Farm, Garden and Household.

Seasonable Hints.

Rye is worth growing, both for the straw and the grain. A few acres will furnish bands for a large field of corn, and the chopped grain with corn is excellent feed for horses. Two bushels of seed per acre is sufficient. If kept separate at harvest it may be sown at the end of a wheat field. Upon poor, light, or gravelly soils, it should be sown in preference to wheat, as a more profitable crop.

Few farmers are able to get their soil in sufficiently good tilth, or rich enough to sow grass seed alone with profit. Where it can be done conveniently, a crop of hay may be mown the next season. In this case half a bushel of timothy is a proper quantity of seed. Generally, however, it is best sown with fall grain. If clover is to be sown in the spring, six or eight quarts of timothy per acre, should be sown immediately after the grain is drilled or harrowed in. It will find sufficient covering by the gradual mellowing of the soil. A quarter of an inch of covering is all that is needed. If the seed is old, one half more will be needed.

Fall fallowing should not be neglected. The corn stubble should be thoroughly cultivated between the shock, as soon as the corn is cut. Potato ground that is unoccupied should be harrowed, and every opportunity offered for the weeds to grow. A harrowing will then destroy them, and start others to grow which may be killed in the spring. Every way in which weeds may be killed should be studied and put in practice.

It is useless to try to get a crop of seed and fodder at the same time, from a late cutting of clover. It is best to devote all the attention to saving the seed. If it is exposed to rain it is easier thrashed, and the labor saved is of more value than the poor fodder which could be secured. It should be thoroughly dry when put into the barn. If taken from home to be hulled it is worth while to save the chaff for the manure pile. We have hulled clover in the ordinary thrashing machine, by lowering the concave and fastening a strong board in front. The seed and chaff will work out below the cylinder if one side is opened.

Buckwheat upon low ground is easily injured by frost. Rather than allow the crop to be injured, it is better to cut it early, although some of the grain be green. In the stock it is safe, and the unripe grain will mature by a few day's exposure. In drawing home the crop, spread a barn sheet in the wagon to catch the loosened grain. Thrash, as it is drawn from the field. Clean up the seed at once to prevent heating, and put it into shallow bins. If the grain heats it should be turned. The first grain in the market always brings the best price.

Harvest beans carefully, to preserve the color. Rain or mildew will reduce the value 50 per cent. Stack in tall narrow heaps around single stakes set in the ground, and cap the stacks with straw to shed rain. Thrash as soon as dry, and store in barrels in a dry place.

Cutting corn is the great work of the month. As soon as the corn is glazed to the tips of the ears, it is ready to cut. If struck with frost the fodder is seriously injured. Topping corn is excusable only where the fodder is worth nothing. We have not found that place yet. The heaviest Western corn may be profitably cut up to the butts for fodder. The practice of leaving a hill uncut to hold up the shock, is more troublesome in the end than setting up the shocks securely at first. Spread the butts well, and tie the tops of the shocks with rye straw bands. There will be no more shocks blown over, than if a hill is left uncut in the centre of each. Our plan is to cut five hills each way, or if in rows 20 feet of each row for five rows. This makes a shock that will dry thoroughly in two weeks. Corn cut before the 10th should be husked before the end of the month. Cold fingers and benumbed hands make slow husking. A good husking machine is made, but strangely no one seems to want it. There are a good many farmers who could profitably invest $100 in a good corn husker.—*Agriculturist.*

To Make an Omelet.

Proportions: About one ounce of butter for four eggs, and a pinch of salt, says Pierre Blot, are what is wanted for an omelet.

Process: Salt the eggs, and beat them well with a fork. Have a brisk fire; put the butter into the pan, and set it over the fire. Shake and move the pan in every way so as to melt the butter as fast as possible, and without allowing any of it to turn brown. When melted, turn the eggs in, and by means of a fork stir so as to heap up the part cooked, allowing the other part, that is liquid, to come in contact with the pan, and so on until the whole is solidified. Then it is doubled up; that is, one half is turned over the other with a fork, commencing on the side of the pan to which the handle is attached. Then have a warm dish, which you place on your left hand; take hold of the handle of the pan with your right, the fingers underneath, and the thumb on the top; raise the left side of your left hand so as to have the right side of the dish inclined, and then turn the pan upside down right over the dish, the side of the pan opposite that of the handle touching the edge of the dish, and the right hand moving from right to left, so that the upper side or the omelet when in the pan will be the inner side when on the dish, and you have a soft, juicy, and tasty omelet, as smooth as the dish on which it is placed.

An omelet can not be made too quickly. Many cooks fail in making omelets because, by their process, it is made too slowly, and it is either dry or burned and tasteless.

By carefully following the above directions, and after one or two experiments, any one with an ordinary amount of natural capacity can make an omelet properly. Some have the habit of adding water or milk to the eggs, but it is not necessary to make the omelet soft; for, when properly made, an omelet is always soft enough without any liquid being mixed with the eggs.

Grassing a Slope.

A steep slope may be grassed over without sodding, by first smoothing the surface and making a tough paste or mortar of clay, loam and horse manure, with sufficient water. The grass seed, which should be a mixture of Kentucky blue grass and white clover, should be thickly but evenly scattered upon the moist surface of this plaster, as it is spread upon the bank. The plaster should be at least one or two inches thick, and a thin layer should be laid over the seed. The surface should be kept moist, and a light dressing of some active fertilizer would help the growth. In a few weeks the growing mass should be cut, and should be kept short at all times until a thick sod is formed.

Traveling on the Farm.

Did any of you ever think of the amount of travel it takes to raise a crop of corn? I never saw an illustration in print, and I thought I would give you one. I have a 20-acre field, 40x80 rods. To break this up would take 166 miles; harrowing it, about 40 miles; furrowing out, 90 miles; planting, 45 miles, if with a planter, and if dropped and then covered, 90 miles. Thus you see, it takes about 800 or 900 miles of travel to raise twenty acres of corn, not counting going to and returning from the field. Besides there are replanting, thinning, rolling, etc.

Hats and Caps.

The hats and caps—in fact all head gear worn by male steerage passengers, sometimes affords one a subject for serious contemplation. Every shape and style is seen, from the emaciated and moth-eaten stove-pipe to the brimless straw, frescoed with many kinds of dirt. Some poor fellows are absolutely hatless, and we have seen them on the deck of an Atlantic steamer in midwinter, with a bit of carpet tied on their head. Heaven only knows the privations and discomforts these poor people are willing to undergo to reach "Ameriky!"

WHAT THEY DID.

The Story of a Bevy of Women who went to Farming, and what they Did.

In the summer of 1869 I was obliged to resign my position of principal over the Oakwood Female Seminary, as my health was beginning to suffer from so many years of in-door life. It was not without a pang that I heard the doctor's decision, for my work was very dear to me.

When I had heard the doctor's decision, the question then to be answered was, "What should I do?" I was entirely alone in the world so far as family relations were concerned, and my school had been my home so long that a change was a very unpleasant undertaking. My habits were, and always had been, very economical, and I had been able to save from my salary, year by year, until I now had a few thousand dollars in the bank.

Had I been wealthy, the prospect of sitting down and doing nothing would still have been an exceedingly unpleasant one. Several projects came into my mind, but none of them quite satisfactory ones. In this dilemma I bethought me of my dear old friend Amelia Black (of course that is not her name), and I wrote her at once. A fortnight afterward I received a letter from her, telling me to come out to Ohio, where she was, and go to cultivating a little farm, and raise garden stuff for market.

I confess the plan struck me favorably at the outset, but to make assurance still more sure, I inclosed Amelia's letter to the editor of the *Agriculturist*, and asked his judgment upon the plan. His answer was a very kind one, and while he pointed out the many difficulties in the way, he thought there was no doubt but that we could make it pay, at least, our living expenses.

My mind was decided to try the plan the moment I read his letter, and then the question was, "Whom should I ask to go with me?"

I ran over in my mind the women who really ought to get out of school, and then I decided upon three of my former assistants—Miss Lewis, Miss Sprague and Miss Dunn. In addition to these was our village dress-maker, Miss Morey, who was sewing her life away, and little Fannie Allen, whose father and mother were dead. I sat down and wrote Amelia I would follow her advice.

Those whom I selected to accompany me gave a ready assent, and I had many applications from others. I finished everything on my hands, and then started for Ohio; the others were to follow me when I had made ready for them.

Amelia, dear heart, was so cordial in her welcome that I never, for a moment, felt homesick or tired. She had been planning for me, and had gathered together many facts and items that were invaluable. We visited the country lands about, and eventually purchased a fifty-acre tract, just nine miles from the heart of the city, paying fifteen dollars an acre for it.

The land, I was told, was excellent for gardening, and the situation was charming. Three-fourths of the tract was a handsome level prairie, and this was completely surrounded by woods. Our nearest neighbor was two miles away.

I drew up a plan for a house, and I have no doubt it would provoke a smile did you see it. I arranged for six sleeping-rooms, a sitting-room, dining-room, and a large kitchen. The house, barn, well, cisterns, etc., cost a little over twenty-five hundred dollars—evidence that but little was expended for "fancy-work."

When all was finished I wrote to my friends to come out, and by the time they arrived I had purchased furniture and made the house look like home. By this time it was October, and we could only have the ten acres that we intended to cultivate plowed, and then put off further farming until spring.

The winter was not a lonely one by any means. We bought a quiet horse, and every day that was not too stormy we drove to the city. We also occupied our time in sewing carpets, making strong, coarse clothes for spring, and reading up gardening.

Early in spring I advertised for a man and his wife, and was fortunate enough to secure a sober German couple. We built a small house for them near our own, and were right glad when the weather was settled enough to let us commence out-door work. Each one of us took charge of some special department, except Fannie, who was too young. Our man Joe was not at all inclined to find fault with any of our plans, but took willing hold of any thing he was asked to do, and did his best.

Miss Lewis took charge of the acre given to "miscellaneous," and her crops were a little of everything—strawberries, peas, and beets. Miss Sprague said she would look after the acre of onions; Miss Dunn, the acre of parsnips and carrots; Miss Morey, the melons, squashes, pumpkins, cucumbers, etc.; I, the currants and small fruits; and Joe the corn and potatoes, as well as the care of the horse and cow.

Farther on in the season I saw where another pair of hands could be used to good advantage, and they came to me in the person of a widow whom Amelia recommended—a quiet body, who was friendless, now that she had lost her husband. To her we gave charge of the selling and marketing.

What arrangements had we for the distribution of profits? We didn't propose to distribute them. The only arrangements we had in our community were as follows: we opened an account wherein we entered the amount of capital each one brought to the general fund, and we agreed that any one upon withdrawing from us could claim the amount she had brought, providing we had not lived beyond our income. This was all.

I am sure there was no happier household in the land than ours. During the entire summer no one complained of ill health, and though we were a busy family, we still had ample time for recreation. We often drove into the city early enough to catch the steamer bound for the islands forty miles away, and were back home at 9 o'clock, after a pleasant day's sail and picnicking. Neither did we overlook the entertainments in the city. Joe was always ready to drive us to town, and glad to have an evening's chat with his friends.

I have thus been minute as to our plans and life during our first summer, and now it only remains for me to give the result of our years' work. We began sending our vegetables to market in June, and kept a faithful account of everything sold and every penny received. I find, on examining my books, that our receipts for the year were eighteen hundred and forty dollars; our expenses, including Joe's wages, fourteen hundred and fifty dollars.

To say that we were well pleased with the result is to express it very tamely. We had no expectations of making money the first year, but here we were nearly four hundred dollars better off than when we began the year. We devoted that money to purchasing a piano, and Fannie made many a stormy evening pass away pleasantly as we listened to her simple songs.

The second year was a much better one than the first. Our strawberries alone gave us four hundred dollars, and our raspberries were also very profitable. Our receipts were over twenty-two hundred dollars, and our expenses about seventeen hundred. The year was pleasanter, too, because we had made many pleasant friends in the city, and were rarely allowed to want for callers. Our friends found it a pleasant ride from the city, and we enjoyed their presence very much.

We now know that our experiment is a successful one. We have good health, kind friends, and a pleasant home life that we make for each other. When I read of girls wearing their lives away in the cities over shirts and vests at starvation prices, I cannot help thinking they would be wise to go into the country, rent a bit of land, and at least have health and independence. And it is for such as these that I have written this.

Goldsmith Maid's great feat aren't half so big as a Bangor girl's.

A STAGE ROBBERY.

The Late Operations of the James Brothers and the Younger Boys Near Lexington, Mo.

The telegraph has made mention of a bold highway robbery committed opposite the town of Lexington, Missouri, in broad daylight, and in sight of several hundred persons. Lexington papers contain full details of the affair, which, in some respects, is without a parallel. The perpetrators of this latest Missouri outrage were the notorious James brothers, Frank and Jesse, and the two "Younger boys." These roughriders are fair specimens of the class of ruffians who have been engaged in committing all sorts of outrages, from chicken-stealing to bank-stealing. They are the type of a class not to be seen outside of the border States, and more numerous in Missouri than anywhere else. They defy the whole power of the State, write insulting letters to the Governor, and in all respects demean themselves as outlaws. A list of their exploits would fill a column. This robbery at Lexington was committed on a Sunday evening. About 6 o'clock, as the omnibus had crossed the ferry and was proceeding to the railroad depot, with eight passengers inside, three masked horsemen dashed out of the woods, revolver in hand. One stopped the omnibus horses and sat at their heads while the other two thrust their heavy army revolvers into the windows and threatened instant death to any one who resisted. One of them, who afterward proved to be Frank James, dismounted, while his brother Jesse held his horse and stood guard. Frank then ordered all the male passengers to get out and hold up their hands, so as to prevent the possibility of secreting valuables or drawing weapons. The command was promptly obeyed, and in a trice eight very disconsolate looking gentlemen were ranged in a row along the roadside, with their sixteen hands held high in the air, and the work of going through them began. Meanwhile another member of the gang rode off to a party who were strolling on the bank of the river near by, and ordered them to come up to the omnibus and fall into line, which they did. Among these was a young lady of Lexington, who has known the James and Younger families for many years, and who had placed Frank James under obligations by nursing him when wounded during the war. When she reached the omnibus he was just in the act of taking a watch and chain from one of the passengers, whereat the maiden spoke: "Why, Frank James, I'm astonished to see you have come down to such small work. I thought you never did anything except on a big scale." He shook hands with her cordially, and said: "Well, I am a little ashamed of it myself. It's the first time we ever stooped to such small game. But," he added, "you needn't call names quite so loud here." The young lady then asked him to give Singleton back his watch. "Why," he said, "is this man any kin to you?" She answered that he was, and she did not want him robbed. James promptly handed the watch to her, but kept the chain, which is a very handsome and costly one. "No," she exclaimed; "give back the chain, too. I won't have part if I can't get all." After some little demurring, he returned both watch and chain; and, at her request, gave up another gentleman's watch, which he had confiscated before she arrived.

All this goes to show that your true Missouri bushwhacker is a high-toned scoundrel, not altogether devoid of "honah, sah," and susceptible to the gentle and persuasive tones of lovely woman. But there are limits to his generous nature, for a little later, when Mr. James was stripping off another gentleman's fine coat and vest, the young lady said: "Oh, Frank, don't take that man's clothes. Your mother would be grieved to death if she knew how you are doing; I nursed you when you were wounded during the war, and now I believe I ought to have let you die." He rather sadly replied: "It's a pity you didn't," but went on with the disrobing process, saying: "I need good clothes myself, and mine will do for him to go over to town in." The total proceeds of this bold robbery were only about $250, so that we may expect to hear of another raid soon.

An Iowa Boy's Idea of Confession.

There is a man living on Fifth street who is a good man, endeavoring to train up his children in the way they should go, and as his flock is numerous and two of them are boys, he has anything but a sinecure in this training business. Only a day or two ago, the elder of these male olive branches, who has lived about fourteen wicked years, enticed his younger brother, who has only had ten years experience, to go out on the river in a boat, a species of pastime which their father had many a time forbidden, and had even gone so far as to enforce his veto with a skate strap. But the boys went this time, trusting to luck to conceal their depravity from the knowledge of their pa, and in due time they returned, and walked around the house, the two most innocent looking boys in Burlington. They separated for a few moments, and at the expiration of that time, the elder was suddenly confronted by his father, who requested a private interview in the usual place, and the pair adjourned to the wood-shed, where, after a brief but highly spirited performance in which the boy appeared most successfully as "heavy villain" and his father took his favorite role of "first old man," the curtain went down, and the boy considerably mystified, sought his brother.

"John," he said, "who do you suppose told dad? Have you been licked yet?"

John's face will not look more peaceful and resigned when it is in his coffin than it did when he replied:

"No, have you?"

"Have I? Come down to the cow-yard and look at my back."

John declined, but said:

"Well, Bill, I'll tell you how father found us out. I am tired of acting in this way, and I ain't agoin to run away and come home and lie about it any more. I'm going to do better after this, and so when I saw father I couldn't help it, and went right to him and confessed."

Bill was touched at this manly action on the part of his younger brother. It found a tender place in the bad boy's heart, and he was visibly affected by it. But he asked:

"How did it happen the old man didn't lick you?"

"Well," said the penitent young reformer, "you see, I didn't confess on myself, I only confessed on you; that was the way of it."

A strange cold light glittered in Bill's eye.

"Only confessed on me?" he said. "Well, that's all right, but come down behind the cow-shed, and look at my back."

And when they got there, do you suppose John saw the first mite of Bill's back? Ah, no, dear children, he saw nothing bigger than Bill's fists, and before he got out of that locality, he was the worst pounded John that ever confessed on any body. Thus it is that our coming reformers are made and trained.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Winter Cloaks.

Regular cloaks are to be revived, a fashion journal says. Long, comfortable-looking cloaks, reaching to the knee, are imported by all the first-class furnishing-stores as models for their midwinter garments. These wraps are loose sacks with a deep cape in front, are wadded, yet look slender and shapely, and are all buttoned down before, and sometimes behind as well, by way of ornament. There are no sleeves, merely armholes, but the cape is sewed to the front, leaving a place for the hands to come out, thus making a double front, and giving ample protection. These cloaks are not fitted to the figure, yet cling closely to it, giving the slender effect now sought after. They are made of the new black figured and wadded silk called matelasse silk, or else of the real India cashmere called Rabjampoor cashmere, and are bordered with black fur.

SCALP DANCE.

How Utes Celebrate Their Victories.

Our reporter, says an exchange, went over to the Ute camp, situated about four miles from Denver, and about three miles from Larimer street bridge over the Platte. Already preparations had commenced for the grand scalp-glorification, one of the redskins having manufactured a drum, by stretching a deer-skin over the rim of a cheese-box. Three other drums were soon manufactured; a frying-pan, a tin lard can and a brass kettle being used for the bodies of drums. Having covered his face with paint, the fellow with the tin drum lay down in his tent, and commenced practicing the weird music of the scalp-dance. He was soon joined by others, when the scalps taken from the Sioux were brought to the front of the tent, and poles to which they were attached stuck in the ground, while the scalps swayed to and fro in the breeze. One by one the braves gathered around, decorated with their best trappings, covered with beads, and painted with red, yellow, green, brown and white. About an hour before sundown, and before many chiefs had returned from Denver, the scalp-poles were pulled up, and the dusky warriors selected a portion of the prairie remote from any wigwam, where they again fixed the poles about four feet from each other. Then they sat down in a line on the ground, with their backs to the setting sun, and their faces to the blood-stained swaying scalps, and commenced a strange chant, beating time upon the drums with sticks, which had for heads leaves secured to one end with plant twigs. About half an hour they thus sat chanting, when the squaws began to collect, equally as extravagantly attired and painted. About thirty had gathered around, when the squaw of the brave who had killed one of the Sioux stepped in front, taking one of the scalp-poles, and commenced to march in a circle in front of the musicians, adding at the same time the shrillness of her voice to make the din unearthly. One by one the squaws fell in behind the scalp-bearer, until about a dozen were making the magic circle. Then up comes another squaw and takes another pole, and starts a procession, moving in a reverse direction to that taken by the first.

Upon the arrival of Washington, one of the chiefs who seemed to know just how the thing should be done, three of the oldest squaws in the tribe formed a third procession, moving inside the others and in the same direction as the outside circle. And now drops into a line with the outside circle the third scalp-bearer and her followers. Korakantie, seemingly the oldest chief in the collection, advances in front of the braves—who arose to their feet upon the advent of the women—and proceeds to dance. A crier also advances to the front, and commences to harangue the braves.

On the open prairie, just as the sun is sinking behind the mountains, half a hundred Indian warriors, with faces rendered savagely fierce with paint, and garments with flaming colors, are standing in a line which sways to and fro in time to beating of drums and the change in tone of the fiendish music of the scalp chant. In front of these the veteran gray-haired warrior of the tribe dances with strange antics, and the stalwart form of a huge brave is bent in all conceivable shapes, as he in loud and excited words recounts the circumstances of the capture and exhorts the men. In front of all the magic circles of squaws move round, the scalps streaming above their heads, being beaten in the dust with revengeful fury or held in their teeth, when the savage grin is the most intense and the chant most uproarious. Their march is of a limping nature, each procession giving way with the same leg, in strange unison to the swaying of the braves. These things together with the weird music only known to savages, when at regular intervals the shrill voices of the women rise above those of the men, and occasionally the startling warwhoop rings loud over all, render the scene one never to be forgotten. About 1,500 persons must have visited the camp and witnessed the scalp-dance, which continued for many hours, and to which Washington, in the name of the tribe, welcomed all white folks, "both braves and squaws," as he expressed it.

Torture of Animals.

Bergh, the animals' friend, of New York, in a letter to the officials of Bellevue hospital, says:—

Even though these living dissections were productive of all that their advocates claim for them, in the language of a learned writer on this subject, "mankind have no right to information thus acquired." The beneficent Creator never designed that an immortal work of His hand should be thus tortured and disfigured even in the investigation of His physical laws. According to my informant, numerous races of animals are at times to be found within your operating premises in various stages of mutilation and torture; "some are to be seen with the cranium removed and the brain taken out;" another, "its abdomen opened, and the vessels leading to the liver tied in such a manner as to allow nothing to enter or escape by the main channel!" "The agony of this poor creature, in particular," says the writer, "during this experiment, which was prolonged six weeks, was something excruciating, and its dismal howls were frightful to hear, as its whole frame was racked to pieces." Another experiment was that of a goat with its back opened to the spinal marrow, in the attempt to perform a fiendish operation which forty years before had been effected and known to all the medical world. While reading these frightful atrocities, perpetrated on innocent, unoffending animals, the inquiry springs to the lips, Can the perpetrators of them be human beings? Can the brain that conceives them, the heart that tolerates and the hand that executes them belong to that being who, it is said, was made in God's own image? As a natural and inevitable sequence to these dark deeds, of which the defenceless brute is the victim, rumor ascribes to the hospital in question the infliction of cruelties on the unfortunate human beings whom accident brings within its walls as merciless in the extreme, and which, if true, merits that the denunciation of Dante should be inscribed over its terrible portals.

Chinese Women.

Twenty-two Chinese women seem to have lately set the City of San Francisco in an uproar. The twenty-two women arrived from China on the steamer Japan, and were objected to by the State Commissioner of Emigration, on the ground that they were chattels, imported for immoral purposes. He prohibited their landing. The Chinamen who had imported them set up that they were immigrants, and were entitled to protection and liberty under the Civil Rights law and the treaty between the United States and China. On a writ of habeas corpus they were brought before a District Court, which, amid great excitement on the part of the Chinese population, decided that they were courtesans, and under the laws of the State, could not be allowed to remain in San Francisco. They were, accordingly, remanded to China. Brought to the steamship, these unfortunates refused to go on board; they lay on the wharf and howled piteously, and were carried on to the ship by main strength. There they were released, just as the vessel was sailing, by a new writ from the Supreme Court of the State. The women were sent to jail for safe keeping, and the whole case, involving the obligations of the Burlingame treaty, the Civil Rights law, and the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was reargued. The final decision, was to the effect that the impertaon of the women was unconstitutional and illegal, and that they must be sent back to China by the ship that brought them. This is a test case, and has, therefore, great interest to Californians being on preventing the importation of foreign courtesans.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

Mr. Potter, of Amsterdam, N. Y., returned to his house after a short absence and was met by his little girl, who said she did not like to stay with her mother, because she looked so white. Mr. Potter, on entering the house, found the lifeless remains of his wife, who had expired from heart disease..... Basil Harrison, a nephew of President Harrison, died in Michigan recently, aged 104 years..... A community similar to that at Oneida, is to be established on Valsour's Island, Lake Champlain..... Garibaldi is described as living on his island with two male companions and an old female cook.... The members of the Austrian Polar Expedition, for whose fate grave fears were felt, have been heard from. They were shipwrecked, and took to sleighs, in which they succeeded, after a long journey, in reaching the Norwegian island of Wardoe. After abandoning their ship the party traveled for seven months in sledges, and two winters were passed on the ice. The highest point reached was in latitude 80 degrees. A large tract of land was discovered to the northward of Nova Zembla. The expedition arrived at Wardoe on a Russian boat. Only one death occurred during the entire voyage.....The official report of the French commission appointed to investigate the circumstances of the escape of Marshal Bazaine is made public. It implicates the jailers, and states that they were instigated by Col. Villette, Bazaine's Aid-de-Camp, to facilitate the prisoner's flight, but acquits the garrison of the fort of complicity in the affair.....Hon. George F. Hoar's reply to the earnest letter of a large number of his constituents in Massachusetts, asking him to withdraw his refusal to be again a candidate for Congress, is published. Mr. Hoar complies with their request, and will accept another renomination.....The town of Brazos Santiago, situated on the island of that name thirty miles distant from Brownsville, Texas, is entirely submerged. The houses, which were built of wood, all floating off. The inhabitants, who number about fifty souls, took to open boats.

A United States army officer is under arrest at Fort Sanders, Wyoming Territory, charged with cutting logs and timber on the Government reservation, hauling them out with Government teams, and selling them to the Union Pacific Railway Company, putting the whole proceeds in his pocket. It is said that he not only paid nothing for the lumber and the hauling thereof, but that the cutting was done by soldiers, to whom, during his command at the fort, an unusual number of passes and furloughs were issued.....Dojie Pierson, of Philadelphia, has decided that a transgressor of the Sunday law can be fined for each and every sale of cigars and merchandise during Sunday.....Nearly every vessel arriving at Baltimore recently from the West Indies has had yellow fever on board, and the experiences of some crews have been terrible..... Two thousand men have been sent to Cuba to re-enforce the Spanish troops on that island.

Two men named Robinson and Harris had an encounter in Hollister, California. Both men fired together. Harris's shot struck Robinson in the neck, cutting the jugular vein, and the blood gushed forth in a torrent. Robinson's first shot missed Harris. The latter threw his weapon at Robinson, and ran into a billiard room. Although mortally wounded, however, and with his life-blood gushing from the terrible hole in his neck, Robinson staggered after his assailant, whom he had now cornered in the billiard room. Steadying himself against one of the tables, he took deliberate aim and fired at Harris, who was facing him at the opposite side of the table, the ball taking effect and inflicting a wound which will prove fatal. Again the dying man raised his pistol and fired, the ball striking Harris in the hand and tearing off the thumb. He then dropped dead..... One hundred years ago the first Continental Congress assembled in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, to demand of Great Britain redress of the grievances the colonies endured. It was then that Patrick Henry made the declaration: "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

A dispatch from Fort Laramie says that Col. Palmer of the Second U. S. Cavalry, is to be tried by court martial for cutting timber on the Government reservations in large quantities, employing the labor of soldiers to whom, in consideration of such services, he granted passes and furloughs, and selling the timber to the Union Pacific Railroad for his personal profit..... The farmers of Oregon have taken steps to establish a shipping and warehouse company with a capital of $500,000 to facilitate the disposal of their surplus crops, and to save some of the profits which now go into the hands of operators and speculators..... Some pirates embarked as passengers on board the steamer Spark at Canton, for Macao. While on the voyage they murdered the captain, mate, and purser, and dangerously wounded the only European passenger and most of the crew. The pirates remained in possession of the vessel for six hours, and then escaped in a junk. The engineers brought the Spark into Macao. Gunboats have been sent in pursuit of the pirates.....The entire business portion of Russellville, Ky., was burned.....Charles Perkins, the ex-American Consul, on trial in Paris, for obtaining money on false pretences, has been adjudged guilty, sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 100 francs, and ordered to refund all moneys fraudulently obtained. His wife, who is a niece of Queen Isabella, was acquitted..... Judge Poland, of Vermont, publishes a letter withdrawing his name from the contest for Congress in the Second District.

The Massachusetts Democratic State Convention nominated William Gaston, of Boston, for Governor, and William M. Smith, of Springfield, for Lieutenant-Governor. The rest of the ticket is as follows: Secretary of State, Benjamin F. Wells, of Williamstown; Treasurer, Nathan Clark, of Lynn; Auditor, C. Osgood Morse, of Newburyport; Attorney-General, Waldo Colburn, of Dedham. Resolutions were adopted which declare devotion to the Constitution; demand equal rights for all races and colors; denounce Federal interference with elections; and condemn all lawless acts of violence against colored men and persons who have settled in the South; oppose sumptuary laws, especially the prohibitory law and its accessories; advocate a stringent license law; demand a vigorous reform in State affairs, and the abolition of rings, commissions, and State constables; favor fostering with care the interest of labor and of the industrial classes, and commend the candidates nominated to the suffrages of the people.....The new National Reform party of Michigan held a convention and nominated candidates for State offices. The platform adopted is as follows: First, Reduction of the number of officers and diminution of their powers under the national Government; Second, Reduction of salaries paid to such to the extent that no fund for political purposes can be raised by assessments on officeholders, and that no office shall be sought on account of emoluments; Third, Political opinion should be neither the reason for appointment to office nor the ground for removal therefrom, but frequent changes should be made to secure purity of administration; Fourth, Prohibition of recommendations to or solicitations for office by any Senator or Representative in Congress, and the election of all local Federal officers by the people; Fifth, Speedy return to hard money as the only honest standard of values; Sixth, All banking, State or national, should be made free; Seventh, An adherence to the principles adopted at Lansing on Aug. 6, 1874.....The New York Liberal Convention at Albany decided to make no nominations for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, but appointed a State Committee, and decided to wait until one week after the Convention of the Republican and Democratic parties. A platform was adopted condemning the administration; in favor of only two terms; and in favor of specie payment and free banking. .....The Hon. Milton Sayler was renominated for Congress by acclamation by the Democrats of the first Ohio District. In the Second District, Gen. H. Banning was renominated. Both are members of the present Congress.... The Republicans of the Augusta, Ga., district held a Congressional Convention, but adjourned without making a nomination. It is understood that Mr. Stephens, the Democratic nominee, is entirely satisfactory to the Republicans.....Dr. W. A. Burleigh, Democratic and Anti-Monopoly candidate for Congress in Dakota, has withdrawn from the contest, assigning as a reason the want of support of the Democracy and the uselessness of running without the united support of the Anti-Monopolists and the Democrats..... The Republican Convention of the Second West Virginia District made no nominations, but recommended the Hon. Waitman T. Willey, of Montgomery to the Republican voters of the district..... The Independents met in convention at Lincoln, Nebraska, and made the following nominations: J. W. Davis, of Douglas county, for Congressman, J. F. Gardener, of Richardson, for Governor, and Henry Weib, of Buffalo, for Secretary of State. The platform favors the resumption of specie payments as soon as possible and cheap transportation; opposes further land grants to railroads; favors a reduction of taxes and a tariff for revenue; is against the patent monopoly, and favors a uniform license law..... The Democratic State Convention of Arkansas effected an organization. Resolutions were adopted approving of the new Constitution recently framed, calling upon all order-loving citizens to favor it at the coming election, believing if enforced it will restore peace, harmony, and protection to all citizens, and pledging the unabated exertions of the Convention to secure its adoption. Gov. Baxter was renominated and E. H. English, the present incumbent, was nominated for Chief-Justice by acclamation.

Gov. Brown of Tennessee, says that the opinion of respectable persons in Trenton is that only five negroes of the sixteen taken from the jail were shot dead. One negro, now in jail, is getting well; the rest escaped. No traces of human bodies have been found, except of the five men above referred to. A new Grand Jury has been impanelled in Gibson county, and is busy endeavoring to find indictments against the lawless jail breakers and murderers. Gov. Brown declares his intention to leave nothing untried to ferret out all the outlaws concerned in the cowardly and bloody work..... The Carlists recently fired on a train of cars, believing that the Austrian and German ambassadors were on board. The driver and stoker of the train were killed..... Mr. Dixon was killed and Ace Elliot mortally wounded in Hickory county, Mo., by Daniel Noffziger and another man named Shannon. It seems that Shannon was attempting to move his property from the country, and an attachment against the property was placed in the hands of Dixon and Elliott. While they were executing it they were assaulted by Shannon and Noffziger with the above result. .....The Lincoln, South Renfrew, and London, Canada, contested election cases were decided, and the sitting members unseated for corrupt practices. New elections will be ordered.....The Convention of Western Manufacturers of Iron at Pittsburgh decided not to advance prices at present above the three per cent. card.....In January last James K. Moore and E. O. Williams stole from the Treasury Department at Washington $190,000 in drafts. Lately they have been discharged..... The Ville de Paris, of the French line, from Brest, suffered from a cyclone. As she steamed up New York bay she resembled a war vessel after action. The port side on deck was literally a wreck. The bridge was demolished, boats had been carried away, the captain's room swept overboard, and two immense iron davits were twisted as though a giant had bent them.....During the gale a sailor was lost overboard and a number of the officers and crew received injuries.

The Sun's Rays.

The most delicate slip of gold leaf, says Prof. Tyzdell, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath would set it in tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, and blesses the useful light. Yet a few of those rays insinuating themselves into a mass of iron, like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snows upon the hills or in fattening showers upon the plants. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and it desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful and so unpretentious a manner.

Cattle Disease in Pennsylvania.

The Reading *Times* mentioned recently the existence of a disease among cattle in Montgomery county, Penn., which results in certain death to all attacked. It now says that the same disease is prevailing in Bucks county, and appears to have attacked cattle in various neighborhoods, widely separated from each other, almost at the same time. The animal at first manifests a languid and stupid disposition, refusing to eat, and finally goes staggering about until death takes place, which occurs in from a few hours to about two days from the first attack. The nature and cause of the malady is something of a mystery, not only to the farmers and cattle-owners, but to the surgeons.

A farmer near South Bend, Ind., has over 200 swarms of bees, and sells nearly 2,000 pounds of honey per year.

No More Heroics.

The deadly vegetable alkaloids such as Mercury, Strychnine, and Prussic Acid cannot cure disease or produce any but the most disastrous results. Perhaps no event has occurred of late years which is so well calculated to disabuse the public mind of a belief in the efficacy of mineral poisons and bleeding as the discovery of Doctor Walker, of California, of certain medicinal herbs, whose healing principles he has extracted and combined in the form of VINEGAR BITTERS. The cures brought by it seem marvelous. Its action is mild and agreeable, but at the same time rapid and effectual, and being unimpeded by the presence of alcohol or fermented liquor of any description, is attended with results hitherto unachieved by any remedial agent. The cures of Bilious Complaints, Malarious Fever, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, and all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, attest the paramount excellence of this medicine, and justify us in recommending it.—*Com.*

Opium Habit Cured.

In making the assertion that "*the Opium Habit can be cured*" I do not ask or expect the public to rely upon my statement alone for I here present certificates from a few of the hundreds that have been cured by the use of my "PAINLESS OPIUM ANTIDOTE," and have made the cure of the Opium Habit; specialty since 1868, and think I thoroughly understand the disease. The Antidote stands on its own merits, and all I ask of those interested is to investigate and satisfy themselves on these points. I publish a quarterly magazine of 100 pages, devoted to the interest of Opium-Eaters. A copy of this magazine will be sent free to any address.

Read the Evidence.

TROY, N. Y., April 23, 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.:

DEAR SIR—When I first went to you for consultation and conference with reference to my case, and after a full statement of facts, you did not promise to cure me under twelve months, and with *that* information I went under your treatment, and I gave you an *exact* and *truthful* statement of my case, and commenced to take your medicine as directed. The result was you completed a *permanent* cure in a little over eight months time. Almost *five* months have now passed since I left off taking your medicine, and I *am* a well, happy, and prosperous man once again. Joy and gladness have come once more to our family circle and driven forever away that sadness and grief and deep sorrow that had settled there because of my illness and bondage to that great task and slave-master, *Morphine.* For eight long, weary, sorrowing years fed me day by day for all that time to satisfy the demands of *habit* entailed upon me by the doctors who attended me during my long illness in the summer and fall of 1864. Since the first Tuesday in October last I have been in court every day, here and there, with but one or two exceptions, and I have had full strength of mind and body to enable me to conduct the matters and business there demanded of me. But for your aid, your skill, and your medicine, I *never* could have done such work. I tell you, Doctor, I am well again; I *am* what I have written you I *am*. You have done for me *all* and more than I have ever written you. That awfully heavy weight or load of profound grief and apprehensive sorrow that had for so long a time settled upon the hearts of dearly loved ones in my own loved home, because *they* saw through morphine the surely and swiftly coming of the sleep of death during the long night of the grave, has been completely removed; and now, with light hearts and joyous, happy spirits, they move on and on through the hours of this life, *never* forgetting my great emancipation from the long and terrible bondage of that cruel but seductive poison—*morphine.*

MARCUS P. NORTON.

P. S.—When your treatment commenced, I weighed 184 pounds; now I weigh 220 pounds, in all 36 p