THE ELM AND THE VINE.

From the Spanish of Jose Rosas, of Mexico.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

"Uphold my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray;"
Thus to the Elm her neighbor—
The Vine—was heard to say;
"Else, lying low and helpless,
A weary lot is mine;
Crawled o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine"
The Elm was moved to pity;
Then spoke the generous tree:
"My hapless friends come hither,
And find support in me."
The kindly Elm, receiving
The graceful Vine's embrace,
Became, with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace;
Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of shepherds,
And glory of the Spring.

Oh beautiful example
For youthful minds to heed!
The good we do to others
Shall never miss its meed;
The love of those whose sorrows
We lighten shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in
That love shall scatter flowers.

A Ruse of War.

"You'd better make up your mind do it, Frank. I give you my word for it, you'll find 'Laurelton' not a bad place, and the girls are—well, there are no finer girls than my granddaughters."

Old Judge Ransom looked earnestly over his gold-rimmed glasses at Frank Hazelton's handsome, indifferent face.

"You certainly are very good, judge, to press upon me such a friendly invitation to visit 'Laurelton,' and under any other circumstances than those we have discussed, I would be delighted to accept. As it is—I confess I haven't the cheek to go down to your place, see my pretty cousins, be entertained by aunt Sarah, and all the while feel that my object, and your object, is to select me a wife from among the young ladies.'

"That's the sheerest nonsense, boy. Why on earth shouldn't you marry one of your cousins, and thereby secure 'Laurelton' in the family? *Somebody'll* get the fine old place with one of my girls—why shouldn't it as well be you?'

"I suppose you call yours a very sensible view of the case, Judge Ransom. But, how can a fellow expect to curb and harness his fancy and affection to suit—even with 'Laurelton' thrown in the bargain?"

"Who's talking of fancies and affection? I only ask you to run down to the homestead for the holidays and get acquainted with the girls; then, *if* you fall in love with one of them, well and good. There's not much danger but that they'll take to you, Frank. You're a fine fellow, and your five years' absence at the German universities add very greatly to your popularity."

"Thank you, judge. Surely I *ought* to be grateful, and oblige you by falling in love with one of my charming cousins."

"Then we'll consider it settled, shall we? The Thursday before Christmas."

"I guess we'll manage it between us, Sara, Frank's agreed to come, and, what's more, has half-promised to fall in love with one of the girls."

Judge Ransom sat reading his village paper beside the cheery open grate; and fat, motherly Mrs. Ransom sat in her capacious chair, busily darning socks.

"*Promised* to fall in love with one of the girls! Henry, the idea! Who ever heard of such a thing? You never went and told him you *wanted* him to marry one of them?"

"Of course I did. There's nothing like being open and above-board. I like young Hazel, and told him so; and told him he was welcome to one of my granddaughters, and 'Laurelton' in the bargain."

"Well, Henry Ransom, I never would have believed you were such a—a fool! Don't you know you've ruined our little arrangement by going and telling him? Why there's not a man living who'll take a fancy to a girl that is recommended to him! Well, if you aren't a nimshie!"

"I can't see what I've done so dreadful. I'm sure you are as anxious to have him in the family as I am."

"Of course I am—and that is why I hate to see anything spoiled so. My word for it, Frank Hazelton is of too noble a nature to deliberately make love to a girl because she is rich; and, at the same time, I know he will take a dislike to 'em simply because he knows he is expected to do the other thing."

"Seems to me I have put my foot in it, Sara, according to your way of thinking. I am sure I meant well enough."

"Oh, I know that. Now, if you'll just leave it to me, and agree to do just what I say, I think it'll end all right, yet. Listen, now, and see if a woman can't beat even a judge in love affairs."

And he sat and listened, his fine face gradually broadening until it was one big smile from eyebrows to chin.

"If you don't deserve a diploma," he declared, jubilantly.

A magnificent December night, with myriads of frostily-twinkling stars above, and a snow-bound landscape below them; and Frank Hazelton, wrapped in his Astrachan overcoat, and his seal-skin cap cozily jammed over his forehead, thought as he was driven from the depot to "Laurel" behind the judge's fast trotters, and in the 'Laurel's' big double-seated, warmly-cushioned sleigh, that the lines might fall to a fellow in a far less pleasant place than that to which he was going; where the judge met him at the door, in the broad banner of warm yellow light streaming from within.

"Come right in, my boy—right in! You're as welcome as the first flowers in spring. Here's aunt Sara waiting to kiss you—aren't you, eh?"

Frank found himself in warm, motherly arms, and, laughing and joking, was escorted to the parlor, where four young girls were sitting in apparent ready welcome.

"What! have I *four* cousins? judge, you've got the best of me. I had no idea my courage was to be put to such a test."

"Indeed, you needn't think you are so blessed as to possess four pretty cousins. These are all you need lay claim to—Maud and Ida, my two dear granddaughters. These other two young ladies are Miss Florence and Irma Cloudesley—visiting 'Laurelton,' to assist in entertaining you."

After such an informal introduction, the ice was immediately broken; and, before the merry little circle broke up that night, Frank caught himself internally offering congratulations to himself that he had come to 'Laurelton.'

"Pretty girls—of course they're pretty all of them," he soliloquized, mentally, as he carefully arranged his necktie, one bright, merry morning, a month after he had come to the farm-house.

"There's Maud, with her matchless grace and her stately dignified manner. She should wear a coronet and never feel but what the strawberry leaves were honored by her acceptance. But not for a thousand 'Laureltons' would I spend a lifetime with her; when an hour exhausts all her entertaining and instructive ability."

"I wonder what aunt Sara and the judge would think if they knew of my private opinion of Maud and Ida? To be sure, Ida is a nice, ladylike little thing, and has about as much mind of her own as a butterfly. I doubt if she ever really does think beyond the arrangement of her pretty yellow hair, and the fit of those marvelously tiny slippers of hers.

From which it will be seen Mr. Frank Hazelton had been very observant.

"There's the Misses Cloudesley—sensible, intelligent girls as I ever saw; only Florence will persist in tyrannizing over dear little Irma—"

Then the dinner-bell abruptly dispelled his mental criticisms, and he went down to find them all gone in but Irma Cloudesley, who, with a suspiciously tearful face, stood before the mirror. She started, half-guiltily, as he entered.

"Oh, I thought you had gone in. You're late, Mr. Hazelton."

"And so are you. What has kept you?"

He saw the flush surge over her cheeks.

"I—oh—nothing—much."

"Has Flo been teasing you again?"

He went close up to her, looking down into her face.

"No—nothing at all. Please go into dinner, Mr. Hazelton."

She looked really distressed, he saw; but the headstrong fellow did not obey at all.

"I'll go, in a moment, Irma. Tell me first if you are angry with me that you seem so eager to get rid of me? Not only now, Irma, but always. You avoid me continually."

She blushed rosier than ever and turned her face away.

"No, Irma! you must answer me. Have I offended you?"

"No, Mr. Hazelton, you have not. *Please* go to dinner. They won't like it, and Maud will think—"

She hesitated, and looked painfully confused.

"Irma, I positively will not go to dinner until I know what is the matter with you, if I never eat a mouthful again. What will Maud think? What right has my cousin to think anything about what I do?"

"Oh, Mr. Hazelton—you—you are cruel to ask me. It was foolish in me to say a word."

"Every word you say is very sweet to me, little girl. Tell me why you dread Maud's knowing we are here, together? Tell me, Irma, or I shall—*kiss you!*"

"You know well enough," she faltered, desperately. "You know they all expect you will marry Maud, and—"

Frank laughed, and suddenly caught her in both his arms and kissed her.

"Don't struggle, Irma—you are my little darling, aren't you? You love me, don't you? Because I love you so very dearly, Irma! dear little Irma! Maud knows I never shall marry her, and I know I shall marry you, shan't I?"

"Oh, Frank!" She whispered it shyly, blissfully, as she looked into his handsome face. "You ought not to love me and lose 'Laurelton' Indeed, I'm not worth so much."

"I consider myself the best judge of that, Miss Cloudesley! Perhaps you think, in your humility, that you are not more to me than ten thousand 'Laurelton's'."

"And I—really—*am I*, Frank?"

He kissed her over and over again.

"Shall we go to dinner—or, has your appetite vanished? Mine has, after such nectar as your kisses."

She laughed, then he saw her beautiful mouth begin to quiver.

"Frank—you won't be angry, will you? promise me! it wasn't my fault, truly, but grandma's."

She looked so wistfully at him, and her language was so puzzling, that he laughed outright.

"Angry?—never! Promise you?—anything!"

She leaned her head forward, so he could not see her face.

"I am not Irma Cloudesley, but Irma Ransom. Sister Florence and I changed identities with Maud and Ida, who are really the Misses Cloudesly. So, after all, Frank, you shall have 'Laurelton'—if you will take it. Will you—with me?"

That of course settled it, since Frank was so anxious to have Irma. And so, after all, Aunt Sara's *ruse of war* accomplished the desired end, on the unalterable principle that she and the rest of us women understand, that men are stubborn creatures, who are sure to do just exactly contrary to the way you want them to do.

The Fourth Courtship.

Women often wait for a husband that is pretty until they wait too long. It also happens to men sometimes. So it was with Mr. Griffith. When he was young he was in love with a beautiful girl, but when he became a man he thought he could get some one richer and prettier also and while he was thus thinking the opportunity was lost—she had married another.

And now, reader, imagine that you are standing behind the door of the dining-room, listening to Mr. Griffith and his housekeeper's conversation.

"You ought to have a husband, Lou."

"And I think, Mr. Griffith, you ought to have a wife."

"That's so, Lou; but pshaw, I don't believe in the women, as they are nowadays. But when I think of it, they were not much better when I was young."

"Why so?"

"Ah, you've never heard of my three courtships! I thought everybody knew all about them."

"Well, upon my word, I don't know anything about them; but I should, indeed, like to know. Ah ha, so you've been in love, too, have you?"

"Yes, Louisa, indeed I have, twice, even three times. The first is not worth mentioning, but the second is. Well, I clerked in a large grocery store; the owner's daughter was the one I set my cap for. She was very pretty and also very rich. Well, to be short I loved her dearly. I visited her several times, but every time she was visited by another young man, whose name was Fritz. I don't know which one of us she liked best. You know how very slow and safe I am about everything, and so I am in love matters. This will not do in love matters in this country, and so let me tell you what happened. One morning I thought I'd make a sure thing of it; so I dressed up in my very best clothes, put my stove-pipe hat on one-sided, and off I went. No sooner had I opened the hall door than there came Fritz running down stairs, half losing his breath. He ran against me at the same time knocking my fine hat off, which he accidently stepped upon, and exclaimed, "you'll please excuse me, but I'm so glad, that I can't help my foolishness. Say, what do you think? I've won her! How do you like that, sir?" I didn't say anything, but went home, and never mentioned the hat."

"That was the second; tell me now about the third!" said Louisa.

"Well, I was then forty years old. I had been out traveling, and was just stopping at a small town in France, when I noticed the smallest feet I ever saw on a woman; they were not hidden by a long dress, but neatly covered with snow-white stockings and slippers. In fact, she was a perfect beauty. She had a basket on her arm which contained flowers. I stepped up to her and asked her how she sold them. She told me, and I bought all she had. I continued buying from her for three weeks, when one day I bought all she had to sell. I took my flowers and left, when suddenly she came running to me saying: 'Thank you sir, I am very much obliged to you!' 'For what?' said I. 'Oh, sir, I can't thank you enough, you have done me such a favor.' 'How?' said I. 'Oh, sir, by buying my flowers; you see, sir, I had a sweetheart, and his mother wouldn't let me marry him until I had one hundred dollars cash, and now, thank goodness, I have it. So to-morrow I mean to get —' 'Hush!' I exclaimed at the top of my voice. But she wouldn't hush unti she had finished telling me how the wedding was to come off. At last she hushed her talking. I went home, and afterwards left the town."

"But Mr. Griffiths, do tell me about the first courtship."

"My first sweetheart loved another also. I could have wedded her if I had not been too slow and bashful, but she was engaged to this other man, and so she married him. I have had awful bad luck with women, and never will have anything more to do with them any more."

"But she was engaged, wasn't she?"

"Engaged! pooh! I believe they are all engaged! Anyhow, she was the daughter of a large plantation owner. Her name was Lilly Fones, and I tell you she was a perfect little beauty."

"Fones! Lilly Fones! Oh, my God! I am she. I was once the happy Lilly Fones, but now—(she burst into tears) —I am only Mrs. Rummel."

"Too bad, Mrs. Rummel. But what became of your husband?"

"He is dead."

"And just think you have been my housekeeper five years now, and I never knew this before. But I guess things will turn out right at last."

And they surely did. Louisa is no longer Mrs. Rummel, but the honored wife of Captain Griffith.

A Parisian Superstition.

I was in a Paris *pension* a year and a half ago, perhaps, where a quite wealthy occupant, a man of forty or fifty years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself. When the event became known a gentleman came to the house, anxious and eager to obtain a piece of the rope with which the suicide had ended his days. And why? Oh, there is nothing else in the world so sure to insure good fortune as that, was the enthusiastic and confident reply. I remember the incident because it was to me an entirely new "old woman's notion," and I am now reminded of it by a similar superstition attached to a very wealthy American named John Burke, who has just died in this city at the Grand Hotel. The story told of him and the accumulation of his immense fortune is this: A dozen years ago he was a poor, vagabondish fellow eager to make money, but saturated with the idea that the only thing which would insure him success would be to secure a piece of rope with which some one had been hanged. It happened that he was in Omaha when the negro Jack Cannon was lynched on Town's Hill, and to get a piece of that rope became at once the object of his life. To detail the risks, dangers, and disgusting adventures attendant upon his securing it would be tiresome; but he got it, and from that time the star of his fortune rose. Before he died, which was five days ago, he requested his physician to put the rope, which he always carried with him, in his coffin, which was acceded to. This is the account as given by one of the Paris journals, and is enough to set all the superstitious vagabonds on the two continents on the *qui vive* for a bit of magic hemp.—*Paris Correspondent.*

◆

Society People.

This is popularly supposed to be a country where the proud man's contumely is not felt, where common sense does not recognize artificial distinctions, and merit has a sort of social recognition independent of the style in which a man parts his hair or trims his whiskers. But experience has demonstrated that a great many theoretical advantages of the supposed spirit of our form of government are imaginary. It is perfectly natural for society to fall into classes, and, if there are no artificial barriers, we are all satisfied in knowing that the entree into the one circle is as easy as into another, if you happen to possess, or are able to acquire, the requisites. There is nothing to prevent a man, in this country, from becoming a horse-docter and marrying the horse-leech's daughter, and if he chooses to run up tailor bills, part his hair in the middle, and doesn't smell of soap-fat, the chances are he may become one the ornaments of what is called society.

Society is all well enough in its way; people can't be young always and it is a means of making the most of the brief years of the flush of life, health and beauty. It must be a close corporation in which the male members are expected to take a certain amount of stock, to be paid up instalments, to the hack drivers and opera houses. People can't afford to be bored in this brief and artificial life of vanity, and if the sprightlier members put up with insipidity occasionally, it is because the wit of the drama or the strains of Thomas' orchestra are in some measure a compensation. The scientific man cannot expect to drop in on a party of young bucks whose ambition is in the best fitting boot, and girls who are justly vain of a tapering well-rounded arm, with the bright bracelet thereon, and expect to have the floor for an expression of his views on the Darwinian theory. Your scientific man must dance the German or he will go under; he must part his hair in the middle, or the chief clerk of the international tea store will get all the favors of the day. So he has no right to complain, nor has the man who persists in wearing a shabby-genteel coat, when he is able to get a better one. Society, as it is called, makes her own laws, and there is too much cheap sarcasm about it.

If a beautiful woman has the means and the owportunity she naturally seeks society; if she has the usual womanly penetration she quickly detects the weaker and exalts the better man. It is a field for her where all candidates are expected to enter. The lists are open to all. It is only in society that she is permitted the use of all the aids to personal beauty. The factories of the world are busy to weave her fair raiment. The artificiality of society permits her to assume graces and expressions that are foreign to every-day life. Where are all the little arts of coquetry after her marriage—the little tricks of pouting. The poise of the hand, the arch glance from the side-turned head? Even her fan, the one of silk, with the Watteau painting on it, the cupids and all, is laid away in the trunk to serve only as a memento of the old days of coquetry, and that night of the ball, when it did wonders in the way of encouragement and whispered love in the zephyrs it wafted.

So far it is well enough. We all know that the material of society is not permanent; that the queens reign only a few seasons; but it is even more full of absurdities than it ought to be. It has more miseries, outside of tight boots, than it ought to have. Society, of the kind we speak of, is for the benefit of our girls, and affection in them is natural and expected. Women must be more exclusive than men, for character with them is of a more delicate structure. But when a man—a voter, mind you, who mingles in daily life with men of all kinds; who is worsted and beaten dafly in the struggle; who has every opportunity of finding out his mental calibre—sets himself up as a superior sort of person because he happens to be a society man, it is to be supremely absurd. Perhaps it is the duty of every man to black his boots, or have them blacked, and to wear a clean shirt; but why a certain cut of coat and a silk hat should raise a man above the acquaintance of of his old-time friends, is something anomalous in American society.

This struggle for social prominence with us is getting to be a serious matter. It is destroying all recognition of patient merit. Unlike in countries where there are established classes, and where there are unbroken friendships throughout life, a man's intimacy with friends is not proof against such a paltry thing as the difference between the plug hat and the baser styles. What becomes of a good record if disaster overtake the family? Where are the memories of the grand old days, twenty years ago, when the lordly head of the family entertained the great circle of friends? The guests of those golden days may ride now behind carriages of trumped-up crests and monograms, and be cut by the members of that household whose prosperity they then tasted. Society the world over is hollow enough, and this is natural; but it is a problem whether this feverish civilization that has sprung up since the war has not made permanent some odious features of American life. There is no other society like it, and the number of male idiots of an obscure origin who tailor bills is daily owe increasing.

◆

Something to Set us Thinking.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman, now twenty years of age, will be alive. Ninety years! Alas! how many lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told;" a dream; an empty sound, that passeth on the wings of the wind away and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age. Like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels toward the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the new blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love hope and joy pass away in ninety years and be forgotten! "Ninety years," says Death; "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold to day and tomorrow, and every day are mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust and be remembered not!"

◆

A Wonderful Plant.

In an address delivered before the British Association for the advancement of science, Dr. Hooker exhibited a wonderful plant called Dionial. A Liverpool paper, in an account of it, says: "A fly was captured and put upon a leaf, which instantly closed, and on reopening it was found that the fly was completely dissolved. A bit of beef was afterward consumed in the same way. The leaf was then fed with cheese, which disagreed with it horribly, and eventually killed it. Dr. Hooker explained that the plant's action was precisely similar to that of the human stomach. The leaf rejected a piece of wet chalk."

AGRICULTURAL.

FODDER CORN AND HUNGARIAN GRASS.—Prof. Atwater ends his lesson in the September number of the *American Agriculturist* by saying: "To economize in feeding, see that the fodder contains plenty of nitrogen. And this for two reasons: because stock cannot digest their food completely without it, and because they need albuminoids for their nutrition." The "walks and Talks" lesson begins by giving a table compiled by Dr. Harlan, of Wilmington, Delaware, showing the amount of nitrogen in a ton of different crops.

"A ton of Hungarian millet has twenty pounds, a ton of green clover twelve pounds, a ton of green corn four pounds. If by Hungarian millet is meant what we call Hungarian grass, or millet, then by mixing equal parts of green corn and millet we have in the mixture a food as rich in nitrogen as green clover. If there is no mistake about this, it is a very important lesson. Fodder corn, which has not nitrogen enough to make it a first-class food, finds, in Hungarian grass, a friend that has more of that material than the law, as laid down by Prof. Atwater, allows good fodder to need: but, by putting their nitrogen into a common purse and then dividing equally, they can both stand in the presence of clover which has been considered both king and queen of fodder.

"Some experiments in feeding fodder corn this season satisfied me that the same law which governs the time for cutting rye, oats and grass, to get the most milk, governs green corn. When in leaf and before it tassels, is the time to cut to have the cows give the most milk from what they eat of it. A lot of cows that averaged eight quarts a day on sweet corn fodder, tasseled and silked, when fed on ground seed corn in leaf, not tasseled, though it stood six feet high, other conditions, as far as I know, being equal, gave an average of nine quarts per day.

PASTURING MEADOWS.—I know of some farmers that almost as soon as the hay crop is removed turn stock upon them and let it remain there during the growing season, and the consequence is, that a productive meadow will become impoverished by this ruinous course, so that in a few years it will not produce one-half what it did formerly. Then the owner begins to find fault and thinks it has run out and wants ploughing up, never once taking a sensible view of the matter. Some meadows are naturally rich in fertilizing properties, or perhaps have the wash of a stock-yard, or by some means are kept up in a high state of productiveness that will bear to be pastured to a certain extent. But cattle should not be allowed to come on a meadow until the second growth has attained considerable size, and then they should be removed before eating too close. And I thing another important matter is in keeping up the fertility of the soil, and to keep the grass before the seed is ripe. The hay is better and the fertilizing properties required from the soil to mature the seed it retained. I have three acres of meadow and one year I decided to leave the second growth on to rot down. Now, what do you think my neighbors thought about it? Some said I would go crazy; others said, "O, it is too bad that you leave so much nice grass on your meadow;" but I told them they should wait till the coming summer, that we would talk the matter over. The crop realized from my meadow was six tons of hay. The best crop before was about four tons. We would advise farmers not to be afraid to leave on a little grass in the fall.—D. N. Kern in *Practical Farmer.*

THE TRUE TEST OF VEGETABLES.—Large vegetables may indicate good strong soil, thorough culture and high manuring, but it is a question in my mind whether the mammoth things should always receive the first award. At the table where we give the true test to vegetables size does not rank as a very important attribute. I was astounded to see so little tasting and examination of texture by the committee that judged the vegetables. No man is thoroughly capable of passing upon the relative merits of specimens in this class unless he can go more than skin deep in the matter. I never saw so perfect an exhibition of garden products as was shown at the State Fair. There was earnest and close competition. Still in the awarding of prizes I saw no judging of quality by taste, which is the true test. The prizes may be awarded correctly, but not as the result of careful comparison of quality. A man may know vegetables so well as to judge from the constant surface attributes that accompany first quality, but I have failed to meet the man yet who considers himself so skillful as this. The judges of apples would consider it absurd to pass upon the value of an apple by its size and complexion alone. Is it not equally unjust to pass upon beets, potatoes and turnips in this way? The quality of these vegetables is just as apparent to the connoisseur in its raw state as that of an apple. I do hope there will be progress in this matter, and that men who judge will have a solid foundation for their decisions.

TO ASCERTAIN if a plant wants fresh potting, turn it carefully out of the pot with the earth attached to it, and examine the roots. If they are matted about the sides and bottom of the ball, the plant evidently requires fresh potting. Then carefully reduce the ball of earth to about a third of its original bulk; single out the matted roots and trim away all that are moldy and decayed. Probably the same pot may then be large enough, but if it requires a larger one, it should be about two inches broader for a middle-sized plant; three or four for a large plant. If the roots are not matted but the pots are filled with fibers, keep the ball entire and carefully plant it in a larger pot. At the top of a large pot, and a small one, half an inch should be left for the reception of water, without danger of overflow. A little gravel, charcoal, or pieces of broken pots should always be placed at the bottom for drainage.

SHEEP on a farm yield both wool and mutton. They multiply with great rapidity. They are the best of farm scavengers, "cleaning a field" as no other class of animals will. They give back to the farm more in proportion to what they take from it than any other animal, and distribute it better with a view to the future fertility of the soil. Prove this? There is no need of proof to those who have kept sheep, and know their habits and the profits they yield. To prove it to those who have not the experience, it is necessary they they should try the experiment or accept the testimony of an experienced shepherd.

AN ENGLISH farmer accidentally dropped a grain of wheat among some seeds he was sowing in his garden, and "having a curiosity to protect it gave it every chance to come to perfection." The result was 63 heads (40 very large) containing 3044 counted kernels not including some picked away by an enterprising hen. He leaves readers to draw their own conclusions, only adding that as the result of frequent investigation, he never found more than 25 ears to one root growing in his fields.

SHEEP on a farm yield both wool and mutton. They multiply with great rapidity. They are the best of farm scavengers, "cleaning a field" as no other class of aminals will. They give back to the farm more in proportion to what they take from it than any other animal, and distribute it better with a view to the future fertility of the soil.

THE best plan for storing cabbages is to lay down two rails 4 to 6 inches apart, and then place the cabbages head downwards on them, leaving the roots exposed; then turn a furrow towards them on each side, and by the aid of the spade cover the head with 4 to 6 inches of earth; select a dry place where water does not stand.

THERE are over 2,700 varieties of apples known by over 1,800 names; 2,200 of pears, 200 of cherries, 150 of plums, 300 of our native grapes, 50 of currants, 80 of raspberries and 30 of blackberries, according to a counting up of somebody.

A MALE egg, one that will hatch out a rooster, has on its pointed end, small folds and wrinkles, while a female egg has no wrinkles and is perfectly smooth at both ends and well rounded.

SCIENTIFIC.

How House Air is Spoiled.—The following facts will show how the air in houses becomes contaminated:

1. An adult person consumes 34 grammes of oxygen per hour, a gramme being equal to 15 grains.

2. A stearin candle consumes about one half as much.

3. An adult gives off 40 grammes per hour of carbonic acid. A child of 50 lbs. weight gives off as much as an adult of 100 lbs. weight.

4. A schoolroom filled with children will, if not well ventilated at the beginning of the hour, contain 25 parts in 1,000 of carbonic acid, at the end of the first hour 41, and end of the second hour 81.

5. The air is also spoiled by the perspiration of the body, and by the volatile oils given out through the skin. An adult gives off through the skin in 24 hours from 500 to 800 grammes of water mixed with various excrements, poisonous if breathed.

6. A stearin candle gives off per hour 0·4 cubic feet of carbonic acid, and 0·03 lbs of water.

7. Carbonic oxide is a much more dangerous gas than carbonic acid, and this obtains entrance to our rooms in many ways, through the cracks in stoves and defective stovepipes, or when the carbonic acid of the air comes in contact with a very hot stove and is converted into carbonic oxide. The dust of the air may, on a hot stove, be burnt to produce it; or it may flow out from our gas pipes when the gas is not perfectly consumed.

8. Another form of air injury is the dust of a fungus growth which fills the air in damp and warm places. We call it miasm from a want of a true knowledge of its character.

9. Accidental vapors are the crowning source of air poisoning. These are tobacco smoke, kitchen vapors, wash room vapors, and the like.

10. When we heat our houses and close them from outside air, the heat turns the mixture into a vile mess unfit for breathing. The only remedy is ventilation. Now that it is cold weather and our rooms are closed from free currents of outside air, let us look after the matter thoroughly and do our best to prevent injury to ourselves from polluted air.

Disease and the Faculty of Memory.—The faculty of memory is one of the first to be obviously affected by disease. When disease for a time seems to suspend the action of this faculty, or visibly to diminish it, the result is not looked upon as phenominal, for it is common and expected. But when disease increases the power of this faculty, a thing not uncommon, the patient is not unfrequently regarded as possessing more than human wisdom, and the case usually excites comment as one of great mystery. Dr. Steinbach mentions the case of a clergyman who, being summoned to administer the sacrament to an illiterate peasant, found the patient praying aloud in Greek and Hebrew. The case was deemed wellnigh miraculous. After the peasant's death, it was found that he was accustomed in youth to hear the parish minister pray in those languages, and it was inferred that he must have been repeating remembered words without understanding their meaning. Dr. Abercrombie relates the circumstances of a more remarkable case. A poor shepherd-girl was for a time accustomed to sleep in a room adjoining that occupied by an itinerant musician. The man was an artist by education, a lover of his profession, and often spent a large portion of the night in practising difficult compositions. The violin was his favorite instrument. At last the shepherd-girl fell ill, and was removed to a charitable institution. Here the attendants were amazed at hearing the most exquisite music in the night, in which were recognized finely-rendered passages from the best works of the old masters. The sounds were traced to the shepherd-girl's room, where the patient was found playing the violin in her sleep. Awake, she knew nothing of these things, and exhibited no capacity for music.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Ever since Schoenbein showed that a mouse shut up in an atmosphere of ozone died in about five minutes, a notion has prevailed that ozone acts in an energetic way on the animal body; but until these experiments were made, scarcely anything was known of the subject. 'The conclusions, as stated by the experimentalists, are: 1. That the inhalation of an atmosphere highly charged with ozone diminishes the number of respirations per minute. 2. The pulsations of the heart are reduced in strength, and the heart is found beating feebly after the death of the animal (experimented on). 3. The blood is always found in a venous condition in all parts of the body, both in cases of death in an atmosphere of ozonized air and of ozonized oxygen.' (In this particular the action resembles that of carbonic acid.) 4. Ozone exercises a destructive action on the living animal tissues if brought into immediate contact with them; but it does not affect them so readily if they are covered by a layer of fluid. 5. Ozone acts as an irritant to the mucous membrane of the nostrils and air-passages, as all observers have previously remarked.

What makes Water Hard.—But, though insoluble in pure water which is already charged with carbonic acid, and as all rain-water brings down carbonic from the air, it is capable of taking up carbonate of lime from the soils and rocks through which it filters; and it thus happens that all springs and rivers, that rise in localities in which there is any kind of calcareous rock, become more or less charged with carbonate of lime kept in solution by an excess of carbonic acid. This is what gives the peculiar character to water which is known as "hardness;" and a water hard enough to curdle soap may be converted into a very "soft" water (as the late Prof. Clark, of Aberdeen, showed) by the simple addition of lime-water, which, by combining with the excess of carbonic acid, causes the precipitation of all the lime in solution in the form of insoluble carbonate, which gradually settles to the bottom, leaving the water clear.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Makaroff's Mats.—As a substitute for sails in stopping leaks in ships, Lieutenant Makaroff, a young officer serving in the Russian navy, designed a mat of peculiar construction. The Makaroff mat has for its basis a closely worked structure of rope about ¾ inch in diameter, made of the finest hemp, while the matlike surface closely resembles that common to all mats of the kind used for street doors. The texture of the mat is wonderfully close; and as the whole is treated with a water proof composition, it may be regarded as practically impermeable to water. The hairy side of the mat is that applted to the ship's side, and it is stated—and we see no reason to doubt the statement—that these mats may be dragged over jagged edged holes in iron plates without sustaining any injury.

Nickelization.—In Plazanet's proces a bath is used of 87·5 parts sulphate of nickel, 20 sulphate of ammonia, 17 citric acid, and 1,350 of water. A bath much used in France is formed of a solution of 4 parts of nitrate of nickel in 4 of liquid ammonia, and 150 water in which 50 parts of sulphate of soda have been dissolved. Using a moderate weak current the operation is at an end in a few minutes. There is no need to interrupt it by taking the objects out and brushing them. When the film of nickel is of sufficient thickness, the objects are withdrawn from the bath and dried in sawdust.

Pneumatic Pontoons.—Knapp's open-bottom pneumatic jacks or pontoons are attached by chains passing under the wreck, and the chaining is ingeniously effected by means of a small tube passed under the wreck, through which a float and line attached to the cable are drawn. Compressed air is then admitted to the pontoons, which instantly give the lifting power. The advantages of this system consist in easy management and the possibility of being used in exposed situations; and it appears to be extensively patronized.

Among the best bearings for water wheels are those composed of good oak, rock maple, or lignum vitæ.

Shingle roofs can be made doubly durable by giving them a coat of thin oil before they get wet.

—The castor bean is now cultivated in Kansas, and a castor oil factory has been erected at Fort Scott.

DOMESTIC.

RECEIPT BOOKS.—Allow me to suggest to all thrifty housekeepers that they make their own receipt books. A blank book having its pages numbered can be obtained for a small sum of any dealer in stationery. Do not write any receipts save those that have been tried by yourself or friends. Have it arranged systematically, by being divided into different departments, as one for meats, another for vegetables, breads, pies, puddings, &c. Have an index, and allow space at the end of every different department, both there and in the body of the book, in which to make entries at future times. Any obliging housekeeper will be not only willing but glad to give you receipts and rules for making different dishes; then write them out *definitely*, for it is of fully as much importance that a dish be properly mixed and cooked, as that the proper proportions be used. It may, at first thought, look like a hard task, but have it lying handy and write in it at odd moments, and you will be surprised at the progress you will make, and then, when made, you will have such a feeling of reliability about it, for you *know* what it is; no experimenting there. I have one which I commenced fifteen years ago, and I would not give it for any one I have ever seen published. And what a treasure such a book would be to a daughter commencing housekeeping—all written in mother's handwriting, and tested by her good judgment and mature wisdom!

THE FUMES OF CABBAGE.—Many persons are fond of cabbage, but not at all fond of the unpleasant fumes which penetrate the entire house during the process of boiling. Therefore we recommend a manner of cooking that renders the vegetable so pleasant to the taste as to obliterate all prejudice against its free use. Reduce the cabbage to small pieces nearly fine enough for slaw, then stew for half an hour in a covered saucepan with not enough water to cover it; when done, drain off the water and season with salt, pepper, and a liberal quantity of butter, using vinegar on the table. Served in this way, you have a nice vegetable, much more delicate than boiled cabbage, and suitable to eat with any kind of meat you may chance to have on hand.

PURIFYING CIDER BARRELS.—A correspondent of the Boston *Cultivator* accomplishes it this way: I cleansed a cask that had boiled cider in it; it is as sweet as a new one. I put about two quarts of lime in it and filled it with water and let it stand 24 hours, then turned it out and rinsed thoroughly with water. Then I took a piece of sheet iron and made a funnel shaped cup that would go into the bung hole, riveted a narrow piece of hoop iron to it, about 18 inches long, then put a red hot bolt into the cup and filled it with sulphur, and put it into the barrel and cleansed the vents and bung. I let it stay about five hours then rinsed well and it was all right. The handle to the cup makes it easy to fumigate barrels.

AN IMPROVED DUMPLING FOR CHICKEN, STEWS, &C.—With one quart of sifted flour mix one teaspoonful of salt, two of cream of tartar, and one of soda. Pour in sweet milk and stir until the mixture is just thick enough to form into biscuit. Place them upon the largest sized round baking tin, and set the tin in a steamer over the kettle where the chicken is boiling. Steam about forty minutes. Thicken and season the broth, break the biscuit apart and drop them in the gravy, boil ten minutes and serve. These are said to retain their lightness not falling as they become cool.

OFFENSIVE CISTERN WATER.—The bad odor so often complained of is mainly due to the presence of fine particles of decaying vegetable matter. The best way to avoid it is to pass the water through a filter before it goes into the cistern. What is termed a double cistern is the most convenient method of filtering—that is a partition of brick is put in, which answers for a filter. For temporary relief from offensiveness, sink a bag of charcoal in the water. This will not purify it, but remove in a great part the unpleasant smell.

FRUIT PUDDING.—Chop six apples fine, grate six ounces of stale bread, add six ounces of brown sugar, and six ounces of currants, washed carefully and floured. Mix all well together with six ounces of butter, a cupful of milk, and two cupfuls of flour in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been thoroughly mixed. Spice to taste. If necessary, add more milk in mixing. Put in a pudding bag, tie loosely, and boil three hours. To be eaten with cream sauce.

SALVE FOR CHAPPED HANDS, ETC.—The following is a well-tested, excellent remedy for chapped hands and sores of this nature. Put together equal weights of fresh unsalted butter, tallow, beeswax, and stoned raisins; simmer until the raisins are done to a crisp, but not burned. Strain and pour into cups to cool. Rub the hands thoroughly with it, and though they will smart at first they will soon feel comfortable and heal quickly.

FRUIT FOR DESSERT.—Beat well the white of an egg with a little water; dip the fruit in, and roll it immediately in some fine crushed sugar; place it on a dish and leave it five or six hours, then serve. A more lightly and exquisite dessert than a plate of currants, thus dressed, cannot be had.

TO PREPARE AN EGG FOR AN INVALID.—Beat an egg until very light, add seasoning to the taste; then steam until thoroughly warmed through, but not hardened; this will take about two minutes. An egg prepared in this way will not distress very sensitive stomachs.

THE best way to admit pure air in the night (where windows are the only mode of ventilation) is to open the sleeping-room into a hall where there is an open window in order to avoid the draught. A window with a small opening at top and bottom ventilates more than one with one opening only.

THE BEST WAY TO COOK CODFISH.—Strip it of its skin, and cut it in pieces about the size of ones hand; place it in water, and allow it to simmer on the stove until it becomes tender. It should never be allow to boil. Boiling hardens and darkens the fish, and deprives it of its flavor.

PAPERING AND PAINTING are best done in cold weather, especially the latter, for the wood absorbs the oil of paint much more in warm weather, while in cold weather the oil hardens on the outside, making a coat which will protect the wood instead of soaking in it.

TO EXTRACT INK from cotton, silk and woolen goods saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine, and let it remain several hours; then rub it between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring either the color or texture of the article.

TO CLEAN WALL PAPER.—The appearance of old wall paper will be very much improved by rubbing it with a woolen cloth dipped in dry Indian meal. It removes the dust and smoke. Pieces of stale bread are equally efficacious.

CORN MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—Scald half a pint of Indian meal, half a pint of the same dry; flour, and stir all into a pint of milk with a tablespoonful of butter and one egg. Spread very thin on the griddle.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—Beat to a cream ½ pound of butter and ½ pound of sugar, stir in 8 eggs well beaten, a grated nutmeg; flavor with lemon; bake in a buttered dish one-half hour and serve cold.

CREAM ON ONIONS.—Putting cream on onions instead of butter (or even a little milk if one has no cream) removes much of the strong flavor and renders them less likely to affect weak stomachs unpleasantly.

INDIAN RUSK.—Two light cups of Indian meal, one cup of white flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus, enough sour or butter-milk to dissolve, one cup sweet, stir in three-fourths of a cup of molasses.

WASHING—TO STIFFEN FINE LACE—Dissolve a lump of white sugar in a wineglassful of cold water.

HUMOROUS.

Pertinacity.—A Newspaper publisher being about to engage an advertisement canvasser, thus interrogated the applicant, who stated that he had never been in that line before. "Now," said the publisher, "it is most likely that you will meet with many rebuffs and short answers. What will you do in that case?" "Why, call again till they become civil to me." "Perhaps you will be denied admittance or access to the principals. What then?" "Why, I should sit down on the doorstep till they came out." "Perhaps you would be put out at the front door." "Then I should try to get in by a side one." "Most likely, in such a case, they would threaten to call the police." "Then I should make myself scarce, and try to meet my gentleman on Sunday when he came out of church."

The Wrong Place.—An old man entered a Detroit shirt store yesterday to get himself a pair of mittens. He saw some chest-protectors there, and after looking them over he said:

"Well, I'll be mashed if I know what these things are."

"They are capital things for the winter," replied the clerk; "they are chest-protectors."

"Put 'em on the chest?" asked the old man.

"Yes, right over the lungs. I will sell you one very cheap, if you want it."

"No, I guess not. My old woman never strikes out from the shoulder, but always hits a down blow, and one o' these things wouldn't be worth a cent!"—*Free Press.*

The doctors were just as polite and gentle in those pioneer days as they are now, and, catching the spirit of the rapidly growing country, they felt that time was the great desideratum. A doctor living in Macomb county, when called upon to set a broken leg for a laboring man, examined the limb and said: "If I set this limb, it will be five or six months before you can walk. If I saw it off and make you a wooden leg, you'll be out splitting rails in less than three months." The man declined the generous offer, and the doctor sighed drearily as he rolled down his shirt sleeves.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The assurance of the lightning-rod man has always been looked upon as something appalling in its dimensions. It was never better illustrated than the other day when one of them applied to the President of the South Side Railway Company and wanted to put lightning-rods in all his bob-tails. "Lightning-rods on our cars?" asked tho latter. "Why, certainly." What in thunderation do we want 'em for?" "Because they make such good conductors," replied the imperturbable lightning-rod man. It took him right where the backbone leaves off.—*Boston Globe.*

A Detroit boy surprised his father the other day by asking:

"Father, do you like mother?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"And she likes you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy looked the old man over, and after a long pause asked:

"Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

To be Taken Two Ways.—"How are you getting on at your new place?" asked a lady of a girl whom she had recommended for a situation.

"Very well, thank you," answered the girl.

"I'm glad to hear it," said the lady. "Your employer is a very nice lady, and you can not do too much for her."

"I don't mean to, ma'am," was the innocent reply.

When a dentist is buried he has filled his last cavity.—— Among the liabilities of all firms should be put the liability to fail.—— When people write open letters the public generally wishes they would shut up.—— The burning of coffee plantations in Cuba will certainly overdo the business of coffee roasting.—*New Orleans Republican.*

An oil dealer sold some winter oil that was warranted to stand the severest cold. Shortly afterward it froze stiff. The purchaser went to the vendor with loud complaints. "I told you it would *stand* the coldest weather," said he; "I didn't tell you it would *run*. You see that it stands perfectly still, and you can't make it budge."

"She never told her love." That is, he never told him that all the beautiful golden hair she wore was false, and that the pearly teeth he praised were of the same deceptive character. But he discovered the fact soon after he married her, and now his faith in the honesty of the sex is considerably weakened.

A case came up for trial in a French court, and as the evidence was expected to be of a certain character, the Judge intimated the fact, and requested the decent women to withdraw. Not a soul moved. "Usher," said the Judge, "now that the decent women have all withdrawn, turn the rest out."

Father," said a lady of the new school to her indulgent spouse, as he resumed his pipe after supper one evening "you must buy our dear Georgiana an English grammar and spelling book. She has gone through her French and Latin, and now she must commence her English studies."

"Pa, I guess our man Ralph is a good Christian." "How so, my boy?" "Why, pa, I read in the Bible that the wicked shall not live out half his days; and Ralph says he has lived out ever since he was a little boy."

A whimsical comparison being made between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox said that he thought the simile bad; "for," said he, "a clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

What word is that in the English language the first two letters of which signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a great man, and the whole a great woman?—*Heroine.*

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

Romance of the kitchen.—Cook (from the area): "O, 'Liza, gi' me my winigrette. I've 'ad a—offer—from the promenade sweeper!"

An Ohio boy swallowed four or five of the wheels of an eight-day clock and he has kept the whole family running ever since the event.

In South Boston a sign adorns the front of a tinsmith's store which reads: "Quart measures sold here of all shapes and sizes."

Literary men can never be sure of having said a smart thing unless they see the "proof."

Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy? Because it's a hiding of the sun.

The origin of our potato-bug! The (rot-ta-tory) motion of the earth!

The man who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark.

Wonderful metamorphosis—To see a sleepy man turn into a bed.

When is love like a battle?—When it comes to an engagement.

Vested interest—money—money in the waistcoat pocket.

The cheapest of lawyers—Keeping one's own counsel.

It is said soda water taken alone shows a fizzical weakness.

Sweets in adversity—A sugar-house failure.

Sweetness and light—A love match.

The best thing out—An aching tooth.

Squandering Priceless Gifts.

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvelous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its starry blossoms, morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who among the sons and daughters of men—gifted with thoughts which wander through eternity, and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good and giving happiness—who does not daily let thousands of these thoughts drop to the ground and rot? who does not continually leave his powers to draggle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised, if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose. But, as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acorns that fail every autumn, there may, perhaps, be one in a million that will grow on into a tree—somewhat in like manner fares it with the thoughts and feelings of man. What, then, must be our confusion when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in judgment and bear witness against us!

The Use of Paper.

Of the 1,300,000,000 of human beings inhabiting the globe, 370,000,000 have no writing material of any kind; 500,000,000 of the Mongolian race use a paper made from the stalks and leaves of plants; 10,000,000 use for graphic purposes tablets of wood; 130,000,000—the Persians, Hindoos, Armenians and Syrians—have paper made from cotton, while the remaining 300,000,000 use the ordinary staple. The annual consumption by this latter number is estimated at 1,800,000,000 pounds, an average of six pounds to the person, which has increased from two and a half pounds during the last fifty years. To produce this amount of paper, 200.000,000 pounds of woolen rags, 800,000,000 pounds of cotton rags, besides great quantities of linen rags, straw, wood, and other materials are yearly consumed. The paper is manufactured in 3,900 mills, employing 90,000 male and 180,000 female laborers. The proportionate amounts manufactured of the different kinds of paper are stated to be—of writing paper, 300,000,000 pounds; of printing paper, 900,000,000 pounds; of wall paper, 400,000,000 pounds, and 200,000,000 pounds of cartoons, blotting paper, &c.

Character Makes the Man.

The man of character is always the man of iron nerve; he may be neither a great statesman nor politician; he may be humble in his associations and his aspirations; but, with all these exceptions, if he has character, his heart is right, his integrity is unshaken. He looks on truth with a clear vision, acting in accordance with its supernal dictates; he does not fear nor shun the face of his fellow-man, for his soul is white with integrity, and he looks humbly and trustingly up to the eternal source of truth—and his fellow-beings, in a lowlier sense, look up to him because he is trustworthy, and, in short, he has character—good and stable character. Character is the corner-stone in individual greatness—the Doric and splendid column in the majestic structure of a true and dignified man, who is at once a subject and a king. Such is the true type of perfect manhood; to earth belongs his corruptible body—to another and more enlarged sphere, his soul, stamped with divinity.

The law is always purchased at cost.

The Centennial Year

opens with a Great Centennial Concert at Fort Scott, Kansas, January 1st, 1876. Tickets $2. First Prize, Davidson's Opera House, worth $50,000; Second Prize, $20,000; and 7,686 prizes, from $5,000 down. The enterprise is endorsed by the best citizens of the State, and is the most liberal ever offered to the public. For particulars address J. S. EMMERT, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang, the breath is offensive, smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, mental depression, hacking cough, and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are, however, likely to be present in any one case. There is no disease more common than Catarrh, and none less understood by physicians.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

is, beyond all comparison, the best preparation for Catarrh ever discovered. Under the influence of its mild, soothing and healing properties, the disease soon yields. The Golden Medical Discovery should be taken to correct the blood, which is always at fault, and to act specifically upon the diseased glands and lining membrane of the nose. The Catarrh Remedy should be applied *warm* with *Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche*—the only instrument by which fluids can be perfectly injected into all the passages and chambers of the nose from which discharges proceed.

These medicines are sold by Druggists.
8

Schenck's Mandrake Pills

Will be found to possess those qualities necessary to the total eradication of all bilious attacks, prompt to start the secretions of the liver and give a healthy tone to the entire system. Indeed, it is no ordinary discovery in medical science to have invented a remedy for these stubborn complaints, which develop all the results produced by a heretofore free use of calomel, a mineral justly dreaded by mankind, and acknowledged to be destructive in the extreme to the human system. That the properties of certain vegetables comprise all the virtues of calomel without its injurious tendencies, is now an admitted fact, rendered indisputable by scientific researches; and those who use the Mandrake Pills will be fully satisfied that the best medicines are those provided by nature in the common herbs and roots of the fields.

These pills open the bowels and correct all bilious derangements without salivation or any of the injurious effects of calomel or other poisons. The secretion of bile is promoted by these pills, as will be seen by the altered color of the stools, and disappearing of the sallow complexion and cleansing of the tongue.

Ample directions for use accompany each box of pills.

Prepared only by J. H. Schenck & Son, at their principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, and for sale by all druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per box.

A FORTUNE NOW!! Seven dollars-worth of money making. Samples sent by mail for ten cents and one postage stamp. Address J. T. Smith, 427 E. 117th St., New York. 12-10-1t

REGISTERED
WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL
FOR ALL LUNG DISEASES
TRADE MARK.

"NATURE'S GREAT REMEDY."

This Cordial is a CERTAIN CURE for Coughs, Colds, Inflammation of the Lungs, Sore Throat and Breast, Bronchitis, and if taken in time, will arrest that fatal disease Consumption. The basis of this medicine is a preparation of Tar obtained by a peculiar process from the sap of the Pine Tree, the medicinal properties of which are well known. With this powerful element are thoroughly incorporated several other vegetable ingredients, each of which possesses soothing and healing attributes, thus making it the most POTENT ANTAGONIST to all diseases of the pulmonary organs that has yet been introduced.

DR. L. Q. C. WISHART'S
PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL

Is not a new remedy that has never been heard of before, but an OLD, RELIABLE, AND WELL-TRIED medicine that has been in daily use by families and intelligent physicians for the last sixteen years, and is spoken of in the highest terms by all who have used it, as thousands of UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS prove.

If you suffer from any disease for which this Cordial is recommended, we unhesitatingly say: "TRY IT, WE KNOW IT WILL DO YOU GOOD." A single bottle will demonstrate its valuable qualities.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND STOREKEEPERS.
PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
232 North Second St., Philad'a.

500,000 ACRES
—OF—
MICHIGAN LANDS
FOR SALE!

The Lands of the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw Railroad Company are Now Offered For Sale.

They are situated along its railroad and contain large tracts of excellent FARMING and PINE Lands.

The farming lands include some of the most fertile and well-watered hardwood lands in the State. They are timbered mainly with hard-maple and beech; soil black, sandy loam, and abounds in springs of purest water. Michigan is one of the least indebted and most prosperous States in the Union, and its farmers have a greater variety of crops and resources than any Western State. While some of the prairie States may produce corn in great abundance, they have no other resource, and when this crop fails, destitution follows, as has been the case the past year in Kansas and Nebraska.

Price from $2.50 to $5.00 per acre. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address O. M. BARNES, Commissioner, Lansing, Mich.
9-21-6t-eow

PERMANENT and profitable employment can be secured by one lady in every town in the United States. Address J. HENRY LYMONDS, 68 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass. 11-23-4t

BROOMS! BROOMS!

JOHN J. REIMER & CO.,
253 Washington St., New York.

Principal Depot in New York for the best Broom Manufactures in the United States.

Brooms from $2.00 per dozen and upward.

The lowest prices and greatest variety to be found anywhere.

Also an entire new stock of WOOD and WILLOW WARE, such as Pails, Tubs, Baskets, Mats, Twines, Cordage, Wicks, &c., together with a full line of Apple, Brier Wood and Clay Pipes, Fancy Soaps, Yankee Notions, Cutlery, &c. Segars from $15 to $60 per mill.

A full line of the best quality of TINWARE.

P. S.—We sell our goods at prices that do not require any drumming on the road. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Established 1850. 3-24-1y

FREDERICK SPIECKER,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN
Leaf Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco,
OF THE BEST BRANDS.
NO. 152 FAIRMOUNT AVENUE,
PHILADELPHIA.

Only Agent for U. S. Solid Top Cigar Mould.

Cigar Stores can be supplied.
1-22-1y

SHOW CASES!
SHOW CASES!

All styles, Silver Mounted and Walnut, new and second-hand. Securely packed for shipping. COUNTERS, BARS, SHELVING, STORE FIXTURES, &c.

HOUSE AND OFFICE FURNITURE all kinds. The largest and best assorted stock, new and second-hand in the City.

LEWIS & BRO. 2-1-1y
1021, 1023, 1025 and 1027 RIDGE AVE., Phila

$77 a week to Agents, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 11-23-6m

20 FANCY CARDS, 7 styles, with name, 10c. Address J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens Co., N. Y. 12-21-1t

FURNITURE AND BEDDING!
COOPER, HALL & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS,
119 and 121 N. SECOND STREET.
(FORMERLY THE MOUNT VERNON HOTEL,)
PHILADELPHIA.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK IN THE CITY.
PRICES AND QUALITY GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY.
FACTORIES: RUAN and THOMAS STREETS, FRANKFORD, PA.
4-19-1y

POND'S EXTRACT

The People's Remedy.
The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for POND'S EXTRACT.
Take no other.

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT—The great Vegetable Pain Destroyer. Has been in use over thirty years, and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN.—No family can afford to be without Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains, are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains or Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns, etc. Arrests inflamation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discolorations and heals rapidly.

FEMALE WEAKNESSES.—It always relieves pain in the back and loins, fullness and pressing pain in the head, nausea, vertigo.

IN LEUCORRHŒA it has no equal. All kinds of ulcerations to which ladies are subject are promptly cured. Fuller details in book accompanying each bottle.

PILES—blind or bleeding—meet prompt relief and ready cure. No case, however chronic or obstinate, can long resist its regular use.

VARICOSE VEINS.—It is the only sure cure for this distressing and dangerous condition.

KIDNEY DISEASES.—It has no equal for permanent cure.

BLEEDING from any cause. For this is a specific. It has saved hundreds of lives when all other remedies failed to arrest bleeding from nose, stomach, lungs, and elsewhere.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Toothache and Earache are all alike relieved, and often permanently cured.

PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for Swellings of all kinds, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils, simple and chronic Diarrhœa, Catarrh, (for which it is a specific,) Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes, etc., Chapped Hands, Face, and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE.—Removes Soreness, Roughness, and Smarting; heals Cuts, Eruptions, and Pimples. It *revives, invigorates,* and *refreshes,* while wonderfully improving the Complexion.

TO FARMERS.—Pond's Extract. No Stock Breeder, no Livery Man can afford to be without it. It is used by all the Leading Livery Stables, Street Railroads and first Horsemen in New York City. It has no equal for Sprains, Harness or Saddle Chafings, Stiffness, Scratches, Swellings, Cuts, Lacerations, Bleeding, Pneumonia, Colic, Diarrhœa, Chills, Colds, etc. Its range of action is wide, and the relief it affords is so prompt that it is invaluable in every Farm-yard as well as in every Farm-house. Let it be tried once, and you will never be without it.

CAUTION.—Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine article has the words Pond's Extract blown in each bottle. It is prepared by the only persons living who ever knew how to prepare it properly. Refuse all other preparations of Witch Hazel. This is the only article used by Physicians, and in the hospitals of this country and Europe.

HISTORY AND USES OF POND'S EXTRACT, in pamphlet form, sent free on application to POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, 98 Maiden Lane, New York.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me. 3-30-1y