FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints.

SHORT PASTE FOR FRUIT TARTS.—Put a pound of flour upon your pastry slab, with six ounces of butter, and rub them well together with your hands, then make a hole in the center, in which put two ounces of powdered sugar, two whole eggs, and rather more than a wineglassful of water; mix the eggs, sugar and water well together, then draw in the flour and butter, shaking the whole well together lightly with the hands.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Two quarts of good beef or veal stock, four onions, two or three turnips, some sweet herbs, and the white parts of a hundred young asparagus—if old, half the quantity—and let them simmer till fit to be rubbed through a tammy; strain and season it; have ready the green tops of the asparagus, and add them to the soup.

RICE PUDDING WITH FRUIT.—In a pint of new milk put two large spoonfuls of rice, well washed; then add two apples, pared and quartered, or a few currants or raisins. Simmer slowly till the rice is very soft, then add one egg beaten, to bind it; serve with cream and sugar.

TO BOIL NEW POTATOES.—Rub off the skins, and lay the potatoes in cold water for an hour or two, then put them into an iron saucepan, and cover them with water; put on the lid, and let them boil for half an hour. Try one; if not quite done, cover them for a few minutes longer. Drain the water off; let them stand a minute or two over the fire to dry, then serve.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice stone, and one part of finely powdered chalk; sift through a fine sieve and mix it with water, then rub it well all over the marble and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

The Capabilities of an Acre of Ground.

J. M. Smith, a market gardener at Green Bay, Wis., furnishes some interesting statements of his experiments in high culture. He has found the rule invariable, not a single exception to it, that the more he has spent cultivating and manuring the greater have been the net profits per acre. Last season he cultivated fourteen acres, and began with a more thorough and expensive cultivation than ever before. The result was that, although there was a "terrific drought," one of the dryest seasons ever known in that region, after spending $3,986, or $384 per acre, he had a better balance than for any previous year.

He appears to regard constant cultivation, especially through droughts, in connection with copious manuring, as all-important. Stable manure is the standard, with such use of superphosphates, plaster, lime, ashes and other manures as experience and good sense point out. "After you have learned how to spend money to the best advantage," he remarks, "a larger profit may be made by laying out $300 per acre than with loss. After the second year if your land does not pay all its expenses, taxes and ten per cent. on $1,000 per acre, there is something wrong somewhere. I have some acres of land that did not pay expenses for two years, but for a number of years past have not failed to pay ten per cent. on at least $2,000 per acre. I expect my whole garden to do more than that in a short time."

He adds that he is now aiming at 1,000 bushels of onions per acre, then a crop of carrots or turnips, or 500 bushels of early potatoes; or, if strawberries, 12,800 quarts, or 400 bushels per acre.

Earth as a Deodorizer.

Slops from the kitchen can be run upon a heap of dirt, which may be occasionally shoveled over and changed after it has absorbed a good deal of filth. It is then well worth removing to use as a fertilizer. It is better than running underground into a pit, where the odors generally find some way of escape, often into the kitchen, on account of some defect or stoppage of the pipes. The use of dry earth is vastly better than to wash the filth into a sewer, thence into a river, to contaminate the air and water. A little mouse, a dead frog or squirrel, or a few dead worms will spoil the water of a well so every one will smell it and refuse to drink it. The same subjects are completely deodorized by a small shovelful of dry earth.

How to Rake Hay.

There are many more tons of hay lost annually than farmers are aware of from raking it the wrong way. When cut with a machine the grass falls back and if you rake it in the same direction that you cut you will get all the grass, as it all lays back with the tops over the butts shingle fashion. But if you rake in the opposite direction it shingles the wrong way and instead of the grass back gathering that in front, it slides over and loses constantly. But few farmers ever think of so small a matter, but the millions of grass spears lost by raking the wrong way make hundreds of tons.

Copperas and Lime for Potato Bugs.

B. F. Phillips, of Ashtabula county, Ohio, gives the following as his plan for destroying the potato bug: Take equal parts of copperas and slacked lime. I used five pounds of each to twenty gallons of water, and put it on with a whitewash brush. One hand can dop an acre or more in a day. I reduced a small quantity about one-half, and it had the same effect; and so far from injuring it seemed to improve the vines. My field of potatoes were literally alive with the bugs; I gave the potatoes one doping, and next day not a live bug could be found in the field.

Food for Calves.

Several substitutes may be used in the place of new milk in raising calves. In butter dairying, skim milk will answer every purpose. When the calf is a week old, begin to substitute skim for new milk, giving it warm, and in two weeks more the entire feed may be skim milk. Where milk is sold or made into cheese, when the calf has been fed a week on new milk a gradual change may be made by adding a mucilage made by steeping oil meal in hot water and mixing with the new milk—a spoonful of oil meal for the first few days, and increasing by a spoonful at a time until a half pint is reached in four weeks, when the milk, having been gradually reduced, can be dispensed with. A little scalded meal or flour can be also gradually introduced with the oil meal, making a gruel of the mess. Hay tea is also successfully used by many as a good substitute for milk. The hay must be fresh and green.—*Tribune.*

Hints on Poultry Keeping.

In keeping fowls healthy we have found nothing equal to onions chopped fine, and thoroughly mixed with meal, or meal and millfeed. They eat it readily. In the incipient stages of most of their common diseases, including cholera, we have always found this an effectual remedy. As sulphur enters largely into the formation of the feathers, it should be frequently fed to them. In winter, or when kept confined, hens to lay well must have meal often, and pounded bones, the fresher the better, or oyster shells. If fed with these plentifully, with such variety of grain as they like best, and well housed and watered, they will lay nearly as well in winter as in summer, and will seldom if ever eat their own eggs.

America at the Exhibition.

In referring to the Centennial exhibition the New York *Tribune* sagaciously says: No doubt there will be American exhibitors of all kinds in plenty, but the danger is that they will leave the work to be done until the eleventh hour, precisely as they did in Paris and Vienna, and that whatever commendation their skill might command will be dampened by the too evident display of the national lack of system and headlong habit of hurry and incompleteness. The buildings promise to be all that is required. The commissioners are zealous and trustworthy. Now it is time for our manufacturers and craftsmen to do their part with order and dispatch.

Fishermen should always take a lunch along with them, for they may not be able to get a bite during the day.

The Care of Children.

At a meeting of the medical board of the Eastern Dispensary, one of the largest institutions of the kind in the city of New York, Dr. Fuller-Walker, the attending children's physician to the dispensary, read a paper on enterocolitis, or the inflammation of the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, some portions of which are condensed and given below:

Of the two hundred cases which last year occurred between April 1 and December 31, nine-tenths were in children between the ages of seven months and two and half years, or at that period in life when dentition is in progress, and the mother begins to feed the infant other food than is offered by the breast. With the majority of mothers the notion prevails that teething causes bowel complaints, and if a disturbance of the alimentary canal manifests itself coincidentally with the appearance of teeth in the child's mouth, the mother imagines that she discovers cause and effect at once. Severe dentition, where the gums are greatly swollen and the mouth inflamed, may cause a slight disturbance of the digestive apparatus, leading in the end to a gentle diarrhea; but my experience confirms the views held by Dr. J. Lewis Smith, that the doctrine that dentition is the cause of a large proportion of infantile diseases is erroneous. Undoubtedly the gravest error committed by parents is in the matter of giving food to their children. I find it to be almost always the fact that a child suffering from inflammation of the bowels has been fed with corn starch, coffee and tea, sour or poor milk, bits of bread, meat, cake, and a bit of everything there is going about the house. Not more than ten cases out of the two hundred occurred in infants below the age of six months, and not more than twenty-five in children over three years of age. These facts show that bowel complaints commence in children from the time those having them in charge begin to stuff them with a great variety of food, much of which is totally unsuited to their little stomachs and their tender bowels. Recognizing the fact that errors in diet are the chief cause of bowel complaints, I always endeavor to regulate these matters, and, as a rule, insist that all forms of solid food shall be withheld from infants; only warm, pure milk being given. This is bland, soothing, nutritious, and will be received by the stomach and bowels, if any form of food can be taken. It should never be kept in an ice box with meat and vegetables. Where it is difficult to get pure, fresh milk, Borden's condensed milk, properly reduced, is recommended; and it is sometimes a good plan to mix the milk with barley water. The milk treatment I have found to be very successful. Light is as essential to human as to vegetable life, and growing children need it far more than adults. Errors in clothing are almost as bad in their effect as errors of diet; especially in a climate so changeable as the American. Soft flannel shirts should be worn during both summer and winter. The dress should never form a ligature about any portion of the body, since it interrupts circulation and promotes congestion. If the physician can properly control the hygienic conditions surrounding a child, he will find that in most cases very little medicine of any sort need be given.

A Wrestling Match.

Olive Harper, in the St. Louis *Globe*, gives an account of a wrestling match in Albania: The men were stripped entirely naked. Their bodies were rubbed with oil, and they entered the lists. Two stepped out and they were soon locked in an embrace that seemed most loving, but for the twistings and contortions and fierce looks of the wrestlers. The force, the strength, the magnificent structure of form, the great, straining muscles and the lithe, sinuous twistings of the body was something to remember forever. I watched, breathless, with every nerve tense, admiring the beauty and strength of the men, when one gave way a little and the other threw him heavily on the ground, where he lay for a moment apparently dead. My sympathies had, like those of any other woman, been with the handsomer of the two, but now I was all for the one who lay helpless; but sympathy he did not need, for in five minutes he was ready again, and the strainings and bendings commenced anew, and in a short time the other lay upon the grass, and he stood triumphant. The third trial was to be definite, and the struggle was fiercer and lasted longer than either of the others. Then the strong muscles stood out on the broad backs; then the white legs were pillars of iron; then the grand chests heaved with the deep breathings of these two strong wrestlers—gladiators of living marble, with necks like the "tower of Lebanon." Not a sound from the multitude to break the silence; all were as breathlessly anxious as I, watching the two splendid athletes. When the one who had fallen the first took the other, somehow, around the waist and bent over him and bore him to the ground, then the shouts that arose made the very mountains tremble.

A Serious Religious Outbreak.

The Herzegovinian insurrection is assuming threatening proportions. On account of the nearness of the province of Herzegovina to Austria, that empire is supposed to have a deep interest in the welfare of the people, especially as Christians form a considerable element in the population. The insurrection began with troubles between the Moslems and Christians; it has gradually drifted into a rebellion against Turkish domination. Servia, a semi-independent State, sympathizes with the Herzegovinians, and the Servians are aiding the insurrectionists by subscriptions. Prince Milan, the reigning sovereign of Servia, is making a pilgrimage to Vienna for the purpose, it is said, of ascertaining what position Austria proposes to occupy in this latest complication. Austria, at the first outbreak, hastily dispatched troops to the frontier, but has preserved a strict neutrality. Servia is interested to know if this attitude is to be preserved, or if Austria will interfere in the interests of peace in case the insurrection shall long continue. Meantime, Servia, which has been under the rule of native princes, but nominally subjects to Turkey, since 1815, may drift into the current and become actually independent.

In a Detroit Police Court.

"Erastus Washburne Harrison, the police say that you are a drone-bee in the great hive of industry," said the court to the next prisoner.

"I can prove my character," replied Erastus, settling back on his dignity.

"I don't want any proof—proof sticks out all over you. See the whitewash on your back! Gaze at that head of hair, which hasn't been ambled over with a comb since you can remember! Behold that soiled shirt—those old clothes—your general dilapidated look. It's no crime to be poor, Mr. Harrison, but it's meaner than pizen for a poor man to be lazy!"

"I haint lazy," replied the prisoner.

"Ah! Erastus, don't talk to me! I see no ambition in your eye—no resolution in your face—no dust around in your actions. You wouldn't crack a cocoanut for the sake of the milk and meat. Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

"I haven't got any aunt," said Mr. Harrison.

"Well, you've got to ante out of this, my humble friend. I'm going to make it sixty days."

Erastus marched back with stern and deliberate step.

Human Nature.

A Detroit commercial traveler walked down the aisle of a passenger coach the other day, having on an outlandish linen duster and an old straw hat, and seven women, who had seats by themselves, piled their baggage on the spare half and looked out of the windows to avoid seeing him. While he was sitting on the woodbox and chewing the bitter end of reflection a man with a brass watch chain and a three dollar set of glass diamonds entered the car, and six of the women lifted their satchels down and moved close up to the side of the car. Such things are not right, but they always will be.

The Story of a Wreck.

There were one hundred and three women on board the ill-fated Schiller, and of all this number only one was saved. She tells the story of the wreck as follows: We were in the cabin at the time. As we started to go up the stairway I felt a sudden shock, and in an instant I appreciated the terrible fact that the vessel had struck. I was almost wild with terror, but my husband hurried me up the stairway only to find that our worst fears were realized. All was confusion, but our personal safety was the first thing to be thought of; so I jumped into a lifeboat which was hanging at the side of the ship, swung from the davits. There was something the matter with the gear, however, and we were compelled to get out again, and were put into another of the boats. They were full of water, and the people who had jumped or got into them the best way they could were crushing and even trampling on each other. I had been severely bruised from my leap into the first boat, and was still more seriously injured while in the second. As I told you, the boats were full of water, and the second one which we got into had a great deal of trouble in getting away from the side of the ship.

It seemed doomed not to escape the fury of the storm, for we were tossed about in the darkness for nearly two hours, the boat all the time being in a sinking condition. Finally we fell in with another boat, which took our party. For ten hours more our fate hung in the balance. So for twelve hours, bruised, faint and terror-stricken, I sat huddled up in an open boat. If I were asked which was the sweetest moment of my life I should say it was when my feet touched the shore of the island when we landed. I want to say that the treatment we received on landing was of the kindest and most hospitable character, even more so than our reception at Plymouth. One thing I forgot to mention. I am the only lady survivor of the Schiller, but in the second boat which we got into there was another lady lying in the bottom of it, but she was dead when we landed. In the crush and horror of the scene she was trampled upon; but whether she died from fright, or terror, or exhaustion, I am unable to say.

A reporter subsequently learned from the husband of Mrs. Joens that after they had partially recovered from the effects of the terrible ordeal through which they had passed they went to their native town in Schleswig, where they spent upward of seven weeks in recuperating their strength. Naturally enough his wife had a strong reluctance to again crossing the ocean, and it was only after the most earnest persuasion that she could be induced to undertake the voyage. All of their material interests were in Davenport, Iowa. They were possessed of considerable property near there in real estate, and so, finally, his wife was prevailed upon to cross the ocean again. All the way over, however, she was in constant dread and did not sleep an hour during any night. Mrs. Joens is a ruddy, pleasant looking lady, apparently about thirty-five years of age. While she told her story, it was evidently more with a desire to oblige than from any wish to dwell upon a subject which must be replete with painful recollections.

The Late I. M. Singer.

In the death of Isaac M. Singer, announced from London, says the Toledo (Ohio) *Commercial*, a strange life closed. The deceased had a checkered history. Of his early life we know little beyond the fact that he was a young man of bright talents and mental promise, with a special tendency to development in mechanic arts. When about thirty six years of age (in 1846), under the name of I. S. Merritt (substituting his middle for his last name), he appeared in Ohio as the proprietor of a "Great Moral Drama," designed to illustrate the vice of drunkenness, and enforce the principles of total abstinence. The success of the enterprise seems not to have met his expectations, for in a short time he found himself at Fredericksburg, Wayne county, bankrupt, and compelled to suspend operations and sell out his concern. Thus situated, he set about looking for other business. Having some knowledge of wood type manufacture, he soon found in Mr. Day (afterward well known to the printers of Ohio) a partner for the prosecution of that business in Fredericksburg, under the firm name of Day & Merritt. A limited establishment was improvised, with tools and machinery driven by horse power. The next spring Mr. "Merritt" started out with a one-horse wagon loaded with types, which he sold chiefly to country printers in Northern Ohio. Encouraged by the results of this trip, the firm went on and manufactured so liberally that the next spring Mr. "Merritt" set out with a double team and a larger load. The results of that trip were not known for many years, for the peddling partner failed to return to make report, having decamped with load, team, and the avails of the trip. The type business was continued for many years at Fredericksburg, and subsequently at Cincinnati by Mr. Day and a brother, but "Merritt" "returned no more." Subsequently, as already indicated, he turned up under his proper name, Isaac M. Singer, the sewing machine patentee, in which character he has long been known to the world. To what extent he was the real inventor of the machine bearing his name is disputed, it having been alleged that it was chiefly the work of other brains; but he became the patentee, and as such secured an enormous income, which for many years past has contributed liberally to the gratification of his tastes and desires, most of his time of late being spent in Europe. His life was a success in respect to pecuniary gain and notoriety; but in other respects, which most men regard as higher attainments of human ambition, he was not much known, and his record can hardly be held up for the emulation of young men.

The Tobacco Crop.

The July returns to the department of agriculture show that the acreage of tobacco is greater than that of last year, the increase being in the great tobacco-producing States. Maryland has increased her area four per cent.; Virginia, thirty; North Carolina, thirty-three; South Carolina, seven; Florida, twenty-three; Mississippi, sixteen; Arkansas, ten; Tennessee, two hundred and three; Kentucky, two hundred and twenty-three; Ohio, twenty-five; Indiana, forty-nine; Illinois, fifty-six; Missouri, sixty. New York, Pennsylvania and Texas report the same area as last year. New Hampshire has reduced her small acreage thirty per cent.; Massachusetts, twenty-five; Connecticut, two; Georgia, fifty; Alabama, ten; Louisiana, seven; Wisconsin, seventeen; Kansas, eleven. The condition of the crop is most satisfactory in the larger tobacco States, and is two per cent. above an average on the whole. Kentucky, which produces two-fifths of our whole crop, is thirty-four per cent. above the average. The other large producing States are either very near a full average or above. The remarkably depressed condition is noted only in the smaller producing States.

City Criminal Life.

An illustration of the way they do things at the Tombs in New York city is from the *World*: "Say, Eugene," said an officer at the Tombs to a clerk, "how many prisoners have I got on the sheet?" "Officer Smithkins, of the Twenty-ninth—nine," was the answer. "Well," replied the officer, "I've got my accounts sorter mixed; I know I run in ten, but I can only find eight in the cage." "Well, what are you going to do about it?" suavely asked the clerk. "Blest if I know. Say, Blenkinship, how many prisoners have you got?" (This to another officer). "O, I've only got seven, but our precinct 'll be called last." "Well, lend me a she one till after I get my cases done, and I'll go out on Center street and run one in to return to you." "Keeeect. What sort of a one'll you have?" "I want a vagrant of about sixty, Irish, that was very drunk and abusive, and took four officers to run in." "Then I've just got your fit. Here, you, Mary Fitzgibbons, there," and he loosened an inmate of the bull pen. "Thanks; I'll do as much for you another time."

A KENTUCKY ROMANCE.

How Three Young Girls Were Captured and Rescued Ninety-Nine Years Ago.

It was Sunday, July 14, 1776—ninety-nine years ago—and the rudely constructed fort at Boonsboro lay in drowsy stillness on the bank of the Kentucky river. Daniel Boone and his friend and associate, Richard Callaway, had been absent since early in the morning; and the good wives, sharers in the toil of the early pioneer days, were enjoying the rest that the Sabbath brought even to the unbroken wilderness. In the grateful shade of a tree in one corner of the inclosure, sat three young girls, giving an unwonted charm to the rough evidences of civilization which had but recently forced themselves upon the primitive harmony of the surrounding scenery.

The eldest of these maidens was Elizabeth Callaway. The experiences of life rather than the observance of nature seem to have given turn to the thoughts and tastes of the early settlers, so, while the euphonious name of Bessie might have harmonized well with the murmuring river and the soft and languid aspect of nature in her summer garb, the hard, everyday life of the adventurous dwellers in the dark and bloody ground seemed to comport best with the harsher name of Betsy. So Elizabeth was known simply as Betsy Callaway—not a name suggestive of romance, yet she was withal a gentle and a loving girl, and had maiden fancies that gave the deep color of romance to one of the incidents of her life in the wilderness. She was just turned of sixteen. The other girls, younger by two years, were Fanny Callaway, fairer than her sister Betsy, and Jemima Boone. Though but fourteen years counted the lives of the two girls each had a lover who was a hardy pioneer. As evening drew near, one of the girls proposed that they should go a short distance below the fort to where a canoe was lying, and drift out upon the river to catch the rising coolness of the evening.

Hardly were they seated and prepared to push from the shore, when they detected a slight rustle in the brush, and in a moment more five stalwart and hideously painted Indians leaped to the side of the canoe. What girl of sixteen could be equal to such an emergency? Betsy Callaway, without a moment's hesitation, determined to defend the honor and the lives of herself and her young companions, and wrote her name in the annals of Kentucky. Standing erect in the canoe, she seized the paddle, and at a single blow laid open to the bone the head of the foremost savage. The other Indians pressed on, but, still undaunted, the brave girl fought them. Finally exhausted, she sank to the bottom of the canoe, and with her trembling sister and friend was dragged ashore, and hurried off to meet whatever fate might be in store for them.

The consternation at the fort can well be imagined. The fathers of the girls soon returned, and before the night closed in Daniel Boone, at the head of a party on foot, and Richard Callaway, at the head of a party on horseback, were off in pursuit. In Boone's party were Samuel Henderson, John Holder, and Flanders Callaway. As Henderson strode along he was thinking of the olive-cheeked heroine, Betsy Callaway; and Holder clenched his hands and ground his teeth when he thought of poor, little, frightened Fanny; and Flanders Callaway almost forgot his kith and kin for thinking of his captured Jemima Boone. We can easily smile over it now, but let any man put himself in the place of these young men and ask himself how he would feel in such a pursuit.

When the Indians started with the girls they made the younger ones take off their shoes and put on moccasins, but Betsy refused to take off her shoes, and as she walked along she ground her heel into the soil to leave a trial. Noticing this, the Indians made the whole party walk apart and deviate from the course, so as to wade through the water and destroy the trail. Then the undaunted Betsy broke off twigs and dropped them along the road; and when the savages threatened her with uplifted tomahawk if she persisted in this, she secretly tore off portions of her dress and dropped them on the road.

Boone's party soon found the trail and followed it rapidly, fearing that the girls might grow weary and be put to death. All Sunday night and all Monday the pursuit was kept up. On Tuesday morning a slender column of smoke was seen in the distance, and the experienced eye of the hunter detected the camp of the Indians. A serious difficulty now presented itself. How were the captives to be rescued without giving the captors time to kill them? There was but little time for reflection, as the Indians must quickly discover their presence. The white men were sure shots and so they picked their men, fired upon them, and then rushed into the camp to their rescue. At the moment of attack the girls were sitting at the foot of a tree; Betsy with a red bandanna handkerchief thrown over her head, while the heads of Fanny and Jemima were reclining in her lap. Betsy's olive complexion came near serving her a bad turn at this juncture, for one of the rescuing party coming suddenly upon her mistook her for an Indian, and was about to knock her brains out with the butt of his rifle when a friendly hand intervened and saved the girl from meeting her death just at the moment when she saw liberty within her reach.

The fathers and gallants carried their loved ones home in triumph, and this romance of real life in Kentucky a century ago would not be completed without the information that the dreams of love and happiness that were so cruelly disturbed were subsequently all realized. Brave Betsy Callaway became Mrs. Samuel Henderson, and lived to tell the story of her capture to her children and her children's children. Little Fanny became Mrs. John Holder, and Flanders Callaway took to his home Miss Jemima Boone, and thus cemented the friendly ties of the Boones and Callaways. It is a long time ago, nigh on to a hundred years; and all the actors in the romance have long since departed, but their memory is green with many of us yet, and we can all well afford to give a few thoughts to the event that marked their characters and the times in which they lived and loved.—*Louisville Courier.*

Oranges and Lemons.

Orange and lemon plantations, in the Mediterranean countries, are called gardens, and vary in size, the smallest containing only a small number of trees, and the largest many thousands. The fruit is gathered in baskets similar to peach baskets, lined with canvas, the basket being held by a strap attached and passed around the neck or shoulders. From the garden the fruit goes to the repacking magazine, where it is removed from the boxes, in which it was packed in the gardens, and repacked for shipment by experienced female packers, after having been carefully assorted by women, and wrapped in separate papers by young girls. As many as 500 persons, mostly women and children, are employed by some of the fruit growers in their gardens and magazines, for gathering, sorting, and repacking for shipment, the wages paid them varying from nine to sixteen cents a day. A full grown orange tree yields from five hundred to two thousand fruit annually, and arrives at the bearing state in three or five years, as does the lemon tree. In sorting, every fruit that wants a stem is rejected. The boxes are then securely covered, strapped, and marked with the brand of the grower, when they are ready for shipment. Twenty years ago this trade was nothing in its commercial characteristics, or the inducements it offered to capitalists. Now it is progressing with giant strides into prominence, and is a considerable source of revenue to the government.

A Broker of the Future.

When a Detroit newsboy got hold of the information that the big New York bankers had failed he called a number of his best friends together at the post-office, and said: "See here, you fellers. There's another big bust-up in New York. Peanuts, harvest apples, jawbreakers, and gum will kite right up, and if you've got any money you want to hump around and get in ahead of the panic." And they "humped."

THE REGULAR TRAMP.

A Vivid Pen Picture of the Wandering Vagabond—His Habits and Haunts—Fingerboards for Followers.

The visitor to the country, this summer, who happens to be of an observing turn of mind, will notice lounging along the highways and byways of almost any neighborhood he may resort to in the Atlantic States, a slouching figure clad in the motley of mendicancy, with a certain uncertainty of manner, a furtive, half-defiant, half-cringing air, and a stealthy, sidelong glance that at once attracts attention and repels interest.

This creature is the tramp. New to our country side, he is yet fast becoming a familiar object even in the most retired and out-of-the-way places, where, but a few years since, his very name was unknown. He exhibits the same character everywhere, or, rather, the same phases of character under similar conditions, for, though he can fawn and whine where he thinks abasement will be safer or more serviceable, yet at some lone farm house, where he has only frightened women to deal with, the bluster of the low-browed brute is savage and importunate.

He is generally seen alone, though a chance encounter with an old pal occasionally leads to a temporary partnership in vagabondage. But the tramp is naturally unsocial, his being a form of misery that does not love company, and drink, or bad temper, or both, generally forbid friendships extending beyond a few days. But he sometimes has another sort of companion, one who cannot leave when drink makes him disagreeable or dangerous, one who has no refuge from his rage but the grave. On a summer evening the tramp may happen to be seen stretched at full length on some bit of grass by the road side, smoking a stumpy black pipe, while a forlorn, limp and haggard semblance of womanhood bends over the brands of a chip fire, or gathers in a greasy old kerchief the munched and mumbled remnants of a beggar's meal—a second-hand and third-hand saving that stands, in the life of this wretched being, in place of all the sweet uses of household economy. Unless there is something in the presence of the approaching party to forbid such an exhibition, the chances are the tramp will take opportunity when two or three people are passing by to display his brutality by hurling foul words, or a stick, or a stone at the unhappy slave who would fain hide herself behind him. If such an assault comes, she bears it as one used to similar attacks, shrinking and clutching her ragged shawl closer about her throat, perhaps, but making no moan nor raising her head. Her face is rarely seen; her eyes, never. Whether those windows of the soul hide the consciousness of awful depths of degradation, or whether the light of expression has gone out, none will ever know.

Our observer, if faithful to his calling, will find the tramp has a curious habit of poking about the roots of a tree by the wayside, or the foot of a telegraph pole or gate post, and, if care is taken in watching him, he may be frequently seen engaged in this occupation either quite early or quite late in the day. Examine the place where he has been searching, and close scrutiny may reveal three or four cabalistic characters rudely scratched on the wood or stone, a cross, or a dot in the center of a circle or square, triangle, signs resembling phonography, or other signs looking more like printers' proof marks. These are the tramps' guideboards, the blazed trees of the path, the trail of his hunting expeditions. They tell him that the next turn leads to a rich place, where he can safely ask for money; that the poor soldier is a good dodge to try in another direction; that the farmer on the right keeps a savage dog, that a cully crib, or house of resort for tramps, can be found in the village on the canal. The tramp not only studies these indications for his own instruction, but he is bound by "the rules of the road" to record such of his own experiences as may be of use to those who follow.

Crafty, shifty, sly, cunning in all the tricks of his trade, the tramp will beg, steal, live in the poorhouse, take a turn in prison, or sicken if it comes to that, but never will do a stroke of work in this world. He is here in our midst, and our community has got him to provide for. We ought to see about the work by proper legal enactments forthwith. He should be taken care of by such means as will prevent the increase of his tribe and the waste of his depredations. His destructive thefts, his terrible recklessness in the use of fire, and his occasional outbreaks of spite, render his methods of taking care of himself altogether too costly to be endured. Besides, he is a disgusting and a dreadful nuisance, and ought to be abated.

United States Expenses.

The aggregate expenses of the United States government for the fiscal year ended June 30 last, exclusive of interest on the public debt, were in round numbers $274,500,000. In his annual report to Congress in December last, Secretary Bristow estimated the ordinary expenses for the year at $275,314,000. This estimate is said to be the closest approach to the actual expenses ever made. In a dispatch of June 17, it was stated that the aggregate expenses would not exceed $276,000,000, and that the total receipts for the year would be at least $289,000,000. The actual receipts for the year from customs and internal revenue were $260,267,189. The receipts from miscellaneous sources have not yet been ascertained, but it is safe to say they will aggregate at least $23,000,000. The estimate of the secretary put the receipts from that source at $27,000,000. It is now certain that the excess of receipts over expenditures for the last fiscal year will be at least $15,000,000, and may reach $17,000,000. In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1874, the excess of receipts was $2,344,000.

Why Some People are Poor.

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles.

Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes are worthless.

Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled.

Wnice handled knives are put into hot water.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruits are not taken care of in season and become wormy.

Rags, strings and paper are thrown into the fire.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Bits of meat, vegetables, and cold puddings, are thrown away, when they might be warmed, steamed, and served as good as new.

Ravages of Squirrels.

O. P. F. Kallenbach made a raid a few days ago on the squirrels which abound in the neighborhood of French Camp, near Stockton, Cal., and prey upon the wheat fields, from which they are gathering their winter's supplies. He informs us that there is an army of the pests constantly on the move transporting the wheat from the fields to their dens. One of the most active of the army of transportation, whose jaws were distended with plunder, was shot, and from his mouth was taken a small handful of choice, plump wheat. Kallenbach had the curiosity to count the grains, and found they numbered 662 and weighed a few grains over one ounce. It is calculated that an able-bodied squirrel that will attend strictly to business will steal and transport to his underground warehouse a pound of wheat per day. With his relatives, he would get away with a ton, worth to-day $42. A person, from this, can form some idea of the damage the millions of rodents are doing in the country, for they are all industriously at work.

The squire who married a couple at Jersey City, N. J., took the last penny the poor bride had, and compelled the sheriff and his deputy to make up the balance of the fee, will no doubt die rich.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

The secret service agents seized four hundred barrels of illicit whisky in Chicago, which was stored away at the time of the raids last spring.....Divers at work on the wreck of the steamer Schiller have recovered $100,000 of her treasure.....The barge Braley broke loose from a tow of the propeller Allegheny, on Lake Erie, and it is supposed to have gone to pieces. The crew of five persons have probably perished. The Braley belonged at Saginaw.....Reports from Scioto county, Ohio, state that three thousand acres of corn in that county were washed entirely away by the flood. The crop promised a yield of sixty bushels to the acre..... The Central Pacific railroad officials have finished the investigation into the accounts of Woodruff, *alias* Moler, one of their officials, and find the deficit to be about $1,000,000. Woodruff has gone to China.....The bishop of Paderborn who was deposed from his functions by the Prussian law courts and has since been interned in Wesels, has without permission quitted that town. On leaving he addressed a letter to the governor of the district, assigning for a reason for his departure impaired health and his duties to his flock.... The three-mile race at Saratoga, for a purse of $1,000, was won by Rutherford in 5.38.....The secretary of the navy has issued a general order definitely settling the question of rank between line and staff officers.... Hon. Richard O'Gorman delivered the address at the meeting held in Brooklyn, N. Y., in honor of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Daniel O'Connell. .....Hans Christian Andersen, the pleasant author and poet, died at Copenhagen, Denmark, at the age of seventy years.....Moody and Sankey have sailed from Liverpool for New York in the steamship Spain. Friends from all parts of the kingdom were at the wharf to bid them farewell.

Egypt is preparing for a brilliant display at the Philadelphia centennial.....The O'Connell centennial was appropriately celebrated throughout Ireland.....A water-spout burst over the town of Kirn, in Rhenish Prussia, inundating the place and doing great damage. A bridge and many houses were swept away, and thirteen persons were drowned.....A Philadelphia grocer named Leeser threw away some spoiled bologna sausage, which were picked up and eaten by eleven children, all of whom were shortly after taken violently sick and one of them died. The grocer and maker of the sausages were arrested.....An engine of the construction train on the Marietta and Cincinnati railroad ran off the track and turned over into the Hocking river, instantly killing two men and wounding nine others, including the conductor..... William G. Carson has been arrested in St. Louis, Mo., and taken to Boston, Mass., on a charge of embezzling $150,000 while acting as superintendent of the pork-packing establishment of John P. Squire & Co., at East Cambridge, a year ago..... Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, formerly of the Southern army, has declined the presidency of the Arkansas industrial university..... Ex-State Treasurer Parker, of South Carolina, against whom a verdict of $75,000 was recently rendered in a suit growing out of his official frauds and embezzlement, and who was in prison awaiting criminal prosecution for similar offenses, has escaped from the Columbia jail.....Chicago will pay all her bonds and coupons which were due July 1st, although Duncan, Sherman & Co. had already drawn the amount due to act as agents.....The boiler of the steam thrasher at work on a farm in Maury county, Tennessee, burst, and killed Mr. Cullen Harlan, the owner, the engineer and a colored man, and wounded seven others, two of whom will die. The thrasher and grain crop were destroyed by fire. .....The losses by floods in Illinois and Indiana are estimated at $3,000,000 for each State.

The committee appointed to examine the treasury accounts have reported that they counted and weighed every coin, and counted all the paper money—the result of which is that they find a deficit of $47,818.41, including the $47,000 stolen a few months ago..... Superintendent Chapman, of the New York State insurance department, has debarred the Kansas Insurance Company of Leavenworth from doing business in New York State, on account of their loose manner of business. The company had some twenty-five agencies in the State.....The fishing on the north side of Prince Edward's Island is prosperous, the mackerel being plenty. The latest advices from Labrador say that fish are very scarce. .....The report of the Hamilton (Canada) board of trade urges a curtailment of manufactures, a decrease of importations, and the cessation of long credits as the means of bringing about a sound financial condition.....Wm. H. Alderdice, general assignee of the bankruptcy court at Richmond, Va., has decamped, leaving a deficit in his accounts of $15,000..... John H. Holden, agent of the Oneida (N. Y.) community in Boston, has been held in $10,000 bail to answer the charge of embezzling $20,000 belonging to the community.....The London branch of the banking house of Drexel, Morgan & Company will cash Duncan, Sherman & Co.'s letters of credit, Mr. Duncan's father being their security..... New York revenue officers have been very successful recently in catching smugglers of cigars. The smugglers were in the habit of putting the cigars in rubber bags and throwing them overboard as the steamers were entering New York harbor, confederates in small boats picking the bags up. The officers took a tug, and after the cigars were thrown over, they captured the confederates with their booty..... Cardinal McCloskey has gone to Rome to receive his hat and ring from the Pope. He took $20,000 gold to the Pope as a present from New York Catholics.

The jury in the Mountain Meadow massacre case have disagreed and were discharged..... Benj. B. Halleck, a clerk in the Treasury department, has been arrested on a charge of stealing the $47,000 over which so much excitement was created a few months ago. Mr. Ottman, proprietor of a restaurant on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, together with a man named Brown, were arrested as accomplices.... .Two boys were killed and eighteen wounded by an explosion in the Bridesburg arsenal, at Philadelphia. The exact cause of the disaster is unknown.....Two escaped convicts were killed and a third fatally shot by ranchmen near Denver, Col....Dispatches from central Asia report that a revolution has broken out in Khokand, in Independent Turkishtan. The Khan has fled and his forces have joined the insurgents.....The cholera is raging in Damascus—four hundred cases being reported daily..... There was considerable rioting in Glasgow, Scotland, on the day of the O'Connell celebration, between Orangemen and Home Rulers. Five policemen were injured and fifty arrests made.....A heavy earthquake shock was felt at Hollister, San Benito county, Cal. No damage is reported. .....A report from Ripon, Upper Gatineau, Canada, states that three children, sons of a settler there, were killed and devoured by bears while in the woods near their house a few days ago.....Henry Coulter and Evan Morris will row a five-mile single scull race near Pittsburgh, Pa., for $500 a side and the championship of the United States.

Ex-Treasurer Parker, who escaped from jail at Columbia, S. C., has been recaptured..... Ottawa (Canada) dispatches state that the late frequent rains have greatly injured the crops in that section.....The gale of last week was very severe on the lakes. The bark Austin and the schooner Atlantic went ashore full of water near Manitou, Lake Michigan. The tug Vulcan lost a raft of 2,000,000 feet of pine number on Lake Erie..... Through the error of a physician, who left morphine in place of a foaming draught, Mrs. Jane Yeaton, of Gardiner, Me., an aged lady, was fatally poisoned, and a nurse who tasted the draught was with difficulty saved from death.... .Ira Wood, of Harvard, N. Y., had cut a heavy tree which was about to fall, when he perceived his old father standing where he would be struck in the descent. He rushed to the old gentleman, pushed him aside, and was himself crushed to death.....Five colored convicts, whose sentences aggregate seventy-four years, escaped from the Richmond penitentiary by cutting the bars of a window and lowering themselves with a rope made of blankets.... The trial of the bank