

THE WHITE MAN'S FETTER.

An Interesting Experience in the Career of Mr. H. M. Stanley.

Mr. Stanley tells a characteristic story of the way in which he gained the respect and fear of an important tribe who positively refused his expedition a passage.

"While standing near the tent door, for a moment irresolute, he caught sight of the large Chinese gong suspended to a cross-bar supported by two rick poles.

"What is this?" he asked, pointing to the gong. "It is fetish," I answered, sentimentally.

"It is young son, Enjeli, who was much more acute than his father, whispered to him his belief that it was a kind of bell, upon which Ngalayema cried out.

"Bola Matazi, strike this; let me hear it." "Bola Matazi, I dare not; it is the war fetish!"

"No, no," said he, impatiently. "Beat it, Bola Matazi, that I may hear the sound."

"I dare not, Ngalayema. It is the signal for war; it is the fetish that calls up armed men; it would be too bad for me, if I were to see you strike it."

"Strike it, Bola Matazi," and he stamped on the ground with childish impatience. "Well, then—taking the beater in my hand—remember, I told you that it was a bad fetish—a fetish for war; and as I lifted the beater high with uplifted fingers, I asked again: 'Shall I strike now?'"

"Strike—strike it, I tell you!" "With all my force I struck the gong; the loud bell-like tone sounding in the silence caused by the bushes, concentrated attention of all upon the scene, was startling in the extreme, but as the rapid strokes were applied vigorously, the continued sounds soon became a steady thunder. They had not recovered from the first shock of astonishment when the forms of men were seen bounding over the ground of the 'En Avani' right over their heads, and whirring in their ears.

"From my tent, and from the front of the camp, a stream of frantic infuriates emerged, as though from the earth. The store-tent was violently agitated, and finally collapsed, and a yelling crowd of demoniac madmen sprang out one after another, every one apparently madder than his neighbor.

"The madness, sleep-eyed struggles burst out into a perfect frenzy of action. From under the mats in the huts there streamed into view such a frantic mob of armed men, that to the panic-struck natives the sky and the earth seemed to be contributing to the continually increasing number of death-dealing warriors. Every native present, would-be friend and would-be foe, lost his senses completely. The seated warriors forgot their guns and fled before this strange deluge and awful scene. The ammunition-bearers threw their goods away—some were broken, and the powder and slugs were scattered over the ground, and as Ngalayema was standing paralyzed with fear and with his faculties benumbed, I seized him by the arm, and said softly to him:

"Be not afraid, Ngalayema. Remember Bola Matazi is your brother. Stand behind me; I will protect you."

"The Zanzibaris were now a yelling crowd in front of me, calling out tauntingly and menacingly.

"Ha, ha, Ngalayema! You came to fight Bola Matazi, Ngalayema! Where are your warriors, Ngalayema?"

"There could not be a better representation of relentless, bloodthirsty fury than that which was shown by these smothered black saviors in the suddenly improvised scene. Their assumed frenzy was the next thing to reality. Had I not been in the secret I also should have been duped, while the valor with which I defended my poor brother, who with his two hands grasped me round the waist, danced from side to side to avoid the blows from the suddenly wild-eyed men, while young Enjeli, who behind his father and followed his movements, reminded me of the long-forgotten play of 'Don and Oblekens.'

"Save me, Bola Matazi; do not let them hurt me! I did not mean anything," cried Ngalayema.

"Hold him, Ngalayema! I defend you, never fear. Come on, come all! Ha, ha!" etc.

"But the camp was almost emptied of our visitors, much of the ammunition was left behind, the guns were strewn over the ground, and the play was well acted.

"Enough, boys; fall into line," and "Silence" was cried out by Sual and his brother captains; and the obedient, well-trained fellows fell into line at "Shoulder arms" with all the precision of military veterans. Then, as Ngalayema had allowed his hands to fall down by his side in mute surprise at this other transformation scene, I took hold of his two hands, and said, with an assuring smile:

"Well, Ngalayema, what do you now think of the white man's fetish?" "Ah, I was not afraid, was I? See, all my people are run away! Ay, ma, such a noise! Bola Matazi and Enjeli left with me! But what do you mean, where did these people come from?"

"Ah, that is the bad fetish I told you of! Do you want to see any more? Come, I will strike the gong again, and the next scene may perhaps be more wonderful still."

"What! he shrieked, who he laid his hand upon my arm, 'No, no, do not touch it. Ay, strike, that must be a bad fetish, shaking his head at the sound, innocent face of the gong.'"

"From Mr. Stanley's New Book.

THE HISTORICAL MILL.

In Which Most Everything is Ground and the Gospel is Preached.

On the old County road leading from Tennton to New Bedford, about three miles from Taunton green, at the head of a large pond, stands a building whose history is so peculiar and whose uses are so many that it can properly be classed among the wonders of the old colony.

It was erected about fifty years ago by Josiah King for a fork works. A few years afterwards it was sold to William Pierce, who now owns it. In appearance it is no more peculiar than the ordinary run of country saw-mills. Its age reveals itself upon it, and, barring accidents, it is likely to remain a landmark for at least fifty years to come.

Its history, told by one who lives near it, is as follows: "On the lower floor of the building are three rooms. In one is a grist-mill, in another machinery for sawing and splitting wood and elder-making, and the third is used for a church and for holding various kinds of entertainments. Grain is crushed here from miller around and ground into meal for 'fodder' and eke-making. On any day during the late fall you will see half a dozen old farmers gathered about discussing things in general, and waiting for their little grist to be ground. Meal made from corn of their own raising is thought far superior to any that can be bought at the store."

"I asked an old man one day why he did not use bolted meal. 'I've used meal of my own and father's raise for over sixty years and it's good enough for me. I don't believe in many new-fangled notions just got by 'g' money out of us poor farmers.' Of course he must have his clumsy joke on the end; 'I've bolted my own meal fast enuf when 'tis made into cakes.'"

"In the early fall the old mill is kept running night and day, making cider. Hundreds of cart-loads of apples are ground up and the juice squeezed out. An upright barrel with one head out stands always full of the fermented juice and a cup near by invites every one to help himself. One day a small boy wandered in. He could not reach over the top of the barrel to the cider, so he made an inclined plane of a board and crawled up on it. He reached down to dip a cupful of the coveted liquid. The board tipped up and the young man went in head first. Luckily some one heard the splash and rushed into the room just in time to save the youth from falling into the cider. This boy has now grown up to be an active temperance worker. Cider-drinking parties are often held here and the person who drinks the most is voted the champion. I once saw a young man drink ten glasses in rapid succession. When this part of the mill is not in use for cider-making work is done on the upper floor, and the same old farmers who bring their own corn to have it ground to save money will bring a load of wood and have it reduced to the proper size for stove-burning. Years ago this part of the mill was used for sawing horse-boards and shingles, and more recently a furniture factory."

"In all the years the old mill has been running there has been but one accident. One day the mill was sawing shingles when a young man with a scarf about his neck came in. He got too near the shafting, and it caught him by the scarf and began to throw him around and around. The mill will certainly stop his boots and stockings were torn from his feet in shreds, and four of his ribs and an arm were broken.

"The room used as a church is such as the old Puritans worshipped in. Except in winter and in winter meetings are held here regularly. Sunday evenings and on week-day evenings fairs, festivals and sewing circles often make merry in this room. Not infrequently in winter a dance draws the young people to the old mill.

"I distinctly remember one evening party and prize-meeting that I attended here. The mill was in a good way of repair. Before the mill a young couple quickly responded to the request of the minister, but instead of bringing water he filled the glass with cider, and with a sober face took it up to the preacher. The audience discovered the trick and roared for half an hour. The minister, seeing the young couple raised the glass to his lips and, without stopping to taste or smell, swallowed the whole of it. Such a look of horror as came over his face when he realized the trick I will not attempt to describe. The audience smiled and tittered, but the minister immediately regained his composure and said not a word.

"One of the most pathetic scenes I ever witnessed was the funeral of a little child in the church-room of the old mill. The parents were poor, hard-working people, and the dead baby was the only one God had given them. It was a beautiful little girl, as fair as a lily, though its parents had been of royal blood instead of being too poor to provide a coffin for the little thing. Kind neighbors had bought a little white casket and made a little white robe of some cheap cloth and trimmed it with blue ribbons. They put flowers about the casket and in rude vases and cups, and gathered flowers from the garden. The minister, while the minister said a few kind words and prayed to God that the father and mother be given strength to bear their grief."

"Surely, like the mills of the gods, this mill grinds all.—Taunton (Mass.) Cor. Boston Globe.

A SOUND SLUMBER.

A Young Man Relates His Peculiar Experience.

The Ingenious Device by Which He Quieted a Car Load of Excitable Women, and Secured an Undisturbed Night's Rest.

A young man from Buffalo was relating some sleeping-car experiences the other night to a select audience at a small table at the Hoffman House in New York City. "You will remember," he said, "the sensation that was created a month or so ago by a madman who took possession of a rail-road train in Illinois. Well, I had a peculiar experience myself once with a crazy woman on a sleeping-car. You see, I had run down to New York for a few days, and, as luck and my friends would have it, I didn't get much more than three or four hours' sleep all the time I was down here, time was so much paining to be done. I determined to make it up by sleeping all the way back home, and I took the evening train for Buffalo on the Central. I was so sleepy when I got down to the depot that I could scarcely keep my eyes open, and I took some ammonia and soda-water just before I got on the cars to keep myself awake until the porter could fix up my berth. There were two sleeping-cars on the train, and I had a section in the first one. The train was not billed to start for fifteen miles after I arrived, and I walked through the cars. I found that I was the only male occupant of the sleeper my berth was in; and, after ordering the porter to make up the bed at once, I went into the next car. I found some people there that I knew, and I remained talking with them for half an hour after the train started. Then I started back for my own car, almost dead with sleep, and happy at the thought that at last I was going to have a rest.

"When I opened the door of the other sleeper, however, I found all the occupants crowded in the end of the car, all of them women. They asked me to get up, and 'Oh, one of them said, 'we're so glad you have come in here, you're the gentleman that has a section in this car, aren't you?' 'That's right,' I said.

"Do you know, the woman went on in a tone of the utmost horror, 'there's a crazy woman in the car? She's got the berth at the other end, and there's an attendant with her. Every little while she screams and raves, and the attendant has all she can do to keep her quiet. O, dear! we are so frightened we don't know what to do!'

"Why don't you get up and help her?" "Go to bed, that woman raving at the other end of the car? They all agreed that they wouldn't go to bed for \$100,000 each.

"After much consultation with Veterinary Surgeons and experts, no better or more successful method of killing cats has been found than to put with a hot handkerchief about half a teaspoonful of pure cyanide of potassium on the cat's tongue as near the throat as possible. The suffering is only for a few seconds. Great care must be used to get pure cyanide of potassium, and to keep it tightly corked.—Dumb Animals.

JEALOUSY AFLOAT.

One Woman's Perseverance—How She Managed Her Husband.

On the boat going up the river the other day was a couple of whom everybody soon took notice. It was plain enough that they had had a row, and that the wife was mad as a wet hen. When she had taken a seat the husband walked up and down and gazed at every body and seemed to murmur threats of vengeance. On the deck, sitting by himself, was a red-haired, big-fisted giant of a chap about forty years of age. Presently the woman gathered up her parcels and walked over and shook his hand and sat down beside him and began a cheerful chat, explaining, however:

"My husband is terribly jealous of me, and I want to better him."

"I don't know," replied the old Hercules, "just what you mean, but if you mean content, and I'll tell her and slap my leg where the applause should come in."

"The bold action puzzled the husband for a few minutes, but presently he walked up to the pair and said to the man:

"Are you an old acquaintance of hers?" "I should remark that I was, your Honor. I know her for the last thirty odd."

"Who is she?" "She is the Conqueror."

HUMANE KILLING.

The Outraged and Least Painful Manner in Which the Lives of Horses and Dogs May Be Taken.

Humanity requires that animals be killed in the quickest and least painful manner. The following circular has been sent to the police of all our Massachusetts cities and to our agents throughout the State.

FARM AND FRESIDE.

Choice parcels of sweet aromatic butter will always be in demand at remunerative prices.—N. E. Farmer.

Top Ovens: Four eggs, four cups of flour, four cups of milk, small pieces of butter, pinch of salt. Bake in greasy pans, and serve with sauce.—The House-hold.

Fifteen tons of grasshoppers, comprising it is estimated, 60,000,000 separate insects, were captured at the Natoma Vineyard, near Fresno, Cal., by drawing in the irrigating ditches.

Next to clover, perhaps millet is the best forage crop. It requires rich land and a warm season. It is hardly any use to sow millet till the middle of June, and the time of growth is till the middle of September. It should be cut in the most succulent condition to be the most valuable.—Boston Herald.

The slopote at the back oar is productive of doctor's bills. Some people take the trouble to make slopote every day, different ground where they become lost to the doctor's profit through speedy drying up, but where the family will gather a grain from their wide and sure, it is not always speedy, manorial effort.—Exchange.

Baked Pineapple: Cut some slices of bread very thin, place them in a buttered baking dish and cover each slice of bread with a slice of pineapple. Put a bit of butter the size of a large bean on the center of each; place in a slow oven and bake. When done, dish, turn the syrup over and serve warm. If liked, the slices of pineapple may be soaked in kirsch-water for twenty-four hours before baking.—N. Y. Herald.

In many sections there are not enough sheep to support up to 500 ewes. Where hedges plants are set to complete the fence, the posts need not be over forty inches long, ten of which is in the ground, and the top carrying the main barbed wire as a security against benchy cattle.

"String beans," as they are more frequently called, are raised by almost every person either cooked or pickled. A succession of sowings should be made until August. Sow about two inches deep in drills two feet apart, and not too thick in the row. The golden wax is one of the best varieties, and has the further merit of being one of the best shell beans for winter use.—Chicago Leader.

A correspondent writes that all kinds of fruit can be perfectly preserved in crocks or other open vessels just as well as in cans, simply by packing cotton batting over it so as to close all the apertures. The fruit is cooked the same as for canning, the crocks, jars or other vessels filled, and the common method of tanning is used to cover the top of the crock with a layer of cotton batting. A succession of sowings should be made until August. Sow about two inches deep in drills two feet apart, and not too thick in the row. The golden wax is one of the best varieties, and has the further merit of being one of the best shell beans for winter use.—Chicago Leader.

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Some Things Education Can't Reach.

"There's some things," said a Broadway policeman the other day as he mopped his brow carefully, "which makes me feel as if there wasn't no use sprudin' education and sike like to have a lavish hand in this great country. People's so infernally ignorant of common things. Now I stand on this corner half an hour ago watchin' an umbrella family tryin' to cross the street."

"What kind of a family?" "A remarkable family. Father, mother an' a nice, large, fat, pious son. Every one of them had a big new umbrella; they carried the umbrellas open to protect themselves from the sun. The sun was shinin' at an angle of about forty-five degrees, but that bloomin' family insisted upon holdin' its umbrellas straight up in their hands. They sprudin' Broadway three abreast, with their big umbrellas an' three red nags, which was drippin' wet. The sun fell on them like a furnace, but they stalked on on the sunny side of the street and till to view, the still to memory dear, an' I see to myself, what's the good of education after all?"—Chicago Eagle.

About Cellars. A cellar should be dry, light, and airy. If the soil is moist it should be drained all around the house by a deep trench at least two feet below the level of the cellar floor. This drain should have a safe outlet. The cellar should be not less than seven feet deep in the clear, and the floor should be covered with cement. A wooden floor cannot be healthful. The walls should be laid with good lime mortar, thus preventing the entrance of vermin. There should be windows on every side to let in abundance of light and air, and the top of each window should reach near to the ceiling to afford an easy outlet to the air. The windows need not be large if they are sufficient in number, and the sills should be a foot above the ground outside. Areas around the windows are objectionable as they admit the dampest air which floats upon the surface of the ground.—N. Y. Tribune.

Where you find one young man who can, if he has to, saw wood to raise a family, you will find two others who can display only white hands and talk nonsense.—Chicago Ledger.

A Daily Definition. The Hon. John Kelly, the head and front of the grand old unit of society, sat in an unobtainable corner, early at his office, late to leave, so larded with business that his regular business sessions were broken down.

The wonder is that he did not some give way. An honest man in all things, he acted naturally with his physical resources. His eyes were bright, his ears clear, and his voice without ever depositing a collateral. The account overdrawn, the bank overdrawn and both are now in the hands of medical receivers.

It is not work that kills men, it is irregularity of habits and mental worry. No man in good health breaks his work, and he who breaks his work breaks his health. These men will wonder how it all happened, and they will keep wondering till they are dead. The medical profession, candid physicians or interested friends will point out to them how by irregularity, by excessive mental effort, by constant worry and by plunging in deeper than they had a right to go, they have produced that loss of nervous energy which almost invariably characterizes the advanced condition of the kidneys and liver, for it is a well-known fact that the person who loses the kidneys and liver should expect the blood to be thick, the skin to become the life out of the strongest and most vigorous man or woman. Daily building up of the system by the use of a reliable and highly reputed specific as Warner's safe cure, is the only guarantee that our best men can have that their strength will be restored to the laborer, daily and often.

Mr. Kelly has nervous dyspepsia, and he is suffering as we have said, a loss of down of nerve force. His case should be a warning to others who, pursuing a like course, will certainly reach a like result.—The Sunday Herald.

"The Shamrock." A pretense at kicking the cradle.—Philadelphia Call.

Piles, fistulas and rupture radically cured. Book of particulars two-letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST 8, 1885. LIVE STOCK.—Cattle—Common 4 35 5 00 Choice 5 00 5 50 HOGS.—Common 3 00 3 50 Choice 3 50 4 00 SHEEP.—Common 2 00 2 50 Choice 2 50 3 00 EGGS.—Fresh 12 20 12 50 LARD.—No. 1 Long 10 00 10 50 No. 2 9 50 10 00 No. 3 9 00 9 50 No. 4 8 50 9 00 No. 5 8 00 8 50 No. 6 7 50 8 00 No. 7 7 00 7 50 No. 8 6 50 7 00 No. 9 6 00 6 50 No. 10 5 50 6 00 No. 11 5 00 5 50 No. 12 4 50 5 00 No. 13 4 00 4 50 No. 14 3 50 4 00 No. 15 3 00 3 50 No. 16 2 50 3 00 No. 17 2 00 2 50 No. 18 1 50 2 00 No. 19 1 00 1 50 No. 20 5 00 5 50 No. 21 4 50 5 00 No. 22 4 00 4 50 No. 23 3 50 4 00 No. 24 3 00 3 50 No. 25 2 50 3 00 No. 26 2 00 2 50 No. 27 1 50 2 00 No. 28 1 00 1 50 No. 29 5 00 5 50 No. 30 4 50 5 00 No. 31 4 00 4 50 No. 32 3 50 4 00 No. 33 3 00 3 50 No. 34 2 50 3 00 No. 35 2 00 2 50 No. 36 1 50 2 00 No. 37 1 00 1 50 No. 38 5 00 5 50 No. 39 4 50 5 00 No. 40 4 00 4 50 No. 41 3 50 4 00 No. 42 3 00 3 50 No. 43 2 50 3 00 No. 44 2 00 2 50 No. 45 1 50 2 00 No. 46 1 00 1 50 No. 47 5 00 5 50 No. 48 4 50 5 00 No. 49 4 00 4 50 No. 50 3 50 4 00 No. 51 3 00 3 50 No. 52 2 50 3 00 No. 53 2 00 2 50 No. 54 1 50 2 00 No. 55 1 00 1 50 No. 56 5 00 5 50 No. 57 4 50 5 00 No. 58 4 00 4 50 No. 59 3 50 4 00 No. 60 3 00 3 50 No. 61 2 50 3 00 No. 62 2 00 2 50 No. 63 1 50 2 00 No. 64 1 00 1 50 No. 65 5 00 5 50 No. 66 4 50 5 00 No. 67 4 00 4 50 No. 68 3 50 4 00 No. 69 3 00 3 50 No. 70 2 50 3 00 No. 71 2 00 2 50 No. 72 1 50 2 00 No. 73 1 00 1 50 No. 74 5 00 5 50 No. 75 4 50 5 00 No. 76 4 00 4 50 No. 77 3 50 4 00 No. 78 3 00 3 50 No. 79 2 50 3 00 No. 80 2 00 2 50 No. 81 1 50 2 00 No. 82 1 00 1 50 No. 83 5 00 5 50 No. 84 4 50 5 00 No. 85 4 00 4 50 No. 86 3 50 4 00 No. 87 3 00 3 50 No. 88 2 50 3 00 No. 89 2 00 2 50 No. 90 1 50 2 00 No. 91 1 00 1 50 No. 92 5 00 5 50 No. 93 4 50 5 00 No. 94 4 00 4 50 No. 95 3 50 4 00 No. 96 3 00 3 50 No. 97 2 50 3 00 No. 98 2 00 2 50 No. 99 1 50 2 00 No. 100 1 00 1 50

PARIS GREEN.

The Importance of Great and Constant Carefulness in Using This Deadly Poison.

Paris green is so deadly a poison that some persons think it should never be used to kill insects on growing crops. Some go so far as to refuse eating potatoes altogether, since it is so commonly employed its prohibition by law. It can not be questioned that serious injury, and sometimes fatal results, have occurred from employing it. Those who apply it are often careless, and allow the wind to blow the dust into their nostrils, or they breathe the minute portions which rise in the air in mixing it. In one case a poor fellow between a pasture and a potato patch allowed a herd of cows to break in, and several died from eating the poison. Animals have been poisoned from the very fact of inhaling the smoke, carelessly used for feeding. A field of potatoes on the windward side of a vegetable garden caused some of a family to become poisoned by eating the vegetables which had received some of the Paris green from the wind.

Such accidents, although few and far between, show the importance of great caution. The same care is required in the use of powerful appliances or machinery of any kind. Steam engines sometimes destroy life, but men continue to make and use them. Fatal accidents occur on railroads, but we are hardly willing to abolish them. Barbed-wire fences cut off and horses, and they have proved too useful and efficient for farmers to give them up. There is no necessity for accidents from Paris green with proper care. Millions of persons eat the tubers of potatoe unharmed, for the poison, being insoluble, can not enter them, and there is enough of the antidote in all soils to neutralize any portion which may reach the earth. The chief danger is that when people become familiar with anything they grow careless in its use. It is important, therefore, to continue the constant caution which is commonly used at first, but too often relaxed afterward.—Country Gentleman.

Colic in Horses.

Horses suffer much at this season from indigestion, induced by overdrinking of water from excessive thirst, which is produced by too long abstinence while at work in the field, and by feeding while in a condition of prostration from weariness. Owners of horses should remember as they go to the shade for a resting spell after a drink of cool water, or something else that is pleasant and refreshing, that their more wearied horses also need to slake their thirst and to refresh themselves with a cool rest. Denied this necessary drink, the horses when brought in at noon plunge their heads into a pail of cold water just drawn from a well, and the stomach is thus cooled, and the food is not prevented digestion of the noon feed. After the afternoon's work the horse comes in still more wearied and suffering, and is attacked with a fit of colic. This is the history of many a case in which a good horse is thrown away and lost by a careless or thoughtless owner.—N. Y. Times.

Cast-off boots and shoes are made into wall paper at certain factories.—Chicago Herald.

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