Farm, Garden and Household.

The Farmer's Wife.

No intelligent farmer or mechanic of modern times thinks for a moment of successfully carrying on his business without the aid of all the machinery that can really be of advantage to him. Every well-apportioned farm has its mewer or reaper, its tedder, its hay-fork, its improved plows, its hay-cutter, its apparatus for steaming food, if it be a stock farm, and all the lesser appliances that supplement the skill and industry of the workman. This is as it should be. But when we leave the precincts of the farm-yard and stables and cross the threshold of the kitchen and dining-room, what are we sure of finding there? A hard working woman certainly, frequently with a great many helps in the way of machines for the performance of her tasks. Often, however, we find none of the latter; no washer, no wringer, no sewing machine, no butter-worker, no pump in the kitchen; we find an ill-arranged house, where every particular thing done is taken at the very hardest, and the mistress of the household is worn out, not so much with the labor required to do her work as with the disabilities to be overcome.

Where a woman has three or four hired men to cook for, three hearty meals to provide punctually at the appointed hour every day, children to look after, a baby to take care of, butter to work, calves to feed, chickens to attend to, beside the inevitable washing, ironing, and mending that come every week, it does seem as though she should have every possible aid—a good stove or range, to begin with, as this is really the central point of the household machinery, with abundance of fuel ready for use and not far away. A poor, small stove, though the best of fuel is provided, is a continual aggravation; a good, large stove, with poor fuel, is equally unsatisfactory. We knew a lady once, a clergyman's wife, who lived in a village where dry wood could not be obtained, as everybody found boot making more profitable than wood chopping. On baking day she would go regularly to her husband and say, laughing, "Now, Brother B., I'm going to bake; you must begin to pray." *That* didn't always give a nice brown to the loaves or keep the under pie crust from being soggy. How much it had to do with the uniform cheerfulness of the tried housewife it would be difficult to tell. The smiles that wreathed her face in the midst of such trials were those of a saint.

Even when farmwork presses, on Monday, the housekeeper, if she has no hired girl, ought to have the services of one of the hired men at least part of a day, to work the washing machine, if she has one, or stand at the pounding-barrel, to turn the wringer, pump the water, empty the tubs, and keep the fire hot; so that, if possible, the washing may be out of the way in time to get dinner in season, and no return to wash tubs be necessary when dinner is over. Some women have so much sweetness of disposition, and such abounding health, that they can bear everything with equanimity; those who are not thus blessed should not as a matter of policy be called on for the manifestation of amiability of which they are incapable. An energetic, ambitious housekeeper must, to keep up her spirits, see a way through her work, and if "Alps on Alps arise," and there is no possibility of scaling them, she will become either melancholy or ill-tempered—either of which states of mind is most unhappy for all concerned. "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." Doth God care for the ox? Much more than he should the woman who works hard enjoy the fruit of her labor; turning her poultry and eggs, butter and honey into whatever may assist in making her work light, keeping her young in feeling and buoyant in spirit.

Hints for the Agriculturist.

Horses should not be stinted in their feed. Work horses should be put out to pasture at night, but they should have their usual allowance of other feed. They have some lost flesh to make up. Scrape off the eggs of the bot-fly from their fore-legs and shoulders with a sharp knife, or wash them off with warm water every evening. Three hours' rest at noon is not too much for the team while plowing. The time may be made up at morning and night. This arrangement is not a bad one for the driver as well. Give water often, and don't forget a handful of corn-meal stirred into it.

Colts may be taught to eat a little meal or bran, and to be handled freely. The gentlest possible treatment should be given to all young stock at this season, and careful attention.

Cows need extra feed, or they will fall off in milk. Corn, or other green fodder, should be given them daily in addition to their pasture. Carbolic soap-suds left to dry upon their legs, will keep flies at a distance. Three hours at noon in a cool, clean stable will be a grateful change for them from a hot, unshaded pasture.

Calves may be turned into a good clover after-math, or a wheat stubble, if the young clover is thrifty. Half an ounce of salt daily will prevent bloat. If they can get skimmed, or even sour milk, until six months old, they will be the better for it.

Lambs should now be weaned, the rams separated from the flock, and put in a field by themselves. A little extra feed may be given to the rams. The lambs should have a handful of mixed bran and oil-cake daily. They will be more contented if put in a field out of sight of the ewes. The ewes should be looked after daily, and those with full bags should be eased of a portion of the milk. This should be done every night, until they are dried off. Ewes, which are the best nurses, may be put with the rams for early lambs in January. Look out for ticks and the fly maggot in spots accidentally bruised, or where filth gathers. Tar smeared upon the noses will keep away the gad-fly. Above all things, keep sheep out of wet, marshy pastures.

This is a critical time for hogs where cholera is frequent. Furnish those at pasture with shade and plenty of clean water. Give them a little salt (about an ounce) daily. Watch for the first sign of sleepiness and a desire to hide in quiet places by themselves. When this is seen, pen up the hog, and give four ounces of salt, and soft food with some linseed meal. Store hogs may be penned for fattening. One pound of corn now is worth two in November. Besides, every rod they run about uses up fat. Boars should be kept from the sows, unless pigs are wanted to come in December.

Vermin increase fast at this season. No fowls will thrive if kept in close, filthy quarters, where lice abound. A coat of hot lime-wash, with an ounce of carbolic acid dissolved in it, will free the roost from lice. Clear out all the droppings, and spread them evenly in the compost heap. As the old fowls get fat upon the stubbles and in the straw yard, they should be sold off or used in the kitchen. A stewed fowl is more wholesome food than dried pork at this season. To give fowls the run of the barn is a wasteful practice.

If there is no insurance upon the barn, one should be procured without delay. The vapor from a barnful of new hay or grain is one of the best conductors of lightning.

Bathe the whole body with cold water every night, and rub briskly with a dry towel. This brings refreshing sleep, and conduces to health. Give the men and boys a bucket, with soap and towels, that they may do the same. They will work the better for it.

There was to be a marriage in a French village, and all the guests were punctual, but the bridegroom could not be found. He was discovered at last up a tree, but would not come down till the future father-in-law conveyed to him a farm that had been promised. Much protestation and many tears, but he was firm. Finally the papers were signed and down he came.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The young lady who leaped from the ferry boat in New York is Bertha Reichhelm, of Jersey City. Miss Reichhelm was twenty years old, the only daughter of Julius Reichhelm, a resident of Jersey City for over twenty-five years. Miss Reichhelm had been receiving the attentions of a young man, to whom she was much attached, but was compelled to discard him on account of her parents' opposition. This affected her mind. Early one morning she arose, and borrowed three cents of the family milkman, saying that she was ill and wanted a Seidlitz powder. With this money she paid her fare on the ferry boat.....Joseph Taylor, a laborer, living near Trenton, N. J., went home under the influence of liquor. He took his four children into an outbuilding, and, after seating himself, cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor. The children ran terrified into the house and gave the alarm. This was the fourth attempt he had made upon his life, each one being produced by excessive drink.....The Republicans of the Eighth District of Illinois have nominated G. L. Fort for re-election to Congress.....The Conservatives have nominated J. W. Throckmorton for Congress from the Third District of Texas.....The Republican Convention at Laramie City, Wyoming, nominated unanimously the Hon. J. M. Carey for Delegate to Congress.....The operation of transfusing blood was successfully performed by Dr. W. H. Fraser, of La Salle, Illinois. The patient was Alfred Foote, of Peru, who was very low with consumption. About sixteen ounces of blood were conveyed from the arm of a young gentleman into the arm of the patient, speedily reducing his pulse from 120 to 100, and giving a healthier beat. The operation lasted ten minutes.....John Williams, aged 70 years, lately convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the Philadelphia Penitentiary for felonious assaults, hanged himself to the grating of his cell.

The following notice is given by U. S. Secretary of the Treasury: I hereby give notice that the principal and accrued interest of the bonds herein below designated, known as "five-twenty bonds," will be paid at the Treasury of the United States, in the city of Washington, on and after the 1st of November, 1874, and the interest on said bonds will cease on that day—that is to say, coupon bonds known as the third series, act of February 25, 1862, dated May 1, 1862, coupon bonds; $50, No. 12,201 to 14,500, both inclusive; $100, No. 38,201 to 45,100, both inclusive; $500, No. 19,401 to 28,700, both inclusive; $1,000, No. 47,301 to 70,200, both inclusive; total, $20,000,000. Registered bonds—$50, No. 1,461 to 1,750, both inclusive; $100, No. 10,701 to 13,300, both inclusive; $500, No. 6,401 to 7,700 both inclusive; $1,000, No. 26,167 to 31,609, both inclusive; $5,000, No. 8,304 to 9,800, both inclusive; $10,000, No. 10,518 to 11,750, both inclusive; total, $5,000,000. Grand total, $25,000,000.....A vigilance committee of 100 men has been formed at Wellington, Kan., for hanging horse thieves. Three men were hanged in one day.....Great quantities of grasshoppers have appeared in Western and Southwestern Kansas and are destroying everything before them. Much damage and distress is apprehended.....Henrietta Walbel, thirteen years of age, was arrested in New York for attempting to burn a baby, six months old, which had been left in her charge.....The postal convention of France has gone into effect. The postage on letters to France will be 9 cents per half ounce.....The Utica *Morning Herald* prints a report of an interview held with Miss Susan B. Anthony at Unadilla, Otsego county, regarding the Beecher–Tilton matter. Miss Anthony declined to affirm or deny the statement attributed by her to Mrs. Stanton and her brother D. R. Anthony. She said: "If I did say it, it was very ungracious of them to repeat it. If I did not, it was worse of them to make it up." When asked if she would go before the Plymouth Church Committee, if summoned, she replied decidedly, "No, what I have to say will be said only before a tribunal competent to deal with the matter, and able to compel unwilling utterances."

A scheme is on foot in Georgia, under the supervision of the Governor, for combining the various colleges in the State into a central university.....R. J. Robinson, of Decatur county, Ind., was nominated for Congress from the Fourth District of that State.....Anna Berman, aged 6 years, of Philadelphia, was kicked in the stomach by a child of her own age. She complained of pain, and the next day was put to bed. She lingered in great agony a day or two, when she died. Her physician says death was from peritonitis, the result of the injuries.....John Watson's paper mill in Northampton, Mass., was burned. Loss from $25,000 to $30,000.....The Attorney-General has decided that a United States Marshal having an attachment against goods for salvage is entitled to take the property attached into his custody, and hold it until it is disposed of by the court issuing the attachment.....The Associated Press dispatch says that the oldest printer in the State of New York died at Utica. Thomas Batcheder, of New York, is somewhat older, being in his seventy-seventh year, and has worked sixty-six consecutive years, and is still working at the case, and may be seen every day at his office at work, proving that the oldest printer is not dead.....A novel lawsuit is pending in Kerhonkson, N. Y. In April last James O. Schoonmaker made a written contract with Stephen J. Case, a tinsmith, as follows: If Case, within three months, would get married, Schoonmaker agreed to board him and his wife free for six months, and furnish them free an eight-dollar-a-day "rig," for three days, to make a wedding tour. If Case did not get married within that time he was to pay double board for six months and $24, the price of the "rig" for three days. The time was up on the 6th of July. Case was not married, and Schoonmaker demanded the terms of the contract. Case refused to live up to his agreement, and Schoonmaker sued him.

Abyssinian Slaves.

The Abyssinian girls are remarkably pretty, with large eyes and delicately-shaped features. These girls are brought down from the Galla country by the slave-dealers from Abyssinia. That beautiful country, which, had we not wantonly deserted it, might have become of great importance, is now a prey to anarchy. The opposing tribes are only too happy to sell their female prisoners to the Arab slave-traders. These people bring down the young girls in gangs by various routes, but the principal outlet is the Red Sea, about Massowa. A great market is at Gallabat, the frontier town of Abyssinia. There I have seen them crowded together in mat tents, waiting for purchasers from those commissioned to procure slaves by the wealthy Arabs and Turkish officials. At Gallabat a handsome young girl of sixteen is worth about £18, but the same girl at Cairo would bring £40 or £50. The Abyssinians are a much advanced race compared with the negroes of Central Africa. The women are very affectionate and devoted to those who show them kindness. Thus, as they combine beauty with devotion, they are much sought for, and command a high price in the market. They are seldom purchased by common people, as their price is too high, and they cannot earn money by bodily labor like negresses, being too delicate and unable to sustain fatigue. Although they are generally termed Abyssinians (*Habbeshees*), I have never met with a true high-caste Abyssinian girl—these would-be Christians; whereas all I have seen have been Gallas—a Mohammedan race. Many of these poor girls die from fatigue on the desert journey from Gallabat to the sea-coast. Those who reach Khartoum, or the towns of Lower Egypt, are sold to the wealthy, and generally take a high position in the harems, often becoming the wives of their purchasers. In the Soudan I have met several charming Abyssinian ladies, who, having married European residents, have become perfectly civilized, proving the race is capable of great advancement.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

At a menagerie in Sacramento some boys annoyed the elephant by poking him with sticks, which made him so angry that he reached out his trunk for the youths nearest to him, and partially encircled three. Two managed to get away, but one was caught by the elephant's trunk, turned round two or three times, and then thrown aside with such violence that his right forearm was broken.

Mrs. Tilton's Examination.

The following has been given as a skeleton outline of the examination of Mrs. Tilton before the committee of investigation:

She had no written statement at all; it was an oral examination, lasting between three and four hours. It was extremely affecting and bore the very stamp of truth.

Mrs. Tilton went on to uncover in detail the sorrows that had afflicted her home for many years past. She performed her task in a manner that moved almost to tears. She recounted the efforts she had made to restrain Theodore from going after strange women, but he openly announced to her that he had wholly changed the views he had held on the marriage relation, and she had, she said, too much reason to believe that he was living the life which was consistent with that change. When he brought the Woodhulls to the house she used every means in her power to induce them to leave, but they would not go. She finally, in despair, sent for the police to remove them, and when the Woodhulls heard that they left. Referring to the scene of the night when Susan Anthony was there, she said it was a scene of great violence and excitement. She said she never saw Theodore so crazed as he was that night. Miss Anthony slept with her and made very free reference to the stories in circulation about Theodore's life. She said most solemnly that it was not true she made any confession to Susan Anthony of any improper act on her part. All she said to her on that subject was that Theodore was circulating stories, and had been for a long time, to her prejudice and that of Mr. Beecher. She had not a thought of saying that there was a word of truth in it. There was no truth in that statement. It was entirely false. She does not believe that Susan Anthony would ever say that she ever gave a hint in that direction. Mrs. Tilton was asked if she ever, of her own motion, wrote a word, either in a letter or a statement, affecting improperly herself or Mr. Beecher. She answered she never had; that the most she ever did was to copy papers that Theodore had prepared for her. Sometimes she did not even know the contents of the paper. Theodore would make assurances that it was best to do it for the peace of the family, for her peace and for his peace, to help him out of his business troubles. On one occasion this was done while she was sick in bed, upon the strongest statements by him that it was for her best interests. When the statement was prepared for Dr. Storrs to see, and F. B. Carpenter was helping the thing on, Theodore wrote every word of the statement and brought it to her to copy. She copied it until she got to the clause charging that Mr. Beecher had made improper advances to her. She refused to copy it further, and told Theodore that it was false and a great wrong upon Mr. Beecher. Theodore said, "Never mind, it is best you should do it. I have got my true statement of the story all written out here (showing her a roll of manuscript). I want that statement of yours for the story to hinge on. I want to show it to Dr. Storrs." This was done. About four weeks before the council sat she felt that she had committed a great wrong, and, without consulting anybody, she went to Dr. Storrs, called his attention to the statement, and told him that it was false. She explained to him how she had yielded to Theodore's forcible persuasions. The Doctor said to her he wished he had known it earlier, and asked her if she was aware that she had committed an enormous sin in charging such a thing on Mr. Beecher. She said, "Yes; but it was Theodore's will and not mine," or words to that effect. In reference to the "sin" alluded to in the Schoharie letter in connection with Griffith Gaunt, she had not then read the book through, and her idea was to refer simply to the sin of allowing the influence of a husband to be lessened by her regard for her pastor. But she said Tilton's manner toward her was such—his words of disrespect and the expression of his wish that she was out of the way and not near him; that she felt "there was a damper between them." She said that when Mr. Beecher met her he was kind; generous, sympathetic, that she felt that in his presence she was respected and appreciated. She said she feared that feeling had carried her too far, and it was that, and that alone, she referred to when she said, "I now see my sin."

The Home of the Grasshopper.

It is proposed that Minnesota shall appoint a State etymologist to study the habits of the grasshopper, and to devise remedies for his ravages, and it is suggested that forces of men be employed to destroy him root and branch in his native heath. Those who talk this way know little of the matter. First, the grasshopper is a natural product of arid regions. In that wide stretch between India and Egypt, including Arabia and the plains northeast of Jerusalem toward the Euphrates, and also the plains of Persia and Tartary, have been for innumerable years the native home of the locust, which at times has darkened the air; and so has been an equal extent of our own country, commencing along the 100th meridian, of which Western Minnesota and Iowa are on an extreme eastern border, and extending westward over the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas. In thousands and millions of localities among the mountains and intervening valleys and plains the locust has its native birth and dwelling-place, where the dry climate seems peculiarly suited to it, so that in a sort of spontaneous manner he is born and perpetuated, and it would appear that by far the largest number, if this is a proper word, live and die in the vicinity, and that only now and then, owing perhaps to over-population, do small armies of them venture eastward, or else they are blown eastward, for they always come and go with a favorable wind. To strike at the origin will require that the climate be changed, that rain shall be so frequent as to give moist, damp soil, in which eggs can neither be deposited with comfort nor hatched with success; but as this change is impossible, no remedy would appear likely to be found.

After all, the grasshopper is not near such a pest as he is supposed. New settlers, who are unacquainted with him, are scared, and they think the country uninhabitable, but he does far less damage than is done by drouth in the Atlantic States. Utah is in the heart of the grasshopper region, and also of the cricket region, which last have been so thick on the railroad track for short distances as to make the locomotive wheels fly around without traction, and yet in no other part of the United States is the yield of wheat higher, and nowhere else are pears, grapes, peaches, plums, apricots, and all the small fruits grown more successfully. The same is to be said of Montana and Idaho, and yet the people have made no outcry, nor have they solicited contributions from the States, though in the early days, while fields were few, grasshopper pies and baked grasshoppers were eaten with a decided relish. California is afflicted in like manner, but the people are growing rich, so that, on the whole, the grasshopper seems to cease to be an affliction when one gets used to him. If other calamities could be as easily met, the world would be a happy one for the farmer. If the effects of protracted drouth or long periods of wet weather brought no greater disasters than what the grasshoppers bring, all would be well. If any means could be derived for making good crops grow on millions of exhausted acres both North and South, the grasshopper might take heavy tolls of all crops and the country would be vastly the richer.

An assault upon the city editor of the Nashville *Banner* resulted in the sale of 1,000 extras, and the publisher has invited the assaulting gentleman to call again.

The crew of the ship Dexter, which recently arrived at San Francisco from New South Wales, are on trial for refusing to obey orders on July 4, which they claimed to be a national holiday and celebrated as such.

The Great Danger of Ministers.

The New York *Observer*, a well-known religious journal, says: "The establishment of such relations between a pastor and his flock as shall secure for him that intimacy which ought to exist only in the domestic circle, is an evil of fearful tendency and unspeakable danger. Ministers are censurable in a high degree who encourage their people, men or women, to come to them with family matters or secret sores. Some men are themselves gossips, and delight to get and give all they can of social news, and the more secret the richer the prize. They encourage revelations when their ears should be deaf to everything approaching to scandal. All judicious pastors discourage familiarity on the part of their people, especially of the female denomination.

"For this way lies the danger. A silly woman, pious perhaps, but very soft and shallow, hears the stirring words of her eloquent pastor, is roused, warmed, soothed, exalted—she thinks edified—and straightway she believes him to be the man sent to do her good. She goes to his study to tell him so; how much enjoyment she finds in his words; or she writes him a letter about her gratitude for what her dear pastor has done for her; how she "is lifted up" by his instructions; how she loves him as a friend given to be her guide and comfort; and so on, and so on, more and worse, running into a mawkish sentimentality, a sickening manworship, disgusting to every sensible person, but very nectar to a vain, worldly preacher, who seeks only to make his hearers "feel good." Such people never go to their pastor to ask "what they must do to be saved." It is to tell him how good they feel; how he is "exalting" them, "filling them with joy, peace, and love." We cannot go into particulars without offending the tastes of every reader. We make our meaning plain. We wish to be understood as saying that what wordly preachers and sentimental women call "communion of soul" and "kindred spirits," "mutual help" and "holy sympathy," and words in the same strain, is not religion—it is not even religious. It is of the earth earthly. It is "carnal nature conceived in sin." It is simply the lower nature, the human passion of one creature toward another. God is not in it.

A Sad Home.

In her evidence before the Beecher investigating committee, a question was asked relative to the trouble caused by a woman who visited Mr. Tilton's house. Mrs. Tilton, in reply to the question, told the following touching incident of her life: I think she hurt me more than any one in the world. She was more severe, and treated me with greater contempt than anybody else ever did, and to such an extent that I could not speak of it to my husband, as he never took any side; nor could I tell mother about it. I did not feel like revealing to her all this trouble and embarrassment and humiliation. I did not feel that there was a place for my head to lie down on in that house, and frequently I went out wandering in the streets. Night after night I walked, with my water-proof cloak on, and would go back and creep into the tenement and lie down anywhere, feeling utterly wretched. Once I went away from home, thinking that I would not come back, but I found that I had left my purse at home, and had to return. Mr. Tilton owns a lot in Greenwood, and there I have two babies. I went there, with my water-proof cloak on, and with the hood over my head, and laid down on the two graves and felt peace. I had been there but a little while before the keeper of the grounds ordered me off. I paid no attention to him. I did not regard his order until he came again in a few moments and said: "I order you off these grounds; do you hear me?" I rose to my feet and said, "If there is one spot on earth that is mine, it is these two graves;" and he actually bowed down before me in apology. Though he was a common workman it was very hearty, and it was very grateful to me. He said, "I did not know that these were yours;" and he left me, and I stayed there on the little graves the rest of the day.

Q.—Were experiences of that character common during your suffering in consequence of Mr. Tilton's introducing other persons into your family, and in consequence of his treatment of you? A.—Yes; but no one ever knew of it, and I cannot endure to tell it now. At the same time I trust you will all think the matter well over, and use as little of it as you can.

The Shooting of a Reporter.

As the shooting of Captain Schmidt by the Carlists has almost become an European question, it will be interesting to know precisely how it come about, on the authority of a Spanish correspondent of the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, writing from Tolosa:

"Captain Schmidt was captured June 25, near Villetuerta, by the sharpshooters of the Carlist advance. As he wore a peasant's dress and spoke Spanish imperfectly, he was treated as a spy. The troops were going into action, and there was no time for a regular court-martial. He was summarily tried, and in spite of his protests, sentenced to be shot. He was shot on the 30th, in spite of the arrival of a courier from Don Carlos ordering a stay of the execution. He was shot in company with twenty-two Republican officers and soldiers, having been first allowed to write fare-well letters to his family. The unfortunate captain belonged to the artillery and wore the order of the Iron Cross of the first class. Although a Protestant, he declared that he embraced the Catholic faith in the hope of saving his life. All was in vain!"

This, to be sure, is the German story. If it be correct, however, the Carlists on the spot were unquestionably guilty of something unpleasantly like a crime.

The Curse of Scotland.

A few evenings before the battle of Culloden, there were gathered in the apartments of the Pretender, at Inverness, a few of his friends, for the purpose of playing at cards. In the course of the evening, the nine of diamonds belonging to the pack with which they were playing was lost. On the night after the battle, which resulted so disastrously for the rebel army, the Duke of Cumberland entered Inverness, and, as was his invariable custom, took up his quarters in the apartments which had so recently been occupied by Prince Charles Edward. On the following morning, a scout brought in word that a small portion of the rebel army had taken shelter in a deep gorge among the mountains. The Duke at once directed an officer to take a number of men, surround the party, and put every man to death who was found in arms. The officer, reluctant to execute this inhuman order, and perhaps fearful of after consequences, declined to take the command without a written order. The Duke looked round the room for a piece of paper on which to write the order, when some one picked up the lost card, and presented it to the Duke, who wrote his order on the back of it, and handed it to the officer. The soldiers departed on their errand of butchery, and so well did they execute the Duke's commands, that not one of the devoted band of Highlanders escaped death. Hence it is that the nine of diamonds is called the curse of Scotland.

Brigham Young's Logic.

A one-legged soldier, a Mormon, recently asked Brigham Young to supply, by a miracle, the missing limb; but the apostle, not to be caught, made this reply: "I can in an instant produce a new leg in place of the old one, but then, you see, if I do, it will cause great inconvenience to you in heaven, for after your exaltation to glory, the original leg will come back to the spiritualized body, mine also being of divine origin, becomes immortal, and, in this case, observe how very awkward a three-legged angel from Utah would appear among the inhabitants of the eternal world.

A Chicago paper boasts that that city has the finest assortment of ruins in the world.

The Responsible Editor.

That very clever story, "The Tyranteler of Calviras," just now going the rounds, recalls an incident which took place in the New Orleans *Picayune* office many years ago, when George Washington Reeder presided over the police columns. Reeder was very small, not over four feet six inches in height; singularly youthful of appearance, and given to a pompous, overwhelming, elaborate politeness, which, in connection with his diminutive stature and magnificent costume, generally reminded one of a benevolent but highly diplomatic tomtit. Apart from his journalistic pursuits, Reeder had quite a name in the theatrical line, being a *dilettante* comedian of considerable merit. Everybody liked him, laughed kindly at his little peculiarities, and respected the brave and chivalrous spirit which they had found to be among his characteristics.

To see Reeder in the editorial room receiving an irate party, and particularly one of the rougher species, was a privilege to be eternally grateful for. His microscopic size, his gorgeous toilet, his profuse courtesy and his grandiloquent address were simply amusing. Callers with well defined injuries but limited intellect went away in the firm conviction that Reeder thought them the purest, loftiest and most persecuted of mortals. Entering the *Picayune* office with the rooted purpose of mangling and bruising the chronicler of their complications, they would retire believing that Reeder was too angelic for this world, and that his references to them were only made after a bitter struggle with remorseless duty at the expense of a bleeding heart.

He was perfectly ready to fight, however, whenever the case demanded it, and thereby hangs a tale.

One day an enormous, rough, ferocious-looking man entered the office and inquired for the editor. Much to his sorrow, Reeder had to say that the editor was absent.

"I'm sorry o' that," said the big man, sitting down and depositing a large, mangy carpet bag near his chair. "I stopped over one day just to see him. I'm from Texas, you know, and I saw something in this morning's *Picayune* that sorter riles me. I was going home, but I thought I'd like to see the editor before I went, so as I could tell the fellas what passed. I want to see him alone for about two minutes—that's all." And here the visitor's voice grew plaintive, and his fingers played with the hilt of a Colt's army revolver which hung in full view from his belt.

"I regret extremely, sir, that the editor happens to be out just now. I feel sure, from the impression you make on me, that he would esteem it a privilege to meet you. He would like you to take back to Texas his assurances of friendship and admiration. Couldn't you, my dear sir, couldn't you call a little later?"

"Well, I guess I will come again, long as I'm till to-morrow anyhow. You see it would make things easier like if I was to meet that editor."

About six o'clock in the afternoon he returned. Nobody but Reeder happened to be in.

"So sorry, my dear sir, but the editor has not yet appeared. Pray be seated, sir, and permit me to enjoy the accident which has made us acquainted."

"Now, I think this rather a hard case," said the brawny Texan, who was beginning to be impatient. "Here's a paper that pitches into Texas, and, so to speak, bullrags the Texans, and when I call to see about it there's no one in. Where I live things are different. If a paper makes any unpleasant remarks about a gentleman, we always know what to do. We just walk around to the office, and the editor's there, ready to give it to us any way we want it. But here you have other fashions. You go for Texas like blazes in the morning, and when I call—being the only Texan in town—to chaw up the editor a little and swap bullets with him in a genteel way, I can't find my man. I don't like it. If a paper banters fellows in this sort of way, it ought to have a responsible man—"

"Pardon me," says Reeder, stepping dainitly into the middle of the room, with one hand thrust into his bosom and a face literally beaming with good nature. "Pardon me, a thousand times, I quite misunderstood you. I supposed you wanted to see the chief editor only. If it is a responsible man you're seeking, that's another thing."

"Certainly. That's all I want—a responsible man, somebody I can rassel about this article. That's what I have been saying all the time."

"Behold him! George Washington Reeder, at your service, sir. I'm the responsible man of this paper, sir."

The astonished giant looked at Reeder and then at his pistol, which was nearly as large as Reeder, and his face became a battle ground where surprise, disappointment, disgust and amusement struggled for predominance. Then he stuck the pistol back into the case, picked up his carpet bag, and, eyeing Reeder all over with disparaging regard, blurted out the exclamation:

"Thunder!"

And left, a swindled and an injured man.

The Rattlesnake's Enemy.

Of all enemies with which the rattlesnake has to contend, except man, the hog is the most destructive. An old sow with a litter of pigs to provide for will hunt for reptiles with a perseverance and sagacity truly astonishing, tracking them by their scent to their hiding-places and never letting them escape.

In the West, in early times, and now throughout the country, if rattlesnakes become troublesome in any locality, a drove of hogs are turned into their haunts and the snakes soon disappear. The hog, when it sees a rattlesnake, instantly erects its bristles and back, and commences rattling its tusks. The snake accepts the challenge and prepares for defence.

The hog seems to understand what parts of its body are invulnerable to poison, so it gets down upon its knees, and in this awkward position deliberately crawls, by a sideling motion, up to the enemy.

The snake darts forward and the hog dexterously catches the fangs in the fat of the jaws—the blow is repeated, and the hog having been smitten on one cheek, deliberately turns the other. This the animal continues to do until the snake has not only exhausted for time being its poison, but also its strength.

The hog then deliberately rises from its knees, and now regardless of consequences, seizes the serpent near the head, and putting its forefoot upon its squirming body, strips the reptile through its teeth, and thus tears it to pieces. If the hog, as is sometimes the case, happens to be very lean, and the poison fangs thereby strike circulation, it will die from the wound, but the conjunction rarely take place.

The Black Hills Expedition.

This is the way we march, says a correspondent with Gen. Custer: Probably half a mile or more in front ride a dozen Indian scouts, who thoroughly beat over the ground, examining every ravine or depression of the ground, or rock, or clump of trees, or at the water-courses, keeping an attentive eye on the fords, or for Indian signs. Then comes General Custer, with the Santees and Arickarees, under Lieutenant G. D. Wallace, and the guides. The General is as theatrical as ever in the saddle, and carries his little blue and red pennon, destined to be planted on the summit of Bear Butte. After him comes the Gatling battery, Lieutenant Chance; then the wagon train, ambulances, and herd, Quartermaster A. E. Smith. Captain Sanger leads the infantry column behind this. On either flank, about eighty rods from the train, comes the cavalry, the columns being led by Major George A. Forsythe and Major J. G. Tilford. Captain M. Moylan with a company of cavalry covers the rear and small scouting parties are thrown out on either flank, rendering it impossible that a surprise should be made. Scouting parties are on favorable occasions sent out two or three miles in advance or on either flank. It requires a special permit, very rarely given, to pass out of the lines; and to do our civilians and scientists credit, they are most amenable to discipline in this direction. We have had but one scare thus far, when a mule—first homesick and subsequently repentant—stole out of the lines and then returned rather demonstratively, creating a sensation in camp till he was identified and anathematized *selon regle*.

A German at Terre Haute, Ind., sold last year 16,000 pounds of grapes raised on land which, the same season, would not have produced 60 bushels of corn.

The Newspaper.

Science, it may be said, has shown us how to make a newspaper the cheapest created article in the world. As an example of workmanship the damp, fresh journal that lies on the the breakfast table is the highest type of what capital, industry and skill can produce in the way of cheapness. The needle, the common pin, the steel pen, in their way show a similar result. But it would be far easier for the unskilled person to make a needle, a pin or a pen than to compose a newspaper. In one we see what the perfection of machinery will will do in the way of fineness and cheapness of workmanship. But the newspaper, says an exchange, represents the achievements of machinery and the results of energy and patient thought combined. For less than the cost of a cigar, a loaf of bread, or a cup of coffee, the journalist sells the combined efforts of hundreds of men. To enable him to make his newspaper, his ministers go to all quarters of the world. And so perfect has the relation between the true journal and the people become that a great newspaper is no more and no less than a great commonwealth. It has the responsibility and many of the attributes of sovereignty. There is no such power for good or evil as now rests in the hands of the journalist. Every day he scatters his sheets broadcast to the four winds, to fall like seed upon barren and stony as well as upon fertile ground, to bear fruit which may be wheat and may be tares. We do not say that in all cases this labor is honestly, carefully done. We are well aware that thousands of tares are sown every day—slanders, falsehoods, disparagements, reckless statements that bring forth sorrow and heart-burning. But we do feel that every year there is less and less of this, that journalism is becoming more and more a profession, that the true editor feels that he is in some sense a judge, and that it will be woe unto him if he deals unjustly. So that in a moral sense, as a mighty influence acting directly and incessantly upon public opinion, as well as in a social and business sense, as the instrument of news and business affairs, the newspaper takes every day a higher and higher station.

Ike Partington's Composition.

"Plymouth Rock" being the subject given out for the exercise of the school, the teachers and boys were astonished at the following luminous composition by Ike Partington, which displays great historical acumen and a most astonishing chronological facility:

Plymouth Rock.—This Rock was brought to this country in the Mayflower, in the year 1492, by the Pilgrim's under the direction of Elder Osman Brewster, who afterwards moved to Boston and became an alderman of that city. It was on this rock that Governor Carver first shook hands with Samoset, who said, "Welcome Englishmen!" It is recorded that then Samoset came up Governor Carver asked him if he was a real Ingine, or only a member of an Ingine Company.

The Rock has long been regarded as a famous place. The American Eagle for a great many years used to come and whet his beak on the rock, but in 1653 Miles Standish, in order to keep it from being stolen, carried it and put it in front of Pilgrim Hall, where it remains at the present time, invested with great interest and an iron fence. The fence bears the names of all the Pilgrims in cast-iron letters that can't be rubbed out.

The Rock is a good deal worn out by the allusions touching it that are thrown off by Fourth of July orators. Plymouth Rock is the corner-stone of the cellar wall of our Republican structure, paregorically speaking, and the spirit of liberty sits upon it with a drawn sword in one hand, and the torch of freedom in the other; and if foes invade the shore of Plymouth at high water—for they never can get in at low tide—they will throw this rock in their teeth. It is a precious legacy from the past to the present, and from it thay be reckoned the Pilgrim's Progress.

What the Birds Did.

Frederick II., of Prussia, was one day walking along the terrace at Sans Souci and noticed that his beautiful, large grapes were suffering severely under the appetites of the sparrows. Enraged at the impudent thieves, he offered a price for their heads, and in a few weeks there was not a single sparrow in the royal gardens. In the following year, however, not a single grape ripened, and the Prussian monarch found that as soon as the sparrows disappeared the grubs, caterpillars and snails began to commit their depredations unmolested, and the king found out that, although the sparrows were great thieves, their useful qualities far more than counterbalanced their bad ones. He repealed his former edict, and since that time sparrows and grapes have prospered abundantly at Sans Souci.

A Physician Who Healed Himself.

If a railroad director were lashed to every locomotive, there would be fewer railroad accidents, and if doctors had to take their own physic before administering it to their patients, fewer people would be poisoned. Dr. Joseph Walker, of California, took this course when he first compounded the famous Vinegar Bitters which now rank as an inestimable household remedy in all parts of the United States. He healed himself with this specific before he offered it to the world. He introduced it with a simple statement of the manner in which he had discovered its vegetable ingredients and been cured, while wandering, sick and poor, among the California tribes. He stated what the preparation had done for himself, and a few sufferers from dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, lung diseases, and many other prevalent disorders, believed him, tried the new restorative, and were more than satisfied with the results. In this way the sale of the Vinegar Bitters began, and we mention the fact as an evidence that in this age of intelligence and inquiry, nothing that is really valuable to mankind can prove a pecuniary failure—even though it may lack the help of capital, and have to fight its way against powerful opposing interests. Within two or three months after its introduction, the article became self-supporting, and it now yields a magnificent annual revenue.—*Com.*

The heat of summer, as well as the sudden changes of temperature incident to autumn, combined with the use of unripe vegetables and fruits and other unwholesome articles of food, result every season in producing much suffering from Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic and other derangements of the stomach and bowels. A remedy that will promptly relieve these sufferings and restore tone and normal action to the relaxed and debilitated alimentary canal, is surely a boon to the afflicted. Dr. J. F. V. Pierce, whose Family Medicines have acquired a world-wide reputation, by long study and careful chemical experiments has succeeded in extracting, by a cold process, from Smart-Weed or Water Pepper, (that modest little plant seen in wet grounds by the roadside and in neglected grounds and pasture fields), a remedial principle which, when skilfully combined with the extract of Jamaica Ginger and other pleasant modifying agents, in what he calls his Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, forms a most reliable specific for all such derangements and sufferings. It is pleasant and safe to take, yet powerful to cure. Its wonderful efficacy is a further confirmation of the Doctor's idea that God has caused to grow, in each climate and region, those medicinal plants best calculated for the cure of the diseases that prevail in the section of country where those plants are found—that "the herbs were for the healing of the nations," and that the fewer far-fetched remedies we employ the better, if we would thoroughly investigate and understand those we have at home. The Doctor's Extract of Smart-Weed is sold by druggists generally.—*Com.*

Good advice never comes amiss. If they have not got the Elmwood Collar at the store where you are in the habit of purchasing your goods, tell them to get some for you at once, and don't be put off with any other goods.—*Com.*

Every one knows that a cold or cough ought not to be neglected, and that if it is not attended to in season, it may result fatally. Our advice is to take care of it before it is too late, and use Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which can be had of any druggist. Dr. Wishart's Worm Sugar Drops are the best remedy for worms ever discovered.—*Com.*

Foolishly spent, money paid for children's shoes not protected by SILVER TIPS. Two weeks is about the time it takes a smart, active child to ventilate the toe of