Farm, Garden and Household.

Farm News and Notes.

The increase in the wheat crop last year above the previous one was over 12,000,000 bushels, mostly in California and Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois.

The grasshoppers are devastating the country near Silby and Worthington, Iowa. The same pests are in Colorado, though too young to injure small grain.

In England street trees are generally the property of the city, and are planted by the authorities and under the oversight of the city councils, instead of being left to individual notion, as in our free country.

Mr. Mechi, the celebrated English agriculturist and merchant, recently used these words: "It is precisely because British farmers have their customers, the British manufacturers, at their doors, and that other food-producing countries have not manufacturers, that British agriculture is rich and thriving."

Bone dust is now exported from Australia to England. It is compressed into blocks three inches thick and six inches square, weighing about six bounds each. A ton of this compressed pone dust occupies 26 cubic feet. The query occurs, if the millions of tons of bones now scattered over our Western plains could not be thus manipulated and profitably sent to fertilize our Eastern lands.

It is positively asserted that the land in California is growing poorer, just as though this were a marvelous statement. When crops have grown ten or fifteen years there can be no other result. Besides, the pasture land has been overstocked, the wild oats have been eaten out, and only weeds take their place. In the foot hills the native grasses have been largely eaten out, and no other kinds come in. It is now proposed to sow alfalfa and keep sheep, and it is said that by this means land worth $10 an acre can in a few years be made worth $300 an acre. If this is true they had better try it.

A writer in a foreign agricultural paper says that "a sound knowledge of the principles of his art is needed more urgently every year to enable the English farmer to hold his own amid a development of social and mechanical force that threatens to sweep away all the landmarks that have long guided his practice." These words are just as applicable to our circumstances as to those of our cousins across the water, and would serve as a test for the consideration and study of every one who feels how much we have, as cultivators of the soil, to learn not only of our art itself, but of others with which it is so intimately connected.

True Way to Water Trees.

If trees standing in grass ground are watered, the surface around about the body, for three or four feet in each direction, should be covered with mulch of some sort, to retard evaporation. It will be labor lost to water trees on the lawn without exercising this precaution, as the water will disappear before a hundredth part of it has reached the roots. Straw, hay, lawn-grass, weeds, shavings or tan-bark will make an excellent mulch. Spread the mulch three or four inches deep, pour two or three pailfuls of water around each tree, and the water will permeate the entire soil, keep it damp, and supply the moisture which the tree must have or die. If the soil is in a tillable condition, draw the earth away from the tree to the depth of one or two inches, pour in two or three pails of water, and return the mellow earth, which will keep the surface from baking. Yet mulch is far preferable to the latter mode.

When the soil appears nearly dry to the touch, the roots cannot possibly derive the needed supply of water to keep the leaves and branches from injury during the rapid evaporation which is going on all night and day. When the atmosphere is as dry and hot as the air in a huge lumber-kiln, it will have the moisture in every tree and plant and the moisture of our bodies, even, "if it (the hot air) has to take it (the moisture) out of the hide." Hence, we must drink, and the roots of the trees and plants must be supplied with water or they wither and die.

A great many persons scatter the grass from their lawns and the weeds from their gardens in the highway, which is bad horticulture in many respects. If they would spread such grass and weeds around their growing flowers or around any garden vegetable, the mulch would save the labor of carrying many hogsheads of water to supply the plants with the necessary moisture, and a covering would keep the weeds down, and save a vast deal of manual labor, and the crops would be heavier.

How to Dress a Sheep.

It may be of interest to some of our country readers to learn how to dress a sheep properly, because a great deal of flavor depends on how this operation is performed. We give directions how to avoid this ill flavor, which arises from the absorption by the meat of the gases from the intestines, which, as the outside of the carcass cools, cannot escape, and are, therefore, absorbed by the flesh. There is a simple remedy. As soon as the animal is dead, let the hide be slit up from the brisket to the tail, and to the knees, by a quick motion of a sharp pointed knife inserted beneath the skin. Strip the skin from the belly and the ribs and legs, so that it will be out of the way of the intestines. Then open the sheep immediately and disembowel it. All this ought to be the work of about one minute or two, or if it occupies five there will not be sufficient time for the carcass to cool sufficiently to cause any unpleasant taste. Then proceed to strip the skin from the back of the carcass. A sheep should be killed by thrusting a sharp knife through the neck, back of the wind-pipe, without touching it, however, but cutting the arteries; and soon as the knife is inserted it should be twisted round as if make a round hole; there will then be no mistake made in cutting the arteries, and the death of the animal will be comparatively painless and rapid.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

The Hay Crop.

There are farmers who believe it a good plan to sandwich old straw or old hay between the rather green hay as it is stored in barns. We have tried it many times and find that it certainly improves the old hay or straw to do so, and does no harm to the new crop. It is, in some sense, a real benefit to the new hay, because it absorbs the surplus moisture it may contain and prevents incipient decomposition by heating. Where the hay crop is short, as it is in many localities, and there are old strawstacks left in good condition, it is not a bad practice by any means, if the farmer has any apprehension that his forage is going to be inadequate to meet the wants of the stock he intends to winter. —*Exchange.*

Spiced Tomatoes.

To four pounds of large red tomatoes take two pounds of good brown sugar, a pint of cider vinegar, half an ounce of cloves, and half an ounce of stick cinnamon. Stew all together in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, until the tomatoes are nearly cooked. Take them out and put them on dishes to cool, letting the syrup go on simmering slowly. When the tomatoes are cold return them to the syrup, and finish cooking. Let them become cold before putting them into the jars. The syrup must be boiled down until thick as molasses, and poured cold over the tomatoes. Tie them down with bladder or waxed paper.

Letting Cider Remain in Pomace.

A correspondent says: To obtain good cider the expressed juice must remain a short time with the pomace, which has been crushed or bruised, not cut, as is done by most patent cider mills. The old mills bruised the apples, the new ones cut them. We found fifty years ago that with the advantage we then had of the old-fashioned mills it was better to grind or crush the apples and then let the pomace remain in the trough at least ten or twelve hours, and if the weather was cool, let it remain twenty-four hours.

What the Old Oak Said.

Eleven Days in the Hollow of an Oak Tree---A Strange Story.

In a hurricane passing over the Ohio river and down the Miami valley a splendid grove of oakes on the "old Anderson farm" of a Mr. Rogers, in the latter locality, was almost wholly prostrated, and here is an amazing story derived therefrom and gravely communicated to the Miami *Democrat:*

Upon the morning subsequent to the storm (Saturday) Mr. Rogers, in company with a "hired man," proceeded to inquire into the extent of the damage inflicted upon his premises, and the first objective point was the ruined grove. The centre tree of the plat was a noble oak, the king over his fellows, and a tree which had stood the ravages of time seemingly unscathed for several centuries. This tree had been snapped and felled by the storm. Upon examining the fallen giant for the purpose of ascertaining its worth as rail-timber Mr. Rogers made a startling discovery. This was nothing less than the fact that the tree in falling had disgorged a skeleton! The bones were disconnected, yellow as gold with age, and scattered promiscuously over several square feet of pasturage. The skull was almost intact; all the teeth save two—molars—were still in their places, and there was a scar on the left parietal bone which looked like the memento of some fierce cavalry charge. The humerus of the right arm was shattered, and save the three defects just mentioned the skeleton, when put together, was without blemish. The tree in falling, I should have mentioned, was rent asunder—a task not difficult of accomplishment when I refer to the fact that an examination found that at some remote date the very heart of the oak had been cleft by lightning. From a spot twenty feet from the ground upwards to the first great fork—a distance of ten feet—a hollow extended, and from this cavity the skeleton had been hurled. If we but knew who he was, thought my informant, Mr. Rogers, and strange to say, a few minutes later the twain discovered that the tree had also disgorged a thrilling history. An old-fashioned leathern pocket or memorandum book lay in a remarkable state of preservation, which no doubt had been dropped into the rent made by the lightning, and thus been preserved while its master decayed. A few brass buttons of old and unique pattern were found near the memorandum, but it is with the latter that we have to deal. This old leather purse, entirely moneyless, contained sundry papers covered with rude pencilings quite difficult to trace, as they were written on the backs of army passes and military consignments which dated as far back as 1776. Mr. Rogers conveyed the bones to his house, and set about to read the memorandum of the captive of the tree. But owing to his failing eyesight he could decipher but little, and this little a conglomerate mass of disconnections. But still he read enough to learn that the eyes that once shone in the now orbless sockets often looked upon Washington in the heat of battle, and amid the snows of Valley Forge; and the skeleton arm when covered with flesh and muscle had struck many stalwart blows for our country.

The man's name, as gathered from the papers, was Roger Vanderberg, a native of Lancaster, Pa., and a captain in the revolutionary army. He was an aid to Washington during the retreat across the Jerseys, and served a time in Arnold's headquarters at West Point. In 1791 he marched with St. Clair against the northwestern Indians, and in the famous outbreak of that General on the Wabash. November 3, of the year just written, he was wounded and captured. But while being conveyed to the Indian town at Upper Piqua—a historical place well known to your readers—he effected his escape, but found himself hard pressed by his savage foes. He saw the hollow in the oak, and despite the mangled arm, and with the aid of a beech that grew beside the giant then, he gained the haven, and dropped therein. Then came a fearful discovery. He had miscalculated the depth of the hollow and there was no escape. O, the story told by the diary of the oak's despairing prisoner! How rather than surrender to the torture of the stake he chose death by starvation; how he wrote his diary in the uncertain light and the snows! Here is one entry in the diary:

November 10th.—Five days without *food!* When I sleep I dream of luscious fruits and *flowing* streams. The stars *laugh* at my misery! It is snowing now. I freeze while I starve. *God pity* me!

The italicized words were supplied by Mr. Rogers, as the trembling hand oft-times refused to indite plainly. Never was such a record of suffering traced by human hand before. The entries covered a period of eleven days, and in disjointed sentences is told the story of Captain's defeat. Mr. Rogers has written to Lancaster to ascertain if any descendants of the ill-fated captain ive; if so, they shall have his bones."

"Mamma is Dead."

The Virginia City (Nevada) *Enterprise*, in a recent issue, relates the following: "Mr. John W. Van Brocklir, of Twin Bridges, a short distance away from this city, was helping to build a church at Sheridan, and was away from home with his wagon and team from Monday morning till Saturday night. He had been several weeks so occupied. He was, therefore, absent from his wife and two little children, the eldest five years old, all the week, except Saturday nights and Sundays. Mrs. Van Brocklin and the children enjoyed good health, and the husband and father had no fear for the safety of the birds in the home-nest. There were near neighbors, too. On Saturday evening the two children used to toddle a good distance along the road by which their father came, to meet him and get a ride home in the wagon. On a late Saturday, Mr. Van Brocklin was returning home as usual, and the two little fellows had gone quite a distance to meet him. He stopped to take them in the wagon, and as he lifted them up, he asked, 'How is mamma?' Two little voices replied, 'O, papa, mamma's dead.' He thought he did not hear correctly and asked again, 'Your mamma?' The little voices again chimed together. 'Yes, papa, mamma's dead in the bed.' Van Brocklin hurried his team home. He found his wife indeed in bed insenible, and fast sinking in death. She was there alone; no neighbors were near. He called loudly for help—the neighbors were alarmed, a doctor was summoned, but before he arrived the poor woman had passed away. The doctor said her attack was of a paralytic nature. This is the children's story, gathered from them by odds and ends: On Thursday evening, Mrs Van Brocklin called her children to her, and told them she was sick, and to run and call the nearest neighbor. Then she fell down on the bed. She never said anything more to them, and they at first supposed she was asleep. It was growing dark, and they were afraid to go for the neighbor. They slept in their clothes, and tried to waken their mother in the morning, but she would not rouse. They ate what they could find cooked in the house, and drove up the cows morning and evening to be milked; but there was nobody to milk them, and at the usual time they turned them out into the pasture again. The neighbors seeing the children at their usual daily tasks supposed, of course, that all was right with them at home, and so it happened that none of them called. The oldest child began to be a little frightened, and suggested to the other: 'What if mamma should be dead. She must be dead, or she'd waken up,' and so the little boys came to the conclusion that their mother had gone away from them, and wondered what papa would say when he heard of it. Their curiosity on this point was excited, and, with their hearts full of news, they started out to meet their father coming home in his wagon. They had been forty-eight hours with the shadow of death in the house, and were not old enough to realize what it meant."

The Indian question—"White man got any rum?"

Americans Abroad.

A writer from London to the Toledo *Blade* remarks that many Americans, desiring to show their disregard for money, have been doing it so long and so extensively that they make it inconvenient for those of limited purses to get along decently. All over the Continent they have spoiled the servants and the hotel keepers, and caused prices to be advanced about fifty per cent. on all their countrymen. A hotel keeper looks upon an American as a treasure chest, out of which he is at liberty to extract as much money as possible, and he is not backward in making the attempt. And when an American endeavors to travel economically he is subject to a variety of slights and annoyances, and will occasionally be told that he does not behave as liberally as his respective countrymen. London used to be better in this respect than Paris or Rome, but it is now quite as bad. The hotels and lodging houses put on all sorts of "extras" and outrageous charges, and frequently the managers do not hesitate to lie unblushingly in order to extort money from their patrons. I am quartered at a respectable hotel, overlooking Covent Garden; it was recommended to me as a comfortable house, and one where the charges would be just and correct. I called for my bill, and told them I preferred to pay weekly; they endeavored to induce me to let it stand until I was ready to go away, but I insisted, and the bill was brought. There were extra charges for things which I knew I never had, and they had put on an extra shilling for each morning's breakfast, after telling me that I could order anything on the bill of fare. They charge three pence a day for stationery, and make every man pay for it whether he writes a letter or not. I protested, but it was no use. It was their custom, they said, to charge three pence a day for stationery, and a man might use as much as he wished. Up to that time I had not used a sheet of their paper, but henceforth they cannot complain that I neglected it. I find it makes good cigar lights, and when I go away from here it will fill up the loose corners of my trunk very neatly. If they make anything out of me on the stationery swindle they must be wider awake than I think they are. I paid their bill under protest and remained.

Why didn't you go away? somebody will ask. What is the use in moving? I have had a row with them, and though I couldn't get that bill reduced I convinced them that they would not make much by trying it on again. I gave warning that I would not pay for another "extra," and have been careful to have none for which any charge could be made. If I went to another hotel I should have the row to go through over again. They are all alike in this respect, and will cheat without compunction of conscience. I am in the position of the railway superintendent who refused to discharge a conductor known to be dishonest, on the ground that the man had already bought a watch, diamond pin, horse and other things out of his stealings, while the new man to take his place would be obliged to equip himself in the same way. It is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that may be worse, and are certain to be just as bad.

Humors of the Telegraph.

Not long since a countryman came into a telegraph office in Bangor, Maine, with a message, and asked that it be sent immediately. The operator took the message as usual, put his instrument in communication with its destination, ticked off the signals upon the key, and then, according to the rule of the office, hung the message paper on the hook with others that had been previously sent, that at night they might all be filed for preservation. The man lounged around some time, evidently unsatisfied. "At last," says the narrator of the incident, "his patience was exhausted, and he belched out, 'Ain't you going to send that dispatch?' The operator politely informed him that he had sent it. 'No, yer ain't,' replied the indignant man; 'there it is now on the hook.'"

So far as the exact use of language was concerned, the man was right. Still more ludicrous mistakes sometimes occur. Thus the German papers reported that at Carlsrube, towards the close of the late war, an aged mother came to the telegraph office carrying a dish full of sauerkraut, which she desired to have telegraphed to Rastadt. Her son must receive the kraut by Sunday. The operator could not convince her that the telegraph was not capable of such a performance. "How could so many soldiers have been sent to France by telegraph?" she asked, and finally departed grumbling.

Almost every operator meets with equally amusing instances. One recently related the following incident: "A gentleman came to my office to send a message, and after writing it, waited, as people often do at small offices, to see it sent. I called 'Office,' and the operator at the other end of the line came to the key and said, 'Busy—a minute.' So I leaned back in my chair to wait, when the gentleman said, 'Have you sent it?' I said, 'No; they say they are busy—to wait a minute;' whereupon he said, looking surprised, 'Why, I didn't hear them;' and then added, brightening up, as if he had thought of the reason, 'but I am a little deaf in one ear!' I think I managed to keep a straight face till he left, but it was hard work."

Cheese in Ohio.

Mr. Baldwin, the man who first introduced cheese into Ohio, sold half of his first by wholesale to Mr. Ferguson, the first sale of Western Reserve cheese on record, in the town of Louisville. With the other half cheese under his arm, our cheese peddler sallied forth to supply the people at their houses. He called at the mansion of Mrs. Prather, wife of a partner in the firm of Prather, Bullit & Washburn—noted merchants of the city. Mrs. Prather met him at the door, when he told her he had cheese to sell. She said there had never been any of that article in the Louisville market before. While they were talking Mrs. Prather's two daughters—young ladies—came to the door, and one of them asked:

"Ma, what has the gentleman got to sell?"

"Cheese."

"What is cheese?"

In the early and economical days of cheese-making in Ohio, with cheese at two cents a pound the dairymen could not afford to pay cash for annatto, while a cheaper substitute in the shape of Spanish brown paint could be used. Mr. Baldwin's cheeses were smeared with Spanish brown, and he offered to let the young lady taste and see what cheese was like. She nibbled a bit of the smearing instead of the meat of the cheese. "Oh! how nasty!" said the Louisville belle. Mr. Baldwin saw the mistake she had made, and tapping the cheese in the centre, gave her a taste of the real stuff. "Oh! I never did taste anything so good!" said she. So the indulgent mother bought a bit's worth to feast the household, and Mr. Baldwin told her that he had sold a half cheese to Ferguson, where they could get more of it if they liked it. Other families took a bit's worth each, that day, and when the husbands came home to tea, cheese was on the tables; the wives told of the supply at Ferguson's; there was a rush for more; one man who got the start of the others took all that Ferguson had, and the rest called for a division!

WHAT HE WOULD DO. — Among the innumerable stories told about the Shah is one to this effect: According to the Koran, his Majesty is forbidden to tread on any other soil than that trodden by Mussulmans. To remedy this little drawback, the Shah has ingeniously placed a lining of earth of his own country between the soles of his boots. This probably accounts for the dust which is kicked up wherever he goes—just as the quantity of diamonds he wears results in his constantly making such a shine!

Advantage should be taken of the present low price of bricks to secure good sidewalks.

American Inventions.

The cotton gin, without which the machine spinner and the power loom would be helpless, is American. The power shuttle, which permits an unlimited enlargement of the breadth of the web, is American. The planing machine is American. Navigation by steam is American. The mower and reaper are American. The rotary printing-presses are American. The hot-air engine is American. The sewing-machine is American. The machine manufacture of wool-cards is American. The whole India-rubber industry is American. The band saw originated, we believe, in America. The machine manufacture of horse shoes is American. The sand-blast, of which the large capabilities are yet to be developed, is American. The gauge lathe is American. The only successful composing-machine for printers is American. The grain elevator is American. The artificial manufacture of ice was originally invented by Professor A. S. Twining, an American. The electro-magnet was invented, and immediately after its invention was first practically applied in transmitting telegraphic signals, by Professor Joseph Henry, an American. The telegraphic instrument introduced a few years later into public use, which has since obtained universal acceptance, was invented by Samuel F. B. Morse, an American. — *Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

Sunstroke.

Prof. Youmans, in the last *Popular Science Monthly*, furnishes some information about sunstrokes with which many persons are not likely to be familiar. He says it may be experienced without exposure to the direct rays of the sun; it attacks people in hospitals, vessels, and often in the night men in bed, who have retired in apparent health. It is produced by exposure to artificial heat, as in the laundry of a hotel. Heat is the principal exciting cause, but other conditions aid it, as overcrowding and insufficient ventilation, and exhaustion produced by prolonged exertion. Want of acclimatization is a predisposing cause; and spirit-drinkers are more liable to it than abstainers. A victim of sunstroke should be taken immediately to the shade; out-doors is better than in-doors, on account of the ventilation; the clothes should be stripped from the body, and the head, neck and chest should be continually drenched with cold water, until there is a perceptible diminution of the temperature of the body. The patient should be encouraged to drink freely. To avoid sunstroke, the function of the skin should be kept free by bathing; hard labor in a highly heated atmosphere should be shunned; the dress worn should be light and loose-fitting, and the hat light and so made as to permit a free circulation about the top of the head.

The Murdered Engineer.

Of Jack Rafferty, who was murdered by the masked railway robbers in Iowa, the Des Moines *Register* thus speaks: "'shot dead on his engine' were the cruel words, and then a little later, the noble character of the man was revealed in the statement that he had seen the danger ahead and was about to apply the air-brakes and save the lives of his passengers, when he fell by the assassin's bullet. True to the death, he heeded not the peril to himself, but stood at his post and died there. Not many Des Moines travelers but have known and esteemed him. Genial, hearty, brave, and skillful, his presence in the cab has been a prophecy of safetety. Jack Rafferty was about thirty-five years of age, and had been with the Rock Island Company five years. He leaves a wife and three children, to whom last night came the fearful midnight to tell of murder. God help them in the bitterness of their anguish. There remains to them but the memory that the husband and father died at his post—a hero in life, a martyr in death."

Cruelty.

A case, which in some respects will call to mind that of Casper Hauser, lately came under the attention of a Russian court, wherein a nobleman named Kirill Michaelow Urusoff was tried for ill-treatment of his son. The nobleman, who was utterly given over to drinking, had, from the boy's earliest childhood till his eighteenth year, subjected him to all sorts of violence, until at last he became an idiot. The child never had a sleeping place, had been clothed summer and winter with only a linen shirt and trousers, suffered the extremities of hunger, thirst, and cold, and, bound hand and foot, been beaten by a drunken brute until almost dead. Shortly after the boy's birth the mother was driven from home by cruelty, and died at last of consumption in a hospital. The jury brought the wretch in guilty, and he was sentenced to be deprived of all peculiar rights and privileges and ten years of exile in Siberia.

The Difficulty of Economizing.

The real objection to living simply and cheaply is that one cannot afford it. A few geniuses can strike out new plans of life, but most men will find that more trouble is saved by falling in with the stream than by struggling against it. The man who tries to divide his allegiance, to remain in the world without paying the world's price for it, will generally have little reward beyond the trifling satisfaction of a good conscience. In one sense it may almost be said that saving comes easier to the poor man than to his richer neighbor. The chains with which we are bound are riveted upon us with terrible strength. Our bondage cannot be broken by a single good resolution, or a mere change of personal habits. Our families, our relatives, and our acquaintances, combine to force us into the regular groove.—*Saturday Review.*

What we Pay for Butter.

We have long known that butter is costly food, but we are surprised to learn, says a New York paper, from recent statistics that the sum total of the value of the butter shipped to New York market exceeds that of flour, and in fact exceeds any other one product except meat. These are the figures: Butter, $30,000,000; cheese, $15,000,000; total dairy products, $50,000,000; wheat, $24,000,000; corn, $26,000,000; flour, $20,000,000. It is not likely that more than half of the dairy products are shipped abroad, while it is certain that larger proportions of wheat and flour are. It may be said that the amount of butter and cheese consumed in New York city is worth $5,000,000, or $5 for each person. However, butter does not cost so much as whisky. If we could only do without butter and whisky, and we might add tobacco, we would get rich.

Wanted them All.

The avaricious man is often the victim of his own greed. A Peoria boy had two bunches of firecrackers given him on the Fourth, which he crammed into his pocket, but noticing another lying idle on the sidewalk, he crammed that in with the rest. It chanced that the vital spark was present in the soul of that idle cracker, and suddenly that boy became the busiest youth in all that town. There were about 230 distinct explosions in that pocket, and at each one he turned two double somersaults and shrieked with terror. When quiet was at length restored, he clapped his hands upon the scorched and lacerated ruins of a once healthy abdomen, and groaned his disapprobation of the Pilgrim Fathers for ever establishing a free country.

WHIPPING IN SCHOOLS. — Corporal punishment is rarely inflicted in the schools of Russia and Germany. In France it is prohibited. In Switzerland school-whippings are left to the regulation of the separate cantons. In England there is constant and vigorous whipping and in America the custom is dying out. Ambition, rather than fear, now rules the youthful mind this side the water.

Recent disclosures, it is said, show that there has been much stealing from the Wisconsin burnt-district relief fund.

The Presidency of the U. S.

Senator Morton's Plan of Electing the President and Vice-President.

Senator Morton is at Washington for the purpose of availing himself of the facilities of the Congressional Library and certain unprinted records of Congress in preparing his report for the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, of which he is chairman, upon the proposed election of the President and Vice-President of the United States by direct vote of the people, instead of by the intervention of the Electorial Colleges. The Senator is accompanied by the committee clerk, and intends to devote the ensuing days of his sojourn to arduous research and annotation upon the matter now uppermost in his political thoughts. He intimates that his bill and supporting speech of last session contains the substance of his mature thought and investigation upon the subject, but recognizing the truth of the remark of his industrious predecessor in this particular field of reform, Senator Benton, that a select body like Congress is always inert on questions which propose to restore to the body of the people priviliges which they have granted away, he intends to prepare and submit for the adoption of his committee such a report as will go ringing through the country and arouse press and people to the demanding either of a constitutional amendment, proposed by Congress to the State Legislatures, or by the State Legislatures to each other and to Congress. The Senator, too, finds no cause of regret in the fact that for once in his Senatorial career he is engaged in an important work that is neither sectional nor partisan, and which nothing but the worst political malignancy can construe into a a design for his own advancement before the country. At the best, he claims no more than a ready perception of a popular discontent with nominating conventions that cannot much longer endure, and a willingness to meet such a sentiment half way. Mr. Morton's plan of reform, which is that of dividing the States into Presidential districts of equal population and contigious territory, and giving each district a single vote for President and Vice-President, would, in his opinon, if adopted before the summer of 1876, strike such a blow at the caucus tyranny of party conventions that Cæsarism, if there should be any danger of it under the existing electoral plan, would be impossible, or, what is the same thing, possible only in the event of the masses being as enamored of the idea of perpetual office-holding as the army of office-holders now in possession.

Senator Morton, in his reports, intends to go back to the debates in the Constitutional Convention over the mode of electing the President and Vice President, and show how the best and most logical minds there present, at the head of whom was the illustrious Franklin, pointed out the inconvenience and dangers of the method that prevailed, and argued eloquently for entrusting the people directly with the determination of the one question that really concerned them more than any other in the federal system. He will show, too, the mistaken reasons on which the conservatives in the convention carried the point and fashioned their Presidential election upon the aristocratic models of the Venetian and Genoese Republics, while fearing that they had already conferred too much direct political power upon the general mass of the people. He will refer to the cases of Jefferson and Burr and Adams and Jackson to illustrate his assertion that the Electoral College system, besides being useless as a medium of selecting men of better character and attainments than could be discerned by enthusiastic and unthinking direct voters, can become, through intrigue, so dangerous as to precipitate civil war, and that such danger grows with the lapse of time, and is, by the nature of the system, more dangerous now than ever, and will be so hereafter.

The district system is supported by the Senator in preference to the plan preferred by others of giving every voter in every State a direct and independent vote for President and Vice President, because it gives more practical force to the wishes of contiguous communities and interests, and restrains the power of such log rolling combinations as carry prohibitory tariffs and fraudulent internal improvement bills. This was the plan recommended by an illustrious Senate committee that sat upon the question nearly fifty years ago and brought in a report that contrasted the merits of both plans of voting; and though the logical argument is admitted to lie apparently on the side of individual voting, the practical view of the question demonstrates that the result of a vote by districts organized as proposed would be much nearer a pure, impartial expression of the popular will. Senator Morton expects to carry his committee unanimously for his plan, and hopes to advance the measure considerably before Congress as early as next session.

Fred's Intended.

The Dayton (O.) *Journal* says: The gossip in high life that Fred. Grant, son of the President, is about to marry the daughter of Hon. J. C. Dunlevy, of Chicago, has especial interest in this section. The young lady referred to is Miss Mattie Dunlevy, who removed from Dayton with her father to Chicago about three years ago. Judge D., during his residence here, was, a portion of the time, Assessor of Internal Revenue, and on retiring from that position, he resumed the practice of law. Miss Mattie made her *debut* in society here, and at once became a belle of the city, her peerless beauty placing rivalry out of the question. She is a brunette, with large, dark eye, shaded by long, heavy eyelashes, and arched by a heavy brow, which harmonizes with and gives an irresistibly beautiful expression to delicate features fashioned in beauty's own mould. Her bearing is one of queenly grace, softened by a gentleness of manner that makes her one of the most agreeable of women.

Dog Shows.

We should advocate a dog show in each State if thereby could be got together all the dogs, good, bad, and indifferent, that go to make up dogdom. We should advocate this for the benefit of agriculture; for we fancy that if many farmers who now keep worthless, or worse than worthless curs, were to see and know what a really good and valuable dog is, they would consent to dispatch their curs and save their neighbors their sheep. The dog shows in England and France have, in some measure, resulted in weeding out the poorer and more useless class of dogs; and herein lies their utility, beside proving attractive resorts for the populace. Whether our people would ride long distances to see a State dog show or not, we might try the experiment as a reformatory movement. If agriculturists must keep dogs, they should keep those that are most docile, sagacious, and useful.

MEDICAL MANIACS.—There are numbers of medical men so wedded to the old formulas, that all changes seem to them like innovations. These medical maniacs are, fortunately, incapable of much mischief in this practical age. While the VINEGAR BITTERS are curing Indigestion, Nervous Debility, Constipation, and countless other diseases that defy the remedies of the pharmacopœia, it is impossible to thurst down the throats of intelligent invalids "heroic" doses of mineral poison, or to persuade them to take adulterated alcohol, impregnated with cheap astringents, as a "healing balm" or "balsamic preparation." VINEGAR BITTERS, a pure botanical tonic, and alterative, guiltless of the curse of distilled or fermented liquor, is actually accomplishing what the mineral and alcoholic curemongers have so incessantly promised but have never yet performed. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that this medicine has taken precedence of all those burning fluids mis-called tonics.—*Com.*

Dooley's Yeast Powder is convenient, economical and always reliable. No waste of food prepared with it, as it is always of the best quality.—*Com.*

THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL.

One of the most marked institutions of the outgrowth of life in our larger centers of population is the great hotel, and no feature is more notable and remarkable in new Chicago than the vast caravansaries that are to make her the hotel city of the continent. The largest of these, and the largest hotel structure in the world is the Grand Pacific, a cut of which we give in this issue, at once the pride and the marvel of the Garden City. Its immense size and elegance are well indicated in the engraving, and very reliable in suggestiveness as to the appointments and adornments of the interior. The Grand Pacific covers an area of 64,000 square feet, an entire block, bounded by Clark, Jackson, LaSalle and Quincy streets. Opposite, on Clark street, is rapidly rising the vast Government building, also occupying an entire square. The material of the fronts of the great hotel is the beautiful olive-tinted Ohio sandstone. The structure cost over one million dollars, and its furnishing by the lessees, Messrs. George W. Gage, David A. Gage and John A. Rice, nearly four hundred thousand dollars, an expenditure warranted by their twenty year's lease, and securing throughout a richness, elegance and solidity that will give enduring attractiveness to the hotel, and carry its fame among travelers all over the globe. The carpets of the house, Axminster, Aubisson, Wilton and English Brussels, are all in new styles, and largely in special designs, and aggregate over *six acres.* The beautiful carpets of the corridors, eleven feet wide, amount to over *a mile* in length. The features of the hotel that most strike the visitor and guest are the two immense interior courts, used respectively for the grand office and the office arcade. The principal Dining Hall is 135 by 65 feet; the Ladies' Ordinary 75 by 75 feet; the Grand Parlor 100 by 25 feet; the noble promenade, with its Corinthian colonnade is 130 by 30 feet. The kitchen, fitted up with the most approved appliances of the *cuisine*, is 140 by 60 feet. The system of protection against fire is perfect. The floors are filled in with cement, and the floor beams bricked in between partitions. The house has its regular disciplined fire brigade of fifty trusty employes. Standing iron columns from the street, vast tanks in the roof, the most powerful steam pump in the city, with 3,000 feet of hose always kept attached in various parts of the house, a telegraph fire alarm in every room, and the new and perfect electric clock system of Prof. Hamblet are among the appliances and safeguards against conflagration. From three hydrants on the roof the hotel force can protect their own structure and help the safety of adjoining buildings. It would be difficult to suggest a feature in a great hotel which the Grand Pacific has not. The entire work of carrying the structure to completion has been for many months in charge of the lessees, whose reputations and fortunes were made in the Sherman House, destroyed in the great fire. Few strangers will visit Chicago without making the Grand Pacific one of the principal lions of their visit. Twenty months have given Chicago a marvelous beauty in her new structures, which in extent more than restore her former business capacity. Her streets are now lined with rail blocks that are unsurpassed in variety and richness in any city in the world. Our readers will thank us for the presentment of the largest and most striking structure of all, the Grand Pacific, which, on the first day of June, 1873, opened its doors to guests.

A committee of the Virginia Educational Association have voted that while arithmetic is of large practical value to girls, algebra is not of much use in their daily life, nor is it indispensable as discipline.

The Elmwood and Warwick are the only collars made with all the edges folded. This peculiarity makes them the most popular collars of the day. All first-class furnishing stores keep them for sale.—*Com.*

Duty Done.

It has come to pass, and rightly too, that public opinion considers the duty of no man with a family really done before he has insured his life for its protection. Life insurance meets a public want as universal and exacting as that which is met by fire insurance. The demand, too, is for low rates, financial strength, liberal policies and prudent management, and we believe that on the whole list of companies in the field, there is none which perhaps so fully comes up to all these requirements as the National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America, headquarters at Philadelphia, E. A. Rollins, President, Jay Cooke, Chairman Finance Committee. This Company wants an agent everywhere, and our advice is—*write it.*—*Com.*

FLAGG'S INSTANT RELIEF.—Warranted to relieve all Rheumatic Afflictions, Sprains, Neuralgia, etc. The best, safest, surest, and the quickest remedy for all Bowel Complaints. Relief guaranteed or the money refunded.—*Com.*

PAIN! PAIN!! PAIN!!!

WHERE IS THY RELIEVER!

Readers, you will find it in that favorite Home Remedy.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.

It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to civilization. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and traveler on sea and land, and no one should *travel on our lakes and rivers without it.*

ITS MERITS ARE UNSURPASSED.

If you are suffering from INTERNAL PAIN, *Twenty to Thirty Drops in a Little Water* will almost instantly cure you. *There is nothing equal to it.* In a few minutes it will cure

Colic, Cramps, Spasms, Heart-burn, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Flux, Wind in the Bowels, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache.

Cures CHOLERA, when all other Remedies Fail.

It gives Instant Relief from Aching Teeth.

In sections of the country where FEVER AND AGUE prevails, there is no remedy held in greater esteem.

FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Take three tablespoonfuls of the *Pain-Killer* in almost half a pint of hot water, well sweetened with molasses as the attack is coming on, bathing freely the chest, back and bowels with the *Pain-Killer* at the same time. Repeat the dose in twenty minutes if the first does not stop the chill. Should it produce vomiting (and it probably will, if the stomach is very foul), take a little *Pain-Killer* in cold water sweetened with sugar ev ry each spasm. Perseverance in the above treatment has cured many severe and obstinate cases of this disease.

GREAT "CHOLERA" REMEDY

PAIN-KILLER.

It is an External and Internal remedy. For Summer Complaint or any other form of bowel disease in children or adults, it is an almost certain cure, and has never, that we know of, been unsuccessful in curing the various kinds of CHOLERA than any other known remedy or the most skillful physicians. In India, Africa and China, where this dreadful disease is more or less prevalent, the *Pain-Killer* is considered as the salvation of the European residents in those climates. A SURE REMEDY, and which it is a most efficient remedy for pain, is perfectly safe medicine in the most unskillful hands. It has become a household remedy from the fact that it gives immediate and permanent relief. It is a purely vegetable preparation, made from the best and purest materials, safe to keep and use in every family. It is recommended by physicians and persons of all classes, and to-day, after a public trial of more than thirty years, the life of man—it stands unrivalled and unexcelled, spreading its usefulness over the wide world.

Directions accompany each Bottle.

Price 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1 per Bottle.

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