

The Old Barn.
 The rooster stalks on the manger's ledge,
 He has a tall like a scimitar's edge—
 A marshall's plume on his Afghan neck,
 An admiral's strike on his quarter deck.
 He rales the roost and he walks the bay,
 With a dreadful cold and Turkish way.
 Two broadsides fire with his rapid wings,
 The sultan proud of a line of kings—
 One guttural laugh, four bursts of horn,
 Five rattle syllables rouse the morn.
 The Saxon lams in their woolen tabs
 Are playing with the a, b, a, b.
 A. e. i. o. All the cattle pop,
 Till they make the blatant vowels toll.
 And a half laugh whirly fills the stall
 As down the rack the clover falls.
 A dove is waltzing round his mate,
 The chevron black on his wings of slate,
 And showing off with a wooing tone,
 The satin silks of his golden throat—
 It is Ovid's "Art of Love" retold
 In a binding fine of blue and gold.
 Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys—
 The nobler Helens of humbler Troy—
 As they striped the husks wide, rustling fold,
 From eight-rotted corn as yellow as gold,
 By the candle-light in pumpkin bowls,
 And the gleam that showed fantastic holes
 In the quaint old lantern's tattered tin,
 From the hermit glim set up within;
 By the razor light in girlish eyes,
 As dark as wells or as blue as skies,
 I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
 I see the blush with the forfit paid,
 The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,
 The clear cup that the girls have kissed,
 And I see the fiddler through the dusk,
 As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"
 The boys and girls in a double row
 Wait face-to-face till the magic bow
 Shall whip the tune from the violin
 And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

THE ENCHANTED STONES.
 A Holiday Story.
 In the country of Vannes, near the sea,
 Lies the village of Plouhinec, in a
 dry, sterile tract of land, so unproductive
 that it affords scarcely grass or herbage
 enough to keep the cattle alive, and
 where the swine even look half starved
 and thin. Instead of cultivated fields
 there are moorlands only, and forests of
 pine trees. But the country is covered
 with an immense number of stones, large
 and small, which would furnish material
 enough to build a great city. The largest
 of these stones had in olden times been
 planted by the dwarfs in two long rows
 in order to form an avenue.
 At a short distance from this stately
 avenue flowed a river, and near its banks
 in former times lived Marianne, the
 richest of the people thereabouts. His
 lands always contained a bountiful sup-
 ply of salt pork and black bread, and on
 Palm Sunday, at the consecration of the
 church, he invariably gave, in honor of the
 ceremony, a pair of new wooden shoes,
 Marianne was proud, and his petted and
 indulged sister Rosa had hitherto re-
 fused to listen to any offer of marriage,
 because none of her admirers had sufficient
 wealth to gratify her ambition.
 Among Rosa's many admirers was one,
 worthy Christian youth, named Bernece, who
 had lost his parents when young, and
 recovering for his inheritance only his
 father's good will, was obliged to sup-
 port himself by the work of his hands.
 When he entered the parish as an arti-
 san's apprentice he was a lad, and Rosa
 had a little girl. Under his eye she had
 grown to be a fair and beautiful young
 girl, and he deemed her the loveliest creature
 in the whole land. The people of the
 parish, however, knowing how matters stood,
 would frequently say: "Bernece loves
 Rosa, but he can never win her; truly,
 a heroic might as well hope to conquer
 heaven."
 But Rosa proved not insensible to
 Bernece's evident devotion, and she
 secretly returned his love. Above all,
 her brother too, and was more than half
 inclined to grant his sister's hand.
 One Christmas eve Marianne, having
 invited to his house all the youths and
 maidens from the neighborhood, had
 hospitably prepared for their entertain-
 ment a generous repast of sausages,
 wheat porridge and honey. But the
 weather proved unfavorable. A storm
 howled and shrieked and whistled
 around, so that only a few of the bidden
 guests came, and even these did not ap-
 pear until a late hour. The moment they
 arrived dinner was served. All except
 Bernece viewed with complacency the
 smoking sausages and wheat porridge
 upon the hearth; he alone gave no heed
 to either, but had only eyes for the
 blushing countenance of his beloved
 Rosa.
 Just as the company were seated the
 door opened, and an old man entered.
 Although clothed in beggar's rags, he
 walked in without the slightest cere-
 mony, and requested something to eat.
 No one gave him a word of greeting,
 for such ordinary beggars would receive;
 for this strange being was feared and
 shunned by all the parish. He was never
 seen at church, and it was believed that
 he was a sorcerer, who could cast a spell
 over animals, blacken the corn in the
 ear, and that he even had power to
 change a person who displeased him into
 a white-well. Not daring to do other-
 wise, Marianne bestowed upon the old
 man a portion of the repast, and gave
 him a seat by the fire.
 When, after satisfying his hunger, the
 beggar inquired where he should sleep,
 Marianne directed him to a stable occu-
 pied by his scrubby donkey and very at-
 tented ox. There directly between
 these animals this miserable being lay
 down, in order to keep warm. He placed
 a pillow of moorland grass under his
 head, and was well nigh lost in slumber
 when twelve strokes announced the hour
 of midnight.
 Scarcely had the last stroke sounded
 when the old donkey shook his long ears,
 and turning to the lean ox, asked, in
 friendly tones: "Well, cousin, how
 has it been since last Christmas?"
 The ox, in a sideward glance at

the beggar, did not immediately an-
 swer. Finally, he gruffly said: "It is
 hardly worth while to take advantage of
 the speech which the Godhead has given
 us at this time, when we must talk in
 the presence of such a contemptible
 churl."
 "Thou art very proud, cousin,"
 briskly rejoined the donkey. "Surely,
 if an one has a right to be vain, it is
 thy humble servant, whose shoulders
 once bore our Savior when he went to
 Jerusalem. Yet I think all this is of lit-
 tle consequence; and, besides, dost thou
 not see that the beggar is asleep?"
 "Yes," responded the ox, "so it
 seems. But were he awake, I could tell
 him something that he would be glad
 to hear."
 "Indeed!" said the donkey, pricking
 up his ears.
 "Yes," continued the ox, "I could
 show this old beggar how a large por-
 tion might be made next New Year's
 night."
 "Ah! how so?" the donkey in-
 quired.
 "Why, knowest thou not," exclaimed
 the ox, "that all the stones that have
 been sleeping for a hundred years at
 Plouhinec will be permitted to go down
 to the water and drink at that time?"
 And moreover, what dost thou think
 can be seen when these stones are
 away?"
 "Eh!" said the donkey, thoughtfully
 shaking his head. "How forgetful old
 age makes one! Oh, yes! now I re-
 member, gold and dazzling jewels lie un-
 derneath those stones, imbedded in the
 earth. But what of that? They cannot
 be removed without endangering one's
 life; the stones return so quickly that,
 should a person be foolhardy enough,
 to make the attempt, he would be crushed
 before he could convey his treasures to a
 place of safety."
 "Ah!" interposed the ox; "not if
 he possessed two talismans—the colow-
 wort and a clover with five leaves."
 "And likewise, if my memory serves
 me," added the donkey, "an immortal
 soul must be sacrificed, else all the
 treasure would turn to dust."
 "Yes, yes," assented the ox. "The
 sorcerer should not forget that the evil
 one will require of him a Christian soul."
 Thus the ox and the donkey conversed
 together until morning. And the old
 man listened to all that was said, and
 thought to himself: "Well, this is
 indeed a fine luck! Much obliged to
 you, my dear animals!"
 By daylight the beggar arose and de-
 parted in quest of the colowort and the
 five-leaved clover. This search lasted a
 whole week, as he was obliged to go far
 into the country, where the climate be-
 came warmer, plants kept always green.
 Just before the New Year he returned to
 Plouhinec. He looked much like a
 weasel who had effected an entrance into
 a dove-cote; for this wicked old sorcerer
 had fixed upon the Christian whose soul
 was to be given—the poor worthy Ber-
 nece.
 Strange to relate, the first person
 whom the beggar spied, on reaching the
 moor, was this good youth. He stood
 before the largest stone upon the heath,
 and was busily engaged in carving there-
 upon a large cross.
 "God help you!" cried the old sor-
 cerer, with a malicious smile. "Do
 you intend to make a home for yourself
 in that great stone yonder?"
 "No," answered Bernece; "but hav-
 ing nothing at present to do, I thought
 I would carve a cross on this unholy
 stone, that God might look down kindly
 upon my work, and sooner or later remem-
 ber me."
 "Ah! have you any request to make
 of God?" asked the beggar.
 "All Christians love a soul to save,"
 the young man replied, in a serious tone.
 "And have you nothing to ask of Him
 in regard to Rosa?" urged the other.
 Bernece was silent for a moment. At
 last he exclaimed:
 "Then you know all. Well, if I am
 poor, it is no sin to love Rosa. Mar-
 riance, however, would never take as a
 brother-in-law one who has fewer pen-
 nies than he has dollars."
 "But what if I should give you as
 many pounds as he has penes!" said the
 old man, in a sudden tone.
 "You!" cried Bernece, somewhat dis-
 concerted.
 "Yes, even I," the beggar calmly re-
 sponded.
 "And what do you desire in return?"
 asked Bernece.
 The other answered: "Only a place
 in my pocket."
 "But will the performance of the task
 that you will give me interfere with my
 soul's welfare?" inquired Bernece, still
 distrustful of the beggar.
 "No; it will require only courage,"
 was the reply.
 Hearing this, Bernece dropped his
 chisel, and impulsively cried: "Tell
 me what I shall do! I would risk my
 life a hundred times to gain Rosa at
 last."
 "Listen to me, then," said the beg-
 gar, speaking in a mysterious tone.
 "The youth was all attention. He heard
 the story of the journey of the stones to
 the river; but not of their destructive
 return; he was told about the hidden
 treasure, yet naught of the dangers that
 attended its removal; and, furthermore,
 as you may well suppose, he learned
 nothing from the perfidious old man of
 the blood that must flow—the price of
 the gold. Bernece, sure that God would
 protect him, determined to act accord-
 ing to the old beggar's advice.
 "Old man, I call Heaven to witness,"
 cried he, "that I will avail myself of
 this opportunity, and also aver that
 you have a claim upon me which I shall
 never forget. Only leave me now to
 finish this cross, and at the appointed
 time I will be with you."
 Bernece kept his word. An hour be-
 fore midnight he was on the spot. The
 beggar was also there, furnished with
 three large bags, one of which he held
 in his hand, while the two others were
 slung over his shoulders.
 Bernece and the beggar remained there
 in silence for nearly an hour, the youth
 thinking the while of Rosa and his good
 fortune; the exultant old sorcerer sat
 near, glancing over the kindly face of
 his victim.
 Suddenly a loud rumbling and clatter
 was heard on the moor. Midnight had
 struck, and the stones had awakened
 from their long sleep. Over and over
 they shook themselves, then rolling

from their beds, started for the river pell-
 melt, like waves of giants, making their
 way over the heath.
 Thus they moved along on their cir-
 cular under the light of the stars, and at
 last were lost from sight.
 In a twinkling the beggar was on his
 feet and hastening with great rapidity
 to the moor. Even Bernece could hardly
 keep pace with the old man, who seemed
 to have acquired on the moment the
 power and agility of youth. When they
 reached the heath Bernece uttered a cry
 of astonishment, and devoutly crossed
 himself. In every bed which a stone
 had occupied was a hollow filled to the
 brim with gold, silver, and very precious
 jewels. They glittered and sparkled in
 the starlight like dew in the sunshine of
 a summer's morning. The old man at
 once commenced filling the sacks that
 he had brought. Bernece had only the
 pockets of his jacket. He had stored
 away all that he could in these recepta-
 cles, and the beggar had well-nigh filled
 his bags, when a rushing noise was
 heard in the distance, like the roar of an
 advancing hurricane. The stones had
 drunk, and were coming back! On they
 came, flying at their utmost speed, and
 sweeping down every thing before them.
 Bernece looked up and cried: "We are
 lost!"
 "I am not," said the sorcerer, waving
 the protecting talismans. "These will
 save me. But thou must die! Had I
 not the soul of a Christian at my dis-
 posal, I should not be permitted to bear
 off these treasures. Thy evil star con-
 sidered thee for a moment. Forget Rosa—
 think of thy doom!"
 As the stones drew near the old beg-
 gar held up his talismans, and directly
 they gave way on either side. Bernece's
 life was now in great danger. He sank
 upon his knees, and closed his eyes.
 But the largest stone of the number
 rolled up to him, and, as if by magic,
 it rolled forward and planted itself
 in front of Bernece. At this unlooked-for
 reprieve the young man raised his head.
 The stone before him was the one on
 which he had carved the cross. Thus
 consecrated, it had no power to harm a
 Christian. It now served as a shield for
 Bernece until the other stones had
 gained their places. Then, leaving his
 spot, it skinned over the ground like a
 bird. The old sorcerer, dragging along
 his three heavy sacks, was directly in its
 way. The stone kept on, serving
 neither to the right nor to the left. It
 with the sorcerer held up his talismans;
 the stone, now a Christian, was pro-
 tected against every unholy charm. Bernece,
 on reviving from the stupor into which
 he had fallen, saw that the stone had
 passed over and crushed the beggar, and
 was now settled in its accustomed place.
 When the youth had recovered from
 his dizziness, he immediately apprized
 his father of the contents of the three
 sacks that lay by the lifeless form of
 the wicked old beggar. He thus be-
 came the possessor of great wealth, and
 Marianne, well pleased, gave him his
 sister's hand, so that there was no longer
 any drawback to the happiness of the
 worthy youth.

Old Time Detectives.
 A New York paper speaking of the in-
 efficiency and corruption of the detec-
 tives of the present time relates this
 anecdote of a detective of the last gener-
 ation: "One of our banks kept losing
 money, only in small sums, yet the loss
 was constant and mysterious. A cele-
 brated detective was called in. "Let
 everybody leave the directors' room,"
 he said. "Send in everybody, one by
 one, who has had a chance to steal."
 So the president, the cashier, the tellers,
 the bookkeepers and clerks had a private
 interview with the detective. Every
 one in the bank knew the purpose
 of the visit, and all but one were
 slightly nervous and uncomfortable
 under the searching questions of the
 chief. The last who entered was a
 nephew of the president. He walked in
 cool, unembarrassed and indifferent, and
 what he drank, the hours he spent on
 the road, his night orgies, and all his
 movements by night and by day. No-
 body in the bank knows to-day that the
 president's nephew was the thief. That
 his health was not good, that he was
 traveling in Europe, and that his place
 in the bank was filled by another, was
 well known. The bank was saved from
 robbery, the family from dishonor, the
 detective commended for his skill and
 prudence, and was all the happier for a
 check of \$1,000.

A Change of Taste.
 "Samuel Day, your smartness will
 strike in some day and be the death of
 you!" was the greeting of his honor of
 the Detroit police court.
 Samuel stood on one leg and looked
 foolish, and the court continued:
 "You were here a month ago, and
 your breath smelt of onions so terribly
 that I hustled you out without regard to
 the interests of justice. You have re-
 turned with the same odor about you,
 expecting the same results, but, ah! my
 boy, my taste has undergone a radical
 change. In four short weeks I have
 learned to love the odor given out by
 the shiny onion, and I welcome you here!
 If time allowed I would like to have
 you stand there all day and breath it
 me; but it won't, and I shall have to
 send you to join the procession which
 keeps lock-step while marching to
 meals."
 "Whad'di do?" inquired the prisoner.
 "I can't look up your history just
 now, Samuel. You have been here for
 wife beating, drunkenness, and Jupiter
 knows what else. The charge this time
 is disturbing the peace, and I know that
 if there was any to disturb you are
 guilty. Go in and sit down and chew
 away on your onion, and be glad that I
 didn't make the sentence six months."

Making Christmas Presents.
 A very old practice and one still re-
 spected is that of giving presents. The
 practice is as old as the world, and in
 Greece, Melchior, Casper, and Balthazar,
 to the manger. How pleasant this cus-
 tom is can be attested any day. Stop at
 any street corner during Christmas week
 and watch the crowds that hurry past.
 They are hastening to spend money, not
 to make it, and their countenances plain-
 ly evince how much pleasure there is in
 obtaining the presents for their own.
 How surprised which add so much to every
 Christmas gift. And the joy with which
 on Christmas eve, the mothers stand
 at midnight to fill their darling's stockings
 as they dangle from the mantelpiece is
 only equal by the breathless delight
 which in the early morning their
 children patter barefooted over the floor
 and feel, for they cannot yet see, to the
 uttermost stocking toe to discover what
 Santa Claus has brought them. Fortu-
 nately as much Christmas happiness can
 be bought with a little money as with a
 great deal. The child is not particular
 about the costliness of its playthings,
 and with his elders it is the act of giving
 as a proof of remembrance and affection
 which is or ought to be, more valued
 than the gift itself.

HE WILL—HE WILL.—Every Son of
 Malta will remember the interesting part
 of the ceremony of the order as follows:
 "Will you lie in wait for the enemy of
 our noble order and steal upon him un-
 aware!" "I will." Omnes—"He will
 lie—he will."

Relation of Dwellings to Health.
 Dr. Ezra M. Hunt, of New Jersey, read a paper before the American Pub-
 lic Health Association on the "Relation
 of Dwelling Houses to Health." In
 modern houses, he thought, the circula-
 tion of air is too much impeded. Foundations
 that should be made porous
 became house-dams to keep back the
 pressure of water from without, or the
 basements became literally drains, fatal
 to health, and breeding fungoid spores,
 he censured waterwading and calcim-
 inating, as processes inferior to painting,
 and objected to partitions between front
 and rear rooms and intermediate closets
 without transoms windows permitting of
 currents of air being passed through
 from front to rear. Basement halls
 were bad reservoirs for unsuitable air, to
 be conveyed by stairways and passages to
 the upper floors, and the time was
 anticipated when a cheap and simple
 form of elevator would do away with
 stairs altogether, and give more freedom
 for basement ventilation. Fireplaces
 should also be made available for ventila-
 tion. Porosity in building materials,
 while we are not able in this life per-
 fectly to keep all the sanitary com-
 mandments, it is well to know them, that
 we may be able to comprehend them.
 We are building wiser than we know,
 and able to build better than we do.
 Modern science can uphold enduring
 health as well as enduring wealth. The
 health of the people is often a matter
 of the public well. "Sweet home" has
 more than poetic significance. Healthy
 homes have more to do with valid citi-
 zenship and national destiny than rulers
 philosophy and hygiene be upon
 those who cherish the welfare of the
 American household.

Winter Shoes for Ladies.
 Twenty years ago it was no uncommon
 thing to see a lady walking on snowy
 and wet pavements in shoes of prunella
 with the thinnest of soles. About that
 time a lady for now many years one of
 our foremost fashion writers, determined
 to wear and write sensible shoes into
 fashion. Gradually her example and
 her teachings won disciples and imi-
 tators. Now in New York in the winter
 season ladies shoes are never seen unless
 as a badge of poverty, and rarely are
 they seen even in the summer time.
 Thick-soled kid, morocco and pebble
 goat for street wear have long been
 worn. Within a year or two an advance
 has been made even from this, and now
 ladies are wearing on the street boots of
 calfskin lined with flannel or kid, with
 broad Scotch soles and broad low heels.
 If the skirts are worn long, over even
 these shoes should be worn a pair of
 neatly-fitting waterproof gaiters, to
 keep the ankles free from dampness.
 Thin shoes, rubbers, except in very wet
 walking, are unnecessary. For carriage
 shoes, which are made of quilted leather,
 with flannel and edged with fur. In
 very cold weather everybody who can
 afford them wear them. Any ingenious
 woman can make a pair for herself with
 little trouble. Let her cut a pattern to
 fit over her shoe, and with this as a
 guide cut out the papers from whatever
 pattern she chooses for the inside of the
 house. An old felt hat will furnish ma-
 terial for the soles, and over the shoe
 when it is done rubber sandals may be
 nicely fitted and sewed. If these shoes
 are made to button high up above the
 ankle, they will prove a great protection
 to the lower extremities in snowy
 weather, and when the value of the one
 known will be considered indispensable.

Revenue of the United States.
 The actual receipts to the United
 States treasury from all sources, from
 June 30, 1861, to June 30, 1874, exclu-
 sive of loans and treasury notes, are as
 follows: Customs, \$1,973,710,367.91;
 internal revenue, \$1,956,323,725.30;
 direct tax, \$14,810,189.37; public
 lands, \$22,151,938.72; miscellaneous,
 \$29,084,992.94; premium loans, \$1,000,000,
 sales of gold coin, \$192,557,117.46;
 total, \$4,366,638,341. Beginning with
 the year 1866, there has been a continu-
 ous repeal, gaining year by year, of such
 internal taxes as were most oppressive,
 or at least as give rise to most complaint,
 until at present few subjects of taxation
 remain. The taxes are now levied upon
 distilled spirits, fermented liquors,
 manufactured tobacco, snuff, and cigars;
 upon articles embraced in schedule,
 upon such occupations, upon banks,
 checks, deposits, circulation, and capital
 of banks. In a table exhibiting the
 sums collected during the several fiscal
 years from 1867 to 1874, inclusive, it ap-
 pears that during the year ending June
 30, 1874, collections were \$102,644,746.
 08, while the collections for the former
 years were, in consequence of the duties
 repealed from year to year, less than any
 single year since the system went into
 operation, except the first—1869—when
 the collections were \$41,009,192.93. The
 increase of 1874 is due in part to the
 increase of duties laid upon distilled
 spirits, manufactured tobacco, cigars,
 and cigarettes, and in part to the taxes
 collected under the laws repealed, extra-
 ordinary efforts having been put forth to
 collect the delinquent taxes due from
 banks and bankers, railroads and other
 corporations, and taxes due on incomes,
 legacies, and successions. The receipts
 under the act of March 3, 1875, up to
 and inclusive of June 30, 1875, from the
 different articles subject to an increased
 tax, which were distilled spirits, cigars,
 cigarettes, and manufactured tobacco,
 were \$3,203,818.85.

Keep the Pot Boiling.
 The French have what is called the
 pot au feu—an iron pot kept constantly
 upon the fire, into which is put from day
 to day all the wholesome remnants of
 food, meat and vegetables, which in the
 United States are thrown away. All of
 these are put into the pot au feu, water,
 seasoning and fragrant herbs are added,
 as required, and the constant simmering
 solvent for even the toughest of
 Texas beef—extracts every particle of
 marrow even, and the bones come out as
 clean and white as if they had been
 bleached for years in the sun. This ex-
 plains what a writer meant when he
 wrote of the forty millions of France
 living on what the forty millions of
 America throw away. The French live
 twice as well as our farmers.

A Misfortune.
 A young man living in Halifax, N. S.,
 is the victim of a singular misfortune,
 which may result in the loss of his life.
 Picking his teeth with a straw, a piece
 of it lodged between two teeth in such
 a manner that he could not get it out. It
 annoyed him for some days, but at last
 the pain ceased and he found that the
 straw had worked under his tongue,
 heaves and moans. In half an hour
 the sun had swung up perceptibly on
 his heat, the colors changed to those of
 morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the
 flood, one songster after another piped
 up in the grove behind us—we had slid
 into another day.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.
 A Herd of Over Two Hundred Head Nearly
 Destroyed by Organic Poison.
 Prof. James Law's report on the cattle
 disease on the farm of James W.
 Wadsworth, near Avon, N. Y., shows
 that the herd, consisting of 277 cattle,
 was brought from Canada, and all died
 well until suddenly five died, and other
 cases of death followed at the rate of
 from three to eight a day. The symp-
 toms are described in detail, as well as
 the condition of the bodies after death.
 The manager of the farm and two Ger-
 man workmen who opened several of the
 carcasses, suffered from malignant ma-
 gnitude of the hand and arm, in all three
 were the eruptions on the hand of small
 papule, which increased to a vesicle,
 burst and dried up, while a new crop ap-
 peared around the point of desiccation.
 The two older men, aged from thirty to
 forty, had considerable erysipelatoid in-
 filtration of the hand and arm, with high
 fever, nausea, great languor, and mus-
 cular pains. They ultimately died well,
 however. It was evident that the devel-
 opment of these malignant symptoms
 was from inoculation from the diseased
 cattle.
 The professor then goes on to show
 that the cattle suffered from organic
 poison, having been brought in a wretched
 condition to the luxuriant grass bot-
 toms of the Genesee valley, under which
 was a subsoil of impervious clay, and
 over which the river flowed in the
 spring. There was no artificial drainage,
 and the water escaped by capillary
 action only. The contrast in temperature
 between day and night also aggravated
 the disease. The report adds:
 "The most universally acknowledged
 causes of the malady in animals are:
 Phthoria, or a state of the blood highly
 charged with organic elements; an im-
 pervious soil or subsoil; a very rich sur-
 face soil; inundations; a period of heat
 and dryness calculated to foster decom-
 position of organic matters to a great
 depth in the ground; and a great con-
 trast between the day and night tempera-
 ture, and in this case all combined to
 produce one of the most epidemic
 types of the disease. It may be added
 that while this affection is communicable
 to all animals by inoculation, it can
 scarcely be said to spread in any other
 way, and it is therefore to be looked upon
 as essentially an enzootic disease. We
 must go to such places as the inundated
 marshes of the West, and the lowlands
 dried up lakes and marshes of the rich
 and pestilential Russian steppes, to find
 any approximation to the disastrous out-
 breaks in man and beast which blacken
 the history of past ages.
 One hundred of the best steers were
 turned on a higher pasture with gray-
 clay subsoil, two died, and the rest made
 a prompt and permanent recovery."

Items of Interest.
 Reckless ship captains are most apt to
 be wrecked.
 A wife who has her own will may one
 day find fault with her husband's.
 None but cowards habitually color
 their braver. The brave dye but once.
 A Philadelphia girl has broken her
 engagement, because her lover "made
 fun of the Centennial."
 Where there's a will there's a way.
 But where there's no will, the heir at
 law has it all his own way.
 You will frequently hear a man say
 that he does not like pastry, and yet he
 has a finger in everybody's pie.
 The newest envelope for fashionable
 people opens like a book and requires a
 seal or monogram as big as a hen's egg.
 It would be well enough to have a few
 more Doctors of Laws. Most of the
 laws in this country are ailing half the
 time.
 It is said there are more lies told in
 the sentence: "I am glad to see you,"
 than in any other six words in the Eng-
 lish language.
 Miss Ida Demorest, whom the Grand
 Duke Alex considered the handsomest
 woman in the United States, has mar-
 ried a Nebraska doctor.
 M. Quad's new book, "Quad's Odds,"
 is selling even better than the publishers
 anticipated. Quad is the funniest man
 that ever handled a pen.
 It is demonstrated that the weight
 of the earth is 5,925,000,000,000
 tons, yet some people think they tilt it
 up whenever they walk abroad.
 A court in Indiana has recently de-
 cided that there is no limit to the number
 of persons whom a girl may sue,
 simultaneously, for breach of promise.
 Merchants you should never let
 your advertising rest;
 Your big white hands were never made
 To hang into your vest.
 A London custom house officer says
 that his experience convinces him that
 women as a rule would rather smuggle
 their gloves and other knick-knacks than
 receive the same as a present free of
 cost.
 A young woman who inquired in a
 Lebanon (Ind.) bookstore for "Good
 Morals and Gentle Manners," was in-
 formed by the proprietor that he didn't
 have 'em, as there was no call for 'em
 nowadays.
 This is the kind of weather that makes
 the dashing young man wish that instead
 of spending a dollar and a half for that
 massive diamond pin last summer, he
 had judiciously invested it in a pair of
 winter drawers.
 "You're always off at nights, Leander,"
 said Mrs. Spilkins reproachfully
 the other evening. "Yes, my dear,"
 replied Spilkins. "You'll remember
 even when I first proposed, you consid-
 ered me a pretty good offer."
 The stove was cold.
 The kettle wouldn't boil,
 So she tilted the can
 And put on a little oil.
 Gone to meet the man who blew out the gas.
 It is very desirable to be a good
 reader. A clergyman is said to have
 once read the following passage from
 the Bible with the emphasis and pauses
 thus: "And the old man said unto his
 sons, saddie me the ass; and they sad-
 ded him."
 A Canadian journal makes the re-
 markable suggestion that the ground in
 which Guibord's body is to be buried
 be cursed only to the depth of four feet;
 because the new grave will be made di-
 rectly over that of Mme. Guibord, who
 was a "good Catholic."
 It was a diplomatic husband who pro-
 tested to his wife: "My dear, if it
 doesn't make any difference to you,
 don't say 'brute' and 'dolt.' Use terms
 milder, if not less incisive. If I must
 have certain lectures, let them at least
 be damask curtain ones."
 Robert Collyer in his lecture told this
 story: He was at a children's party one
 Christmas eve, and on seeing a little boy
 sitting in one corner who was not danc-
 ing, he approached him, and asked him
 why he did not join the others and dance.
 "I'm not dancing," said the boy
 solemnly, "because I don't think dan-
 cing till the great end of life."
 The Hindoo Holy Books forbid a
 woman to see dancing, hear music, wear
 jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat dainty
 food, sit at a window, or view herself in
 a mirror, during the absence of her
 husband; and allows him to divorce her
 if she has no son, injures any property,
 scolds him, quarrels with another
 woman, or presumes to eat before he
 has finished his meal.
 Nelson was made an admiral in the
 British navy in a peculiar manner. He
 was only a captain at the time, and fifty-
 third on the list. The government had
 guessed that he was a man of great
 abilities and wanted his services. Accord-
 ingly fifty-three admirals were at once
 placed on half pay, and the hero of
 Trafalgar came to the front.
 It is interesting to learn, through the
 testimony given at the inquest on an
 Indian in Manitoba, just how the
 Indians there are supplied with whisky.
 This individual went into the store, and
 without saying anything, laid some
 money on the floor; then he went out,
 and the dealer, happening around there,
 found the money, picked it up, set a
 bottle of whisky on the floor, and went
 to sleep. Shortly the Indian chanced in
 there again, found the whisky, stole it,
 drank it, and died.

The Vote of Cities.
 The State of Ohio would have gone
 Democratic, and Gov. Allen would have
 been successful in the late election, but
 for the majorities given to the Republi-
 can ticket in the cities of Cincinnati and
 Cleveland.
 The State of Pennsylvania also would
 have gone Democratic, and Fessenden
 and Follet would have been successful,
 but for the Republican majority in the
 city of Philadelphia.
 The State of New York would have
 gone Republican, and the State ticket
 of that party would have been successful,
 but for the Democratic majorities in
 New York and Brooklyn.