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As the World Wags.

FARMERS IN 1825.

Men to the plow,
Wife to the cow,
Girls to the yarn,
Boys to the barn,
And all dues settled.

FARMERS IN 1850.

Men a mere show,
Girls at the piano,
Wife silk and satin,
Boys Greek and Latin,
And all hands gazetted.

FARMERS IN 1877.

Men all in debt,
Wives in a pet,
Boys mere muscles,
Girls puffs and ruffles,
And everybody cheated.

Love's Reveille.

Love in a lethargy once slept
A week without awaking;
And day and night his mother wept
As if her heart were breaking.
The Graces pinched the boy in vain;
He never felt their stinging:
They sang to him a Paphian strain;
He slept through all their singing.

To Jove at length the goddess soared,
Most miserably crying:
"Oh, save my son, Heaven's mighty Lord!
The God of Love is dying!"
"To earth," said Jove, "once more repair,
And cease your cries and weeping;
A friendly leech will meet you there,
Who'll cure Love's oversleeping."

Venus flew back; the boy was free;
For Jove, on special mission,
Had sent him green-eyed Jealousy,
Juno's own state physician.
The cure, much worse than the disease,
Olympus shook with laughter;
For Love was never at his ease,
And never slumbered after.

"I NEVER WILL!"

"I never will!" said Madge Roper, her beautiful brown eyes flashing with indignation.

"Forgive me, Miss Roper," said Mr. Schenck. "I said it in a sort of desperation, for I can not—I could not think such a passion as mine could fail to call out a response sooner or later."

"You are mistaken," she answered, haughtily; "and, as you know, this is not the first time I have assured you of this fact. I trust it is the last."

"I withdraw my plea and myself finally, Miss Roper. Good morning!"

He said it with such dignity that Madge respected him more than she had ever done, and her face softened. But Mr. Schenck did not see it; he took himself and his troubles out of sight, if not out of mind. But as Madge turned to leave the parlor, she heard a boyish voice from some hiding-place singing loudly, with mischief in every inflection:

"Hear what Highland Nora said:
The Earlie's son I will not wed."

"Little wretch!" muttered Madge, biting her pretty red lips; "he must be all this time in the conservatory. And now Aunt Phemy will know all about it. I may as well tell her."

So she trailed the folds of her deep blue dress slowly up the stairs to Aunt Phemy's room. Miss Euphemia was sitting in her arm chair by the window, a tiny old lady, with soft silver white hair, and a quaint black satin wrapper, illustrated with delicate laces, and the sparkle of one great diamond on her little hand. She was a cripple, whose sole change was from her bed to her great chair; but, for all that, she was the heart of the house, and her keen and kindly eyes saw everything that was to be seen, but her tongue kept charitable silence.

Madge's mother had died young, and Aunt Phemy had come to her brother's house to take care of him and his child till his wife's place might be filled; but that had never happened. Mr. Roper was a grave, reticent man, and when the one love of his life fluttered away from him like a weary and storm-spent moth, his heart shut itself for all time; he even seemed to have little fatherly love for the wailing baby, whose birth he resented in his secret soul, as one resents a murder.

But now he was proud of his beautiful and graceful daughter, proud of her spirited character, her good-breeding, her crowd of admirers; and Madge was equally proud of her handsome, high-minded father, though there was little of the diviner element of love lost between them.

Many and many an admirer fell at Madge's feet, and no wonder. The girl was young, fresh, lovely, and intelligent, and every charm she had was illumined by the fittest results of wealth and taste. A beautiful girl is beautiful in spite of calico; she is enchanting in lace and pearls. Madge's profuse red-brown hair, dazzling yet tenderly tinted complexion, her soft proud eyes, her slender and exquisitely molded figure, her feet, her hands, were all perfect, and the insipidity of perfection was removed by the vivid and variant expression of the soul within.

As she entered Aunt Phemy's room this morning, with the dark blue folds of her fine wool dress falling from her delicate waist, and her face heightened by a color that shamed the carnations which fastened the abundant lace scarf about her throat, the dear old lady looked at her with adoring eyes, for Madge was her aunty's idol. But the girl did not come at once for her daily kiss; she smiled, and then she walked across the room to the other window, and began to meddle with the mignonette and pinch the rose geraniums. Aunt Phemy waited—she was a woman who could wait—and presently Madge flitted suddenly across the floor, and dropped softly, as a little bird folds up into its nest, on to the brioche beside her aunt's chair, and laid her head on its arm.

"I could not come up before, Aunty Fee. Mr. Schenck was down stairs."

Miss Roper said nothing, but laid her hand tenderly on the rich folds of hair, and looked at that beautiful head like a benevolent old fairy. She knew when Madge called her "Aunty Fee" that it was propitiatory: something had been done or said that this wayward young woman was not quite at ease about.

"And—aunty," Madge went on, slowly, picking a carnation to pieces as she spoke, "I—refused him."

"I thought you had done that long ago, Madge," said the old lady, with a certain trouble in her kind eyes.

"So I have, over and over, but he wouldn't stay refused. I think he will now." Here her voice rose and rang, and her eyes flashed. The indignation returned. "I never will marry him, Aunt Phemy—never! And I think he understands it at last."

Miss Roper's eyes sparkled now; she was old and wise.

"Don't be troubled about it, Madge dear; nobody can harass you on the matter. If you don't love a man, don't marry him, if he be king or kaiser. Jacob Schenck is a good man and a gentleman, but I think he is far too old for a rosebud like you."

Oh, Aunt Euphemia! you too had been a girl, and remembered it. A little spark entered Madge's cool eye.

"He's not so very old, aunty; fifty isn't really old for a man."

"No, it's not decrepit, but it is something more than nineteen; besides, Mr. Schenck is only forty-five. However, we can afford to drop him now, since Miss Positive 'never will' marry him."

Madge laughed, but there was an uncertain ring about her laughter, and Miss Phemy went on:

"Are you going to Boston, dear?"

"I don't quite know, aunty. I rather hate Boston; but I love Polly."

"Then you'll have to take your choice between the love and hate, mademoiselle, and that directly, for you know Polly is clamorous for an answer."

"I believe I will go; perhaps Boston may be nicer than I think. It is awfully slow, I am sure."

"Madge!"

"I can't help it, aunty; I don't know what else to call it. Shall I say *triste?*"

"Foreign affectation is quite as bad as slang, and not half as natural."

"Oh, aunty, what a two-edged sword you are! I must go to Boston to purify my English, I see."

"Hello, Madge!" and a small boy burst into the room with a bounce that is native to small boys. "Oh, Miss Roper, such a lark! If you had heard Madge give it to him! She was stunning, I tell you," and wicked Master Jack began his lilt of "Highland Nora" again.

"You horrid little wretch! Come away directly," shrieked Madge, coloring to the tips of her ears. "You'll kill aunty's poor head."

"Oh, indeed!" feebly squeaked poor Jack, as he was hustled smartly out of the room, while Miss Euphemia laughed till the tears stood in her eyes, and said, softly: "Children and fools speak truth, truly."

Jack went home the next day; he was only a school-boy cousin come for the holidays, and the luckless child had abridged his own pleasure unawares; but the rare delight of tormenting his beautiful cousin was a temptation too enticing to resist. And Madge was teased; she hated the sight of the boy, and made her journey to Boston the excuse for his riddance. But the thorn he had left behind was well planted; the piquant ballad haunted Madge, and flushed her face many a time when its lifting measures returned to mock her.

So to Boston she went, to her dear friend Polly, and found that proper and intellectual city mightily agreeable. Beaux she had by the dozen, but there were none like Mr. Schenck; none so devoted, so elegant, so noble-looking. She missed the daily bunch of fragrant violets on her dressing-table; she missed the selection of new books that showed always how he divined her tastes, the forestalling of her faintest caprices, the devotion that was too delicate to obtrude itself, the homage that was sincere yet courtly.

"How young all your gentlemen friends are, Polly!" she said to her friend one day, after an evening at which at least a dozen sets of English whiskers had vibrated about her and been pulled before her, as if paying a kind of mysterious kowtow to the latest goddess.

"That's a fault they will mend of, Madge," laughed Polly. "Even in dear old Boston we have to grow up, and be *literati* to boot."

"But I do so hate boys!" sighed Madge.

"And boys do so adore you!" mocked Polly.

Madge blushed, and sighed. Why did she think of Mr. Schenck?

In the meantime, there in New York, Aunt Phemy had a visitor now and then. Mr. Schenck knew his friends, and never neglected them; he was least of all likely to set aside Miss Roper; but she never alluded to him in her letters to Madge, and that young lady had already decided in her own mind that her suitor had taken himself off to parts unknown to stifle his anguish by absence. If Madge had so good an opinion of her own powers, can she be blamed? So bewitching as she had proved herself, should this man be the exception to her rule?

One night there was to be a great and gay party, to which the friends could not fail to go, and Madge took unusual pains to render herself lovely for the occasion. A new Paris robe was unfolded from its boxes and wrappings for the occasion; the delicate glittering pale green silk mingled and mixed with equally delicate apricot and films of Malines lace, was wonderfully adapted to her peculiar coloring and style; and in her red-brown hair, and here and there about the dress, clusters of tea rose buds perfumed the air as she moved, and harmonized with her dress in every tint; besides these, her sole ornament was a necklet of great opals set in black enamel.

"Madge, you are a miracle to behold!" exclaimed Polly, as she beheld her. "You have given your mind to it as much as ever Mr. Tools did. Woe to the Boston boys to-night, my dear! Even Miss Dorr won't hold a candle to you."

Pretty Polly, fresh and sweet as a June rose in her white silk and pink corals, deserved comment herself; but she was willing, fully, to be extinguished by Madge Roper, whom she worshiped, as one girl will worship another. So she put the fur lined wrap over her friend's shoulders with an amusing travesty of a fond, proud mother's care.

As they went down to the carriage, Polly said, abruptly:

"Oh, my dear, to think I should have forgotten! Lucretia Adams told me today, in at Copeland's, while you were talking to Ned, that there is to be a new man at Mrs. Hope's to-night—a New Yorker, too; such an elegant creature! Lu raved about him, his manners and customs, his face, his money, and I don't know what more. I wonder if you know him."

"What is his name?" said Madge, seating herself carefully in the carriage, in awe of her fresh draperies apparently, really smitten by a strange thrill of curiosity.

"I declare, I don't know. He's a captive of Hope Dorr's, they say—'the tenth Muse,' as the æsthetics call her.

Madge was reassured. She could not, of course, know any of Miss Dorr's adorers; but as she sat down, an hour after, to rest a little from a long walk, a little buzz and motion about the door of the reception-room attracted her, and looking up, she saw, as the guests parted to admit their entrance—Mr. Schenck; and on his arm the most beautiful of women.

Tall, fair, with a stainless snowy skin, and hair of living gold, Hope Dorr's Greek features were indeed the very outlines of ancient sculpture, with the inspired expression of a lofty intellect beaming from her great cool gray eyes and calm lips; and her simple statuesque dress of lusterless white silk, utterly without ornament, fell about her like the draperies of Praxiteles.

Madge's heart sunk. How she despised her French fripperies, her puffed and creped hair, her jewels—herself! What was her girlish, laughing, rosy beauty beside this goddess from Olympus, with knotted hair and flowing garments, stately as Juno and lovely as Venus, and, Oh! climax of fate! leaning on Mr. Schenck's arm with gentle condescension, and answering what he said with a serene and lofty smile!

How she hated in her heart, too, the dapper youth who approached her, card in hand, for the promised galop! How he dwarfed beside her old lover's manly aspect and noble manner! Poor Madge! As she rose to do her duty, she met Mr. Schenck's eye. He bowed courteously, but coolly, and, to her rage and disgust, she felt the color steal upward to her bright locks, and she had a wild impulse to drag the luckless youth at her side out of the door, and bury him and herself at once in the first snow drift. But who ever heard of impulses at a party? The galop was properly danced, and her already filled card of engagements gone through with; but in all the long evening Mr. Schenck never approached her, and she went home in a state of mind that alarmed Polly and disgusted herself.

"I am tired and cross, dear," she said at last. "Don't talk to me. I'll be good to-morrow, but I might bite you to-night; I feel like it."

So Polly kissed her with dumb amazement in her pleasant eyes, and went meekly off to bed.

This scene, however, was by no means the last. She met Mr. Schenck at the best houses in Boston, and always with Miss Dorr. While she herself danced and chattered with the young people, she saw these two the center of attention to distinguished men and women. She perceived the consideration and honor in which Mr. Schenck was held, and the deference paid to Miss Dorr; and when the gentleman separated himself from his compeers to address a few courteous words to her occasionally, she felt it to be an effort of politeness, and wondered bitterly how she could have been such a fool—how she could have been so blind.

Poor Madge! It was well for her that Aunt Phemy bided her time in the sunny chamber at home; better still that she had put her tiny old finger into the wheel of Madge's fortunes and given it an impetus her way; for the day came before long when Mr. Schenck could maintain his assumed *role* no longer, when Madge found out that Miss Hope Dorr was his own cousin, and when Aunt Phemy received from Boston the following note:

"OH, YOU DEAREST AUNTY!—I know you will open your eyes so wide you can't half shut them again, and you will say all sorts of bitter-sweet things to your dear, bad, weak minded girl; but, aunty, I can't help it. I know I said I never, never would, but I don't mind that. I've fallen awfully, desperately in love, and some time I am going to be married—oh, Aunty Fee!—to Mr. Schenck. There! Your own

"MADGE."

And Aunt Phemy both laughed and cried; but Jack turned a somersault when, six months after, he read the marriage notice in a New York paper. And Madge found a letter waiting for her on her return from the bridal tour, in which was copied, in a big round hand, the last two lines of "Highland Nora," and the significant and emphasized phrase beneath them: "I never will."

I am afraid he never was invited to The Birches.

Steam Street Cars.

As Philadelphia was the first city in the United States to introduce street railways, it is now also the first to introduce a general system of steam street cars, covering the most densely crowded streets of the city, as well as those most sparsely settled. It is true, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and especially New Orleans, had previously introduced them on the outskirts of the city and on certain lines, but not on its greatest thoroughfares, such as Market street in this city. It is therefore justly a matter of local pride on which our people are entitled to claim credit for superior enterprise. We are given the following by President Morton, of the Market street line, by whose unremitting endeavors and experiments, backed by his directors and the inventor, the trial of Wednesday was made a success, and to whom the public of this city not only, but of other crowded towns are indebted. The amount of coal (anthracite) used by these steam cars is two and one-half tons per week, costing less than $10 for motive power, while for the round trip only one coaling and watering of the machine occurs. This applies equally to the Troy car and to the Baldwin. In other respects, however, there are some radical, and it may prove essential differences between these two machines. The former has its attachment with the rear wheels of the car only, while the latter attaches to both fore and rear wheels, thus giving it greater power by presenting double the surface of wheel for friction upon the track. The utility of this was shown on the trial trip, which occurred on a very unfavorable condition of the streets, the tracks being smeared with a black mud of almost the lubricating capacity of grease. Notwithstanding this, however, the Baldwin car ran smoothly and steadily, without sliding of wheels in stopping or starting, while the wheels of the Troy car revolved rapidly, with a disagreeable accompanying jar to the passengers when stopping or starting upon these greased rails. Another reason also exists for this steadier motion of the former in the fact that it is considerably heavier, while the latter had rather of a tipping motion when running rapidly. Their weight is about 6,000 pounds, or about double the ordinary horse car. A part of the directors favor one car and a portion the other, but the Troy car has so far been given the preference, as it is no doubt cheaper at first cost than the Baldwin, upon which no price has yet been made. The inventor, in answer to inquiries of other railroad companies, if the old horse cars can be used by remodeling for these dummies, has said that they can. Since the trial trip, these cars have been used continuously, and without the slightest hindrance or delay, except in one or two cases of greasy tracks, when the sand tubes of the car failed to work, and thus stalled the car. One of the directors of the road informed us that they have already taken off ten horse cars for these seven steamers, and he believed that so soon as their track should be cleared of the horse cars by the substitution of steam cars they would make the round trip from Front street to the Centennial grounds in half the present time. Real estate near the Centennial is said to be worth more in consequence, while the horse dealers are already alarmed, one of the officers of the company tell us, lest their occupation shall prove to be gone.—*Exchange.*

Stripped by the Lightning.

On a farm sixteen miles southeast of Jacksonville, Ill., and not far from Franklin, Mr. Samuel McCurley, his son Pulliam, and a hired hand were at work when a severe thunder shower began. The party sought refuge under a tree. While waiting for the subsidence of the storm, the electric fluid descended the tree and felled two of the men senseless to the ground. One, the laborer, soon recovered, and was unharmed. The other, young McCurley, seemed lifeless, and was supposed to be dead. His clothes were stripped from him, even to his boots. Some of his garments were on fire. His underclothes even were burned or torn into shreds. The poor fellow's body was burned and blistered down the entire back, from his shoulders to his heels, and even the soles of his feet. His companions wrapped up the almost naked body in their coats and carried it off to the farm house, about a quarter of a mile distant. There it was discovered that life was not extinct. The sufferer recovered consciousness, and is now convalescent.

The European War.

The New York *Herald* says: The war that is to come in Europe, and it cannot be long postponed, will be a movement of gigantic armaments on one side at least, and will end with the disappearance of the Ottoman power from Europe, and, perhaps, even from Asia Minor. Russia on her part will put a million men into the field. She will control a Persian invasion of Turkey in Asia; she will let loose the Montenegrins; there will be a movement of the Greeks in Epirus and Thessaly, and the enormous Russian armies will move both in the Caucasus and across the Balkans; Prussia will hold Austria in check and dispute with England the possession of Egypt, and plenty of money will be furnished to equip swift ships of American build against British commerce if England should sustain Turkey in arms. In all this, one fact would be indubitably certain for the United States—a tremendous revival of all our manufacturing industries, and of our carrying trade.

Fighting Game Cocks.

A reporter has ascertained the particulars of a dozen recent cock fights, which an exchange gives. It then tells its readers something about the "manly art" of slaughtering these poor birds. It says:

If the cock is over weight, he is by medicine rapidly reduced to the required point, is shut up all day in a barrel without feed, and at night brought out and fed in a room, with a light kept burning all night, to accustom him to the light, and exercised in fighting other fowls nightly, to give him the proper training, and after about ten days and nights of such "moral and intellectual" and "home training," he is ready for the pit to "battle to the death," to be killed himself or kill his fellow. The time and place being agreed upon, and all the preliminaries arranged, the greatest secrecy is observed to baffle the officers of the law. The fowls are carried in bags, often for miles by their owners, and by railroad for a distance of fifty miles in some cases. Arriving upon the ground or building at about midnight, a rough inclosure of boards is made about ten feet square and nearly two feet in height. The cocks are then taken by the heelers who cut off their "spurs" down to about half an inch of their legs, and while smarting and bleeding they are burnt with a red hot iron to stop the flow of blood. A piece of chamois skin is then bound on and long steel gaffs from two to three inches long with a point as sharp as a needle are bound firmly on with waxed ends over the stump. The birds are then by the "heelers" clipped of their hackle, saddle, breast and tail feathers, and thus shorn of their beauty, are put in the pit by the heelers who are their seconds, "bottle holders," spongers and managers throughout the fight, until the death of their "champion" or his fellow relieves him from the charge. Death generally takes place in about five or ten minutes at furthest.

As soon as the fowls are put in the pit and catch a glimpse of their antagonist they make for each other and the battle commences amid the shouts and cheers and laughter of the mongrel crowd of well dressed, wealthy, seem to be respectable, native and foreign element, with a choice sprinkling of niggers, gin mill loafers and played out politicians, dead beats and bummers of the surrounding towns for miles around and the hangers-on of "prize fights," Dead Rabbits, Five Pointers, Water street sharks and dock rats of New York city. Imagine such a mixed throng as this crowding around to see the dying struggles of these noble birds—shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek in loving, brotherly embrace, straining their eyes and ears, mounted on each others shoulders at pentimes, breathing an atmosphere of smoke, stench, bad whisky, old pipes, butts of older cigars, foul breaths, and fouler oaths and words and obscene jests, and you only need the smell and contact of brimstone to make this picture of a cock fight one of the "devil's own." The long, sharp steel gaffs worn by these birds soon wound each other and cover them with blood, until, smarting with pain, they madly rush and make desperate lunges at each other's heads and eyes with these swords of death, until they are driven through to the hilts, and death ensues in a moment. A fight rarely lasts over five or ten minutes, in many cases scarcely a minute, the first thrust of the gaffs killing in some cases.

As many as twenty or thirty noble birds, images of which for years have been mounted upon many a church spire throughout this Christian land, are cruelly killed by each other and their torn and bleeding carcasses thrown out to the dogs almost before life is extinct and their own murderous gaffs are cut off of the dying gladiator and fastened in turn upon a "fresh fowl" to murder his fellow in return, to glut the appetite and satisfy the fiendish love of torture and get the coveted greenbacks in the pockets of the angelic throng. Hundreds of dollars thus change hands nightly, money in many cases taken from working men and those whose families need every dollar to live in these trying times. One of the most noted cock fights of the season took place at Mamaroneck a while ago, in a farmhouse owned by one of the parties, in the day time. There were gathered mostly the wealthy sports of New York and vicinity with a good representation from Greenwich. To guard against surprise from Mr. Bergh and his officers, about twenty guards with muskets were hired as sentinels.

The fighting was continued all day and into the night, and thousands of dollars were lost and won. Several wealthy men from this place and vicinity were badly bitten. No regiments encamped in an enemy's country over night were better protected by a continuous line of surrounding sentries than these high toned sports. By a system of signals they could be warned in time to put everything away, and when the officers came upon them they would only be a company of "innocent lambs" on a Sunday teacher's picnic in the bracing air of the country.

Fashion Notes.

Raw silks are revived.

Fashion has the jaundice.

Shaws are worn in a point.

Dress linens are damasked.

Pique is damasked this year.

Postillion basques are revived.

Japanese jewelry holds its own.

The rage for Torchon is at its height.

Gazeline berege is made of llama wool.

Chedda twills are attractive new goods.

The demi-trained street dress dies hard.

Vesuvius is the new name for cardinal red.

It is not fashionable to wear the shawl square.

Shot stripes on raw silk fabrics are fashionable.

Novelties in fashion are not always in good taste.

Gazeline berege is the newest gauzy dress fabric.

Indian galloons are among the new trimmings.

The novelties in spring fabrics are largely in linens.

Moorish designs predominate in the new fringes.

Large amethysts and topazes are again fashionable.

Crepe d'opera is a French imitation of crepe de Chine.

Buckles and slides are used freely in dress trimmings.

Small pin head checked delaines make stylish demi toilets.

Speckled designs are very fashionable in all printed goods.

Chambery gauze retains its popularity for evening dresses.

Walking dress fabrics have multiplied greatly since last spring.

Bourette suits for seaside wear are costly and elegant novelties.

Machine stitching is seen on the handsomest imported garments.

Hair striped and pin head checked silks are seen on the silk counters.

Dress fabrics in linens are damasked, creped, armured and basket woven.

The Curse of Opium Eating.

One who subscribes himself "A Victim" to the use of opium has recently asked what he can do to conquer the habit. He has my sincere sympathy, says a correspondent in reply, and I gladly give him an instance of a successful and radical cure. I had the misfortune to pay all the bills for years of an opium user, and know well—by thousands of dollars squandered through the mental infirmities engendered from the use of the drug—how terrible its results can be. The patient was of a robust constitution, and of more than ordinary mental ability. The reasoning powers appeared to be little injured, but there was a serious perversion of the moral senses. Five years ago the patient was using opium at the rate of three ounces a week, or three drachms of morphine, sometimes diminishing a third, and again sometimes doubling the average quantity. Talk and persuasion had never availed, but at last something roused the unfortunate's self respect, and I received a voluntary offer to quit its use, but I am free to say that I listened without any hope.

As I live in a village, it was easy to notify the druggists not to furnish my household any more of the drug, but I knew that it was easier for my patient to promise than to perform, and took the precaution to interrogate those who came about the house that I was not sure of what their business was, and if not certain to refuse them admission. With the exception of one vial of morphine surreptitiously introduced, I succeeded. I first reduced the amount of opium to an ounce a week, and then to half the amount. When convinced that the victim was in earnest, I called in a competent physician and an able-bodied nurse. The deathly pallor and cold skin and sweating on the forehead, which indicate that the effects of opium have passed off, occurred at four o'clock in the afternoon, and not until the third evening did I lie down to sleep. The first evening the fainting fits and collapse of the system were checked by the use of wine and brandy, mixed, and during the night we gave bromide of potassium frequently, which produced an irregular stupor, the nearest approach we could make toward securing sleep for the patient. In the morning and through the day we used very strong coffee, which I believe is about the only remedy resorted to by homœopathists in such cases. The bromide and the coffee were continued for about a month as the main remedies to allay the nervous irritability. To induce sleep our physician would ordinarily prescribe hydrate of chloral, frequently substituting tincture of Indian hemp, in order to avoid any injurious effects of the chloral. The sufferer was an invalid for fully three weeks, and it was about two months before natural sleep could be fully restored without the aid of narcotics. But little attention was paid to the food, the patient's fancy being usually deferred to. Once or twice during unusually excited nervous conditions assafœtida was used with happy effect.

I say to "A Victim," frankly, that the first struggle is a terrible one, and that it will be followed by weeks of acute nervous agony, when he will wish himself dead and out of the way. But if he will place himself unreservedly and trustingly in the hands of a judicious physician and his family he can succeed. I think he had better let the men who advertise to cure the habit entirely alone.

The Chico Slaughter.

The latest advices from Chico, a San Francisco paper says, show that what is known as the Council of Nine is mainly responsible for the recent outrages. This committee was elected by the Labor Union for the trial of members for offenses against the order. As vacancies occurred the council filled them, and thus became independent of the order and commanded the obedience of members. It was soon found that the members were congenial spirits, and then came suggestions for the commission of the crimes which have since come to light, and many more that were never carried into execution. All the members of the council are now under arrest. Many members of the Labor Union evidently know nothing of the crimes of the Council of Nine, and believe the object of the order to be only to discourage the employment of Chinese by all lawful means. The oath administered in initiating members of the Labor Union is as follows:

I do solemnly swear that I will keep the secrets of the order. I do further swear that I will assist any brother in need or distress as far as I am able. I further swear that I will aid in executing the laws of the United States of America. So help me God.

There is a secondary degree in the order, the oath to which is as follows:

I swear before God Almighty that I will carry out and obey all orders of the Council of Nine, whatever they may be. If I do not so my life is forfeited and I may be put to death by this Council of Nine.

All the members are not taken into the second degree. The oath administered to a member of the Council of Nine has not yet been obtained, but it is understood to be of the most strict ironclad order.

The people of Chico now fear the insurance companies will cancel their risks in the town. New developments are being continually made. Some old officers declare that the Labor Union was cognizant of the acts of the Council of Nine, and that the council was merely used as a cloak for the order. It is positively asserted that the order in Sacramento and San Jose work on the same principles. The feeling continues very intense, and the people are nervous and excited over the situation.

So Happy.

A New York lawyer, while waiting for a client, whose counting-room overlooked a North river pier, saw a letter floating in the water. He stepped out of the office, fished up the letter with his cane and opened it. It was written in a fine running hand—a woman's hand; it was bright and interesting; it was addressed to "My dear uncle," and bore the full signature of a Portland lady. The lawyer sent the letter to the lady with a note describing the manner in which it had been recovered. In answer to his letter she explained that the "dear uncle" was a captain of a steamboat plying on the sound. Letters were exchanged and there was a wedding in Portland late in February; and now there are two happy people in Plainfield, N. J. All of which is destinty.

United States Currency.

The following is an official statement of the United States currency outstanding at this date:

Old demand notes	$55,092.50
Legal tender notes, new issue	29,868,420.00
Legal tender notes, series of 1869	194,032,227.00
Legal tender notes, series of 1874	52,768,389.00
Legal tender notes, series of 1875	91,996,368.00
One-year notes of 1863	57,465.00
Two year notes of 1863	17,300.00
Two year coupon notes of 1863	24,300.00
Compound interest notes	307,690.00
Fractional currency—first issue	4,294,016.47
Second issue	3,116,653.77
Third issue	8,447,776.47
Fourth issue, first series	3,554,041.29
Fourth issue, second series	889,788.90
Fourth issue, third series	1,011,365.05
Fifth issue	7,526,851.13
Total	$386,568,483.58

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Housekeeper.

HOT SLAW.—One head of cabbage, half a pound of pork, and try it out and take out the scraps. Chop up the cabbage and put in the fat with water and pepper, if liked, mustard. When nearly done, add one cup of vinegar.

INDIAN PANCAKES.—One pint meal almost; fill up with flour; scald the meal, but not the flour; thin with milk; salt; last thing add one teaspoonful cream tarter, and one-half of soda, mixed together; ring and bake right away.

STEWED CARROTS.—Boil the carrots until tender; also boil separately five small onions; cut the carrots into any small fanciful pieces you may choose; mince the onions, and chop a sprig of parsley; have a pint of milk boiling, which season with a little pepper and salt, adding a small piece of butter rubbed in a tablespoonful of flour; put in the carrots and onions, and let simmer ten minutes; stir in the parsley, and dish at once.

WHITE BEANS.—Soak one pint of dried beans over night; parboil in plenty of water, with a small piece of soda in it; drain perfectly dry and place in a baking dish; rub one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter into four even tablespoonfuls flour, until it is a cream; beat in this two spoonfuls condensed egg, adding slowly a gill of vinegar, and a sprinkle of salt; pour over the beans, place a plate, inverted, over them and put in a rather cool oven one-half hour.

PICKLED FISH.—Clean the fish thoroughly and cut into pieces about five inches long; rub each piece on the cut side with salt. Take a stone jar which will about hold the fish, put a layer of fish on the bottom, then a few whole peppers and allspice and a blade of mace, then another layer of fish, spice, etc., till the jar is nearly full; then pour good cider vinegar over it until the fish is quite covered. Tie a paper over the top of the jar, and cover this with flour paste; this keeps in all steam. Put the jar in the oven and bake for three hours. The fish is fit for use as soon as cold, and will keep, in the pickle, for six months. The white fish, pickerel, etc., of the lakes are very nice for pickling, while the land locked sturgeon of the great lakes is almost as good as pickled salmon if it be scalded in water before spicing, etc. Shad is excellent pickled, as all the bones disappear.

HARD SOAP.—Four and one-half pounds fat, one box of condensed lye, one-half pound sal-soda, one and one-half pounds rosin; dissolve a pound can of lye in six quarts of soft water; put the grease in large kettle, add two quarts lye, two quarts soft water, and boil thirty minutes; then add three quarts lye, little at a time, not to stop the boiling, which continue from two to five hours, or until it becomes soap, which may be tested by cooling in a spoon. Then add the rosin, broken quite small, putting in rest of lye slowly, not to stop the boiling, which continues thirty minutes, then add one teacupful of salt, boil till the soap is separated from the lye and strings. When cooled in a spoon it should be hard, let it cool fifteen minutes, then stir in the melted sal-soda, stir thoroughly, pour in molds; wooden boxes or pails will answer; when cold cut in pieces to dry.

Kitchen and Market Garden.

HOT BEDS, as the start of the sun increases, demand careful attention in ventilating; on warm days the sashes may be removed altogether, but they must be replaced early. The whole object should be to secure to the plants an uniform growing temperature, avoiding both chilling and burning, and to do this requires attention and close watching of the changes. Water, weed and stir the soil among the plants, to keep them in a healthy condition. (In the Northern States this is early enough to sow egg plants in the hot bed.)

COLD FRAMES should be ready to receive transplanted tomato and other plants, and allow them to be hardened off, before setting out. Cucumbers and melons may be started in these.

SOWING SEEDS.—Garden plants may be divided into two classes, hardy and tender. The hardy may be sown as soon as the ground can be worked and hard frosts are over. The tender can not be risked in the open ground, until the soil gets warm, and this time is, in all parts of the country, that which experience has shown to be the proper one for planting Indian corn. The seeds that may be sown in the Northern States generally, this month, are: Beet, cabbage (and all its forms of broccoli, cauliflower, etc.), celery, cress, kohlrabi, leek, lettuce, onions, parsley, parsnip, peas, potatoes, radish, spinach, turnip (early). N. B.—Under no circumstances is anything gained—but much is lost—by sowing in, or working the soil in any manner, when it is wet. Make haste—but slowly.

PLANTS FROM COLD FRAMES.—Early cabbages, cauliflower and lettuce are set out as soon as the soil can be made ready. Set the plants well down to the leaves, and press the soil firmly around them.

POTATOES.—Have the sets cut and dried off, ready to plant as soon as the soil is ready. As soon as the earth is broken by the shoots, it is likely that the potato bug will be there, and hand picking must commence. One beetle killed now, prevents the appearance of a thousand later in the season. If this cannot be attended to, do not plant any.—*Agriculturist.*

Carting Out Manure.

In hauling out manure at this season of the year, says T. B. Miner in the *Sun*, upon fields to be plowed in April or May, if the heaps be made of a size to equalize its distribution, the same as would be made if the land were to be plowed without delay, there will be a great loss in the manure by the escape of its ammonia and drying of the surface of the heaps. Suppose a two-horse load of first-rate stable dung be placed in six heaps in a field in February, and this manure remains in these heaps to the middle of April or the fore part of May, and are then spread and the land plowed, how much loss does the manure sustein? Not less than ten per cent. There must be a certain degree of loss—more than farmers can afford to lose—and the question is, how is this loss to be prevented? One way is to wait till the ground is to be plowed, and then haul out the manure, and plow it under as fast as it is spread. But farmers are too busy to haul it out then, and are compelled often to draw it out in the winter. If one must do so, it would be a good plan to make the heaps large, but not too large to be spread properly with a little extra hard labor; pack them as solidly as possible, and if they be well built up and trodden down, they may be made so compact with a little labor that not over one or two per cent. loss will take place. Another way is to put only three or four very large heaps to the acre, making them compact, as in the foregoing case; and when the time comes to spread the manure take a team and a sled with movable sideboards and proceed to remove some of the manure to other places, so that when it is spread it will be evenly distributed. It would be but a short operation to remove a part of the manure in that way, and I think the labor can well be afforded by farmers, rather than lose so large a portion of their stable dung by evaporation, as the ordinary method of hauling out manure in the winter is sure to cause.

Potatoes on Poor Soil.

N. J. L., Brush's Mills, N. Y., writes: "I have a piece of sandy land that has been under the plow for forty years, and I have tried to raise potatoes on it, but never have succeeded in getting over one hundred bushels per acre, with plenty of good stable manure. Now, I want to know how it will do to use nitrate of soda, and how much to the hill should be used; clear, or mixed with some other fertilizer, and will it pay to use it at eighteen cents per pound? Would salt be of any benefit?"

Reply.—Nitrate of soda would be of no use in this case. The value of this fertilizer is only four and one-half cents per pound, and at eighteen cents no one could afford to use it for any purpose. What is wanted is doubtless potash. If one hundred bushels of wood ashes per acre could be applied to the land, it would probably add very much to the fertility. Salt would be no help to it. If wood ashes cannot be procured, 300 pounds per acre of muriate of potash, costing three or four cents a pound, would be a very good substitute. Or, perhaps, 150 pounds of superphosphate of lime and 150 pounds of muriate of potash mixed together would be better still. Potatoes need potash and phosphoric acid, and not nitrogen, which would make stalks, but few roots.

Black Teeth in Hogs.

A. S. Plummer, Edinburg, O., sent to the American farmers' club two black teeth which he had just extracted. The hogs in his county (Portage) are beginning to be troubled with these teeth, which, if not removed, are certain to cause death. The symptons are: First, the hog refuses its feed; second, there comes a weakness about the back, and finally the animal fails to get up and dies. These teeth are found in each jaw—in the upper one near or over the tusks, and in the under jaw some are found between the front teeth and tusks.

As no one present could give any information on the subject, the club desires farmers who may have any knowledge as to its causes and cure to communicate the same to them.

Soft Eggs.

O. E. F., writes: My chickens lay eggs with soft shells. What shall I give them?

Reply.—Give them a rest. They are laying too many eggs, more than they have material to finish properly. Some bones burned and powdered should always be given to fowls when laying, but if the hens are supplied with a variety of food and can get plenty of gravel and earth or coal ashes, and are in perfectly good health, they will not lay soft eggs. This defect is an indication that they are fed too highly and are overtaxed.

The Bravest of the Brave.

It will be remembered that in the recently published statement of Red Horse, an Minneconjou sub-chief, who was a witness of and a participant in the attack on Major Reno, and the massacre of Gen. Custer's command in the fight on the Big Horn, he mentions the remarkable bravery of an officer having long yellow hair, and who rode a horse with four white feet. Red Horse said this man the bravest man they had ever met, that the Indians all united in declaring and that he alone saved his command a number of times by turning on his horse in the retreat. This has been supposed to refer to Gen. Custer, but such a supposition is an error. The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* publishes a statement based on high military authority, that the officer referred to was not in Custer's command at all, but that a close reading of a somewhat confused narrative will show that Red Horse at that point was speaking of Reno's retreat across Greasy Grass creek. There was but one man in Reno's three companies who wore buckskin. The Indians, of course, did not know him, but the soldiers in the rear retreating column did, and it has been for sometime known to army officers who was "the yellow-haired hero in buckskin" of this gallant fight against savages in the rear of the flying column. His name is Thomas H. French, captain in the Seventh cavalry, and who is now at Fort Rice. It is not creditable, the fact that no mention of his gallant and heroic service in that day's bloody fight was made in the official report of the battle by Major Reno, and that the first public mention of his magnificent bravery was made in narratives taken from the lips of savages, whose admiration of his gallantry and daring was one of the most most vivid impressions which the battle made upon them.

Capt. French was so commissioned in the Tenth infantry, March 26, 1868. He had previously been offered a captaincy in the Forty-fourth infantry, but declined to accept it. He is a graduate, not of West Point, but of the regular army. He served as a soldier during the rebellion, and was promoted, on his merits, to a second lieutenancy in the Tenth infantry, May 18, 1864.