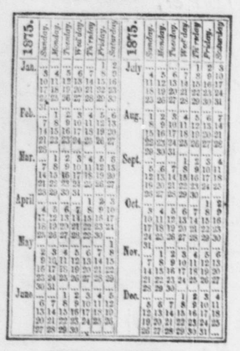
Calendar for 1875.



FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Notes.

After all the discussions, the pith of the matter about keeping fruit in winter may be boiled down to a very small atom; keep winter fruit at a uniform temperature, but slightly above the freezing point, and if that is attended to carefully, very little fear need be entertained about having fruit all winter long, provided it is not all eaten up early.

Lucky is he who owns a reclaimed swamp with the muck all thrown out in a heap, and mixed with lime, for this forms a stimulant to trees which cannot harm, and never fails to invigorate in a wonderful manner.

The Western Indians predict no grasshoppers for the next six years; and now somebody wants them to predict no Indians during the same time.

Here is a paragraph contributed by Eph. Beaumont, Hartland, Wis., "the bearings of which lie in the application of it:" "Eleven years ago I planted an evergreen purchased in Rochester, N. Y., and the following year I had a splendid crop of Canada thistles come up around it. I have dug them, hoed them, and salted them every year since. Five years ago the evergreen got discouraged and died; and yet last summer I had half a dozen sickly-looking Canada thistles come up." The only glimmer of hope in the whole business lurks in that compound word in the concluding line.

About Sick Animals.

Nearly all sick animals become so by improper feeding, in the first place. Nine cases out of ten the digestion is wrong. Charcoal is the most efficient and rapid corrective. It will cure in a majority of cases, if properly administered. An example of its use. The hired man came in with the intelligence that one of the finest cows was very sick, and a kind neighbor proposed the usual drugs and poisons. The owner being ill, and unable to examine the cow, concluded that the trouble came from overeating, and ordered a teacupful of pulverized charcoal given in water. It was mixed, placed in a junk bottle, the head held upward, and the water and charcoal poured downward. In five minutes improvement was visible, and in a few hours the animal was in the pasture quietly eating grass. Another instance of equal success occurred with a young heifer which had become badly bloated by eating green apples after a hard wind. The bloat was so severe that the sides were almost as hard as a barrel. The old remedy, saleratus, was tried for correcting the acidity. But the attempt to put it down always caused coughing, and it did little good. Half a teacupful of fresh powdered charcoal was given. In six hours all appearance of the bloat had gone, and the heifer was well.—*Live Stock Journal.*

To Roast a Goose.

Let the bird be about eight months old, and killed at least twenty-four hours before it is cooked. The fatter it is the better. Remove every pin feather, singe carefully, draw and take away everything not eatable from the neck and body. All the loose fat should be removed and tried out by itself. Take the neck, middle joint of the wings, liver, heart, and gizzard, and stew them together gently for several hours. They will make a nice pie. For the stuffing take two large onions chopped fine, a tablespoonful of pulverized sage, a teaspoonful of black pepper, and two teaspoonfuls of salt, adding a little crumbled bread. Goose is strong food, and requires strong dressing. When the body of the bird is stuffed, close the opening to keep the steam in and the fat out. Put butter or a slice of fat pork on the breast when the goose is put in the oven, but do not put any water in the dripping-pan. Bake two hours, basting every 20 or 30 minutes with the fat in the pan. When the goose is done remove from the pan, pour off the fat in the pan, put away, add to the brown gravy in the pan the gravy from the giblets, bring the whole to a boil and serve. Apple sauce and onion sauce are proper accompaniments to roast goose.

Delaware Biscuits.

A lady correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* thinks she has made a decided improvement in her biscuits and thus gives the benefit of her experience: "I take as much flour as I think will do and use my judgment with regard to the amount of lard. Some folks like more, some less. They are neither so light nor good when too greasy. I put salt to the taste and rub it all together, then add cold water slowly and as little as will possibly answer. I make the dough so very stiff that I can neither knead or beat it, with any comfort, until it is set away awhile—some twenty or thirty minutes, when it softens a little. I then beat it until it is very light, and make out the biscuits and bake in a quick oven, which had better be too hot than too cool. I cover up the dough, when I set it by to soften. They bake in fifteen or twenty minutes, if not too large, and when done they feel very light."

To Make Hard Soap.

The following is recipe for making hard soap which is excellent and economical: Nearly every family accumulates through the winter drippings from beef and mutton. These can be utilized for the grease by boiling in water, allowing it to cool, then removing from the water and boiling till all the water is expelled. Of course the whiter the grease the nicer the soap. Take six pounds of sal soda, six pounds of grease, three and a half pounds new stone lime, four gallons soft water, half a pound of borax. Put soda, lime and water into an iron boiler; boil till all is dissolved. When well settled pour off the clear lye, wash out the kettle and put in the lye, grease and borax; boil till it comes to soap, pour into a tub to cool, and when sufficiently hard cut into bars and put on boards to dry. This is very nice for washing white flannel and calico.

To Keep Potatoes.

A writer in the Mobile *Register* says: "I always put my potatoes up in slaked lime, sprinkling it thoroughly among and over them through the barrels. It takes no great deal of lime, but it prevents the potatoes from getting strong. Northern potatoes would soon get strong in our climate unless so treated, but lime and a dry room keep them good the year round."

Replanting an Orchard.

The planting of a young tree on the site of an old one is not advised unless the ground is thoroughly broken up, intermixed and manured. It is better, where the location, soil, etc., is available, to plant young trees on new sites, though it is not necessary. Some orchardists make it a rule to extend (and thus renew) their orchards annually by planting a few young trees adjoining (where practicable) the old orchard and on its outskirts. It is a good rule to plant annually as many trees as annually die from earlier plantings.

Smith and Jones were at the menagerie, and the conversation turned on Darwin's theory. "Look at that monkey," said Smith. "Think of its being an undeveloped human!" "Human!" said Jones, contemptuously. "It's no more human than I am."

HOW IT WAS FOUND.

The First Discovery of Gold in California.—An Interesting Sketch.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* gives the following interesting story of the first discovery of gold in California, as told him by Mrs. Wimmer, who has in her possession the identical piece which caused such a revolution in the history of the Pacific coast:

"We arrived here in November, 1846," said Mrs. Wimmer, "with a party of fourteen families, across the plains from Missouri. On arriving at Sutter's Fort, Sacramento, we found Fremont in need of more men. My husband enlisted before we had got the oxen unyoked, and left me and our seven children at the fort in the care of Commissary Curtain. We drew our rations like common soldiers for four months. Captain Sutter arranged a room for us in the fort. As soon as Mr. Wimmer returned from Santa Clara, where he had been stationed during the winter, he joined three others and went over the mountains to what is now called Donner Lake, to fetch over the effects of the Donner family, after that terrible winter of suffering that you have heard about.

"In June, 1847, they loaded all our household plunder for Battle Creek, up on the Sacramento, to put up a sawmill, but they changed their plans and went to Coloma. Captain Sutter and J. W. Marshall were equal partners and were the head of the expedition. After seven days of travel, blazing trees, we arrived at sundown a mile above the town. Next morning Mr. Wimmer went out to select a site for the mill, and I a site for the house. He was to oversee the Indians, be a handy man about and I was to be cook. We had from fifteen to twenty men employed. We soon had a log house—a good log house—and a log heap to cook by.

"They had been working on the mill-race, dam and mill about six months, when, one morning along the last days of December or the first week of January, 1847-48, after an absence of several days to the fort (that was our San Francisco in them days) Mr. Marshall took Mr. Wimmer and went down to see what had been done while he was away. The water was entirely shut off, and as they walked along, talking and examining the work, just ahead of them, on a little rough muddy rock, lay something looking bright, like gold. They both saw it, but Mr. Marshall was the first to stoop to pick it up, and, as he looked at it, doubted its being gold.

"Our little son Martin was along with them, and Mr. Marshall gave it to him to bring up to me. He came in a hurry and said: 'Here, mother, here's something Mr. Marshall and pa found, and they want you to put it into saleratus water to see if it will tarnish.' I said: 'This is gold, and I will throw it into my lye-kettle, which I have just tried with a feather, and if it is gold it will be gold when it comes out.' I finished off my soap that day and set it off to cool, and it staid there till next morning. At the breakfast table one of the workhands raised up his head from eating, and said: 'I heard something about gold being discovered, what about it?' Mr. Marshall told him to ask Jenny, and I told him that it it was in my soap-kettle. Mr. Marshall said it was there if it had not gone back to California.

"A plank was brought for me to lay my soap upon, and I cut it in chunks. At the bottom of the pot was a double-handful of potash, which I lifted in my two hands, and there was my gold as bright as it could be. Mr. Marshall still contended it was not gold, but whether he was afraid his men would leave him or he really thought so I don't know. Mr. Wimmer remarked that it looked like gold, weighed heavy and would do to make money out of. The men promised not to leave till the mill was finished. Not being sure it was gold, Mr. Wimmer urged Mr. Marshall to go to the fort and have it tested. He did so, and George McKinstry, an assayer, pronounced it gold. Captain Sutter came right up with Mr. Marshall, and called all the Indians together, and agreed with them to certain boundaries that they claimed, and on the right of discovery demanded thirty per cent. of all gold taken out. They, in payment, were to give the Indians a certain number of handkerchiefs, pocket looking-glasses, shirts, beads and other trinkets."

"Mrs. Wimmer, will you be kind enough to tell me how you came in possession of this piece of gold?"

"Yes; it was just this way: One day Mr. Marshall was packing up to go away. He had gathered together a good deal of dust on this 30 per cent. arrangement, and had it buried under the floor. In overhauling his traps, he said to me in the presence of Elisha Packwood, 'Jenny, I will give you this piece of gold. I always intended to have a ring made from it for my mother, but I will give it to you.' I took it and I have had it in my possession from that day to this."

"You have not the exact date of the discovery of the gold?" I asked.

"No, but it was somewhere about the holidays."

The piece of gold I must describe. Its value is between four and five dollars. It looks like (pardon the comparison) a piece of spruce gum just out of the mouth of a school-girl, except the color. It is rather flat, full of indentations, just as the teeth make in a piece of nice gum. There are one or two rough points on the edge, which, with a little stretch of the imagination, give the appearance of a man's head with a helmet on; then, turn it another way, and, as Mrs. Wimmer said, "it looks like some kind of a varmint or other." It can be easily identified by any one who has ever seen it before.

The Diphtheria.

Diphtheria appears under three varieties or forms. 1st. There is fever, severe pains in the back, bones and limbs, and very great prostration. There may be no soreness of the throat, but on examining it, small white specks will be noticed on the tonsils, but few or none on the rest of the throat. These cases will recover under any and every variety of treatment in four to six days. The great but false reputation of many remedies and physicians is based upon the necessarily favorable results of these cases. 2d. Large patches of false membrane will be observed both on the tonsils and back of the throat; but the glands of the neck do not become swollen. The majority of these cases will also recover under very simple treatment, unless the disease extends down to the wind-pipe, which it very rarely does. 3d. True malignant diphtheria, with swelling of the glands of the neck and under the jaw; profuse and often offensive exudations of the mouth and throat; more or less discharge from the nostrils. Chlorate of potash is a disinfectant as well as a curative remedy, and if given pure and dry upon the tongue, every hour, night and day, will rarely disappoint the practitioner. A small dose every night may act as a preventive remedy. Sometimes tannin may be given more readily than the chlorate of potash. The sulphate of iron is rather more irritant, and must be given in smaller quantities. The main points is the use of these remedies are to give them dry upon the tongue, and frequently and regularly, both by night and day.

They Were Indignant.

As a Council Bluffs (Iowa) woman was doing her washing, one of her children fell into a kettle of water. The mother seized the infant, whose heart-rending cries indicated the terrible nature of its injuries, and deposited it on a bed, while she ran to a neighbor's to get him to run for the doctor. Before the doctor arrived, all the neighbors had gathered, and among them had undressed the screaming infant—very carefully, so that the scalded skin should not peel off—and sprinkled it with flour. At length the doctor arrived, reaching the door at the same moment with the terror-stricken husband, whom also the messenger had found and bidden to "go home and prepare for the saddest news." The doctor made a careful examination of the infant, and promptly advised the mother to put a shirt or something on the child, so it might not freeze to death. The assembled neighbors, one after another, felt of the water in the kettle, found it icy cold, and quietly departed.

Gerrit Smith as a Business Man.

The business sagacity of the late Gerrit Smith was almost unerring. In 1828 he purchased a water-power at Oswego for $14,000, which for many years has yielded an income estimated at $60,000 a year. The *Sun* gives the following anecdote of his business integrity:

"Early in 1837 Mr. Smith's father died. By his will he left to Gerrit nearly all of his large property, much of it consisting of unproductive lands, and charged with heavy legacies to other heirs, and debts of considerable amount. Two or three months afterward the panic of 1837 occurred. The banks had suspended specie payments, and could afford Mr. Smith only feeble loans to meet pressing obligations. He was advised to make an assignment of his property for the benefit of his creditors, but declined until he had first conferred with John Jacob Astor, the old friend of his father, and who was well acquainted with the business affairs of both father and son. Smith wrote to Astor, and informed him of his situation, and said that if possible he would be glad if he could make him a loan, and take such security therefor as he had to offer. Mr. Astor invited him to come to the city and talk the matter over. He came, and dined with the great millionaire. Astor, of course, knew his errand, but during the protracted dinner seemed more inclined to tell anecdotes about his excursions thirty and forty years before with Peter Smith up the valley of the Mohawk than to listen to details about Gerrit Smith's present obligations, and the value of the property which he could put under mortgage. As they sat at the hospitable board, Mr. Astor would frequently break in with the enthusiastic exclamation: 'Why, Gerrit, how much you do look as your father used to when he and I went up the Mohawk among the Indians after furs!' At length they came down to business, and Mr. Astor asked Smith how much of a loan he wanted. He told him $250,000. 'Do you want it immediately, and all at once?' asked Astor. 'I do,' said Gerrit. Astor's countenance fell a little, but after a short pause he replied, 'Then you shall have it.' It was arranged that Smith should give Astor a mortgage on the Oswego water power, for which Smith had paid $14,000 about ten years before, for this loan of $250,000. Mr. Smith returned to Peterboro', and in three or four days received Mr. Astor's check by mail for $250,000. He made out the mortgage and sent it to Oswego to be recorded, with directions to send it to Mr. Astor as soon as it was inscribed on the records. Smith went on using the money, and supposed that all had gone right about the forwarding of the mortgage. After a delay of several weeks, judge of his surprise at receiving a letter from Mr. Astor, saying that he was afraid that his friend Smith had forgotten to make out that mortgage which they talked about when he was last in the city. Smith hastened to Oswego and found that, through some stupidity, the county clerk had forgotten to send the mortgage to Astor, although it had been duly and seasonably recorded. Of course, it was now sent forward, accompanied by an appropriate explanation. Thus, for several weeks, John Jacob Astor had nothing but Gerrit Smith's word for a loan of $250,000."

Negro Funerals.

What the negroes call a funeral sermon, says a Southern correspondent, is usually preached many weeks, sometimes months, after a man is dead. It is usual to announce these addresses a number of days in advance, and very often service is held for ten or a dozen dead brothers or sisters at the same time. This is the rule in the cities and towns of North Alabama, but in the country districts of the lower portion of the State, where churches and ordained preachers are not plenty, the dead are interred with a rude ceremony that is exceedingly impressive. While visiting a gentleman living on a remote plantation in Montgomery county, I witnessed a burial service of this kind. At a little before nightfall, all the negroes, men, women and children, on the plantation, assembled around the cabin of the dead man. He was a widower, and childless, and had died alone. When they were all gathered together, two old men, friends of the deceased, went into the hut, and carried out the rough pine coffin containing the body. They then placed themselves silently at the head of the negroes, who, in the meantime, had formed themselves into line, and then, with a slow and measured step, proceeded to an adjoining wood. When they arrived at the edge of the wood it was quite dark, and a number of pine torches were lit, and several men carrying them went in front of the procession. In this way they marched through the wood, singing a slow, mournful hymn, the refrain of which was:

"Yes, Massa, he's a comin',
Comin' fast to join the host."

After passing through the wood they came out upon a small clearing which was slightly elevated. Here a grave had been dug. The coffin was placed beside it and the torches thrown into a heap of dry pine wood which had been previously collected. As the fire blazed up the negroes gathered around the open grave and listened with rapt attention to an old man who, in a few simple words, prayed for the soul of their dead friend. Then the coffin was lowered into the shallow grave, and as the earth was thrown upon it the negroes, unable to control themselves longer, commenced walking around and around in "the holy dance." They sang as they went, and then as they became more and more excited, shouted and groaned like madmen. This continued until the grave was closed, and then after a short prayer, the hymn, "Yes, Massa, he's a comin'," was sung again, with a sort of wild pathos that was very thrilling. As the men and women stood around in this, the last act of the sad ceremony, the red light of the fire shone with a bright glow upon their bright, earnest faces, and behind the dark wood seemed almost to echo the refrain, "Comin' fast to join the host." The scene was, in every way, a solemn and impressive one.

Obeying Orders.

Will S. Hays, the song maker, tells this story in the Louisville *Courier-Journal:* In the barber shop of the Metropolitan Hotel, in New York city, he saw a tall, rough-looking man leaning against the wall. A dandy came in, took off his hat and coat, and coolly handed them to the stranger, whom he mistook for a barber. The stranger as coolly hung them on a peg, and, when the dandy said "Trim my hair," he pointed to a chair. The encircling of the neck with a towel, and the preliminary flourish of the shears, were barber-like, but when the dandy felt the hair being cropped close to the scalp, he leaped from the chair and ran to the mirror. "What have you done?" he shouted, in demonstrative wrath. "Well," replied the stranger, still cool, "you said cut it, and I wasn't going to refuse a small favor like that, nor make a half way job of it, neither."

HURTING IT.—A Harvard professor went down to one of the beaches on the New England coast to bathe one stormy day, but the men in charge refused to let him go in on account of the dangerous swell. On his way back he expressed his disappointment and indignation to the driver of the omnibus. "Well, I'll tell you how it is, said the driver: "we don't like to have strangers come down here and get drowned. It hurts the beach."

Next spring one hundred English swells are coming for a grand buffalo hunt on the Plains. The hunt is to be organized on a magnificent scale. Twenty scouts, headed by Buffalo Bill, will chaperon them, and in addition to a vast retinue of servants, cooks, grooms and valets, they will be accompanied by a brass band, which will discourse sweet music as they gather about their camp fire to partake of the evening meal of buffalo meat.

The following directions are given for detecting some counterfeit United States fifty cent notes now in circulation: On the counterfeit the lock of hair in the corner of Dexter's forehead touches the other hair at each end, while in the genuine it is a "*C*" shaped lock, and touches only at the lower end.

A Sad Drowning Calamity.

A drowning calamity almost as sad as that which happened at Freakness a week before, and by which five children fell through the ice and were drowned, while the mother looked on but could not help them, occurred at Browertown, N. J. The victims were three children, Katie, Ellen and John, aged respectively eight, seven and six, of a widow named Mrs. Eliza Vreeland, who had left them in charge of an old man named Thomas Moore while she went to the Paterson market. She also left a fourth one, four years old, the only one that he was able to take care of, and it also had a narrow escape from being with its brother and sisters when they came to their death. The house of the widow is separated from the Morris canal by a very narrow roadway. The children went out to amuse themselves on the ice despite the remonstrances of the old man. He did not believe, however, that there was much danger, as all the neighbors about had been crossing the canal that morning and even the previous evening, and several boys had been skating about the time the children went out; yet nobody saw the accident. It seems the old man had forgotten all about the children for nearly three hours, and when he intimated his fears to the neighbors the whole vicinity for nearly a mile around was carefully searched before ever suspecting the canal.

This probably arose from the fact that it was supposed to be so firmly frozen, the ice being about two inches in thickness. At length a man named Henry Lambert perceived a red shawl beneath the ice, and, by this indication, was convinced of the fate of the children. He broke up the ice at this place, and in spite of the freezing cold immediately undressed himself and plunged beneath the ice.

At a few feet from the opening he found at the bottom the two little girls firmly locked in each other's arms, nearly opposite their own dwelling. The body of the boy was found about fifty feet from the beach, further up the canal. Curiously enough it would seem that the boy had swam this distance under the ice. It does not appear that the current had anything to do with it, for the bodies of the girls were carried in the opposite direction. The mother returned from market just as the bodies of her children, whom she left in health a few hours previously, were being recovered from the bottom of the canal. Her grief was uncontrollable, and it was with some difficulty that she was restrained from plunging beneath the ice.

A reporter accompanied the coroner to the scene of the calamity. It would be difficult to imagine a more deplorable picture than that presented by the mother, the very personification of anguish and despair, standing over the dead bodies of her three children. Her grief seemed to produce temporary insanity, and she implored in the most pitiful tones one of the little girls to speak just one word to her. The child looked lovely in death, with her eyes half open and her lips gently parted. She appeared to be awakening from soft slumber in obedience to the imploring invocation of her broken-hearted mother.

Canadian Postal Arrangement.

The United States postal department has made arrangements with the Canadian department relative to postage on newspapers and letters between the two countries. Under the treaty letters and printed matter for any part of the Dominion will be sent under United States stamps and rates, and while letters will begin to be carried thus only from the first of February, the carriage of papers began with the first day of the new year, when the new rate of two cents per pound for printed matter went into effect in the United States. The assistant Postmaster-General of the Dominion came to Washington at the request of Mr. Jewell, and the postal treaty was negotiated there. It was laid before the Cabinet and at once approved and signed. It is estimated that under the new arrangement the United States government will lose not more than $20,000 per annum, while the convenience and business interests of the people will be greatly advanced. It is possible that a similar arrangement will be perfected with Mexico after a while, and the sea rate on letters to Cuba is also to be lowered. The Postmaster-General is also desirous to establish a weekly slow mail to England, under which a three cent postage stamp would carry a letter from any part of the United States to any part of Great Britain and Ireland. The double rate would still be called for on letters sent by fast steamers, but the single rate would be a saving and a convenience to thousands of the poorer people who have friends in the old country. Mr. Jewell, United States Postmaster-General, thinks he can get a slow mail carried for $40 per ton, and that this would enable him to arrange for three cent ocean postage.

Broken Promises.

Reader, never break your promises! And to this end, never make a promise that you are not sure you can fulfill. You may think it a trifling matter to make an appointment with a friend or agree to do a certain thing, and then fail "some time;" but it is assuredly not a small affair. If you get in the habit of neglecting to make good your promises, how long, do you think, will your friends and acquaintances retain confidence in you? The nearest and dearest of them will in time learn to doubt you, and will put but little faith in your words. And there is a way of half meeting one's obligations, which might be called "bending" a promise, which is also a very bad practice, and should be carefully avoided.

For instance, you agree to meet a person at a certain time; but, instead of being punctual, you put in an appearance several minutes, perhaps an hour, after time; or you promise to do something for a friend, and only partially perform the duty. You may not exactly have broken your promise, but you have certainly bent it, which is almost, if not quite, as bad. Keep your promises to the letter; be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.

Composting Manures.

A writer in the Massachusetts *Ploughman* says: "The subject of manures, their preparation and use, is ever new, and yet it has attracted more or less attention through the centuries. But there is no specific yet discovered for all crops on all soils, although there have been letters patent granted, for special cases. The point which perhaps comes the nearest to harmonizing all conflicting views is probably that of composting manures, for the compost manure may be made at any time and in any form, and in it may be collected few or many of available constituents of all manures; an element may be buried or spread—all values may be saved by the mixture of muck or soil, or any such thing as experience or hypotheses or theory may suggest. It is safe for any farmer to be a diligent composter. In order to success in the compost heap there must be much forking over it. To enable one to do this efficiently in the long winters a manure cellar is needed, and this well supplied with sods and soil and muck and 'odorous things' and leaves and refuse clay and sand and all else."

AN UNEASY TENANT.—Mrs. Samuel Ryder, of Olympia, Nevada, some time since swallowed a little lizard while drinking a glass of water in Missouri. She now suffers constantly from its unwelcome presence in her stomach. Should she eat anything not pleasing to his lizardship he kicks up a terrible row, turning her deathly sick. In order to reduce him to subjugation she is compelled to drink pain killer, which for the time being makes it very tropical, and willingly he subsides into a stupor, only to repeat the performance again when occasion requires. The medical faculty of the Willamette university will attend to the case.

Death from cutting a corn is a novelty in necrology. The instance was that of Mr. T. R. Green, of Athens, Ohio, whose death occurred from gangrene, superinduced by trimming a corn on his right foot. Amputation of the leg was resorted to without avail.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

John Murphy, who was hanged at Carson, Nevada, for the murder of J. R. McCallum, was a native of Scotland, and at one time traveled with John C. Heenan, giving sparring exhibitions.....Wharton Brothers & Co., iron manufacturers, filed their petition in bankruptcy. The aggregate of the liabilities of the firm is $219,531. The assets are stated at $393,547.....Thomas Pennell, Treasurer of Cumberland county, Me., was knocked down in his office and the safe robbed of between $8,000 and $10,000. One of the robbers first engaged his attention by asking to have a check cashed and immediately afterward knocked him senseless. With the aid of a confederate, the safe was plundered of its contents. Mr. Pennell's pockets were also rifled. The thieves escaped.....A terrific faction fight between the Dwyers and O'Brions at Perkin's Mills in Templeton, Canada, took place on Christmas day. There were seventeen of Dwyer's adherents to fifteen of O'Brien's. They fought until evening and every man had to be carried away. A priest tried to stop the fighting, but he was also beaten..... The superintendent of the New York State Asylum for the Insane says that Kate Stoddard, who killed Charles Goodrich in Brooklyn, is a hopeless lunatic.....John Johnson, the murderer of Andrew Johnson, was sentenced in Cleveland, Ohio, to be hanged on the 28th of April.....John Goodman was hanged in Ottawa, Putnam county, Ohio, for the murder of the Haywood family last April. The prisoner confessed the crime while on the scaffold.

Jeremiah Post, a farmer, of East Meadow, Long Island, went to New York with a load of hay. On his return he stopped in Hempstead and took several drinks. In the morning his wife, alarmed at his absence, went to the barn. There she saw the wagon overturned, and found Mr. Post under the wagon, his neck broken. The wagon was loaded with slabs, and had been upset by pile of stones..... Since the famine set in Asia Minor 50,000 persons have migrated from various parts of the country to the city of Adana, half of whom have since succumbed to disease. The strange climate, distress, and extreme rapaciousness of the tax-gatherers aggravate the mortality.....Mrs. Nolan wasfound dead in bed in Chicago with a knife wound in her side. Her two little children are too young to give any account of the mother's death. The husband said his wife died about nine o'clock. That he went for help, and afterward got drunk, and failed to return. He professes to know nothing about his wife's wounds..... Two men, Fuller and Clemens, at Fredericksburg, Mo., quarreled about whisky, and Clemens shot Fuller with a double-barreled shot gun, putting the contents of two barrels into him. Fuller, although nearly blown to pieces, stabbed Clemens, almost disemboweling him. Both men died.....Another case similar to the Guibord litigation is likely to arise out of the refusal of the Roman Catholic clergy to bury the remains of a late murderer at St. Marie, in consecrated ground. The remains are interred for the present in an unconsecrated portion of the cemetery.....The recent labor dispute in the Bestwoda slate quarries, South Wales, which lasted nearly three months, cost the workmen about $123,000, besides the loss in wages.....There are nearly 22,000 granges organized in the United States. Missouri, Iowa, and Tennessee are the banner States. The membership exceeds 1,300,000. It is claimed that the order now has over $17,000,000 invested in elevators, grain warehouses, flour mills, agricultural implements, cattle-feeding materials, and similar factories, banks, fire, and storm insurance companies....The Spanish army accepted Don Alfonso as King. The young man is a son of ex-Queen Isabella, and eighteen years of age.

A farm house and barn, with their contents, owned by John Swallow, in Dunstable, Mass., were burned. Mr. Swallow entered the burning barn and was burned to death.....Mary Lynn and Edward Mason were burned to death by the burning of Smith Lynn's house, near Blairsville, Pa., and Mr. Lynn, another of his daughters, and Clara Stewart were fatally injured by jumping from the windows.....The Souhegan National Bank of Milford, N. H., recovered most of the bonds and securities stolen from its vault on the 19th of October last. The property, amounting to about $112,000, was recovered through the president and officials of the bank, who say the bonds were recovered within five hundred miles of that place, and they claim that no compromise was made with the robbers. The people of Milford are jubilant.....The German Ambassador has informed the Duke Decazes that Germany is prepared to recognize Alfonzo as King of Spain. The king of the Belgians has sent his personal congratulations to Alfonzo.....James McCauley is supposed to have been burned to death during a fire at Port Jervis, N. Y.....County Treasurer Ehler, of Milwaukee, has been obliged to vacate his office, being a defaulter to the amount of $14,000.

Belgium has recognized Don Alfonzo, and it is announced that most if not all of the courts of Europe will do so as soon as his representatives are accredited.....The United States public debt statement shows an increase of $3,659,967.88 during the month of December; coin balance, $82,587,449.94; currency balance, $13,952,931.22; certificates of deposit, $41,200,000; coin certificates, $23,540,000..... A dispatch has been received from the Carlist headquarters denying any defection on the part of either officers or men, in consequence of the proclamation of Don Alfonzo, or in favor of the new king.....A company of United States cavalry has started from the Red Cloud agency to oust the miners from the Black Hills....While Charles Myers, of Salem county, N. J., was in jail, his wife was at work at a neighbor's, his two boys, aged nine and eleven years, amused themselves by building a fire in the shed adjoining the house. The flames speedily got beyond their control, burning down the building and an infant child that was in the cradle.....The governments of Switzerland, Australia, and Belgium have adopted stringent measures against the importation into those countries of American potatoes infected with the Colorado beetle.....Ex-priest Gerdeman, of Philadelphia, has been remanded for trial for the embezzlement of funds belonging to St. Bonifacius's Roman Catholic Church, after a hearing upon a *habeas corpus.*

A post-mortem examination was held over the body of Elizabeth McCarthy, who was found dead in a house in Jersey City, and it was ascertained that she froze to death, having no fuel or covering.....The Milwaukee Circuit Court has appointed Judge Voorhees, of Hackensack, and Henry L. White, of Jersey City, commissioners to take the testimony of Mrs. D'Auffray, better known as the escaped nun. Her evidence is to be used in a suit pending before that court, for the purpose of exposing the internal arrangements of convents and nunneries.....The debt of the city of Brooklyn, including all her obligations of whatever character, amounts to the sum of $35,648,621.52, an increase in the past year of $525,115.82.....The debt of the city of New York is about $140,000,000.....The evidence in the Vicksburg case shows that seventy-six negroes and two white men were killed in the attack upon the city.....Sir Henry Elliot, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, has lodged a complaint with the Porte protesting against the increasing slave trade which is being carried on in various parts of the Ottoman Empire in Africa.....One of the boilers at the Franconia Iron Company's mill, at Wareham, Mass., burst with a frightful explosion, demolishing the west end of the immense building and shattering the entire structure more or less. Out of eighteen men in the building, Edward Cafery was fatally and four others slightly injured.

The father of Don Carlos has given his adhesion to King Alfonzo. Other supporters of the Bourbon Pretender are expected to follow his example, thus compelling Don Carlos to lay down his arms and recognize the new *regime* or retire to exile.....Upon the assembling of the Louisiana Legislature an intense excitement existed. Both men claiming to be Governor of the State issued proclamations to the people. The Conservatives elected Wiltz for Speaker, the other party declining to vote. Shortly after United States troops entered the State house and unseated the newly-elected Speaker and five other members. General Sheridan is in command at New Orleans, and telegraphed to Washington as follows: I have to announce to you the existence in this State of a spirit of defiance to all lawful authority and an insecurity of life which is hardly realized by the general government of the country at large. The lives of citizens have become so jeopardized that unless something is done to give protection to the people all security usually afforded by law will be overridden. Defiance to the laws and the murder of individuals seems to be looked upon by the community here from a standpoint which gives impunity to all who choose to indulge in either, and the civil government appears powerless to punish or even arrest.

M. D. McCormick, road supervisor of the Kansas Pacific railroad, and also Mayor of Brookville, has been arrested and committed at Ellsworth, Kansas, charged with embezzling large sums of money from the Kansas Pacific railroad during the years 1868, '69, and '70.....The residence of Milo Ruggles, at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, was burned, and his mother, sister, and sister's child were burned to death. Mr. Ruggles jumped from a window and was fatally injured.....Rachel Coward was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in New Brunswick, N. J., for killing Charles Ten Broeck.....Joseph Shields, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was killed at Princeton Junction.....A large fire in Orangeburg, S. C., destroyed most of the business portion of the town. The loss is about $200,000, with but little insurance. The Meroney Hotel, the Orangeburg *News* building, and all the stores on Russell street were destroyed.....The ex-King of the Two Sicilies has visited Alfonzo, and assured him that the Counts Caserta and Bari will withdraw from the Carlist cause.....James Jeffries, a member of the Louisiana Legislature, has filed a suit in the United States Circuit Court against Generals Sheridan, Emory, and De Trobriand, for $100,000 damages for ejecting him from his seat in the House of Representatives. A similar suit was also filed by George D. Kelly, who was also ejected.....The United States ship Pensacola has been detailed to carry King Kalakaua to his home.....At Rotherham, England, an explosion of fire-damp took place in a coal mine, killing eight persons.

The Coming Wife.

She's a little bit of a woman, all patience and sunshine, and I'd spoil the best silk hat that money could buy for the privilege of lending her my umbrella in a rain storm,

She's married and she's got an old rhinoceros of a husband. He makes it a practice to come home tight at eleven o'clock every other night, and has for years, and he can't remember that she ever gave him a cross word about it. When he falls into the hall she is waiting to close the door and help him back to the sitting room, where a good fire awaits him. She draws off his boots, unbuttons his collar, helps him off with his coat, and all the time she is saying:

"Poor Henry! how sorry I am that you had this attack of vertigo! I'm afraid that you will be found dead by the roadside some night."

"Whazzer mean by verzhigo!" he growls; but she helps him off with his vest and pleasantly continues:

"I'm so glad you got home all right. I hope the day will come when you can pass more of your time at home. It is dreadful how your business drives you!"

"Whaz bizshness—whaz yer talking 'bout!" he replies.

"Poor one—how hot your head is!" she continues, and presently he breaks down and weeps, and exclaims:

"Yez, zur—zic's a 'orse—wearing zelf out fhast's can—wishzi was dead!"

Next morning she never refers to the subject, but pleasantly inquires how he slept, and if his mind is clear. His boots may be missing, and he yells out:

"Whar 'n thunder's my boots!"

"Right here, my dear!" she replies, and she sends them out all nicely blacked up.

If she wants a dress, or a hat or a cloak, he yells out that the household expenses are eating him up. She never "sasses" him back or tells him that she could have married a Congressman, nor declares that she will write to her mother and tell her just how it is.

"That's so, my dear, times are hard," she says, and she gets up just as good a dinner as if he had left her $50.

He may come home tight at supper time but she is not shocked. She replies that it is an unexpected pleasure to have him home so early and she pretends not to notice his stupid look. He sees three chairs where there is but one and in trying to sit down he strikes the floor like a derrick.

"Whazzer jaw zhat chair 'way for?" he yells, and she replies:

"It's that hole in the carpet—I knew you would stumble!" and she helps him up and brings him a strong cup of tea.

They do not keep a servant, and when cold weather came she never thought of planking herself down in a chair opposite him and saying:

"Now, then you'll either get up and light the fires or there won't be any lighted—mark that, old baldhead!"

No, she didn't resort to any such base and tyrannical measures. When daylight comes she slips out of bed, makes two fires, warms his socks, and then bending over him, she whispers:

"Arise, darling, and greet the festive morn!"

He's sick sometimes, and I've known that woman to coax him for two straight hours to take the doctor's medicine, turn over his pillow twenty-two times, keep a wet cloth on his head, pare his corn down and then wish she had a quail to make him some soup. When he gets into a fight down town and comes home with his ears bitten up and his nose pointing to the northeast, she inquires how the horse happened to run away with him, and she says she is so thankful that he wasn't killed. She has an excuse for anything, and she never admits that any one but herself is to blame about anything. Lor' bless her—I hope she'll slip into Heaven and never be asked a question.

Somewhat Romantic.

A recent number of a Portland (Oregon) paper tells a pleasant little story to the following effect: A young lady well known in that city has just started to join her parents, whom she has no recollection of ever having seen. Her name is Emma Frankle, and her parents live in Florence, Italy. At the age of between three and four she was given to a family named Stokes, who promised to educate and otherwise provide for her. It seems that she was trained for circus performances, and traveled with circus troupes until she was eighteen years old, when she abandoned the business, made her home in Portland, and having learned to set type, supported herself by that work during the past four years, taking good care of herself, and winning many friends. Meanwhile she had caused inquiries for her parents to be made in Florence, these only recently proving successful, the parents having also been for some years advertising for their lost daughter. Money was sent to the daughter from Florence with which to defray her expenses home, and by this time she has probably been reunited to those who long ago parted from her, hoping it would prove to her advantage.

A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.—In China it is a regular business to buy up girls for the San Francisco market, just as in this country agents go about and buy up cotton and hogs. So thoroughly is the business established that a regular price current is published in San Francisco, giving Chinese details of the State of the market, and the prices at which it will be safe to buy. The girls are sent to San Francisco brothels.

Opinions of the Press.

The *Texas New Yorker* says: "An old Scotch physician once said to one of his patients: 'Keep your feet warm, your head cool, and your bowels open, an' there's little "ilse" can harm ye.' This aphorism is full of wisdom, and expresses exactly what Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters will do for you. We speak of what we know from nearly two years, practical experience in the use of this indispensable family medicine. Its office is to attack a lazy, torpid liver, and impart new life to this vital organ—a proper flow of bile and a prompt discharge of effete matter. A good digestion and appetite are restored to the sufferer. Pure blood, the 'life of the flesh,' is secured, and the patient soon feels himself a walking electrical battery. Good health is more precious than fine gold—Vinegar Bitters restores it, and is, therefore,