HEART-BREAK.

BY HEINE.

If little flowers knew it,
The sorrow on my heart,
Their tears with mine would rue it,
And less would be the smart.

If nightingales could know it,
My trouble and my grief,
They would sing me to undo it—
A musical relief.

The golden stars and tender,
If they could know my pain,
Would step from out their splendor,
To bring me peace again.

They know it by no token—
One only knows—and she
Herself it is has broken
And torn my heart from me.

Getting A Lift.

"And wha kens, Marjory, by that time somebody may gie us a lift."

Marjory shook her pretty head. She had not just now her lover's hopefulness; but she smiled, as she always did, at his Scotch accent, glancing up archly, and the shake of the head was not very discouraging.

The two were standing before that mossy little cottage at the corner of the lane, just where the sweeping shadows of the great elm flickered over it. This cottage was Marjory's day-dream—a tiny, cozy, flower-clad day-dream, with a good substantial wall and a vine-covered hedge about it. In that distant future when she and Adam should be forehanded enough to wed, she liked to fancy herself mistress of this pretty cottage, going in and out of the sunny porch, or waiting for Adam of a summer evening down at the little gate under the elm. The place belonged to Squire Acton upon the hill, but the squire was away and the place unoccupied, and Marjory was at full liberty, therefore, to tenant it with a dream. She never passed the cozy little nest without a longing glance thitherward.

The "by that time" of which Adam spoke was long in coming, and to Marjory it seemed somehow this morning farther off than ever.

Adam, the sturdy young Scotsman, saw no cause cause for despair in this new country, with its fertile soil and sunshine. He was a gardener, known in all the region for his skill and thrift, and he trusted to shape the future with his own strong hands. Yet to be owner of a pretty place like that, with its low eaves, its shell-bordered path, and its elm shadow, was a thing worth dreaming about, and he let Marjory have her pretty dream.

"It's no unlike the wee bit place at hame," said Adam, eyeing it with a lingering glance as he turned to the road.

"Well, well, go your ways, Adam," said Marjory. "Its long past noon, and I've to stop down the lane with this basket for Widow Gray."

And Adam, lifting the basket over the stile for her, went his way, whistling thoughtfully.

Slowly Marjory passed up the lane with her basket, summer odors about her, and summer blossoms every where shedding their shell-like petals in a fragrant snow-fall, not whiter nor sweeter than the clean linen she was carrying to the Widow Gray; for Marjory was a capital work-woman, if she did dream over her tasks now and then.

The basket was refilled from the widow's garden with a goodly freight of vegetables for the houseful of youngsters for whom the young girl was purveyor, and the afternoon shadows were lengthening as patient Mrrjory went her way up the lane once more. She paused a moment at the stile to rest. Over the summer fields a soft, hazy sunlight fell; the meadows were golden: a veil of impalpable mist hung in the drowsy air. Marjory lingered, with her red hood thrown back over her shoulders, looking wistfully yet wearily at the scene, Her eye wandered to the hills lying afar off, fleeting cloud and shifting shadow flecking them. How distant they seemed, yet how near and familiar! She had never visited them, though they seemed so near. All her life had lain along the beaten track of household ways—the elder sister patiently caring for the old folks and the little ones.

Never, in her remembrance, had there happened to Marjory such a longing for a holiday, such a weariness of the old familiar duties, as now, when, setting down her laden basket, she leaned upon the stile, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked down the winding road. It was all so balmy, and so quiet. Now and then a laborer with his rake on his shoulder plodded homeward, nodding to her as he passed, or a creaking farm wagon, with its sleepy oxen, toiled up the rise; and presently the rerose a sun-lit cloud of dust a little distance off, and through it came the twinkling of red-spoked slender wheels—a pretty vehicle appeared, and a young gentleman driving. Marjory wondered how it would feel to be sweeping along the road like that, with no burdens to carry, and such a fleet little pony. At that moment—conld she believe it?—that pretty equipage paused in the road, that swift little pony stood stamping impatiently, and a pleasant voice said,

"Shall I give you a lift?"

Marjory looked at the questioner, doubtful if she were not really dreaming. There sat the vision, spruce, smiling, and holding out its gloved hands to help her in with her basket. Marjory felt herself dusty and untidy in the contrast. This might be the young squire, who was coming home to live, she had heard; but she smiled a shy smile as she found herself actually lifted to the vacant seat, and the young man thought he had never seen any thing quite so bright and summer-like as that smile. He wondered if all country girls were like this, with such beaming eyes and sun-tinted cheeks; and as they rode along he chatted pleasantly, just to evoke that smile again. How fresh and uncontaminated and full of rare sweetness might not such a girl be, brought up in the woods, and breathing in their clean, clear air! He was tired of city people. City people, both men and women, were so conventional—impossible to do any thing out of the habitual routine in the city. Now a man ought to do some good in the world. He had often thought it his duty to strike out in a new path, and break through old usages. All the men of his family had married fashionable women; they had wealth, they had position; but not one of them had a smile like that. Now a bright cheery hearth, with a pleasant face beside it—that might incite a man to do something worth while with his life. Such a girl as this, now—

Marjory, sittting by his side, blushed as she rode along, seeing all the homely familiar things from a grand distance, and fancying herself a lady riding into town with a gay gallant beside her.

"What is the prettiest place hereabout?" asked the squire, rousing from his reverie. And Marjory told him of the little cottage under the elm—that was the prettiest place of all.

So they rode along till they came in sight of the grand house on the hill—a big brown house, with a great carriage way and a row of tall poplars. Near the south gate stood the conservatory and hot-houses. The glass doors were open. The scent of rare exotics floated on the air, mingled with the earthy odor of the garden mould. The sun was setting behind the poplars, flushing everything with rose-color.

"Prettier than this?" asked the squire.

How would you like to live *here?*"

Ah, to live in a place like this, with a gardener to work for you, and to bow to the dust as he brought you a bouquet of those wonderful flowers! Marjory did not answer immediately, for at that moment a man in ragged straw hat, at work in the beds, lifted up his heated face, and touched that ragged straw hat to the squire. His eye lit up when he saw Marjory. It was Adam.

"Thank ye, squire, for gieing the lassie a lift," he said, coming forward. "I'll e'en tak' the basket, and walk the rest o' the way wi' her."

The young squire woke up. What strange distinctions there are in life, to be sure! Here was a girl whom he had actually been contemplating in the light of a wife. In his musing he had dressed her like a queen, and had seen her sweep gracefully in at the wide portal of his mansion. But on the threshold of that door her own familiar friend, it seemed, must pause, humble and hatless. He could not make a place for Adam; he could not imagine Adam in a drawing-room. Adam's sturdy boots and brawny figure were not exactly the stuff that dreams were made of. And, as I have said, the squire woke up.

"We have had a very pleasant ride," he said, as, setting Marjory and her basket down, he bowed and drove on to the stable. And as he went he thought to himself that it was all well enough to talk philosophy and dream poetry, but when things came to the practical test, you must give day-dreams the go-by.

But when Marjory's wedding-day came at last, and the little cottage was hers by his own gift, it must have been gratifying to him to know that he had fulfilled her day-dreams at least, if not his own, in "giving her a lift."

Why and When Lamps Explode.

All explosions of coal oil lamps are caused by the vapor or gas that collects in the space above the oil. When full of oil, of course, a lamp contains no gas; but immediately on lighting the lamp, consumption of oil begins, soon leaving a space for gas, which commences to form as the lamp warms up, and, after burning a short time, sufficient gas will accumulate to form an explosion. The gas in a lamp will explode only when ignited. In this respect it is like gunpowder. Cheap or inferior oil is always the most dangerous.

The flame is communicated to the gas in the following manner: The wick-tube in all lamp-burners is made larger than the wick which is to pass through it. It would not do to have the wick tightly in the burner; on the contrary, it is essential that it move up and down with perfect ease. In this way it is unavoidable that space in the tube is left along the sides of the wick sufficient for the flame from the burner to pass down into the lamp and explode the gas.

Many things may occur to cause the flame to pass down the wick and explode the lamp. The *Scientific American* says:

1. A lamp may be standing on a table or mantle, and a slight puff of air from the open window, or sudden opening of a door, may cause an explosion.

2. A lamp may be taken up quickly from a table or mantle and instantly explode.

3. A lamp is taken into an entry where there is a strong draught, or out of doors, and an explosion ensues.

4. A lighted lamp is taken up a flight of stairs, or is raised quickly to place it on the mantel, resulting in an explosion. In all these cases the mischief is done by the air movement—either by suddenly checking the draught, or forcing air down the chimney against the flame.

5. Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion.

6. Lamp explosions have been caused by using a chimney broken off at the top, or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draught is variable and the flame unsteady.

7. Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a small sized wick in a large burner, thus leaving a considerable space along the edges of the wick.

8. An old burner, with its air draughts clogged up. which by right should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final result is an explosion.

Assisting at an Eclipse.

The Chinese view an eclipse with wonder, mingled to a great extent with fear and terror, and most of them take some steps to aid the sun or moon, as the case may be, in the hour of need, the principal agents employed being, of course, gongs and gunpowder, without which no ceremonial observance of any kind is complete. The officials of their several yamens (official residences) go through a regular set ceremonial on these occasions. They call in the aid of Taoist priests, and an incense vase, and a pair of large candlesticks, containing red candles for luck, are placed on a table in the hua-ting, or audience hall, but sometimes in the court in front of it. When the eclipse is beginning, the red candles are lighted, and the official enters, dressed in his robes of state. He takes some lighted incense-sticks in both hands, and bows low in front of the table, waving the incense about according to custom before placing it in the vase. He next proceeds to perform the ceremony of "ko tou" (lit. knockhead), kneeling down thrice, and knocking his head nine times on the ground. He then gets up, and huge gongs and drums are beaten to frighten the devouring monster away; and finally the priests march round the table in solemn procession, repeating certain prescribed formulas in a sing-song tone, until the termination of the eclipse. The officials are of course always supposed to be successful in their endeavors to rescue the sun and moon from their perilous position, and the ignorant masses in China fully believe that the happy result is brought about by the ceremonies just described.—[*All the Year Round.*

The Song of the Shirt.

An anecdote, which Mark Lemon loved to tell, related to the period when Tom Hood became a contributor to *Punch*. Looking over his letters one morning, he opened an envelope inclosing a poem which the writer said had been rejected by three contemporaries. If not thought available for *Punch*, he begged the editor, whom he knew but slightly, to consign it to the waste-paper basket, as the author was "sick at the sight of it." The poem was signed "Tom," and the lines were entitled "The Song of the Shirt." The work was altogether different from anything that had ever appeared in *Punch*, and was considered so much out of keeping with the spirit of the periodical that at the weekly meeting its publication was opposed by several members of the staff. Mark Lemon was so firmly impressed not only with the beauty of the work, but with its suitability for the paper, that he stood by his first decision and published it. By a letter written by Tom Hood to Mark Lemon, which we have for the moment mislaid, it appears that the question of illustrating the poem was entertained and discussed. The lines, however, were published without illustration, except that humorous border of grotesque figures which made up "Punch's Procession" on Dec. 16, 1843. "The Song of the Shirt" trebled the sale of the paper and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britian.—*London Society.*

Whales at Bay.

As soon as all had taken their seats, says a writer, describing the scene, in the *St. James Magazine*, we rowed off silently, with double-banked oars. Five large boats were all we could man, as many of the fishermen had gone to the banks in the morning; though their brown sails were in sight, time did not allow of their recall. Our armament was most ludicrous; beside guns, we carried axes, lances, old swords, and several kettles for making a noise with. Several were busy improvising a formidable weapon by fastening scythe blades to short poles; one man, called while mowing, sat in the bow, holding his scythe.

As we left the cove the women kept calling after us, and wishing good luck, and then hurried to the cliffs, where they watched the progress of the chase. Making a long detour, the boats were quietly formed in a semi-circle to seaward of the dark group, which appeared unconscious of our approach; as soon as all were placed, the leader fired a gun, and we bore down upon the whales with all speed, shouting and splashing the water. A movement is seen among the whales, dark forms disappear and presently emerge again; they move slowly at first, then increasing their speed rush in a foaming crowd toward the shore.

We follow at our utmost speed, regardless of the spray that dashes over the boat. Suddenly the fish pause, feeling, perhaps, by instinct, that they are getting into shoal water, they turn, seem to deliberate and select the weakest spot for a charge; our speed is slackened, and all prepare for a struggle. After a moment's pause, headed by the largest of the herd, they rushed at my boat which happened to be in the centre of the line. On they came, raising a wall of foam, behind which are dimly seen arched backs and agitated fins; we shout, fire our guns, throw stones, and dash the oars in the water. They hesitate; a few plunge under the boat; I feel their backs scrape against the keel as we are thrown over and half filled with water from a gigantic fish; terrified and spouting blood, the whale rushes back into the herd, and heads for the shore in his blind agony.

We redouble our exertions, and th

fish, finally yielding, follow their wounded companion and fling themselves on the shore, where they lie wallowing in the shallow water. With a cry of triumph borne back from the women who stood on the cliff, dancing and waving their arms in delight at the prospect of an abundant winter supply of food, all the boats rowed for the shore, each striving to be first to commence the fight. With a final cheer the men drove the boats in among the fish, leaped out, and began to strike right and left. Quite satisfied with my exertions, I sat in the boat and watched the strange combat, already closing, as the poor, stupid fish, ignorant of their strength; fell easy victims to their determined enemies.

The sight was strange and striking; the cloudless sun was shining on the waves of the bay; but, except over a large patch, many yards in extent, dyed red with blood. Each wave showed a stream of crimson as it washed over the glistening bodies, rejoicing that it could insult the strange forms that had lately swam lords of the deep. Behind a narrow beach rose the steep cliff, down which were running the women and children, their shrill cries rising above the shouts of the men and roar of the waves. Gradually the tumult ceased, except where a whale in the last throes, wrapped himself in a cloud of bloody spray, and deluged the men who stood by watching for another blow.

A Gentleman.

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you first find a man.

To be a gentleman it is not sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman does not depend on the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits.

A gentleman is just a gentle man; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself.

Sir Philip Sydney was never so much of a gentleman—mirror though he was of English knighthood—as when, upon the field Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cool spring water, that was to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier.

St. Paul describes a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things." And Dr. Isaac Barlow, in his admirable sermon on the callings of a gentleman, pointedly says, "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto, by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works, before a profane world."—[*Selected*.

The Passions that Induce Disease.

The passions which act most severely on the physical life are anger, fear, hatred and grief. The other passions are comparatively innocuous. What is called the passion of love is not injurious until it lapses into grief and anxiety; on the contrary, it sustains the physical powers. What is called ambition is of itself harmless; for ambition, when it exists purely, is a nobility lifting its owner from himself into the exalted service of mankind. It injures when it is debased by its meaner ally, pride, or when, stimulating a man to too strenuous efforts after some great object, it leads him to the performance of excessive mental or physical labor, and to the consequences that follow such effort. The passion called avarice, according to my experience, tends rather to the preservation of the body than to its deterioration. The avaricious man, who seems to the luxurious world to be debarring himself of all the pleasures of the world, and even to be exposing himself to the fangs of poverty, is generally placing himself in precise conditions favorable to a long and healthy existence. By his economy he is saving himself from all the worry incident to penury; by his caution he is screening himself from all the risks incident to speculation or the attempt to amass wealth by hazardous means; by his regularity of hours and perfect appropriation of the sunlight in preference to artificial illumination, he rests and works in periods that precisely accord with the periodicity of nature; by his abstemiousness in living he takes just enough to live, which is precisely the right thing to do according to the rigid natural law. Thus, in almost every particular, he goes on his way freer than other men from the external causes of all the induced diseases, and better protected than most men from the worst consequences of those diseases which spring from causes that are uncontrollable.

What is an Epic?

An epic seems a difficult thing to define. We gather the views of several writers on this point.

Blair regards an epic as "The illustrating of some great and *general idea* in verse, its aim being to arouse admiration and astonishment." *E. g.*, The great idea of the Iliad is *War*.

Fuseli says: "Homer, wishing to impress one forcible idea of war, its progress, and its aid, set to work innumerable engines of various magnitudes, yet none but that uniformly tends to force this and only this idea upon the mind."

S. W. Clark's grammar says: "Epic poetry is a historical representation—real or fictitious—of great events." "Lady of the Lake," "Curse of Kehama," etc., are cited.

Chambers' Cyclopædia divides Poetry into two general classes—Epic and Lyric. The former has outward objects for its subject—real or fictitious. Lyric sets forth subjective occurrences. Epics are heroic—as the Iliad, the Æneid, Jerusalem delivered, Orlando Furioso; and sacred—as the works of Milton and Dante. The writer adds: "Attempts at Epic poetry are now rare... Instead of epic poems we have *novels*, which so far as subject is concerned, may be considered as the epics of modern civil and domestic life."

Tachygraphic.

Proceedings of the Boston Tachygraphic Society: "Judge Burnham proposed to drop 'a' from 'head,' etc., and 'ugh' from 'though,' etc., in writing to our friends, and thus finally let the worst forms disappear, as have 'u' from 'labour' and 'k' from 'almanack.' Millions of minutes and money are lost through the want of simple adherence to the phonetic rule. Let each letter have only one sound, and each sound one letter. As to the 'long hand' evil, he said that there are in the United States more than a half million professional penmen. Now a rapid penman can write thirty words to a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through one rod. In five and one-half hours his pen travels one mile. Averaging sixteen curves to one word, at thirty words per minute, one makes in a day of only five hours, 144,000 strokes, and in a year of 300 days, 43,200,000. If each writer traces a mark 300 miles long in a year, 550,000 writers trace 165,000,000 miles. And as to the strokes, 43,200,000x550,000=23,760,000,000,000. And all this without reckoning the great mass of people, say 30,000,000 in the United States, who in the aggregate write another equally large total."

Pride of Authorship.

"I am going to fly," said the gigantic ostrich, and the whole assembly of birds gathered around in earnest expectation. "I am going to fly," he cried again, and stretching out his immense pinions he shot like a ship with outspread sails away over the ground without, however, rising an inch above it. Thus it happens when a notion of being poetical takes possession of unpoetical brains; in the opening of their monstrous odes they boast of their intention to soar over clouds and stars, but nevertheless remain constant to the dust.—[*Lessing*.

AGRICULTURAL.

Making Hay a Speciality.—The student of agricultural statistics cannot fail to notice changes in any given locality in the amount and variety of its agricultural productions. Physical causes—embracing modifications of climate, exhaustion of the soil by incessant cropping, insect depredations, &c.—have something to do with this result. Railroad communication exerts a marked influence on the agriculture of any region, stimulating to the increased production of standard crops, and giving rise to the introduction of new crops. Ostego Co., N. Y., which has enjoyed railroad facilities but a few years, is already shipping to the Eastern markets considerable quantities of hay, potatoes, apples, and other grass articles, hitherto sparingly produced and consumed at home. Some of our enterprising farmers are discussing the expediency of abandoning the manufacture of butter and cheese—the leading interest in this section—and making the production of hay a specialty. This will pay better as prices now rule than dairying, and less help will be required upon the farm. The only problem to be solved is the possibility of sustaining the fertility of the soil without the aid of barn-yard manures. (1) It is with us a question, practically unsettled, how far the aftermath if left upon the ground will keep the soil in good condition, and supply it with plant food. (2) If the aftermath is not sufficient, what outlay for artificial manures will repair for the waste? (3) Foraging upon mown lands in Spring or Fall is highly injurious, but is practiced from necessity in dairying regions where large numbers of cattle are kept. The meadows under this system soon "run out," and need to be plowed and reseeded. In some of the eastern portions of this State entire farms are kept in the production of grass for hay without any appreciable diminution in yield or apparent impoverishment of the soil. (4) The experiment of making hay the leading crop will soon be tried here, and, I doubt not, successfully.

I believe the growing facilities for communication with the great markets of the seaboard will revolutionize the system of agriculture in New York and the New England States in the not distant future. The important staples of butter and cheese will be produced many hundred miles west where now grain and cattle are the staple, and these in turn will be produced in the still more remote Wes..—[*S. M. Ingalls Otsego Co., N. Y.*

Plants.—Plants grow better where the temperature runs lower atnight than during the day. It never should go below 40 degrees Fah. in the first case,or 50 degrees in the second case. If plants stand near a window, a screen should be made by pasting papers to a frame, similar to that used for mosquito screens, placing it between the plants and the window every night. A screen made in this way can be inserted in a moment, and may consist of several thicknesses of paper.

A moist atmosphere is indispensable to the healthy growth of plants, and is obtained by keeping the pan in the furnace filled with water, or an urn or some other vessel upon the stove. The atmosphere must be free from sulphurous gases, and to accomplish this end the back damper in the stove must be kept open enough to allow its escape, and the windows raised a little every day for a short time when the temperature outside will allow.

If small plants taken from the greenhouse, be carefully potted in suitable soil, placed in a room with a somewhat moist atmosphere, free from poisonous gases, carefully watered, exposed to the sunlight a part of the day, no insects allowed upon them, and the temperature kept as directed, they will grow and will repay the labor of caring for them, and homes be made brighter and happier by the presence of an abundance of flowers.

Pork—How to Cut and Trim.—Have the hog laid on his back on a stout table. Clean the carcass of the leaf fat. Take off his feet at the ankle joints. Cut the head off close to the shoulders, separating the jowl from the skull, and open the scull lengthwise on the under side, so as to remove the brains fully. Remove the backbone in its whole length, and with a sharp knife cut off the skin—then the fat, leaving only about one-half inch of fat on the spinal column. The middlings or sides are now cut from between the quarters, leaving the shoulders square shaped, and the ham pointed, or it may be rounded to suit your fancy.

The ribs are next removed partially or entirely with the sides. The trimmings or fat from the hams or flabby parts of the sides, are rendered up with the backbone strips for lard. The sausage meat is cut off from the fat and ribs; and other lean places are used for the same purpose. The thick part of the back bone that lies between the shoulders is called chine; it is cut from the tapering bony end, and the latter part called the backbone by way of distinction. The backbone is used while fresh; the chine is better after being smoked.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Cure for the Epizooty.—Give your animal three times a day, in a mash, scalded bran and oats with one pint of bruised linseed meal added. Scald the above in a pail or tub, covered over with a thick rug or blanket, two hours before feeding. When the mash is put into the feed box, mix into a powder composed of sub-carbonate of iron, in powder, one drachm; tartar emetic and calomel, of each half a drachm; nitrate of potassa, powdered lobelia, gentian root and Jamaica ginger root, of each three drachms. Give this powder in each mash for one week and stop for a week. Give again for another week and stop. If at the end of a month he is not fully recovered, give again in same manner. This treatment will, no doubt, with moderate exercise, effect a permament cure in your horse in a very short time.

The Use of Fallen Leaves.—In the *Gardener's Monthly*, Mr. Meehan says: These have to be gathered up. They are excellent to mix with hot-bed material, and where practicable, should be saved for this purpose. They do not heat so rapidly as stable manure, and in this have an advantage; as tempering the violence makes manure last longer and maintain a more regular heat. They are excellent material to put round cold frames to protect half-hardy plants. A board is put up to the height of the frame boards,and about a foot or more from them, and the leaves filled in between. If the plants are somewhat tender, the bottom of the frames may be filled in a few feet with the leaves. These leaves after having been two or three years decaying, make admirable stuff for potting plants and flowers in general·

Pumpkins for Milch Cows.—A recent experiment was tried in feeding pumpkins by a New England farmer, who says: "I first fed my cows one week with one large or two small pumpkins to each cow twice a day. Their milk decreased two or three quarts to each cow a day from what they gave the week previous. I then fed them one week with the same quantity of pumpkins as before and took out the seeds. They increased in a greater proportion of milk than they had decreased the week previous. I fed them alternately three or four weeks, and they varied in their milk very much as the first weeks.

Sow Eating Her Pigs.—A sow that has this habit should be given an ounce of gunpowder occasionally in her food. The charcoal, sulphur, and nitre of the powder are all useful, and in this shape may be conveniently given. Or in the place of this a few hard-wood coals may be quenched in water and then given with a spoonful of sulphur and half as much saltpetre in the food. This mixture or the gunpowder should be given for a week or two before the sow farrows, and continued a week or two afterward. When sows are shut in pens they are more subject to the vice than when running at large in a field. —[*American Agriculturist.*

A practical farmer says it is a dead loss to fall-feed on mowing fields. He saysoneton of grass fed from that field will diminish the next year's crop at least two tons.

There's lots ov men in this world that are like a rooster—take the cockade and spurs off from them and yu couldn't hardly tell them from a hen.

SCIENTIFIC.

New Use for Rats.—Rats are not generally supposed to be of any particular use in the economy of Nature, unless it be to eat up refuse, make a noise, or haunt the subterranean cavities of large cities. A telegraph inspector in England has, however, upon a recent occasion, proved that the rat as an operater in case of broken wires may be turned to good account. It was necessary, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, to overhaul a cable of wires inclosed in iron tubes. A certain length of the cable had to be taken out of the tube, and the men commenced hauling at one end, without having taken the precaution to attach to the other a wire by which it might be drawn back after inspection and repairs. The question arose how the cable was to be restored to its proper place. The inspector invoked the aid of a rat catcher, and, provided with a large rat, a ferret, and a ball of string wound on the Morse paper drum, he repaired to the opening of the tube. The flush boxes were opened, and the rat, with one end of the string attached to his body, was put into the pipe. He scampered away at racing pace, dragging the twine with him until he reached the middle of the pipe, and there stopped. The ferret was then put in, and off went the rat again, until he sprang clear out of the flush box. One length of the cable was thus safe, and the same operation was commenced with the other; but the rat stopped short a few yards from the pipe. and boldly awaited the approach of the ferret. A sharp combat ensued, but after sundry jerks at the string the combatants separated, the rat making for the other extremity of the pipe, carrying the string through and relieving the inspector from his anxiety·

Annealing Glass.—When from fluidity glass is cooled to a solid structure in the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, it is found to be very brittle or liable to fracture.

If the glass is so shaped as to be of unequal thickness in its different parts, it can seldom be cooled without fracture, and, if unbroken when cool, is liable to fracture with any subsequent change of temperature or by a sudden jar. Often this fracture takes place, in articles of considerable thickness, with an explosive force, perhaps breaking the glass into a thousand pieces. When glass breaks in this manner, it is said to "fly."

In order to prevent such liability to "fly," glass-ware is annealed.

The process of annealing glass consists in reducing its temperature more slowly than would occur in the air at ordinary temperatures.

An oven is so constructed that the heat of the glass ts maintained by a current of heated air in which the articles to be annealed are placed, and mechanism so contrived as very slowly to draw away the ware into currents of lower temperature. Or the ware is annealed in kilns, which are closed and sealed at a temperature a little less than that at which glass becomes plastic, and heated air being thus confined the kilns are many hours, often many days, in cooling. The more carefully and slowly glass is annealed, the less liable it is to "fly."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Jade.—A number ot sales of Japanese and Chinese curiosities have recently taken place, in which were included objects made of material little seen in this part of the world, and about which little here is known. It is a precious stone, valuable not on account of its scarcity, because in China and Burmah large mines of it exist, but for the great difficulty encountered in cutting and carving it, necessitating an amount of patience and manual dexterity rarely found save among the inhabitants of the celestial kingdom. It is a silicate of alumina called jade, and is obtained in Tartary, various parts of China, and in the Mogoung districts of North Burmah. The true jade is hard enough to cut glass or quartz, and the most valuable pieces are of an intensely bright green hue, the ordinary material being pink and yellow. As many as 1,600 men are engaged in the jade mines of Burmah, and the substance is sometimes found in huge blocks, which three men can hardly move. The crude fragments are cut by means of thin copper disks, used in conjunction with fine silicious grit, composed of quartz and little particles resembling ruby dust. The boring of earrings and bracelets is effected by a revolving cylinder tipped at the free end with the same silicious mixture. The Chinese, with their proverbial ingenuity, make an almost perfect imitation of jade out of rice, the quality of hardness alone being absent.

Bamboo for Paper-making.—The gradual exhaustion of the various substances used for paper-making causes an earnest inquiry for supplies of new material. We know that the Chinese and Japanese,who excel in the manufacture of paper, produce a fine quality, known as India proof-paper, from young bamboos. They also manufacture, from the bark of the paper-mulberry, many styles of paper, some of which imitate leather, and others muslin and crape, so closely that much care is required to detect the real nature of the article. The bamboo has been introduced into various countries as a paper-material, and there is no reason why it should not be imported in unlimited quantities. In most tropical regions, some species of bamboo flourish luxuriantly, and their growth is so rapid that the supply need never be drained. As to the rate of growth, it is said that at Gehzireh,—the gardens of the Khedive of Egypt,—the bamboo has been known to grow 9 inches in a night. At Lion House,—the mansion of the Duke of Northumberland,—stems of *Bambusa gigantea* have attained the height of 60 feet in twelve weeks. At Kew, the *Bambusa vulgaris* has grown in favorable seasons at the rate of 18 inches per day; and, at Chatsworth, the same species has reached the height of 40 feet in forty days.

Manufacture of Zeiodelite.—The compound known as zeiodelite, which has come so largely into use in France, is claimed to be superior to hydraulic lime for uniting stone and resisting the action of water. It is made by mixing together sulphur and pulverized stoneware and glass, in the proportion of nineteen pounds of the former to forty-two of the latter. The mixture is exposed to a gentle heat, which melts the sulphur, and then the mass is stirred until it becomes thoroughly homogeneous, when it is run into suitable moulds, and allowed to cool. This preparation is proof against acids in general, whatever their degree of concentration, and will last an indefinite time. It melts at about one hundred and twenty degrees Cen., and may be re-employed without loss of any of its qualities, whenever it is desirable to change the form of an apparatus, by melting at a general heat, and operating as with asphalte. At one hundred and ten degrees, it becomes as hard as stone, and therefore preserves its solidity in boiling water. Slabs of zeiodelite may be joined by introducing between some of them paste heated to two hundred degrees, which will melt the edges of the slabs, and when the whole becomes cold it will present one uniform piece.

The Greatest Telescope.—The great telescope recently erected in the Paris Observatory is to be completely overshadowed in size and power by the instrument now in course of construction for the new Observatory in Vienna. This is the largest yet attempted, and is being made at Dublin. The length will be 32 feet; the object-glass will have an aperture of over 26 inches, and the great base casting, weighing 8 tons, will form a chamber 12 feet long, 8 high, and 4½ wide. The tube will be entirely of steel, and all the axes will have their friction relieved by anti-friction apparatus. It is expected that the instrument will be completed by the autumn of 1878. It took six years to build the Paris reflector, which cost about $40,000.

Action of Protochloride of Tin on Chlorate of Potash.—When 2 parts by weight of stannous chloride and 1 part of potassic chlorate, both in powder, are triturated together in a porcelain mortar, the mass becomes heated in a few minutes very strongly. Beside chloric acid, large quantities of vapor of water are given off, and a yellowish white residue remains, which, when dissolved in boiling water and allowed to cool, deposits hypochlorite of potassa in splendid brilliant crystals, while the supernatant opalescent, milky mother liquor contains oxychloride of tin.

DOMESTIC.

Blot on Beefsteak.—If those housewives who feed their families on tough steaks (not being willing or able to pay for juicy ones) would take a little more pains—that is, would stew an inferior piece instead of broiling or frying it—they would have more palatable and more nourishing food.

Pounding a steak to make it tender is a mere farce. You may pound a tough and tasteless steak for hours or for days, and you will never make a tender, juicy, and palatable one. Pounding breaks the fibres of the meat, it is true, but it does not remove them, and does not change tasteless meat into that which is juicy and tender. A pounded tough steak while being masticated may appear to an inexperienced palate tenderer than if it had not been pounded, but it is a delusion. It does not show as much resistance under the teeth, it is true, but the nature of the meat remains the same; it does not become more nutritious or more juicy.

A thin steak, even a good one, can not be cooked properly, for a quick fire and a good draught are required to broil a steak, and if it be too thin it is dried up in a moment. The intensity of the heat penetrates through and through, and leaves only a dried, tough, and tasteless piece, instead of a juicy and palatable one.

A steak should never be less than three-quarters of an inch in thickness. It should be broiled rather underdone, as quickly as possible, and placed on a warm dish, with butter, chopped parsley, and a few drops of lemon juice spread all over, and served quickly.

A steak broiled beforehand and kept warm in an oven gets dry, tough and tasteless. If kept in a closed vessel in a warm place, or over steam, it soon gets soggy, and loses its juicy and delicious taste. Fried potatoes or watercresses are most excellent accompaniments to a steak.

Portable Soup.—Boil one or two knuckles of veal, one or two shins of beef, and three pounds of beef in as much water only as will cover them. Take the marrow out of the bones; put in any sort of spice you like, and three large onions. When the meat is done to rags, strain it off, and put it into a very cold place. When cold, take off the cake of fat; put the soup into a double bottomed tin saucepan, and set it on a pretty quick fire, but do not let it burn. It must boil fast and uncovered, and be stirred constantly for eight hours. Put it into a pan, and let it stand in a cold place a day; then pour it into a round china dish, and set the dish into a stewpan of boiling water on the stove, and let it boil, and be now and then stirred till the soup is thick and ropy; then it is done enough. Pour it into the little round part at the bottom of cups or basins turned upside down to form cakes; and when cold turn them out on flannel to dry. Keep them in tin canisters. When they are to be used, melt them in boiling water; and if you wish the flavor of herbs, or anything else, boil it first, strain off the water, and melt the soup in it. This is very convenient in the country, or at sea, where fresh meat is not always at hand; as by this means a basin of soup may be made in five minutes.

Chicken Pie.—Cut the chicken in small pieces and put them on to cook, with just water enough to cover them. When about half done, take out the chicken and rub some pepper, salt, flour, with sufficient butter to make a rich gravy; when cool, roll out your crust and put round the sides of the dish, let it come over the edge; then cut some narrow strips and put round twice on top of that; put in the chicken and fill the dish about half full of gravy; save out plenty to eat with the pie. If there does not seem to be enough, rub some butter with flour and seasoning, and put in small pieces among the chicken, and put on some water. Then cover the dish with a thick crust, cut out a round piece from the center of the pie, then roll some crust a little thicker than you would for a common pie, and cut eight leaves—you can mark round a tablespoon to shape them—mark them through the middle and each side to resemble a leaf, then lay on four opposite each other, then the other four between those; take a narrow strip of the crust and cut it fine at one edge, then roll it up and put it in the center. If properly done, you have a very handsome pie. Bake in gradually until the crust is done.

Wash for Fences and Outbuildings.—The following is a most excellent, cheap and durable wash for wooden fences and buildings. It owes it durability chiefly to the *white vitriol* which hardens and fixes the wash:

Take a barrel and slack one bushel of freshly burned lime in it, by covering the lime with boiling water.

After it is slacked, add cold water enough to bring it to the consistency of good whitewash. Then dissolve in water, and add one pound of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc), and one quart of fine salt.

To give this wash a *cream* color, add one-half a pound of yellow ochre, (in powder). To give it a *fawn* look, add a pound of yellow ochre, and one-fourth of a pound of Indian red.

To make the wash a handsome, gray stone color, add one-half a pound of French blue, and one-fourth pound of Indian red; a drab will be made by adding one-half of a pound of burnt sienna, and one-fourth pound Venetian red.

For brick or stone, instead of one bushel of lime, use half a bushel of lime, and half a bushel of hydraulic cement.

Kill Your Fish.—If any animal but a fish were allowed to die a lingering death by suffocation, or should be drowned, people would be quite unwilling to eat the meat of such animal, and would consider it an imposition if a provision dealer should send such things for their tables. And yet it is usual when fish are caught to leave them without air (*breathing in their way*), and they die an unnatural death, after a struggle perhaps for hours. No one seems to think *their* flesh is injured by this suffering. Nevertheless it is. So that if one has no thought for the unnecessary suffering of the fish, he ought to kill it, instantly, out of regard to his own stomach. He would find a great improvement in the quality. Strike the fish a sharp blow, just back of the eyes, or with a knife divide the back-bone. We have called attention to this before, but are reminded by a friend that it is not generally understood.

Boiling Peas.—Why some peas boil soft and others hard, has long puzzled farmers and housekeepers. The question seems to have been explained by Prof. Ritthausen, who has examined samples of peas of these different characters, and has found that the hard boiling peas contain a large excess of potash and sulphate of potash, but a large deficiency of phosphoric acid as compared with the soft boiling peas. It was also discovered that the boiling of soft boiling peas in water impregnated with lime tended to harden them, while hard boiling peas softened readily when cooked in distilled (pure) water. In practice farmers find an application of lime to the land produces hard boiling peas, probably by liberating potash and fixing phosphoric acid in the soil, and housewives find that by adding soda to the water hard boiling peas may be cooked soft.

To Cleanse Lace and Embroidered Muslin Curtains.—Wash them carefully, rinse thoroughly, and starch them. Then have two narrow boards, as long or longer than the curtains, with strips of cloth or wide tape tacked on their entire length. Place them out of doors on chairs, as you would quilting frames, and carefully pin the wet curtain between, stretching it until it is entirely smooth. Every point and scallop should be pulled in shape and fastened down. When one curtain is dry fill its place with another. This method of drying them is better than pinning them to a sheet fastened to the carpet on the floor. Drying in the open air, they are clearer and sweeter.

Chicken Celery.—Boil two chickens; when cold, take the meat from the bones, chop it fine with the yolks of nine eggs boiled hard, two heads of celery, chopped; add sweet oil, mustard, cayenne, a little salt; mix it well together.

Compressed yeast consists usually of beer lees, flour moistened with beer, and other fermented matter, the superfluous moisture having been removed by pressure.

HUMOROUS.

"Lovey."—"Lovey, will you please let me have one dollar?" inquired an affectionate Chicago wife of her husband, last evening.

"Where's all that I gave you yesterday?" said "Lovey," bluntly.

"Why—I've been down town to-day, and—"

"And spent all, of course," interrupted the husband, "and now I'd like to know what you want of more."

"I—I didn't have quite enough," faltered the gentle wife, "to—to buy for you the Christmas present I wanted to."

Then, had you been there, you would have seen the shamedest-looking husband in Northern Illinois, when "Lovey" handed over that dollar.—*Chicago Journal.*

Easy Arithmetic.—In Lady Wood's new novel, *Below the Salt*, one of the characters gives a definition in arithmetic that will be quite acceptable to our young lady readers. Edgar is speaking to Pleasance:

"Now I kiss you three times on one cheek, and four times on yonr mouth. How many did that make altogether?"

"Seven," whispered the girl, disengaging herself to breathe more freely.

"*That is arithmetic*," said the youth, triumphantly.

"Dear me," said Pleasance, "I should not have thought it."

Hadn't Been There.—In the office of one of the hotels the other day a man spit a great deal of tobacco juice around, and had a great deal to say about his voyage to Europe last year. He used many oaths, made himself disagreeably familiar to all, and finally stepped on a little man's corns and bluntly asked:

"Did you ever go to Europe?"

"No, sir, I never did," was the reply. "I have had all I could do to stay at home and learn manners."

There was lots of silence around there after that.

"Le Sport."—Keeper: "Why didn't you fire the other barrel, m'seer—the other barrel at the last bird?" Monsieur Alphonse: "Bah! I did fire ze odher barrel! I do fire bodt barrels togezzer! And in my own country I do shoot ze lark at twenty, twenty-five and somedimes dirty yards—when he stand quite still! Your dogs zey make ze birds to fly away—(insinuatingly)—and zey must be fatigued. Here is money. Take zem and buy zem somefings to eat! Leave me to make my own dogs myself!"—*Punch.*

Scene at a Brooklyn wedding breakfast. Company all seated about the table. A pause in the general conversation. Happy husband, to his wife's seven-year-old sister at the other end of the room: "Well, Julie, you have a new brother now." Julie: "Yes, but mother said to papa the other day that she was afraid you would never amount to much, but that it seemed to be Sarah's last chance." Intense silence for a moment, followed by a rapid play of knives and forks.

A friend used to relate an anecdote of his first visit to Paris during its occupation by the allied armies after Waterloo. He was extremely bald. At that time Englishmen were terribly victimized in the French capital. He entered a hairdresser's to be operated upon, and was thunderstruck to find himself charged 10 francs. "Ten francs," exclaimed my friend, "for cutting my hair!" "Oh, no, monsieur, not for *coting* your hair, but for finding *de hair* to *cot*."

Fishing for a Compliment.—A young man having preached for a reverend doctor, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labor of love. The grave doctor, however, did not introduce the subject, and his younger brother was obliged to bait the hook for him. "I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the *length* of my sermon to-day?" "No, sir, not at all, nor by the *depth* either!" The young man was silent.

"Yes, purty tuff times," replied a Detroit bootblack the other day, "and Bill says they is to be still tuffer afore spring. I'd go on the stage this winter, but I hain't no good clothes. I'd like to get to be cashier in a bank, but I hain't high enough. I've thought some of being a lawyer, but they say that lawyers lie so. I guess if the weather holds bad, I'll go to holdin' an office of some kind at the City Hall."

The other evening he came home with the air of a man bent on business, and, after throwing off his hat and coat, deliberately produced a brace of revolvers, and clapped them down on the table. His wife gave a little shriek, and started toward the door, but he spoke to her gently, saying; "Don't be alarmed, my dear. The gas man's coming to inspect the meter to-morrow morning, and I thought I'd be prepared."

Hume, the historian, never intentionally wrote jokes, but he stumbled on one at last, and apparently a very malicious one. In speaking of the exaggerated though popular style of the old writers, he happened to put these two sentences together: "Raleigh is the best model of that ancient style which some writers would affect at present. He was beheaded in 1618, aged 66 years."

"I'll fix him this time," said Spilkins, after handing an apple, spread with rat poison, to a voracious billy goat that had devoured his garden plants. Judge, however, of Spilkins's dismay when, on returning home that afternoon, his goatship came gamboling friskily to meet him, evidently, like Oliver Twist, anxious for more.

The hardest part of a cradle -The rock. Sometimes gets out of temper—Steel. If you find a hard splitting wood, suppose you split the difference. A pair of pinchers—Those tight boots. Often "hauled over the coals"—The poker. The man who was asked to sing a solo said he would if his friend would help duet.—*Boston Traveler.*

Down in the South Sea Islands, says a recent traveler, the thermometer ranges at 100 degrees in the shade, and Cannibals eat their own sons for dinner. In either case, therefore, the rising generation stands a fair change of being par-boiled.

A Jersey City man wanted a plain hen-coop built, and the estimates of the architects ranged from $100 to $2,250. He went to work and built it for $7, and now places the American architect alongside the American detective.

Many a good-minded mother has innocently warped her son's character Satanwards by arguing that gray patches could be inserted into his black pantaloons without the other boys being able to detect the difference.

A footman learned from his master that malapropos meant "out of place." Meeting a brother footman who had been discharged, he exclaimed, "Ah! my dear fellow, I am sorry for you; you are malapropos!"

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his servant girl as she came up from the kitchen. "It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at all on the top," was the reply.

An old lady from one of the rural districts, astonished a clerk in one of the stores a few days ago, by inquiring if he had any "yaller developments sich as they did up letters in."

What is the difference between an uncleanly servant and a chicken? One is a foul domestic, and the other is a domestic fowl.

Awful.—Why have chickens no hereafter? Because they have their *necks twirled* (next world) in this.

A painful trance-action—getting out of bed in one's sleep, and walking out of a third-story window.

"How sweet, but how bald for one so young!" is what a young lady remarked about an infant.

"I didn't think you would be so hard with me," as the shark said when he bit the anchor.

Dear Friends—England and Egypt are now shares *amis*.—*Punch.*

Hostile furniture—Armed chairs.

Very Fine.

According to the Austin Cotton Plant these are the kind of weddings they have in Mississippi. At the last one we are told that the bride was "exquisitely attired in heavy white gros-grained-silk, with trailing wreaths of starry jasmine and milky myrtle blooms, as delicately perfect as if fashioned by the fairy hand of nature. Over the white splendor of the silk, toning its gloss into a glimmer, dashed foamy waves of illusion, as if the sea of happiness that seemed stretching out at her feet had flung up visible white spray to bless her bridal garments. Crowned with her bridal coronet, half hidden in the fleecy folds of her wedding veil, this young lady reminded one of a radiant star in a veil of mist." Music.

American Genius. Moody & Sankey

The great revivalists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who electrified staid old England with their eloquence and enthusiasm, are fair samples of American genius. Springing from among the common people, their sympathies are alive to the wants of *the whole people*, and herein lies the secret of their great success. Those who seek to be popular must study and be familiar with the wants of the masses, and prove loyal thereto. To this fact we may trace the grand success in business, as well as in religious undertakings, which many Americans have achieved. Strikingly illustrative of these suggestions is that great establishment, located at Buffalo, N. Y., and known as the "World's Dispensary,"—a most appropriate name, indeed, for that vast institution, within whose walls are manufactured remedies which are in demand in every quarter of the globe, and at which a corps of distinguished physicians and surgeons, under the personal direction of Dr. Pierce, are constantly administering to the needs of thousands of sufferers everywhere, and whose success in the treatment of all forms of chronic ailments has become so well known that there is scarcely a hamlet in the land in which his name is not familiar. Its proprietor, says the *Herald and Torchlight*, of Detroit, "*is a man of the people*, writes for them, and to them tenders his eminent professional services." His advertisements are earnest exhortations. Like the great revivalists, his enthusiasm is multiplied by the unparalleled success of his enterprise, as well as by the efficacy of his remedies in curing disease. *The people believe in him* and his remedies, because, as the New York *Tribune* says, "he sympathizes with them in all their afflictions, efforts and attainments." Hence, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is to-day more largely employed as a blood and liver medicine, and also as a cough remedy, than any other remedial agent in the world. His Favorite Prescription, he does not recommend as a "cure-all," as is so often done by compounders of worthless, humbug nostrums, but for all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women it has proved itself so much of a specific that it now enjoys great popularity and universal confidence. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, "scarcely larger than mustard seed," have proved so agreeable and reliable as a cathartic that they are rapidly taking the place of the large, nauseous pills heretofore so much in use; while his Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is a favorite remedy for Colic, Cramps, Summer-Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, and also as a liniment. Of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche little need be said, as they are known everywhere as the greatest specifics for Catarrh and "cold in the head," ever given to the public. And besides this large measure of success, Dr. Pierce seems likely to achieve as great renown as an author as he has as a physician. His COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISER, a book of about 900 pages, which he sells at the unparalleled low price of $1.50, has already been sold to the extent of exhausting two editions amounting to forty thousand copies. The secret of Dr. Pierce's success, as well as that of the great revivalists, and scores of other Americans, who by their genius have advanced step by step from obscurity to affluence and distinction, consists in treating the people with consideration, sympathy, candor and honesty. No man, who hopes to attain either wealth or distinction, can *afford* to deal unfairly with the world or be indifferent to the wants and best interests of humanity. 11

Consumptives, Take Notice!

Every moment of delay makes your cure more hopeless, and much depends on the judicious choice of a remedy. The amount of testimony in favor of Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure for consumption, far exceeds all that can be brought to support the pretensions of any other medicine. See Dr. Schenck's Almanac, containing the certificates of many persons of the highest respectability, who have been restored to health, after being pronounced incurable by physicians of acknowledged ability. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone has cured many, as these evidences will show; but the cure is often promoted by the employment of two other remedies which Dr. Schenck provides for the purpose. These additional remedies are Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. By the timely use of these medicines, according to directions, Dr. Schenck certifies that most any case of Consumption may be cured.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, Corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed.

THE New York WEEKLY SUN, of Jan. 12, 1876, says: "The readers of this paper who would like to get more than the worth of their money are referred to the advertisement headed a 'NOVEL IDEA,' in another column. This is certainly 'a new departure,' *and as the parties will do all they claim*, we would recommend our readers to peruse the same carefully. *It is certainly one of the best chances for Agents ever offered.*"

The New York ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY, of Jan. 22, 1876, published by American Tract Society, says: "We are personally acquainted with C. F. WINGATE & Co., the publishers of THE HOUSEKEEPER, whose advertisement, headed a 'NOVEL IDEA,' will be found in another column. *We have no hesitation in assuring our friends that the promises made by them will be kept to the letter.*"

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