"For Thoughts."

A pansy on his breast she laid,
Splendid and dark with Tyrean dyes;
"Take it; 'tis like your tender eyes,
Deep as the midnight heaven," she said.

The rich rose mantling in her cheek,
Before him like the dawn she stood,
Pausing upon life's hight, subdued,
Yet triumphing, both proud and meek.

And white, as winter stars, intense
With steadfast fire, his brilliant face
Bent toward her with an eager grace,
Pale with a rapture half suspense.

"You give me then a thought, O sweet!"
He cried, and kissed the purple flower,
And bowed by love's resistless power,
Trembling he sank before her feet.

She crowned his beautiful bowed head
With one caress of her white hand;
"Rise up my flower of all the land,
For all my thoughts are yours," she said.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Practical Recipes,

CALF'S-HEAD STEW.—Take the pieces of meat from the soup pot and chop them fine, put them into a saucepan with some of the gravy and stew. Pick the brains and mix them with grated bread, pepper and salt, and work them into small cakes with the yolk of an egg; fry them, and put them into the soup after it is placed in the tureen. Put paste around the stew that is baked separately; put them in a dish, and add ketchup and a few hard-boiled eggs.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Warm one ounce fresh butter in a gill of milk, add a large tablespoonful of yeast and a little salt. Sift one pound of flour into a pan, pour in and stir well the milk, and let the dough rise in a warm place, covering it with a thick cloth. When light, knead well and form into rolls. Put these into a well-floured pan in a warm place to rise, and bake in a quick oven.

A GERMAN SWEET DISH.—Boil some chestnuts until they are soft enough to be crushed with a spoon and passed through a seive. Beat up the whites of six or eight eggs into a froth with half a pound of lump sugar that has been grated on the rind of a lemon. Pile up the chestnuts while warm in a dish, and cover them thickly with the whip just before serving them.

The Housewife.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.—A simple way of making these drops is to mix up the sugar and oil of peppermint with the whites of eggs, beating the whole well together, dropping it on white paper, and drying the drops gradually before the fire at a distance. Another way is to sift finely-powdered loaf-sugar into lemon-juice sufficient to make it of proper consistence; then, gently drying it over the fire for a few minutes, and stiring in about fifteen drops of oil of peppermint for each ounce of sugar, dropping them from the point of a knife.

INDELIBLE BLACK INK.—A German chemist gives this recipe for making an indelible black writing-fluid: Dissolve one drachm of aniline black in five drachms of strong alcohol, to which add some sixty drops of pure and strong hydrochloric acid; next add a hot solution of one and a half drachms of powdered gum-arabic in three fluid ounces of water. Writing made with this ink is indelible by chlorine, oxalic, nitric, and hydrochloric acids and caustic potassa.

TO JAPAN OLD TEA-TRAYS.—First clean them thoroughly with soap and water and a little rottenstone; then dry them by wiping and exposure at the fire. Now get some good copal varnish, mix it with some bronze powder, and apply with a brush to the denuded parts. After which set the tray in an oven at a heat of from 212 to 300 degrees until the varnish is dry. Two coats will make it equal to new.

A PIECE of red pepper the size of your finger-nail put into meat or vegetables when first beginning to cook will aid greatly in killing the unpleasant odor arising therefrom. Remember this for boiled cabbage, green beans, onions, chickens, mutton, etc.

Butter Making.

It requires both attention and experience to produce butter in the shortest time. If the cream be too warm, it froths a great deal and a thin liquid appears in the vessel, especially at high temperatures; when the cream is too cold, it froths too, but appears thick, like freshly fallen snow. In the latter case, the cream ought to be warmed, and in the former, cooled. The appearance of the butter globules also serves to indicate whether the cream is too warm or too cool. In the former case, the globules are soft and melting, in the latter, hard; in both cases a slower churning is advisable. Old cream produces butter sooner than fresh. A temperature between 70deg. and 80deg. is best in churning, and the cream should be skimmed off. Fresh air and strict cleanliness of the vessels are indispensable.

What it Costs.

If a man buys 160 acres from the Government within railroad limits the money needed to set him and a family comfortably on their feet in Nebraska or Kansas will be about $2,500, as follows:

160 acres of Government land	$400
House, 16x24	500
Barn, 24x36	300
Fencing 40 acres	320
Teams $250, two Cows $70	320
Wagon $120, Plows $40	160
Furniture $100, Tools, &c., $50	150
Provisions and Clothing one year	300
Cost of travel to Nebraska	50

If he buys from the railroad company he will give more than $400 for $160 acres, but will have several years to make the payments. In the foregoing estimate the cost of breaking and planting is not included, nor many other necessary expenses.

A Goat Story.

A correspondent sends us an account of a little affair that happened in his place. It appears that there was a young woman, a fine spirited girl, engaged at a wash tub, opposite an open door. Just behind her was a young man, as is generally the case, and in the yard was an old buck that was allowed the freedom of the premises, which is not always the case we are happy to say. Well, this buck came up to the door and looked in, and the young man going close behind the young woman, pointed his finger straight to the buck, and the old fellow recognizing at once the pressing character of this mute invitation, put down his head and dashed forward, and the miserable man stepped one side and fled, and the young woman all unconscious of the arrangement, received the awful shock without warning and passed over the tub, and the air for an instant appeared to be full of slippers and wet clothes and hot water and suds. And the next minute that goat came flying out of that door at a dreadful speed, bald the whole length of his spine, and with a wild look in his eye. And for an hour afterward he stood back of the barn, scratching his chin, and trying to recall all the circumstances in the unfortunate affair.—*Danbury News.*

FRAUDULENT BIDS AND SALES AT AUCTION.—There is a bill now before the Assembly at Albany, already reported upon favorably by the Judiciary Committee, which might perhaps be made more comprehensive than it is with advantage to the morals and the welfare of the community. It forbids the making of "false, fraudulent or fictitious bids with intent to defraud" a purchaser or any other person bidding at an auction-sale, under a penalty of $250 for each offence. The prohibition, however, extends only to auction-sales of real estate, stocks or bonds, perhaps because the transactions being large, fictitious and false bidding is more often resorted to in such sales than in anything else.

A Western Methodist minister has withdrawn from his church on account of "domestic jangles."

PANSY'S LOVER.

Pansy was our youngest. There was no special merit in that, and, of itself, it was no reason why she should be the pet of the family. But she was also the prettiest. Nobody ever denied that there was beauty in the Tremaines and the Gordons. Mamma had been a very rose among girls in her day, and at fifty Judge Tremaine was a stately, handsome gentleman, whom all women admired and fell in love with much oftener than would have been convenient under other circumstances.

Why all this hereditary beauty perversely concentrated itself in Pansy, I don't know. I suppose it was only a part of the total depravity of things in general. At any rate, Pansy *was* lovely, and we all adored her.

The pretty creature knew it before she could speak plain, and graciously allowed herself to be set up on a throne, and worshiped by a troop of loving subjects.

When she grew to womanhood, and all the young gentlemen we knew fell into an orderly procession, and followed her up and down to do her homage, it was quite a matter of course; but when one of them actually had the audacity to propose, our indignation and amazement were equal.

"The wretch!" cried Delia.

"How dare he?" sobbed Sue, in a rage.

"He—he isn't a wretch! And why shouldn't he dare?" cried Pansy.

"What?"

"Good heavens!"

"The child is angry, as true as you live!" said Sue, in a maze of slow incredulity.

Angry? Pansy's cheeks were as scarlet as pomegranates, her lovely eyes swam in tears, and when she could brush them wildly away, an outraged soul looked forth upon the amazed group.

"Why shouldn't a man want to marry a girl, and why shouldn't he ask her? Do you suppose I'm never going to be married?" and with this the sheet-lightnings of her eyes were drowned out by a passionate rain of tears.

We were all of us on our knees in an instant—the rest metaphorically, I literally.

"Don't, dear, don't! It was only that we grudged you to anybody, darling. That's all."

"As if grandma should long for the brightest of the Pleiads to do her knitting by! Such presumption!" cried Delia, who was the poet of the family.

Mamma leaned back in her rocking-chair, and wiped her eyes disconsolately.

"Do you mean, Pansy, that you would go away from us all with this young Vandermeyer?" she said, in a pathetic voice.

But Pansy was not in a pathetic mood just then. The queen had come to her own, and the little heart was full of a sweet triumph.

"Oh, no, mamma, not with him. I don't like *him;* but there's somebody else," and the delicious blushes chased each other across the fair flower of a face.

"She says there's somebody else," echoed Delia, appealing to me.

"Pansy," said Sue, severely, "do you mean to say that somebody else has been proposing to you?

Pansy kindled again.

"Oh, Sue, be quiet! As if *she* was to blame. Who is it, dear? Won't you tell your own Kittykins?"

Pansy resisted. Not even the absurd name which she had dubbed me in her babyhood unsealed her confidence.

Mamma wept softly. I implored, Delia was tragic, Sue assumed the *role* of outraged friendship. Pansy held out ten minutes. Then she surrendered at discretion.

"If you must know—but you needn't blame him—it's Tom Gordon. There! and she fled from the room.

"Tom Gordon!"

We looked at each other blankly.

"*Et tu, Brute!*" said Delia, raisng her eyes to the ceiling.

There was where it hurt. Tom Gordon was our pet cousin, who had come and gone among us all these years in the sweetest fashion of brotherly intimacy. And now he could do us this wrong.

"After all," sighed mamma, "I suppose the child must be married some time."

We pondered over the sorrowful fact in silence—we girls. But mamma was apt to think aloud.

"I suppose it might as well be Tom as any one," she added. Then, after a pause, "I always thought he might marry one of you, but I never thought 'twould be Pansy."

"Of course it would be Pansy," spoke up Sue, sharply, and then she turned, and went swiftly out of the room.

Dear Sue! She was twenty-five, and the prince had not yet come to wake her out of the dream of maidenhood. It was rather hard. Papa was not rich; we had not been brought up to any profession; it was weary work, this ignoble waiting, and Sue had a high spirit. Does anybody know any more such households of girls, who wait and wait, and see the swift years go by—the cruel years which steal away bloom, and eauty, and youth, and leave them only the ashes of disappointment?

But that is not the point. I am telling Pansy's story.

We all cried a little, more or less, in secret, and then we all accepted Tom Gordon as our future brother, and next Christmas, Tom came down, elate and eager, all his bright, brave young manhood irradiated with this new sweet hope. Work? Wouldn't he work? Anything for him in Pansy. He was in the law, creeping up slowly into a lucrative practice; but, oh, he would be patient, so patient, if Pansy would wait for him. And Pansy smiled and looked distractingly lovely, and we all agreed that Tom would have been incredibly stupid not to have fallen in love with her.

But we asked this question at first only with doubtful, sorrowful eyes, and afterward with hesitating lips—did Pansy love Tom? Did she love him as the woman should love the man whom she chooses out of all the world, as our good Tom Gordon deserved to be loved?

Tom, dear fellow, had, I think, some struggling doubts. I have seen him look at Pansy with such longing, hungry eyes, that my heart ached for him. But, whatever his doubts, he said nothing, and we all kept the same painful silence.

The golden Autumn passed, and the white, silent Winter came on.

Rexford began its usual career of mild dissipation. A few little initiatory parties, and then Mrs. Moneybags fairly inaugurated the campaign with a grand ball.

The Moneybags lived in a magnificent house in the most aristocratic quarter of the town. They had no family, but a large account at the banker's, and an immense admiration for blue blood. Now, poor papa had ever so much blue blood in his veins, but no account at all at the banker's; so Mrs. Moneybags, besides sending cards, came over herself to invite us, and because of the blue blood she was obsequious, and because of the banker's she was patronizing.

"I want *all* your girls to come, dear Mrs. Tremaine—*all!*"—and she looked around upon the alarmingly large family-group with a pitying smile, adding "Poor things, it will be such a chance for them."

Mamma returned the smile very faintly, and we bowed our visitor out, with hearts very full of indignation.

"I shan't go, for one!" cried Sue, angrily, and then by chance glanced at Pansy. The girl's face was absolutely radiant.

"It will be so splendid," she murmured, under her breath.

The end was, that all went, Sue included; and it was splendid. Mrs. Moneybags had had sense enough to put the arrangements into the hands of decorative artists from town, and the effect was superb. The good woman's face shone with complacency. But her great attraction, which quite overrun her simple heart with pride, were half a dozen New York guests—a faded belle, a gay widow, and two or three gentlemen. Respect for Mr. Moneybags had, perhaps, brought them all the way up to Rexford. They were the observed of all observers. Miss Axminster must have felt her early triumphs renewed—until Pansy appeared.

She had come late, with papa, and the picture she was when she entered the room, in her shimmering white garments, I shall never forget.

A low exclamation of delight and surprise broke from some one near me.

"Good heavens! what a vision of loveliness!"

I half turned; it was one of the strangers who spoke, a *distingue*, stylish-looking young man, who had set all the young ladies hearts in a flutter when, twenty minutes before he had made his *entree*. Handsome he certainly was. Why did I shrink and shiver a little when presently I saw him lead Pansy out upon the floor, and watched his fine dark eyes fairly scintillate with admiration?

Why need I linger over the tale? It was the old, old story.

Mr. Kennan called, was gentlemanly and delightful; won mamma by his graceful deference, and papa by the display of keen business-like qualities. Pansy sat almost silent, the sweet color flickering in and out of her cheeks. But when he was gone, and they all broke out into praises of him, steady crimson settled there, and burned like a rose.

Mr. Kennan came again. He lingered two weeks in Rexfordr By the end of that time the *denouement* came.

He proposed for Pansy, declared his passionate love for her, and when papa demurred demanded that she be sent for. The child came, weeping like a culprit, accusing herself of treachery toward Tom. But not all her tears, all her remorse, could hide the fact that this man had won her heart.

"I thought I loved Tom—poor Tom," she faltered. "But I did not know what love was."

An utter dismay fell upon us all when this tragid *denouement* of Tom Gordon's pretty romance became known to us. Many a long, tearful consultation we had, but the hard, painful facts could not be changed.

Pansy herself was firm as a martyr.

"I'll marry Tom if you say so," she said with a great sob, "But I love Max."

Of course, then, it was all over, Papa had a theory—a curiously sentimental theory for a grave lawyer of fifty—that girls should marry for love, and mamma had never thought Tom's impecuniosity was quite what her darling observed. Mr. Kennan saw his advantage, and pursued his suit. It was decided that Tom should be written to. But who would break this bitter news?

Pansy came winding her soft arms around my neck.

"He loves you better than any of them," she said softly.

I broke away from her angrily.

"And you would makehim hate me!" I cried.

But who can resist fate? If a hateful thing was to be done, I somehow always got thrust into the breach.

I wrote the letter to Tom. I dare say it was cold and hard, for my heart ached for him almost to breaking, and the very intensity of my feelings chilled my words.

Three wretched days passed, and then the answer came—a few calm, strong words; but the good, tender heart struggled through them. We knew what his love for Pansy was, he said. If it could serve her best by giving her up—why, then, he gave her up.

Pansy cried a little. But love is selfish. Max Kennan came, happy and triumphant; and Pansy smiled and danced again, and nobody could resist the infection of her fresh, girlish joy.

No more from Tom Gordon; only, we heard incidentally that he was working hard, and sure to distinguish himself; later, that he had gone to Europe on some law business.

I think Pansy scarcely noticed this news. Max had urged a speedy marriage, and we were all frantically busy on the trousseau.

But one day Sue, looking up from the bit of dainty muslin in her hands, said, gravely:

"Kitty, did you ever think that all our petting had made Pansy a little—just a little—selfish?"

I smiled, with tears in my eyes. Dear, generous Sue! Who so slow to accuse others as those who are themselves the salt of the earth?

The bridal-day came on space. The preparations were splendid. Max lived like a prince, and it seemed as if he thought nothing too good for Pansy.

It irked us to rest under the obligation of so many magnificent presents, and we all declared we'd rather live on bread and water for a year after the marriage than to do so.

Papa was quite of the same mind, and so he diminished his modest fortune to buy us finery, and decorate the house for the wedding.

Max was to be busy in town till the last minute, only coming up to lunch with us the day before.

We were all ready then, and Pansy was in a flutter of excitement.

When the noon came she tripped down to the station to meet him.

We had all gathered in the dining-room fifteen minutes afterward, when she came in with a face whiter than death, and trembling from head to foot.

She had a slip of paper in her hand, which somebody took from her just as she dropped fainting on the floor.

It was a telegram. Two brief, bewildering sentences.

"The wedding must be postponed. Countermand the invitations, and wait for my explanation."

Papa went straight to town by the next train. Pansy shut herself up away from us. We huddled together, a miserable group, all the afternoon.

At dark the awful suspense was broken by the still more awful truth.

Max Kennan was a defaulter, and had from the city. The papers rang with it, for the amount was almost fabulous, and the position of the culprit a very high one.

Papa came walking slowly up from the station, a new weight of years upon him.

"Tell her gently," he sobbed when he had related the shameful story.

Pansy heard, her white face scarcely changing.

"Then he loves *me!*" she suddenly exclaimed at the end.

"But he has disgraced himself and us all, and you must never think of him again!" cried Sue.

Pansy did not hear her. A smile flashed across her face.

"He hasn't deserted me!" she cried, and then broke into a tempest of sobs.

She cried a long, long, time in mamma's arms, and then said, weakly, that she would go up-stairs, and would she be good enough not to disturb her again that night.

We sat together till late, going over the wretched facts. When at last we retired, I was strangely nervous. I longed to go to Pansy, but dared not. Once I fancied I heard a slight noise under her window, then a confused murmur of voices. I opened my window, which looked from the same wall. All was white, silent, and moonlit. Perhaps the ripening peaches had tempted some pilfering boys.

The air was dewy and fresh. I closed the window quickly, and went to bed, and the rest of the night passed in confused dreams.

With the early daylight I awoke, came to an instant comprehension of the blow which had fallen upon us, and rising hastily, went with light steps to Pansy's room.

There I stopped short, in fright and amazement, and involuntarily cried out. The room was empty, the window open upon a little balcony, and a glove, dropped just outside, showed the way she went.

Not a word, not even a short note.

None of us will ever forget that day. Toward night came a letter, mailed from New York. We must forgive her, she said. She had been married to Max, and before we read the words should be on the ocean.

Nowhere did the brief letter show any adequate sense of the wrong she was doing us all.

Well, all life's woes are lived over, somehow. It aged papa a good deal, and mamma's roses never came back.

But in a year we were peacefully happy, seldom speaking of Pansy, and then as if we had lost her by death.

Tom Gordon returned, and came to see us. He was changed—graver, sterner, a little of the old boyish bonhomie gone.

Thinking no one day as I watched him, my eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"What is it, Kitty?"

"The old wrong," I whispered.

He came to me suddenly, and took me in his arms.

"Will you make it up to me, Kitty? That is what I came here to ask."

His voice trembled with tender passion, and then I knew how long and dearly I had loved him.

And Pansy? She came to see us once at Geneva, when Tom and I were around—a little faded and worn, but beautiful and fascinating still. She had made her choice. Whether she was happy in it, God knows.

They lived a romantic life, from one European capital to another.

Everywhere the story would finally creep out, and then came shrugs and sights that drove them away. And so I fancy that though he had plenty of money, Max Kennan found that the way of the transgressor is hard.

Grain Sacks and Jute.

The address delivered by the President of the State Agricultural Society at the annual meeting, touches, among other items of interest, that of the cost of grain sacks to the farmers of this State. The expenditure for this item alone is set down at $2,150,000. These sacks are made of jute imported from India, and worked up in Scotland. The opinion is expressed that the rich bottom lands, especially in the southern portion of the State, where irrigation is practised, will produce jute equal in quality and quantity to that of India.

Besides the uses of this material for grain sacks, it is incorporated into more costly fabrics, while the coarser parts and refuse, known as jute butts, are eagerly bought up for paper stock. According to Mr. Reed's estimate, it required last year 2,732,222 bushels of wheat, or one-eleventh of the entire crop, to pay for the sacks. There ought to be capital and enterprise enough in California to master this business. The importer of the raw material makes one profit, the manufacturer another, and the importer a third one.

We have taken hold of sugar production in earnest, and are making commendable headway. There is a ludicrous side to the fact that we cannot furnish sacks of the coarsest material for the wheat and wool which must be sent to the market.

We have made very little progress in the matter of producing textile material. Flax production increases slowly, if at all, although for years high prices have been offered for the seed. Little or nothing has been done in hemp, which has long been one of the most profitable crops raised in Kentucky, Missouri and other of the Middle States. A few persevering men are doing their best for cotton culture in San Joaquin Valley, and with every prospect of success. The two and a half millions of dollars required for grain sacks ought to send some pioneer into the field for jute.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Great Battles.

An article in the last number of the *Militair Wochenblatt* on the great battles—Koniggratz, Gravelotte, and Sedan—contains some interesting details regarding the relative positions and tactics of the armies engaged. Gravelotte was purely an infantry and artillery fight. At Koniggratz, on the contrary, the cavalry of both armies engaged in frequent smaller or larger conflicts, especially towards the end of the battle. At Sedan, again, the French cavalry only attacked *en masse*, and were invariably driven back by the German infantry. The handling of the artillery showed a great advance at Gravelotte and Sedan, compared with Koniggratz. While in the artillery combats of the centre on the 3d of July, 1866, there is no trace of any uniform plan on the part of the general in command, at Gravelotte and Sedan the artillery was splendidly handled. After none of the three battles was there a protracted pursuit. The numbers engaged at Koniggratz were much larger than at either of the other two battles. The Prussians mustered 215,000 men, as against 220,000 Austrians and Saxons, whereas at Gravelotte there were only 120,000 French against 200,000 Germans, and at Sedan 130,000 French against 200,000 Germans also. Koniggratz was, in point of numbers, the greatest battle of the century, as there were 30,000 more men present than at Leipzig. The losses in killed and wounded at Koniggratz were 30,000 Austrians and Saxons, as compared with 10,000 Prussians, or a total of 40,000 men. At Gravelotte there were 11,000 French and 20,000 Germans killed and wounded, or 34,000 men in all; while at Sedan the total loss was 24,000, namely, 14,000 French and 10,000 Germans. Thus Koniggratz also shows the largest number of killed and wounded—much larger than we find in the greatest engagements of the war of 1870-71.

Woman Suffrage in Maine.

The convention just held at Augusta to form a State Woman Suffrage Convention surprised even the friends of this movement by the large attendance and great interest shown. It is very evident that the question is exercising the public mind and has gained strength to an extent that most persons are slow to admit. It is significant that it has already passed from the stage of jest and ridicule to that of respectful consideration and candid argument; and when a question like this has reached such a position it cannot long be kept out of the political field. Indeed, when such papers as the Portland *Press* and Belfast *Journal*—representing both political parties—take strong ground in favor of the movement, it is evident the question is likely soon to become a practical one.

One of the objects of the convention at Augusta was to present the subject to the Legislature, and particularly to the Judiciary Committee of that body, who have before them a resolve submitting to the people an amendment of our State Constitution, striking out the word "male" from Article 3, relating to the qualifications of electors. The adoption of such an amendment would extend the right of suffrage to women who are qualified to exercise such right in other respects. In order to submit the question to the people, a two-third vote of each branch of the Legislature would be required. As there are many members opposed, or at least not committed, to woman suffrage, who would vote to submit the question to the people on the ground that many citizens desire the opportunity to test the popular judgment on the question, there is a bare possibility that the resolve may be reported and receive the requisite vote to bring it before the people next September.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Home Influence.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler talks in this wise:—If the father generally talks money, money, money at home, he generally rears his family in worship of the almighty dollar. If he talks mainly horses, games and races, he breeds a batch of sportsmen. If fashion is the family altar, then the children are offered up as victims upon the altar. If a man makes his own fireside attractive, he may reasonably hope to anchor his own children around it. My neighbor Q——makes himself the constant evening companion of his boys. The result is that his boys are never found in bad places. But if the father hears the clock strike eleven in his clubhouse or the playhouse, he need not be surprised if his boys hear it strike twelve in the gaming room or the drinking saloon. If he puts the bottle on his own table, he need not wonder if a drunken son staggers in, by-and-by, at his front door. When the best friend that childhood and youth have becomes their foe, the homes become the 'starting post' for moral ruin.

What a glorious thing it would be if all women were rich. Now there is that rich Ohio woman who cheerfully pays her little $50 fine every time she feels like beating the unfortunate man she calls husband.

An Uneasy King.

When, in December, 1870, the crown of Spain was presented to Amadeus, at Florence, the pleased young man remarked: "I have before me a smooth, and I hope happy, course to pursue." Alas for the vanity of human hopes! Prim, who presented the name of Amadeus to the Spanish Cortes as a candidate, was shot in his carriage the day before the new King arrived, and died the day that he landed. Amadeus arrived in Madrid in January, 1871, and forthwith assumed the duties of King, since which time he has found anything but smoothness in his path, while he has been a shining mark for the conspirators, who have used his royal body as a target for their irregularly aimed bullets. Spain was no easy country to pacify. Isabella had been driven out in 1868, and in June, 1870, she wrote her formal abdication in favor of her son, Prince Alfonzo. Immediately after this, the crown was tendered to Leopold, of Hohenzollern, whose pretentions Louis Napoleon disputed, and on account of which the Franco-German war, with all its disasters, was waged. Meantime and all the time, there has been a perpetual Carlist conspiracy either smouldering in the embers or bursting into full blaze. Amadeus has had a steady insurrection on his hands, Cuba has been in a ferment, and altogether things have gone quite awry. Two weeks ago a Prince was born to the royal pair. The cities were jubilant. The North country was not. In fact, the Carlists manifested their sense of the gravity of the situation by breaking out into hostilities. The immediate cause of the present disposition of Amadeus to resign is the persistence of the Ministry and the Cortes in keeping Don Hidalgo in high office. The King has not been able to keep a Ministry together for any length of time, nor has he been on good terms with the Cortes. In his New Year speech to the deputation of Parliament, the King expressed very strong anti-slavery sentiments in regard to Porto Rico. He is far in advance of the Cortes and the Ministry on this subject. They mean to promise only and to daily and delay. He is earnest in behalf of Emancipation. It appears now as if Amadeus could do no better than to abdicate the throne. Should he do so, a Regent will doubtless be elected, and Spain will cast about for another sovereign. There are many monarchs and aspirants out of business in Europe now, among whom a suitable occupant for the throne ought to be found. But no Bourbon or Carlist will do, and the Republic may yet be proclaimed and set up.

How to Cure a Cold.

One of our citizens who has been troubled with a severe cold on the lungs, effected his recovery in the following simple manner: He boiled a little boneset and hoarhound together, and drank freely of the tea before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arms, and still another on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady he took all three off with an oyster knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard paste instead. His mother put some onion drafts to his feet and gave him a lump of tar to swallow. Then he put some hot bricks to his feet and went to bed. Next morning, another old lady came in with a bottle of goose oil, and gave him a dose of it in a quill, and an aunt arrived about the same time from Bethel, with a bundle of sweet fern which she made into a tea, and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts. After dinner his wife, who had been a fine old lady, of great experience in doctoring, on Franklin street, gave him two pills of her make about the size of an English walnut and of a similar shape, and two tablespoonfuls of home-made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a half pint of hot rum at the suggestion of an old sea captain in the next house, and steamed his legs with an alcohol bath. At this crisis two of the neighbors arrived, who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half gallon of spearmint tea, and a big dose of castor oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pill, wrapped about his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers burnt upon a shovel in his room. He is now thoroughly cured, and full of gratitude. We advise our readers to cut this out and keep it where it can be readily found when danger threatens.—*Danbury News.*

The "Fire-Bugs."

Incendiarism has been so abundant of late in Brooklyn that the authorities, placed on the alert, have succeeded in capturing three recognized "fire-bugs," named Smith, Small, and Dowd. Ten distinct conflagrations are said to have been traced to the activity of these creatures, each accusing the other of enacting the "heavy villain" in the several fiery performances. Their avowed object was plunder, it seems; for when a building was well ablaze in consequence of their exertions, they made it a point, after first absconding, to return to it and conspicuously assist the firemen in extinguishing the flames. This gave them opportunities to steal, and, at the same time, diverted from them all suspicion of being concerned in the arson. The Brooklyn police have a habit of confining supposed confederates in adjacent cells, and then listening to their dialogues—probably after informing each that his late companion in crime is in the contiguous room, but must not be spoken to! This ruse inevitably leads to inter-communications, each prisoner imploring the other not to "squeal," and each revealing enough to enable the officers of the law to grasp the facts, and sometimes additional culprits. In this manner these fire-bugs are represented to have seriously enlightened the police in regard to a number of fires, the extent of the plundering thereat, and so on. Incendiarism is being reduced to a science, it appears. It is becoming, like murder, one of the fine arts—by no means one of those "lost arts" upon the subject of which Mr. Wendell Phillips lectures so often and so interestingly.

A Startling Statement.

Dr. Carroll, of Staten Island, who has given much study to the causes of disease in the city, and written much upon the subject, puts down 12,000 deaths in one year in the city by preventable diseases or those of the zymotic class, through poisons introduced into the system from without. Computing the smallest number of recoveries for every death during the past year, there must have occurred in New York, at the lowest estimate, more than 32,000 cases of serious sickness due to defective drainage alone. The deleterious emanations from such sources serve both as vehicles for specific poisons, and, by their debilitating influence, render persons exposed to them more liable to succumb to other ailments, the danger finding equal footing in the Murray Hill homes as in the pauper homes of Baxter street.

HUNG BY A GOLDEN CHAIN.—A somewhat remarkable circumstance occurred in West Nashville the other day. A gentleman before retiring for the night, took the precaution to place his gold watch and chain under his pillow, that it might not be stolen without his being awakened. To his surprise, he woke up the following morning to find that it had unaccountably been spirited away. He remembered having heard his servant making a fire, and came to the conclusion that no one else could have taken it. He called the servant in and made inquiries about it. The servant denied having seen it. This did not satisfy the owner, but the servant was, nevertheless, allowed to depart. His employer now instituted a thorough search. After looking everywhere about the room, he found the watch forced half way into a rat hole. He pulled it out, and to his great consternation found a rat at the end of the golden chain, in which it had become entangled and been hanged by the neck until dead.

A literary gentleman who has traveled over the whole world says that the ladies of the royal family of Russia cannot be matched for personal beauty.

Investment Bonds.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company now has in full operation, with regular daily trains, 321 miles of road, a distance of nearly 200 miles more is strricted. The Minnesota Section, immediately on its completion, entered upon a satisfactory business, including local trafic and the large carrying-trade of the Northwestern British Settlements and the Hudson Bay Company. The recently completed section of sixty-five miles, on the Pacific Coast, at once commands a profitable business between Puget Sound and the Columbia River, heretofore done by coastwise steamers. On the opening of spring, with more than 500 miles of Road in regular operation, the Company will control the extensive and productive trade of the Upper Missouri, much of Montana and the Northwest. The earnings of the Road for 1873 will be large.

Arrangements for pushing construction vigorously the present year are progressing satisfactorily.

Of the nearly Ten Million acres of land accruing to the Company in connection with the portion of Road now virtually constructed, some Two Million acres, of excellent average quality, are in market and their sale and settlement progressing. The average price thus far realized is $5.66 per acre—which is at the rate of more than $100,000 per mile of road for the whole grant.

The Company has already begun the process of redeeming and canceling its First Mortgage Gold Bonds, as they are now being received at 1.10 in payment and exchange for the Company's lands.

With these accomplished results and most favorable prospects, the Company is now selling its First Mortgage 7-30 Bonds for the purpose of completing its line of Road. We recommend them as a well secured and unusually profitable investment. They have the following elements of strength and safety: They are a First Mortgage on the Road, its Right of way, Telegraph lines, Equipments and Franchises, and a first lien on its Net Earnings. In addition to this usually sufficient security there is pledged for the payment of principal and interest, a Land Grant of 12,800 acres per mile of road through the States, and 25,600 through the Territories. The rate of interest (seven and three-tenths per cent. gold) is equal now to about 8¼ currency. *Gold checks for the semi-annual interest on the Registered Bonds are mailed to the Post Office address of the owner.*

All marketable securities are received in exchange on most favorable terms. For Sale by Banks and Bankers generally.

JAY COOKE & CO.
Financial Agents Northern P. R. R. Co.

A statement is going the rounds of the press that the foul air of a room can be thoroughly purified by setting therein a pail of cold water. That water absorbs some of the noxious gasses is true, but the only way to purify the air of a room is to let the external air in, and provide for the exit of the foul air. Practically, an aperture in the external wall, near the ceiling, and an open fire-place or Franklin stove, are the best methods of ventilating our apartments.

An Iowa boy, who killed his father has got off with fifteen years imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam

Doubtless the Best Cough Medicine in the World.—*Com.*

The Cold Weather—Remedy for Colds.

The unprecedented cold weather of the past month has affected almost every one. We suggest to all suffering from colds to supply themselves with Allen's Lung Balsam. It is unquestionably the best remedy in the market—infinitely superior to Ayer's and Jayne's preparations.—*Iowa Columbus Mtg. Democrat, February 1st, 1873.*

A CARPENTER writes to the AMERICAN BUILDER as follows:—"I struck out for myself last year and cleared nearly $3,000, using the plans and details in your magazine, which were better than an architect. Count me a subscriber for life." Our subscribers can get the BUILDER on trial, four months, by enclosing $1 to Chas. D. Lakey, Publisher, 23 Murray Street New York.

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Address, THE SUN, New York City.

A TRUE BALSAM.—DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY is truely a balsam. It contains the balsamic principle of the Wild Cherry, the balsamic properties of tar and of pine. Its ingredients are all balsamic. Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, Bronchitis, and Consumption speedily disappear under its balsamic influence.—*Com.*

NEGLECTED COUGHS AND COLDS.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," if neglected often works upon the Lungs.—*Com.*

WE UNDERSTAND that the whooping-cough is quite prevalent in the towns around us; but that no cases have proved fatal. Some families use nothing but *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* Our Doctor, however, says a little ipicac, to produce vomiting, would be an advantage.

CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE stands unrivaled and alone. Its merits have been so universally acknowledged that it would be a supererogation to descant on them any further—nothing can beat it.—*Com.*

THERE are more than one thousand different kinds of pills in the United States. Some of them are worthless and injurious, others are good and beneficial. Old Dr. Parsons invented the best anti-bilious pill we ever saw or heard of. They are now sold under the name of *Parsons' Purgative Pills.*

THE ROUGHNESS of the skin caused by the cold winds, is easily cured, by using "The Queen's Toilet," for the Complexion.

SOME OF OUR READERS may not remember that Jno. Milton is the author of the oft-quoted line "Of lingering sweetness long drawn out," but they will all remember that the Elmwood Cellar can be bought at any furnishing store.

ELAGG'S INSTANT RELIEF has stood twenty years' test. Is warranted to give immediate relief to all Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Head, Ear and Back aches, or money refunded.—*Com.*

THE PUREST AND SWEETEST COD-LIVER OIL is HAZARD & CASWELL'S made on the sea shore, from fresh, selected livers of the cod only by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., NEW YORK. It is absolutely *pure* and *sweet.* Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the oils in Market.—*Com.*

An Easy Way to Health.

The appetite is generally keener in winter than in summer, but the same low temperature which begets an increased desire for food is apt to decrease the debility of the stomach to digest it. The most aggravated cases of acute dyspepsia occur at this season; and the best, in fact, the only way, to control and cure them, is to stimulate and tone the stomach and invigorate and regulate the secretive and discharging organs. To do this promptly, safely and thoroughly (without involving any change in the ordinary habits of the invalid,) a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will be necessary. In order to accomplish a radical cure of indigestion, it is not enough to influence the organs of digestion. The liver, the intestines the circulation, every organ and every secretion concerned in the work of assimilating the food and in carrying off the waste matter of the system, must be brought into a natural condition. Upon all these portions of the living machinery, the great vegetable medicine, which stands at the head of all modern restoratives, acts powerfully and beneficially. The feeble should take at least one dose daily at all seasons of the year; and it may be taken with great benefit twice a day by all who are predisposed to dyspepsia, biliousness or nervous attacks. Ladies will find it a very present help in the latter class of complaints, and indeed in all the ailments incident to the sex.

The Plague of Locusts.

Algeria has reason to complain of a swarm of locusts which rec