

THE OUTCAST.

Out on the wharf in the Autumn night,
 Alone with the stars and the ebbing tide,
 And the stately vessels that anchored ride,
 And loom like ghos s in the misty light.
 Out on the wharf with a haggard face,
 White as the surf on the othershore,
 Worn and white—not a single trace
 Of the maiden beauty that bloomed and wore
 On the delicate cheek in the years of yore.

Worn and wan, with a ghastly eve,
 And the glance of the doomed who have sworn
 To die,
 Bidding last farewell to the sea and sky.

Behind her, the city in revel and roar,
 The cold dark water and death before.
 A myriad memories crowd and throng,
 A prayer long forgotten, a sweet home song,
 The hum of a brooklet, a plighted word,
 An odor of roses, the note of a bird,
 Pour in and pass through the throbbing brain
 And are swallowed and gone in the terrible pain
 The anguish of loss and the sense of wrong,
 At the close of a life that has dragged too long
 With a passionate yearning for quiet and rest
 And a desperate hope that 'tis all for the best
 She is caught to the gurgling water's breast.

A moment the lights from the city gleam
 As her arms are flung in the thrill of death,
 And her hands are clenched in the struggle
 for breath,
 As one who wrests with a stifling dream;
 Then all is over, the bourne is past,
 The unquiet bosom has peace at last.

A CHAPTER ON BABIES.

A WOMAN'S WHISPER TO HUSBANDS.

I suppose if a man reads the heading of this paragraph he will consider himself perfectly justifiable in skipping the rest, with the remark, "Well, there is something that does not concern me," for that is man fashion, to jump right over anything that makes a little trouble, and leave the poor women to wade through, no matter how deep they go in. Now don't assume such an air of injured innocence, and look so perfectly aghast at this unmodifiable assertion, my "liege lords," for we want no better substantial proof than the magnanimous sliding of the first sin on to the delicate shoulders of Eve, whose back you know was better fitted to bear the burden than that of strong, masculine Adam.

But to the point. Babies do concern men as well as women. It should be a half and half affair, but as an evidence of their entire unselfishness in the premises, the former generally work out the fractional part, one twentieth, and the remainder must be solved by women. Now, as regards babydom, we all must stand upon one common platform; we can't get here without being babies, and the admission of this very fact should make us more lenient toward the ills and grievances of the pink-faced morsels of humanity, who, in turn, come to claim our attention. This idea, when sifted down, is not so bad either; for if grown up men and women were to be born into the world, who, on this planet, would be found to do the embroidering, stitching, tucking, and ruffling, that invariably heralds the arrival of a dear little helpless baby. No; it is being little and helpless and dependent, that gives them such a strong hold upon our natures. The charge of a baby naturally devolves upon the mother, and this is right, for a woman's work and her duties are at home; and of all despicable things we detest most to see a man sitting in the corner taking care of baby, while the mother is up street talking politics or attending a public debate. We don't blame a man for not wanting to be hen-pecked; not a particle. But we want to talk this thing over fairly and plainly, and see where they might improve upon the original plan.

Any sensible woman is perfectly willing to take care of one, two, or a half-dozen babies all day; soothe, rock, jump, toss and coax, from six in the morning until six at night, but when evening comes, and her husband takes down his great coat, and punctually departs to fulfill "that engagement" up street, (and to make it worse, she ain't quite sure where "that engagement" is,) then she can stand no more, and of course resorts to woman's usual subterfuge, a good cry, which always makes men so mad and does not tend to improve her personal appearance in the least, inasmuch as swollen eyelids, and red noses are not included in the catalogue of the seven beauties of woman; however, "what can't be cured must be endured," so with a thought of "how nice it was when she was a girl," she picks up the wee image of its paternal ancestor, wiping the dirty little nose none too gently, and giving the child a good shaking to ease

her own excited feelings; then when it does sob itself to sleep, she kisses it awake, for fear "something might be the matter," and she had been cross when it went to sleep.

When all is settled again, she patches and darns and thinks until late bedtime, and then gently, (with a forethought ever of consequences,) creeps into her couch, meaning to sleep with one eye open until he comes, but no such rest is vouchsafed to the aching head and tired limbs, for while visions of greasy dish-water and belated spouses mingle confusedly in her brain, baby discovers that it is night and time for him to begin. He picks his mamma's neck, until she is a fair representation of a small-pox specimen, and bites her with his little heated gums; he beats the air with his diminutive clenched fists and screams an octave too high for melody; in the midst of the uproar he comes, and certainly now he will help. Will he? Wait and see—no indeed! He's too tired; he never could lose sleep. It makes him sick at the stomach; he thinks if "that child is going to keep on at that rate he'll take another bed," but in answer to an imploring look, consents to stay, and hastily disrobing, is soon snoring away regardless of the racket.

Now a man like that ought to be compelled to take care of twin babies a month, and by that time he'd come to terms. Girls, when you think of marrying a man, always find out whether he likes babies, for one that don't is worse than none. I know it is not very easy for you men to work all day, and then be disturbed at night by a fretful baby; but is it any easier for your wife? Divide the care and it will only be half as much. Then too, babies are like women, they know they won't get an over amount of attention from men, anyhow, hence are content with a little and make the best of it, beside the baby belongs to your disposition exactly; help take care of it, do your part nights, and the mother will gain enough strength to assist her through the day. Babies must cry, it belongs to their sphere, it's the only way they have of expressing their ideas. No doubt Grant and Greeley were among our worst babies. Let them cry it out, it will expand their lungs. The most available consolation is that they can't always be babies, hence there is a "good time coming," even for the most oppressed.

Babies are like women in another respect; they are very contrary, they will never do what you want them to, and invariably look the ugliest just when Mrs. So-and-s, your friend, or perchance your old beau, wishes to see them. They instinctively know when you take them to the artist's room, and screw up their infantile physiognomy into all sorts of ludicrous contortions. The best way to win a mother's heart is through her baby. Love me, love my baby, is indelibly written in her face. Nothing is so embarrassing to a mother as to have her baby cry in the cars; if people would only keep their heads the other way, but they look at her as if she could help it. What shall she do? Choke it, or pitch it out of the window, or just what she does, get as red as a beet in the face, and feel as if she could sink through the floor.

Before closing this talk about babies, I will just say that if men would act with all their children as they do with their first babies, they'd do first rate. It's really amusing to see the airs a man puts on when he first becomes "papa;" then it's nothing but "our baby." He never cared for babies before, but then this is "ours," and it's a little smarter than any he ever saw before. If it opens its mouth to yawn he calls that a smile; if it is bald-headed, he thinks that's so much nicer than to have much hair; if it's inclined to squint, he always did dislike big, staring eyes. It just suits, however it is, for it's "ours." Just keep up that idea, and don't forget after a while, that it is "ours;" and the rest, counting all the way to eight or ten, and sometimes a pair, are "ours" too. Men usually are very sensible, and need nothing more than a hint, hence we have served up this dish for their edification, hoping they will find it both nutritious and palatable. C.

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Natural and Artificial Manuring

The American Rural Home publishes a communication from F. P. Root, one of the best farmers of the country, on the subject of manures, in which he makes the following statement, showing the superiority of raising and plowing in heavy crops of manure over a system of negligence called manuring in the

natural way: Two adjoining fields, divided by a rail fence, have been long under cultivation, and clover was often plowed in as a manure for a succeeding wheat crop. The fences were taken away, and the whole, as one field, summer fallowed and sown with wheat. The strip where the fence had stood, and where the grass had so long grown and decayed on the surface, did not produce nearly the crop which grew on the other side where the clover had been plowed under.

There were strong reasons for this difference. The grass which grew and decayed on the surface afforded little else than vegetable mould. This could not enrich the soil several inches down; and did not possess in itself the fertilizing character of clover. The clover was plowed in, and was ultimately mixed and diffused all through the soil, where the roots of growing plants were to penetrate. The vegetable mould remained only on the surface, and could only operate as a mulch.

We have heard such facts as this cited in proof of the folly of the practice of spreading yard manure on the surface, and never plowing in. The truth is, this mode of manuring would be of little use if it were practicable on cultivated fields. But fortunately the very act of cultivating works in the manure, and it cannot, as a matter of course, remain at the surface which the plow is throwing under. It is an excellent practice to allow spread manure to remain on the surface for a time, especially through autumn and winter, until the water of rains and melting snows diffuses the soluble parts intimately with the earth. When this is done then is the time to plow under this enriched topstratum, and it will be worth double the same manure in lumps unmixed with the soil.

Top-dressing without plowing under the manure is an exception, because the fibrous character of the roots serves to carry down the manure in solution, which could not penetrate the compact layers of bare soil. But turning under the manure is often of great benefit even on grass—more especially on thin upland. Surface manuring on such land, although beneficial to a certain degree, will not give it the power to grow heavy grass and withstand severe droughts. Men are apt to run to extremes, and having discovered the successful results of surface applications in certain cases, they may carry the practice too far, and omit the deep, thorough and intimate diffusion of manure effected by solution, by thorough plowing, and by repeated harrowing, which can alone supply a rich and mellow bed of earth for the extension of the roots of the crop.—*Ex.*

The Canada Horse Epidemic

The epidemic which has so raged among the horses in Canada as to even compel the street cars to suspend their trips, has made its appearance at Niagara Falls and in Buffalo. A veterinary surgeon of Buffalo says there are few horses at the Falls not affected. He adds: And now, the disease has got amongst our horses in Buffalo, and unless the cold weather, which is so near, and the change, have the effect to purify and cleanse the atmosphere of this epidemic, the horse-owners may expect to see a serious malady amongst their stock. Dr. Carey drove his four-horse team to Niagara to meet the Governor General of Canada, and a few days after his return home the team were taken sick, and being called by him to-day to see his horses, I found every horse in his stable affected.

The symptoms are, in the early stages, a staring coat, dry, or hacking cough, moving with reluctance, and general dullness; nasal membrane at first pale; watery discharge from one or both nostrils; ears and legs cold. As the disease advances the membranes become highly colored; the discharge from the nostrils changes to a mucous of greenish or yellow color; the pulse, which at first was low, is quickened; the breathing is also quickened, and in some cases obstructed and labored. Should the animal be kept at work, the disease, which in its early stages is local, with light catarrhal fever, and confined principally to the bronchial tubes, will be extended to the chest; the covering of the lungs (pleura) will be involved, and the symptoms of pleurisy, a disease of more formidable character to contend with, immediately follows.

The treatment is, first stop working the animal; when in the stable keep the body warm by clothing; give warm bran mashes and chilled water; apply an exciting embrocation on the wind-pipe,

from the throat to the breast; in the early stages give stimulants, but when the disease advances and the pulses become quickened, sedative medicine will have to be given to arrest the inflammatory symptoms. At this period, on no account give cathartics or nauseating medicines of any kind; and bleeding in any quantity is dangerous.

Rules for Preserving Fruit

The London Garden gives the following as the rules of the Royal Horticultural Society for the preservation of choice fruits:

1. As the flavor of the fruit is so easily affected by heterogeneous odors, it is highly desirable that apple and pear rooms should be distinct.
2. The walls and the floor should be annually washed with a solution of quicklime.
3. The room should be perfectly dry, with as uniform a temperature as practicable, and be well ventilated; but there should not be a through draft.
4. Use the utmost care in gathering fruit, handling as little as possible.
5. For present use the fruit should be well ripened; but for long keeping it is better, especially with pears, that it should not have arrived at complete maturity. This point, however, requires considerable judgment.
6. No imperfect fruit should be stored with that which is sound, and all more or less decayed specimens should be immediately removed.
7. If placed on shelves the fruit should not lie more than two days, and no straw should be used.
8. Where especially clear and beautiful specimens are wanted they may be packed carefully in dry bran, or in layers of perfectly dry cotton wool, either in closed boxes or in large garden pots. Scentless sawdust will answer the same purpose, but pine sawdust is apt to communicate an unpleasant taste.
9. With care, early apples may be kept until Christmas, while many kinds may be preserved in perfection to a second year.

Hyacinthe's Example to be Largely Followed—The Contract Illegal Under French Law.

Father Hyacinthe's example will be followed by a large number of French priests, who, the *Patrie* states, are going to renounce publicly their vows of celibacy. The publicity of the renunciation is the chief novelty connected with the marriage of France. The Paris *Journal* is a supporter of the throne and altar, and held in favor at the Archbishop's Palace behind Notre Dame. And it says that in the diocese of Paris alone the average number of priests who marry is from twenty to thirty in the year. It mentions that when the Abbe Michaud announced to the Archbishop his intention to take a wife he met with no opposition. All that was said to him was, "Marry since you must, but make no noise about it." The French priests aspiring to matrimony have great difficulty in persuading women of respectable rank to espouse them. There is (says a Paris correspondent) both a strong prejudice against churchmen who break their vows of celibacy and a legal hindrance to their getting married. The nullity of a priest's marriage was established a few years ago in a celebrated suit in which Madame Claude Vignon, the accomplished Parliamentary correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, was the plaintiff. This lady, who had just become the wife of M. Rouvier, a Marseilles deputy, had not much trouble in putting away her first husband, because he had been in holy orders before she married him. The children born of the marriage went to the mother, for the father was incompetent to give them so much as the quasi legal status of *enfants reconnus*. Jules Favre exerted all his eloquence on behalf of the repudiated husband; but the tribunal before which the case was brought ruled that "marriage with the Church precludes civil matrimony." This jurisprudence is a fact which should not be overlooked by ladies who fancy French priests.

Emily Faithfull's face, as described by a friend:

"A pair of dark and very piercing eyes overhung by a massive forehead and brow, nose somewhat masculine, and mouth large, firm, and backed by a set of good teeth, make up a face in which manly intellect is intimately blended with manly firmness."