
tomed. Among his arguments in favor  
of the whipping-post, he said, that the  
same culprits were seldom whipped a  
second time, the disgrace of the punish-  
ment causing them to leave the State  
and begin life anew elsewhere. At this  
point of the new member's speech a  
voice from the opposite side of the  
Chamber called out, "Is that the reason  
why we have the gentleman from  
Delaware among us?"

#### A Kansas Device.

In several cities in the State what is  
known as the "blind tiger" is the  
scheme which is being used to sell beer  
and whiskey. A description of this  
novel little apparatus, told by a gentle-  
man who investigated it, is as follows.

"The other day when I was out in  
Western Kansas in a town of not over 500  
people I asked the hotel proprietor if  
there was any place where I could ob-  
tain some beer. He pointed significant-  
ly to a little dug-out in the rear of the  
hotel and mentioned me to go ahead.  
"I did, and passing five or six steps  
I entered a room about five feet below  
the surface of the earth ten feet long  
by six feet wide.

Looking around on either side of me  
was the dirt wall, but gazing ahead  
was a partition dividing the room. In  
the centre of this partition midway  
from the floor to the ceiling was a re-  
volving cylinder divided into compart-  
ments. Above this "wheel," as it was  
called, was printed the following words  
on a placard:

PUT YOUR MONEY  
On the wheel.  
Your change will  
Come back.  
Beer, 4¢ per bottle.  
Beer, 5¢ per glass.  
Blackberry brandy,  
Two drinks for 35¢.

"I went down into my pocket, and,  
finding among the ruins a 50-cent  
piece I placed it on the wheel in one of  
the compartments. In a clear and  
distinctive tone of voice I said:

"One bottle of beer, please."  
For a second silence reigned supreme  
in the cave-like saloon. I soon heard  
a creaking sound, the wheel revolved,  
and my 50-cent piece disappeared from  
view.

"For the space of several minutes I  
heard nothing; then the wheel revolved  
once more and before my astonished  
gaze rested a bottle of beer, a glass,  
and a ten cent piece, the glass being in  
one compartment and the beer in the  
other. I drank the forbidden fluid in  
silence, and placing the empty glass  
and bottle back in the compartments  
of the wheel I saw them whisked from  
my sight, and then I withdrew.

"Now, at no time was the party who  
sold me the liquor visible, and it would  
be impossible for me to swear who or  
what he was. The partition which  
divided the cave and behind which the  
unknown seller transacted his business  
was very tight, having but one crack  
in it. I looked through this, striving  
to see what was behind the mysterious  
partition, but I could but see one thing  
and that was a Government license  
from the Internal Revenue Office at  
Leavenworth."—Topeka Letter.

#### The Intensely Boston Girl.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: The Bos-  
ton girl is just a trifle different from  
anything in petticoats I have seen  
elsewhere. She has none of the style  
that so markedly distinguishes her  
metropolitan sisters, and her talk  
in society is entirely made up of flip-  
pant badinage which is just now the  
fashionable substitute for intelligent  
conversation. For in this abode of  
intellectual cultivation it is considered  
the thing to be clever, and the young  
woman who is not so must, at any rate,  
pretend to be. The result is very sad  
indeed. No sooner are you introduced  
to a girl at a party than she overwhelms  
you with a torrent of remarks. Not  
infrequently it happens that trying to  
be clever she is exceedingly rude; for,  
under the impression that ingenu-  
ousness is very attractive, she does not  
hesitate to indulge in personalities so  
frank as to be quite ill-bred.

#### Not at All Personal.

They were telling a story so old that  
it is probably as good as new. It was  
about a poker game of a mixed char-  
acter. In the crowd of players was one  
man who had the noticeable peculiarity  
of being one-eyed, a singular looking  
fellow. The betting was high, when a  
tall, gaunt sport, arose and put his hand  
suggestively on his revolver. "Gentle-  
men," he said impressively, "there's  
cheatin' goin' on here. I don't wish to  
name no names, nor to make no person-  
al allusions, but if this cheatin' ain't  
stopped I'm goin' to shoot his other eye  
out and he'll be blind."—San Francisco  
Chronicle.

was a small person in a red wool Tam-  
O'Shanter hat—it was difficult to keep  
any other on. She was the center of a  
crowd of rough-looking men, who list-  
ened with interest to a conversation be-  
tween the small woman and one of the  
life guard. This man has a boat, and  
"contrived the double debt to pay" of  
advertising a famous clothing house  
and rescuing drowning humanity, and  
if he doesn't make more out of the  
clothing house than he does out of re-  
scuing humanity he will never die rich.

"Do you see this scar?" he said, ex-  
hibiting a hand roughened by toll and  
not accustomed to much water outside  
the ocean. "I got this scar savin' a  
woman here a couple of years ago. She  
floated clean from the Park to near the  
Excursion House, and I a-followin' her  
up. I got to her just as she was a-goin'  
down for the third time, and when I  
went to catch onto her by the neck of  
her dress to throw her on her back her  
teeth somehow got a grip on me and  
went clear through my hand. She  
never let go till I got her pretty near  
shore, and my hand was swelled up  
double its size about all summer."

"I hope you got well paid for it,"  
said the red Tam O'Shanter.

"No, I didn't; didn't get a cent.  
And what's more, every time I met  
that lady down here she wouldn't look  
at me, and I've seen her several times  
in Philadelphia and she always turns  
away her head. Queer how they do  
that, ain't it?" he continued, sure of  
the sympathy of his audience. "Once  
I brought a man in that was about as  
near drowned as you ever seen. Well,  
after they pumped him and brought  
him to, he looks up at me and he says:  
'I'm here yet ain't I?' And then he  
used some remarks that I don't care  
about repeating. 'Why didn't you let  
me alone?' he says and he never gave  
me nothin' neither. Then once a very  
pretty young lady was drownin', and  
one of her friends started for her twice,  
but he lost heart, and, of course, I  
brought her in. I went to walk home  
with her, and you wouldn't believe she  
was ashamed to be seen with me."

He wasn't the most irresistible escort  
imaginable, with his stockingless feet  
thrust into slippers and wearing a col-  
larless blue flannel shirt and seedy-look-  
ing hat. Besides which he em-  
phasized his remarks by spit-  
ting tobacco juice around recklessly.  
But the small woman said she would  
have walked the length of the board  
walk on his arm if he had saved her  
life—a speech which called forth nods  
and grunts of approval from the com-  
pany at large.

"Of course you are called more fre-  
quently to the rescue of men," said the  
young woman; they are more fool-  
hardy."

"Yes; they're foolhardier, but the  
women's easier scared. It runs along  
about even though. One year I pull-  
ed out four men to one woman, and  
last season there was five women to  
one man."

#### Egyptian Street Cries.

The street cries of any city are full of  
interest, but those of Eastern thorough-  
fares are peculiarly significant. The  
Muskee, of Cairo, its great native street,  
is a singular, oriental-looking place, al-  
ways crowded with strange people, call-  
ing somewhat after this fashion:

Seller of sugar and water—Refresh  
thy heart! Quench the heat!

Seller of raisin water—It is well  
clarified, Oh my son! By the life of thy  
father, it is well clarified!

Milkman—Let our morning be white!  
Pretzel seller—O all nourisher! O  
all good! O determiner! O omniscient  
pretzels.

Beggar—I am the guest of God and  
of the prophet. I have not yet break-  
fasted.

Passer-by (in reply) God open to  
thee the hearts of men!

Another (to one sneezing)—Praise  
God! Thank God!

All present—God have mercy on you!  
The sneezer—God guide me and you!  
God reward you!

Muezzin (from a mosque)—God is  
greatest! I declare that there is no God  
but God! I declare that Mohammed is  
the prophet of God! Come to prayer!  
Come to salvation! Prayer is better  
than sleep! God is very great! There  
is no God but God!

Seller of wheat cakes—These belong  
to thee, O, fasting man! How they did  
knead thee in the night, O cakes!

Rose seller—The rose was a thorn;  
she bloomed from the sweat of the  
prophet.

And thus the cries continue, hour  
after hour day after day.

#### A Hen Commits Suicide.

A Sumter (Ga.) woman owned a  
guinea hen that wanted to sit; she had  
her nest broken up. She filled another  
and persisted in sitting, but her owner  
had determined otherwise, and again  
broke up the nest. The poor fowl  
looked on sorrowfully and saw her ma-  
ternal hopes blighted, turned, with a  
froping head, walked up to the well,  
flew up to the curbing, and then plunged  
head foremost into the deep waters be-  
low. When they got her out she was  
dead.—Atlanta Constitution.

ion is again asserting itself. The fact  
is that the Czar lives in a state of con-  
stant terror, which is all the more on-

To live really is to act energetically. Life  
is a battle to be fought valiantly.

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