Farm, Garden and Household.

Domestic Receipts.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of cream, one cup of sugar, two eggs, a little salt, one teaspoonful of soda, and two cups of flour.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, and one of cream tartar.

GOOD BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful baking powder, butter the size of a walnut; use water; don't mix stiff; bake quick.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup sugar, one cup of molasses, one of butter, lard, or drippings, one-half cup of water, and one tablespoon soda, and one ginger.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One quart of bolted flour, two quarts of Graham, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one half cup of molasses, two thirds of a cup of yeast; mix with warm water not very stiff.

PUFF ROLLS FOR BREAKFAST.—Three cups of milk, three eggs, three cups of flour and a little salt. Bake in earthen cups, filling them half full. A quick but not scorching oven. These rolls are very nice.

WASHING BUTTER.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, in answer to an inquiry, gives his views as follows:—It is asked—Does not the washing of butter cause the loss of its aroma? We are sure—no. It has nothing to do with it. It simply washes the milk out more readily, and saves labor in working out the buttermilk with a ladle. It rather assists in retaining the aroma and grain of the butter.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter; two cups sugar; one cup of molasses; one cup coffee; one pound chopped raisins; three eggs; a dessert spoonful of each kind of spice; one nutmeg; teaspoonful of saleratus. Add flour enough to make it a little stiffer than pound cake. This cake will keep a long time. A little citron in very thin slices through the cake improves it, and currants may be substituted for part of the raisins.

Stay Where You Are.

We have many inquiries asking advice about selling farms at the East and going West. This everlasting uneasiness belongs to the Yankee character, and is one of the elements, perhaps, in his enterprise. We wish, however, to express, with emphasis, our dissent from the too prevalent opinion, that farms at the East are past working with profit. If, instead of selling out, the owner of an Eastern farm would inform himself as to the character of his soil and its needs, and then expend the amount of money he must sacrifice in selling off all his stock, farming tools and other personal property, in needed improvements and thorough working of his farm, he will find all he desires in the possibilities of the old homestead. There is no lack of the natural elements of fertility in these farms; they possess the undeveloped equivalents of a thousand crops. The deposits are there; only draw your check with the proper formality and the teller of Mother Nature's bank will honor it. Look at the advance of British agriculture in the last half century—her increase from fourteen to twenty-eight bushels of wheat per acre. If she had possessed millions of acres of virgin soil, her farmers might have abandoned the old and sought the new fields; but instead of that, they have added a new kingdom below, doubling the production of the acres they possess. Young men who have no farms, the old hive being full, will do well to seek one in the West, but do not abandon the ancestral acres to the stranger.—*Live-Stock Journal.*

Effect of Tar on Fruit Trees.

I wish to state a curious effect of tar upon fruit trees which came under my observation this year, and I hope it may prove a warning to all your readers who may think of painting trees to prevent the hares or rabbits from barking them, or for any other purpose. These trees were painted from the ground upward one or two feet; and almost every tree—apple, pear, peach, quince and all—ceased to grow where painted, while that part of the body above the painted portion continued to grow, expand and thrive as though nothing had happened—bark, branches and leaves, all looking very thrifty. A few of the trees died suddenly while in full leaf; the others are now fine looking above, but the body where the tar covered it looks as though it had a laced jacket of iron around it for one year, and is a half inch or more less in diameter. I think the whole orchard will finally die; for some of the trees, from weakness of stem below and growing weight above are toppling over. Does this not show that the enire bark of a tree, as well as the leaf, is an organ of respiration?—*R. N. J. Wilson, in Southern Farm Home.*

Renting Farms.

In renting or letting farms on shares there should be the most stringent stipulations on the part of proprietors relative to the use of the manure made on the place and the supply of fertilizing agents on the part of the renter or occupier of the land. We have known it to cost farmers more to restore their farms to the condition in which they left them, after an absence of three years, renters occupying them meantime, than they had received as rents in the interim. Absolute rest is often far more profitable than the renting system to the man who owns the land. It is only in rare cases that the system of renting pays the owner of land. In this country it has not been made so much either of a business or study on the part of farmers, and tenant rights and duties are not so clearly defined either by custom or law as in England, where most farming is done by tenants. If American farmers are to give up their lands to tenants and live off the income derived therefrom in villages, as seems to be the ambition of many, there is great need of the caution we have above given.

Management of Cattle.

A Massachusetts farmer says on this subject:

"My cattle like my company. When in the pasture they will follow me until I leave the lot; and as a general rule they come up to the barn-yard every night about sunset and in their way call for a lock of hay. Though I give them all they want they take but a few mouthfuls, which satisfies them, and I am confident it does them a good deal of good. It keeps their bowels regular and they thrive well and are happy. They do much better than they did when I changed pastures once a week, for now they have a change of food every day instead of once a week. Cattle need kindness and they pay well for it. I can handle my steers and others as I please. They will come up to me while I am milking and invite me to play with them. The time I think is not far distant when soiling cattle will be the most profitable where most of the farm can be cultivated. Provide a small lot for them to run in, feed green fodder, save all the manure, and our farms will grow richer."

Early Potatoes.

A little care will secure early potatoes two or three weeks before the time they will be ready to use if planted the common way in open ground. Cut the pieces of the earliest sorts, and place them under an inch or two of earth in a hot-bed, so closely in drills that they will touch, so as to economize room. When the open ground is dry enough, set them out. They will come on rapidly. If a frost should occur after they are set out, they may be protected with newspaper, but we have never known them to be materially injured, even if the tips were nipped a little by frost. Next to a hot bed, they may be easily sprouted in a warm room. Even when the sprouts grow accidentally, potatoes may be had some days earlier by carefully preserving the sprouts in setting them out.—*Country Gentleman.*

Liver Rot in Sheep.

An English farmer who has kept sheep for forty years, says he has found rock salt a valuable antidote for liver rot, and that these animals cannot be too liberally supplied with this saving substance. He further declares that in cases of congestion of the liver or rot he has found two tablespoonfuls of turpentine shaken up in half a pint of water and given to the sufferer a frequent cure, unless the disease has made very great progress.

A Terrible Case of Murder,

The Poor Insane Woman who Killed Her Two Children.

Annie Hennessey, who murdered her two children in a fit of frenzy, is still in a New York hospital. She is confined in one of the cells which are set apart for lunatics. A reporter who visited her says she appeared very unhappy. When her husband came to see her she scarcely recognized him, and, when he came the second time, she said, "Everything was all right," and asked him "To take care of the children," as if nothing had happened. He kissed her wildly and affectionately, but she stared at him vacantly and as if he was a stranger. From his crazed wife the wretched man went to look at the remains of his children and to think how he had doted on them and loved them. There they lay before him lifeless, charred, black from the fire on which they were roasted. They looked sweet even in death. A smile rested upon the face of the younger child, and the father kissed it passionately.

Annie Hennessey is a woman about the middle height, slim, with a long, sallow face, large gray eyes, that are deeply sunk and have a strange, weird lustre, and thin, pale lips. At first she seemed to be quite indifferent in regard to her fate, but in the afternoon she folded her hands together whenever one of the physicians approached her cell and prayed him, in touching accents, to let her go. Two Sisters of Charity visited her, and then came some relations. She spoke to them in incoherent, hollow whispers, and in so low a tone that it was very difficult to understand a word she said. When the reporter visited the cell the poor mother mentioned her children for the first time.

"Oh! my children, oh! my children!" she moaned in a low tone, "oh! my poor children!" The expression of her face was heartrending, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Where are they?" the doctor asked.

She paused awhile, and gazed on him with a look of anguish. "Oh! oh! they're dead," she moaned in the same low tone, and wringing her hands, "I killed them; I burnt them."

She buried her head in her hands and sobbed.

"Why did you kill them?" the doctor asked.

She was still weeping, but she raised her head and said, in the same hollow, unearthly tone, "The Lord and the angels appeared before me in a vision and told me to do it. The Lord motioned me to do it and (sadly) when I looked at my children I saw that their tongues were red flames, and I did it." There was a pause. She sobbed piteously, "Oh, my children! Oh, my poor children!"

"Did you strangle them first?" the doctor inquired.

"Oh, no," she moaned, gazing listlessly at him. "I held the oldest first over the fire. (She wrung her hands.) Yes, I did. Oh, my children! Oh, my children!"

"And then you held the other one over the fire?"

"Yes, yes," she sighed, moaning again: "Oh, my children, my children!"

Words could not convey any idea of the anguish that was expressed in these simple words as the poor crazed mother uttered them.

She implored every one who came near her to let her see her children. Her children! None but a mother could have uttered the word as she uttered it. The reporter was told that she had been truly devoted to them, that she had seemed to love them better than she did her life. The thought that she had killed them whirled wildly through her feverish brain, and when she was told that they would be buried in a few hours, she hid her face in her hands and wept a long time, until at length she laid her head upon the pillow and sank into repose.

The children were buried by their father. Their charred forms rest in Calvary Cemetery. When they were found dead they lay with their arms entwined round each other's necks, and in the same position they lie in the grave.

The Baker Expedition.

The expedition which Sir Samuel W. Baker commanded was sent out in 1870 by the Khedive of Egypt. Its purpose was threefold. It was fitted out partly to continue the explorations made in the region of the Upper Nile and Lake Albert Nyanza by Sir Samuel in 1864, when he discovered the lake named, and to bring under subjection to the Khedive the fertile lands and the barbarous natives of that region, and partly to take measures towards the suppression of the slave trade of the Upper Nile. The expedition was the most imposing and the grandest that had ever been undertaken for the purposes of discovery, and was amply supplied with all the necessities for such a mission, including the machinery for small steamers. Owing to the great reputation for courage, endurance, and sagacity that Baker had acquired by his previous explorations in the same quarter of the globe, not to mention his superior knowledge of the lands to be visited, the Khedive selected him as the chief of the expedition. In the first year of the expedition Sir Samuel reached Gondokoro. He made an attempt subsequently from latitude 9 deg. 26 min. north, to ascend the White Nile, but after cutting his way through dense masses of cane and reeds which, in the shape of floating islands, completely impeded navigation, he was obliged to return to the point whence he had started. His purpose was then to await a favorable opportunity, with a high-water stage of the river, to force a passage through to Lake Albert Nyanza, and thus to succeed in floating his fleet of steamers on that lake, and so settle at least one purpose of the expedition, namely, the question of the true sources of the Nile. How far he has succeeded in the general plan of his expedition cannot be stated succinctly as yet. Sir Samuel was known to the Egyptians in connection with his command of the enterprise as Baker Pasha. He was a man of magnificent physique and of unusual physical strength. His height was over six feet, and he was a man who, if any man could, would be most likely to command the respect and awe of the barbarians whom he necessarily encountered. Lady Baker, whose maiden name was Florence Sars, was a Hungarian by birth, and her daring and her affection led her to follow her husband's fortunes in all his Nubian enterprises. She accompanied him in his fofmer explorations in the Upper Nile regions and was with him in the present, his last, for it is now stated that Sir Samuel and his wife, Lady Baker, have been murdered in the interior of Africa by the natives of that country.

A Lot of Holidays.

For a young nation, the United States are accumulating a very neat little stock of anniversaries. The 17th of June, proximo, for instance, will be the two-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi river by Marquette and Joliet. With five other Frenchmen and a couple of Indians, they left Green Bay for the Southwest, ascending the Fox river to the dividing ridge between it and the Wisconsin. Their companions all returned to Green Bay, but Marquette, the priest, and Joliet, the merchant, the canoes having been carried across the ridge to the Wisconsin, descended that river, and on the 17th of June, 1673, they emerged from the Wisconsin upon the waters of the Upper Mississippi. The *St. Louis Republican* says pertinently: "And now, after a lapse of 200 years; after the wilderness they found had been converted into fields and gardens; after the wigwam villages have faded away, and the shadows of mighty cities fall upon the waters of the stream they found flowing through trackless wilds, it is proposed to revive the half-forgotten memories of Marquette and Joliet, and erect some suitable memorial which shall preserve their fame until the latest times." And very properly.

Carlists in the Province of Gerona are pillaging libraries and cabinets, murdering passengers, and seizing the mails.

The Great East River Bridge.

The Structure Towering Above Surrounding Objects—Foreign Engineers Taking an Interest in the Work.

The work on the East river bridge is being pushed forward with renewed vigor, and the working force has been doubled on both sides of the river. The tower on the Brooklyn side is completed to a height of about 150 feet, and the men are working on the three towers which rise from the main body on a level with the roadway of the structure. These towers are now twenty-five feet above the level of the roadway, and are being added to at the rate of a foot a day. Nearly all the work is being done by steam. A steam derrick hoists a vast block of stone from the pier to the top of the tower. It is then placed on a car, which moves on what is termed a traveling crane, in other words a track fixed on a movable road bed, and from this position it moves by means of a balance derrick, also worked by steam, to its appropriate place on the tower.

The outer upper towers on the Brooklyn side are 48 by 24 feet at the base, and as they ascend there are what engineers term "sloping offsets"—that is to say, the tower as it nears completion becomes narrower, but without assuming the shape of a cone or an Egyptian pyramid. This the engineer in charge (Mr. C. C. Martin) says gives a relief to the gloomy heaviness of the structure, for wherever there is an "offset" the stone is smooth-cut, instead of being left in rough jaggedness. This is also the case with the main tower, whose dark outlines are much relieved by occasional narrow streaks of cut stone, contrasting strinkingly with the rough surface of the other portions of the work. By graduating the structure in this way a great saving of material is effected, while the strength of the towers remains about the same as though they were built in solid form. The centre tower is 48 by 15½ feet at the base.

As the Brooklyn tower makes its slow but sure ascent, it is wonderful how it dwarfs the buildings in its neighborhood. Once the flour-mill at Fulton ferry loomed up as an immense structure, but now it shrinks into comparative insignificance beside its more lofty neighbor. The new ferry house, when it was built, had an imposing appearance as to the height of its towers, but now even the golden ball which tips its flagstaff is far below the bridge tower. As for the stores and dwellings on Fulton street, they have sunk below notice. Compared to the tower they look as insignicant as though they were old-fashioned watch boxes placed beside the new Court House, or East river oyster sloops ranged alongside the Great Eastern. Looking from the street at the men at work on the tower, they appear like dwafs, while on them the passers-by below have the appearance of lilliputians.

The Brooklyn tower now employs only 30 men, including carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, and engineers, but 70 have been engaged for some time past in the excavations for the anchorage tower, which is to be erected in James street, above Front, near the old market. The excavation will be 129 by 119 feet, and 25 feet deep. So far the work has been easy and rapid, the soil being a light sand, well suited for building purposes. Mr. Martin says that this is worth $1.25 per cubic yard, and as he expects to take at least 12,000 yards from the excavation, worth $15,000, the building sand will pay all the working expenses. In this work, also, steam is employed wherever practicable. The sand is shovelled by men into a box holding two cubic yards and a steam engine hoists the box and dumps its contents into a cart. The foundation for the anchorage will be a timber platform, and it will contain 33,000 yards of masonry. Its height will be 89 feet above the level of the river. The excavation will be completed early in May, and the masons will probably begin work on the anchorage tower in June.

On the New York side the force, including masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths, is fifty men. Col. Payne, the engineer in charge, says that the progress made is equal to two feet in three days. The tower is sixty feet high, and it is expected that by the end of the season it will be raised to the height of the roadway—119 feet. The premises belonging to the Bridge Company are those formerly occupied by the Williamsburg ferry. The yard contains carpenter, machine and blacksmith shops, storehouses, machinery for mixing cement, and four engines for hoisting purposes. Little tramways intersect it at various points, and all material is conveyed to the works in small cars.

Late in the fall or early next season the excavation of the site for the New York anchorage tower will be begun. This tower will be of the same dimensions as that on the Brooklyn side. It will be situated a few feet west of Water street, and north of Dover street. The approaches to the New York terminus of the bridge will begin at Chatham street, and by an easy grade ascend to the height of the tower, being supported at convenient distances by iron girders and trusses, together with small piers of masonry or iron columns built within the blocks of building which will be crossed and occupied.

Col. Payne says that of all the visitors who have inspected the caissons, which are regarded as the most successful of the kind in the world, a small per centage only were from this city. But French, English, German, and Austrian engineers have visited and thoroughly inspected the works, which have been honored also by the presence of several delegations of Chinese and Japanese magnates, who have expressed unbounded admiration and surprise at the ease with which vast masses of granite are raised from the ground and placed in position.

To give a correct idea of the immense amount of material used in the caissons and towers it need only be said that each of the former contains 4,200,000 feet of timber—most of it heavy yellow pine, 380 tons of iron in bolts and sheathing, and 30,000 tons of masonry—the weight of the whole structure being 43,000 tons. Add to this 70,000 tons of masonry which form the tower, and the grand total is 113,000 tons.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Coal in the Atmosphere.

Coal is carbon; carbon combines with oxygen to form carbonic acid; there is carbonic acid in the air and it is an interesting question how much coal in combination actually exists in the atmosphere about us. Savants assert that the total is not less than eight hundred and fifty thousand millions of tons. But this is only a fraction of that which formerly existed in the air when the world was young. The coal mines of the world are estimated as containing five million millions of tons, all of which was primarily taken from the air by the rank vegetation of primeval times.

Of course in those remote regions the atmosphere containing say seven times its present percentage of carbonic acid was unfitted for the animal life now flourishing on the globe. But as the carbon was withdrawn the oxygen was proportionally increased and respiration became gradually possible to animals of higher and more complex organization and requiring a more rapid oxygenation of the blood. Hence as the atmosphere changed by the growth of the coal forming vegetation, the organic creatures progressed from the earliest reptiles that crawled in the hot and wide reaching everglades to the being that, crowning the strange, long series, was made in the image of his Creator by whom "into his nostrils was breathed the breath of life."

WHERE OUR GOLD GOES TO.—It is estimated that fifteen per cent. of our gold product is melted down for manufacture, thirty-five per cent. goes to Europe directly, twenty-five per cent. goes to Cuba, fifteen per cent. to Brazil, five per cent. to China, Japan, and India, leaving five per cent. for domestic use. Fifty per cent. of that which goes to Cuba and Brazil ultimately goes to Europe, from whence four-fifths of their whole supply goes to India, where it is absorbed and disappears from sight in a mysterious manner. For many years this absorption of gold, and silver as well, has been going on in the East Indies and China.

Romance of a Life,

The Story of Lady Ellenborough---An English Lady Weds an Arab Chief.

Mrs. Isabel Burton writes from Trieste to the *Pall Mall Gazette:*

Will you allow me to contradict, as the editor of the *Triester Zeitung* has done here, the correspondent at Beyrout, who writes to the *German Gazette* of Vienna concerning the late Lady Ellenborough?

About sixteen years ago, tired of Europe, Lady Ellenborough conceived the idea of visiting the East, and of imitating Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. (There is also a French lady, Mme. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who has built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet, and lives there still.) Lady Ellenborough arrived at Beyrout and went to Damascus, where she arranged to go to Bagdad across the Desert. A Bedouin escort for this journey was necessary, and as the Mezrab tribe occupied the ground the duty of commanding the escort devolved upon Shaykh Mijwal, a young brother of Shaykh Mohammad, chief of this tribe, which is a branch of the great Anazeh tribe. On the journey the young Shaykh fell in love with this beautiful woman, who possessed all the qualities that could fire the Arab imagination. Even two years ago she was more attractive than half the young girls of our time. It ended by his proposing to divorce his Moslem wives and to marry her; to pass half the year in Damascus (which to him was like what London or Paris would be to us), for her pleasure, and half in the desert, to lead his natural life. The romantic picture of becoming a queen of the desert and of the wild Bedouin tribes exactly suited her wild fancies, and was at once accepted, and she was married in spite of all opposition made by her friends and the British Consulate. She was married according to the Mohammedan law, changed her name to that of the Hon. Mrs. Digby El Mezrab, and was horrified when she found that she had lost her nationality by her marriage, and had become a Turkish subject. For fifteen years she lived, as she died, the faithful and affectionate wife of the Shaykh, to whom she was devotedly attached. Half the year was passed in a very pretty house she built at Damascus, just without the gates of the city, and the other six months were passed according to his nature in the desert in the Bedouin tents of the tribe. In spite of this hard life necessitated by accommodating herself to his habits—for they were never apart—she never lost anything of the English lady, nor the softness of a woman. She was "grande dame au bout des doigts" in sentiment, voice, manners, and speech. She never said or did anything you could wish otherwise. She kept all his respect, and was the mother and the queen of his tribe. In Damascus we were only nineteen Europeans, but we all flocked around her with affection and friendship. The natives the same. As to strangers, she only received those who brought a letter of introduction from a friend or relative, but this did not hinder every ill-conditioned passer-by from boasting of his intimacy with the House of Mezrab, and recounting the untruths which he invented, to sell his book or newspaper at a better profit. She understood friendship in its best and fullest sense, and for those who enjoyed her confidence it was a treat to pass the hours with her. She spoke French, Italian, German, Slav, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish, and Greek as she spoke her native tongue. She had all the tastes of a country life, and occupied herself alternately with painting, sculpture, music, or with her garden-flowers or poultry, or with her thoroughbred Arab mares, or carrying out some improvement. She was thoroughly a connoisseur in each of her amusements or occupations. To the last she was fresh and young; beautiful, brave, refined, and delicate. "*Bon sang ne peut mentir.*" Her heart *au fond* was noble; she was charitable to the poor. She regularly attended the Protestant church, and often twice on Sundays. She fulfilled all the duties of a good Christian lady and an English woman. She is dead. All those who knew her in her latter days will weep for her. She had but one fault (and who knows if it was hers), washed out by fifteen years of goodness and repentance. Let us hide it and shame those who seek to drag up the adventures of her wild youth to tarnish so good a memory. *Requiescat in pace.*

The Real Bob Whittle.

One of the most eccentric of all the characters mixed up in the Modoc war is Bob Whittle, a Missourian, who follows the joint calling of fisherman and grazier on the banks of Klamath Lake. Bob is a regular specimen of an unsuccessful "forty-niner," and can lie down and go to sleep with a good grace wherever night overtakes him. He is the soul of hospitality, however, and never lets a man leave his house with an empty diaphragm. About eighteen years ago, when other men were going wild in the struggle for gold, Bob turned his back upon the flourishing little city of Yreka, and became an Ishmaelite by the borders of the great inland sea. Here he met a dusky daughter of the wilderness, and breathed gushing accents of undying affection into her sunburnt ear.

Bob is a social fellow, and has a decided tendency for "keeds." He came home with a new suit of clothes once, and his wife, wishing to upbraid him for his extravagance of dress, asked:

"What you pay for dem clothes?"

"Four jacks," was the oracular answer.

One day a fellow came out from Jacksonville to see him. The traveler's wardrobe consisted of a deck of cards and a fishing line. Bob treated him kindly and bade him come into the chateau and be sociable. So at it they went to play a champion match at cribbage, the best 999 games out of 1,000, for a dollar's worth of tobacco. Weeks rolled by, in which they fished, hunted, and played cards, but Bob cut no hay nor reaped oats. His better half, becoming very much discouraged, walked into the room one day just in time to hear him say: "Well, George, I think I've got you where the har's short—I've got fifteen two, fifteen four—"

"Heep smart man," said the dusky matron with a smile of ineffable disgust; "heep smart man. All de time talkee 'fifteen two, fifteen four.' Bimeby Bob Whittle he got no halo chemuck in de house."

From that hour Bob experienced a thorough reformation. He took the source of all his misery—a big wooden crib-board—and whittled a handle on one end of it, so that his youngest boy could use it to paddle his little cherub sister, and he burned the deck of cards beneath the smouldering embers on the family hearthstone.

TRUE AS CAN BE.—A European writer has said "the reader of a newspaper does not see the first insertion of an ordinary advertisement; the second insertion he sees, but does not read; the third insertion he reads; the fourth insertion he looks at the price; the fifth insertion he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth insertion he is ready to purchase, and the seventh insertion he purchases." Which is about so. We commend the above to the perusal of all who are the least skeptical with regard to the benefits to be derived from advertising.

SINGULAR RESULT FROM A SCRATCH.—A very singular result was produced by a scratch from a wire in taking off a "strike" in a brick-yard in Louisville. Mr. Geo. Fults received a slight wound in the left wrist from a wire, and since that time has been growing continually worse, notwithstanding medical aid, until the entire left side had become cold and inanimate as in death, while the opposite side of the body is at fever heat. His friends are very much alarmed for fear that the accident, if not of a fatal nature, will at least cause the paralysis of the affected side.

London has a "Salvage Corps," supported by fire insurance companies, which aids the fire brigade in extinguishing fires, guards property in burnt buildings, and looks after the interests of the insurers generally.

The Transportation Question.

How the Matter is Viewed Officially in the West.

In a letter from Gov. Carpenter, of Iowa, to Gov. Woodson, of Missouri, we find the following extract:

"The enormous over-production of the Mississippi Valley now seeking an eastern outlet, but absolutely withheld from market, and the consumption of population, clamoring for bread because of a lack of facilities for transportation, and the exorbitant charges of railways now in existence, cannot be regarded as a financial stringency arising from the wild speculation, or any of the ordinary causes of business stagnation; nor is it a portent of evil in the future. It is, on the contrary, simply an evidence that the industry and enterprise of the agricultural population of the West have reached a point in advance of the transportation and manufacturing interests of these States; therefore, it is not strange that the people of the Mississippi Valley clamor for increased facilities with which to carry on profitable exchanges with consumers upon whom they are dependent for a market. If railroads charge 37 1-5 cents a bushel to move grain from St. Louis to the city of New York in the month of January, when there is no water communication between those two markets except by way of the Gulf, (and this I find to be the average of winter charges for the last five years,) and if, as is claimed, the same grain could be moved, were there a direct water communication from the metropolis of Minnesota to the seaboard, for 10½ cents a bushel, the necessity for increased facilities of transportation and cheaper carriage than the producer can now obtain, is enforced with powerful effect. And when we consider that the present population of 10,000,000, now occupying the grain-growing portion of the Mississippi basin, will soon be increased by another 10,000,000, while the profusion of marketable products will be more than correspondingly increased, as improved machinery in the future, as in the past, will enable the agriculturist to realize more returns from a given amount of labor—the importance of this question becomes of such surpassing magnitude as to promise an irrepressible agitation until finally and wisely solved.

If, as I have above advanced, and is believed by practical men, a bushel of corn can be carried from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean for less than eleven cents, proper facilities for transportation being provided, it serves to show that whatever improvement may be made for the purposes of utilizing any water route at all practicable, and whatever may be done to establish new railway lines and to protect the people from their consolidation when built, will be of vital benefit to the entire country. And it is believed to be demonstrable that the difference between a reasonable price for transporting Western surplus products and the present charges of freight lines, for a single year, would go far toward the completion of an entire double-track railway from the Mississippi to the Atlantic seaboard. The whole railway problem is comparatively of recent origin, having grown up within the last half century. As a preliminary, therefore, to the discovery of a remedy for evils inseparable from vast corporate enterprises, managed solely in the interest of individual corporators, to which the commercial habits of every civilized people have almost entirely committed the carrying business of the world, more specific and general knowledge among the people of the whole transportation question is of the first importance. And a convention of the character contemplated would, if no other result followed its action and its discussions, enlarge the boundaries of public information upon the issues involved in the question of harmonizing the business of transportation with the interests of the people."

Fall of Man.

How it strikes the Danbury *News* man is appended: "You are generally looking at something very intently when it happens—perhaps you are smiling to yourself; then your left foot shoots out to one side with a suddenness that creates a sickness in the family. Ice commenses to form on your spine and perspiration on your brow, and your scalp lifts enough to permit a streak of cold air to pass under. The other leg goes out at this juncture, your head snaps violently to the front, and there is a faint impression on your mind that the world is about to come to an end, with nobody in charge. Miles of sidewalk spin out from you like lightning; three-story buildings jump over your head in quick succession; people disappear suddenly and with appalling mystery; then your eyes close, your consciousness wanes, and your soul goes out with one expiring quiver, and—and you arrive. The hard reality of the scene is then forced upon you with unpleasant abruptness. Everything is in its place but your spine. You get up and move off with a sickly attempt at a smile, feeling at the time that the back of your head is laughing from ear to ear, and finding that the hardest thing is, not the sidewalk, but to keep from rubbing yourself.

Very Much Mistaken.

A few nights ago a well-known business man of Ottawa, Canada, indulged too liberally in the exhilarating beverage until a late hour. About midnight he set out for home. Instead of going to his own door he walked confidently up to his neighbor's door and pulled the bell boldly. The inmates had retired to rest, and some time elapsed before the door was opened; the whiskified individual became outrageous, and began to act in a most violent manner. The door was opened, and, to his horror, by a stranger. His wrath increased, and in less time than it takes to write this he had hurled him headlong out upon the street. He then locked the door and went up stairs, but nothing seemed in its proper place, and he found progression almost impossible. He finally lit a match, and a glance at the surroundings convinced his muddled brain that he was not in his own house. He got out, therefore, as soon as possible, and fortunately just in time to escape a thrashing from the enraged proprietor who had effected an entrance by the back door.

A SAD TRAGEDY.—One of the saddest tragedies on record is the Alders fratricide in Chicago. Several days ago two young men, brothers, quarreled, got to blows, and one of them, in the frenzy of passion, stabbed the other with a small knife, killing him. No sooner had he committed the rash and murderous act than he was so completely overwhelmed by sorrow and anguish that it is doubtful whether his reason will withstand the test; and, to add still further to the horror and sadness of the event, the father of the young men, while on the witness stand at the Coroner's inquest, suddenly became insane. The family are Hollanders, and the murderer, who wails and weeps continually over the bloody deed to which an ungovernable temper impelled him, now lies in jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

A STRANGE DEFENCE.—Recently $10,000 were awarded by an English jury as damages to a maiden of twenty-six, against a widower of forty-two, who had failed to carry out a marriage contract. His defence was that the promise was conditional on the acquiescence of his three eldest daughters, one of whom was eighteen years old, four brothers and sisters of his deceased wife, and his ancient maiden aunt. The jury considered that any man who could be so foolish as to look for the unanimous consent of all of these parties, should pay a round sum for a little wisdom.

BURNING TAN-BARK.—An Italian engineer who has published at Milan a book of tables and formulæ for engineers, states therein that from 1,200 parts of tan-bark there is a residue of 1,000 parts of spent tan, which are equal in heating power to 800 parts of wood or 270 to 300 parts of coal. Spent tan-bark, perfectly dry, is able to produce 3,400 heat-units. A twelve-horse power steam-engine consumed 28½ pounds of dry bark per horse-powder per hour.

The Modoc Treachery.

What a Son of one of the Murdered men has to say.

E. C. Thomas, a son of Rev. E. Thomas, one of the Peace Commission murdered by the Modocs, has written to a friend, in which he says: "If the severest punishment be visited upon the hostile Indians, let peace and justice and security be still sought for others. Father's heart was in the cause in which he gave his life, and the cause is worthy and must be persevered in. We suffer for the ill deeds of our own race, and must still suffer, perhaps. But we owe it to ourselves and to the Indians to persevere. I hope you are with me still in this. I hope Gen. Grant is. The Indians must know our power, and that our mercy is not cowardice—they must know our word is true. I speak for myself, and I hope I may be entitled to some consideration. I am not asking for false mercy, or that the frontiersman be exposed to any avoidable risk of life and property.

The Indians are what they are, I believe, because the whites with whom they are in contact have been what they have been. We are to blame; not the poor Modocs; but the rapacious, lawless, perfidious whites are guilty of his blood. We blame no one for his death. Now that the first shock has passed away, we find more to rejoice in than to mourn over. He was ready—always ready. His heart was only love. How any man or beast could meet the kind smile of that face, and do the old man harm, I cannot understand. In the fullness of his power, in the ripeness of his manhood, when he was living every day so near the heavenly world, and was always in near communion with the better land, God took him higher at once, painless. To few men, comparatively, is it given to die like a martyr, and for your agency in thus securing the past of a glorious life in the service of his Church and his fellow-men, and in securing the future to him and us, I thank you. We will pluck up our hearts, and follow on till God grants us the blessings of death.

This flurry will soon pass over. Without saying anything now, let the Government adhere to its grand purpose to be just and true to these children of the land. Don't let the precious blood of the dead be only the signal for an insane crusade for vengeance. Let it not be for war alone. They died who lived for peace. To be sure peace will come through war, but not by extermination.

Mother bears it well; so do the children. We are happy because he is happy beyond the chance of suffering. And he did suffer here, and suffering made him perfect. He was already beyond the reach of malice to anger or provoke him, but not of course, to wound his soul. And now his cup is full of joy."

Three Remarkable Stars Now Visible.

A brilliant starry triangle is now visible in the early evening. It is made up of the three brightest stars that are seen in our latitude, with the exception of Mars, when in apposition. Venus, Jupiter, and Sirius form the shining points of the celestial triangle, and make the geometrical marvel easy to recognize. Venus must be looked for in the West, Jupiter towards the zenith in the East, and Sirius in the South.

The contrast in color and apparent size between these stars is strongly marked. Venus takes the lead, as she hangs like a golden lamp in the glowing West; Jupiter is of a deeper tint, shading towards orange, while Sirius, glittering with beaming rays, is of softened white, tinged with a blending of the most delicate shades of green and blue. The real contrast between the stars is far greater than the seeming one, and in an inverse ratio. Venus is a little globe, no larger than ours; Jupiter is a giant planet, fourteen hundred times as large as the earth, while Sirius is a glorious sun, twenty millions of millions of miles away, and yet one of our nearest stellar neighbors, although far more powerful and many times exceeding in size the sun, our symbol of omnipotence.

In a few weeks the starry triangle will be broken up, its members taking new positions and forming new combinations, while new stars will take their places upon our field of evening observation, and furnish the never-ending variety, which is one of the charms of the science of astronomy.

The Hog-Reeve.

Parson Dunham had been for many years settled over the parish of Wilmot, and by a course of events which had happened, as such things are prone to happen in this imperfect society of ours, he had become unpopular with many of his people, and they, to show their feeling, and to extend a hint which they hoped the old minister would take, on a certain March meeting, when the legal voters of the town assembled to elect officers, elected him to the office of hog-reeve. Mr. Dunham was present, and when the fact of his election had been announced, he arose and addressed the Moderator thus:

"Sir, I was chosen many years ago as pastor of this flock. To change is human. That my people have changed is not wonderful; I am only thankful that they realize the change; and as they evidently *made this change in my office to correspond therewith*, I accept it cheerfully, and will endeavor to serve according to the best of my abilities.—*Ledger.*

THIRTEEN YEARS OF MISERY.—A farmer of Maine thirteen years ago made twenty-five bushels out of a load of potatoes of only twenty-four, by short measure. The fraud gained him a few cents. For thirteen years these cents lay heavily on his conscience, and now he has returned $1.50 to his old customer, being the original sum defrauded, with interest at ten per cent., as conscience money, and he sleeps peacefully at last.

A CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION.

For the cure of this distressing disease there has been no medicine yet discovered that can show more evidence of real merit than ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. This unequaled expectorant for curing Consumption, and all diseases leading to it, such as affections of the throat, lungs, and all diseases of the pulmonary organs, is introduced to the suffering public after its merits for the cure of such diseases have been fully tested by the medical faculty. The Balsam is consequently recommended by physicians who have become acquainted with its great success.

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY

Drs. Wilson & Ward, physicians and druggists, write from Centreville, Tenn.: "We purchased *Allen's Lung Balsam*, and it sells rapidly. We are practicing physicians, as well as druggists, and take pleasure in recommending a great remedy, such as we know this to be."

Dr. Lloyd, of Ohio, surgeon in the army during the war, from exposure, contracted consumption. He says: "I have no hesitancy in stating that it was by the use of your *Lung Balsam* that I am now alive and enjoying good health."

Nathaniel Harris, of Middleberry, Vt., says: "I have no doubt it will soon become a classical remedy against for the cure of all diseases of the Throat Bronchial Tubes and Lungs."

Amos Woolly, M. D., of Kosciusco Co., Ind., says: "For three years past I have used *Allen's Lung Balsam* extensively in my practice, and I am satisfied there is no better medicine for lung diseases in use."

Physicians do not recommend a medicine which has no merit. What they say about

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

can be taken as a fact. Let all afflicted test it a once, and be convinced of its real merits.

As an expectorant it has no equal.
It is harmless to the most delicate child.
It contains no opium in any form.

Directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION.—Call for

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Best and Oldest Family Medicine.—*Sanford's Liver Invigorator*—a purely Vegetable *Cathartic* and *Tonic*-for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Debility, Sick Headache, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. *Beware of imitations.*

GET RID OF A COLD AT ONCE by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a certain cure for all Pulmonary and Bronchial Affections.

The Modoc War.

The Ambushed Scouting Party.

When on the unfortunate reconnoitering party Captain Thomas found himself and his men surrounded by his foe, true to his nature, as a soldier, he sought to cheer the soldiers on to the bitter end and obtain if possible life for life, and to sell their lives dearly, saying: "Men, we are surrounded; we must fight and die like men and soldiers." In his noble efforts to sustain the courage of his small command he was ably seconded by Lieutenant Howe and Lieutenant Wright. After receiving a mortal wound he buried his gold watch and chain among the rocks and emptied his revolver among the enemy