From Single Eye to a Whole Potato.

"If I were to name the best special fertilizer for potatoes in one word that word would be ashes," said W. A. Armstrong at the meeting of the Elmira (N. Y.) Farmers club, "and I apply them either in the hill or in the earth over the seed."

J. S. Van Duzer, who last year made many experiments in planting potatoes, found in the use of manures that the best yield was with manure put under the seed. The potatoes failed to be as smooth as could have been desired, but this was attributable to the fact of the manure not being well rotted. Mr. Van Duzer also experimented with different quantities of seed, varying from a single eye to three, four or more. Hills planted with single eyes did not come up well and the yield was much less over the seed and in direct contact with it than in others with a greater allowance of seed.

S. Van Norman said "any kind of stable manure may be used for potatoes," to which C. D. Inman replied that so far as his observation goes it is better to put no manure on the ground the season it is in potatoes, none when they are planted, nor after. To obtain a satisfactory crop of potatoes he wants the land to be rich enough before seeding it with clover or grasses; then, when the sod is turned over, plant and till well without manure. He cuts the clover in proper time and turns the aftermath in by fall ploughing. When the ground is cultivated after planting, it is well to go down to the bottom of the sod, working it up for the benefit of the crop. In reply to president Hoffman's question: "Suppose you had a field well manured and planted to corn, would you turn the corn stubble next year for potatoes and consider it a good chance?" Mr. Inman replied that it would answer very well, but he would prefer a rich sod.

G. S. McCann last year ploughed potatoes in every third furrow and got a good crop with but little cost. For twenty years he has found that large, smooth potatoes planted whole always gives the best crop both as regards quality and amount.

President Hoffman said that his field planting is done with whole potatoes, and has been for many years. For early use he finds cut pieces better, but not so for the general crop.

A Dog Story.

This comes from Charleston, Ind. Mrs. Brandlon tells it. She says: "My husband had a dog which he brought from Kentucky, which seemed to me to have more sense than any animal I ever knew. She would look up when ordered to do anything, as intelligently as a child, and if she understood what was said, would give a pleasant bark, and start off to fulfill the order. I have often made her shut the door after the children, and she would come in at the kitchen door, opening the latch with her foot, and always shut it after her. One time she had half a dozen puppies in the barn, which were her glory and her pride, but one morning when my husband awakened he heard a great row at the barn, and went out with his gun, expecting to find a horsethief. As he opened the door Flora went by him like an arrow, and though he called her loud and long she kept right on toward the village. In looking around the barn for the tramp he expected to find, he discovered that everything was all right, except Flora's nest. The puppies were all gone.

"We did not see Flora for three days, when she came back bringing a string of about three pounds of sausage, which she kept in her nest until they spoiled, and she died of grief that summer. One of our neighbors saw her, while she was missing, hanging around a butcher's shop in Louisville. She had followed those puppies fifteen miles—and recovered them."

What It Costs to Die.

When a corpse becomes a corpse, the first thing to do is to notify the undertaker. He comes at once, and takes complete control of the whole matter, and does not surrender his full charge until he receipts the bill. Of course, he furnished everything, and the bill of an undertaker of a first-class funeral will read about as follows: Coffin, $300; shroud, $40; crape, $5; gloves, $2; flowers, $50; hearse, $10; carriages (twenty), $100; grave, $20; incidentals, $10; total, $537.

A cheaper funeral than this, of course, is procurable, and the majority of funerals are cheaper than this. A very respectable pageant may be gotten up for from $50 to $75, and a poor man can have the satisfaction, on that amount of outlay, to go to his grave followed by three or four carriages, in addition to those of his friends which may be in attendance.

These are only medium funerals, and if we should put the figures at the high notch it would not be less than $1,000 more, or about $1,500 to die stylishly, and about $500 to fade away in an ordinarily respectable, quiet manner. This is in painful contrast with the burial of the friendless poor, who have a grave in Potter's field—a plain wood box and a horse and wagon to convey them to the shore of the dark river. —*Cincinnati Times.*

A New Breed of Sheep.

Mr. Darwin has furnished the *Agricultural Gazette* with an account from an Australian paper of a new breed of sheep. It appears that a gentleman named Currie bought some merino rams from what is known as the Camden flock in New South Wales, the origin of which was a few Spanish sheep from the private flock of George III. After the Camden rams were taken to Victoria, lambs having fleeces of a peculiar character appeared at intervals, and in other flocks the use of Camden rams caused the occasional appearance of lambs with fleece of peculiarly fine, long, straight, and lustrous fiber; but this was held to indicate weakness, and the animals were discarded. However, ten years ago Mr. Currie saved a ram lamb showing in a marked degee these characteristics and selected a few ewes with similar fleeces, rather less pronounced, and the result is what is now known as the Larra merino. The flock now numbers about 100 ewes, and great things are expected of it. This is said to be the third instance on record of a distinct variety of sheep making a sudden appearance.

PIKE'S PEAK SIGNAL STATION.

Wonders of the Highest Inhabited Portion of the Globe.

A Colorado correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes as follows: The United States signal station at Pike's peak is the highest signal station in the world; it is also the highest inhabited portion of the globe. It was opened in the month of September, 1873. That it was a wise provision of the government in establishing a signal station at this point is no longer questioned, the facts having already demonstrated its practicability, and the present success promises that Pike's peak signal station is yet to stand at the head of all astronomical and meteorological stations in the world. This point is wonderfully favored by nature for the study of astronomy and meteorology. The rarity of the atmosphere brings out a remarkable brilliancy and clearness to the stars and all the heavenly bodies. The nights are most always cloudless, and cloudy days are the exception. Nine-tenths of the storms are below the peak. The best and most complete report of the last total eclipse of the sun received at Washington was the report of Professor Loud, of Colorado college, from observations taken at Pike's peak.

The signal station is now under the charge of Sergeants Choate, Blake and Sweeney. These officers are detailed from the army because of their peculiar adaptability and special qualifications for the accurate execution of the nice duties of taking astronomical and meteorological observations. To Sergeant Rufus Choate I am greatly indebted for the particulars embodied in this article.

The summit of Pike's peak contains sixty acres. It is 14,336 feet above the level of the sea. On the highest point stands the signal station, a rough stone building twenty-four by thirty, one story in height. It is divided into four rooms—officers' room, kitchen, store-room and woodroom. And here in this bleak spot, nearly twenty miles from the habitations of man, though three miles nearer the heavenly regions than most parts of New England, these men live the larger part of the year. The station is three miles from the timber line, where the greater part of vegetation ceases. Short grass tufted with delicate Alpine flowers struggle for an existence against the frigidity of the atmosphere and creep toward the mountain top; but there are hundreds of acres of cold gray and reddish rocks where not a vestige of verdure exists.

Like the dwellers of the Arctic regions, the inhabitants of Pike's peak have but two seasons—summer and winter. Two months of summer—August and September—and ten, long cold months of winter. The summer season passes quickly. The atmosphere is congenial; the many visitors at the peak enhance its social life with joy, wonderment and mirth. During the summer of 1878 upward of nine hundred people, in parties of from five to thirty, visited the peak, among them many ladies. They registered from the four quarters of the globe, and they all expressed admiration and astonishment at the grandeur and sublimity of the wonderful views as seen from the peak. To behold a sunrise from the peak is an event of a lifetime, and for this purpose visitors often remain over night at the station to be ready to catch the first glimpse of the sun as it appears above the horizon, gilding with its bright rays the mountains, hills, valleys and plains, to the wonder and delight of the amazed beholder.

The duties of the officers are various. Seven observations are taken daily; all storms are closely watched, and each special and distinctive characteristic duly recorded. Sunrise and sunset demand close attention. Every peculiarity of the heavenly regions is viewed and a record made of the same, and monthly reports of these records are sent to headquarters at Washington. The present year has been unusually prolific in sun-dogs, which are said to prognosticate earthquakes, subterranean explosions, immense freshets and troublous times. A government office at Pike's peak is no sinecure, for the officer must buffet all storms and brave all weathers. Occasionally an electric storm visits the peak. There is but little thunder accompanying these storms, but the mountain seems all on fire. Sergeant Choate informs me that when he was out observing one of these storms it appeared as though the whole mountain top was a sheet of electric flame. It came out of every rock and darted around with wonderful audacity. It played around him, and, as he expressed it, shot down his back and darted out of each boot-toe, and so completely filled him with electricity that he could no retain his foothold, but bounded and rebounded from the rock like a rubber ball; he felt as though a powerful electric battery was pouring fiery darts all through him, and deeming "discretion the better part of valor," he bounded into the signal station for preservation. Sergeant Choate was at the spring, in December, and on December 21 he left for the peak, wearing Norwegian snowshoes twelve feet in length. It was a weary task and a dreary trip. The first night out he slept in the snow on the mountain's side. The second night the mercury fell to twenty degrees below zero. He sought shelter in a deserted cabin, through which the wind whistled tunes anything but agreeable; here he built a small fire, but avoided sleep, fearing the extreme cold might produce the sleep of death. The third day he reached the station safely.

The summer months are also occupied in preparing for the long siege of winter. During the months of August and September upward of 3,000 pounds of the usual variety of family stores and about twenty-five cords of firewood are snugly stowed away. These are all carried to the peak in small quantities on the back of the poor, despised burro, whose head has the appearance of being encased in cloth and whose ears are nearly the length of his legs, and who walks at the pace of a snail, and a very slow snail at that.

Spain has ninety-two dukes, 866 marquises, 632 counts, ninety-two viscounts, and ninety eight barons, besides forty-four ennobled foreigners. Two dukes, fifty-eight marquises, thirty counts, six viscounts and two barons have been created by the present king. The university students this year number 16,889, of whom 6,823 are studying medicine and 6,409 law.

Hints About Accidents.

A child rolls down the stairs, or falls from a height, and in either case strikes its head with force. What shall be done till the doctor comes? We would give the following directions, as nearly as possible in the order in which they should be adopted: Raise the child gently in the arms, and carrying it to the nearest sofa or bed, place him on it—unless crying loudly, when he can be soothed quickest in his mother's arms. All the clothing should be loosened, especially about the neck, to afford the freest circulation of the blood to and from the head. To equalize the circulation and prevent inflammation, the head should be kept cool and the extremities warm. Cooling lotions of arnica or witch-hazel and water, or simply water, should be applied to the head on thin cloths, well wrung out so as not to wet the pillows and bed-clothes. No more than two or four thicknesses of linen should be used, because thick cloths prevent evaporation, and what was intended to cool the head acts as a poultice and makes the head hotter. Ice and ice-cold water should not be used unless the head is very hot, as it is believed that children have been killed by the application of pounded ice to the head. Bottles of hot water or hot irons are all that is necessary, besides the bed-clothing, to heat the extremities. All applications of mustard and other irritants possess no advantage over these, and have the disadvantage of disturbing the sufferer. Should the patient's face be very pale, and signs of fainting appear, camphor or ammonia should be applied to the nostrils, and a little brandy or wine be given. Then the room should be made as quiet as possible and every means used to invite "nature's sweet restorer," sleep. We know the popular idea is that patients suffering from any injury to the head should be kept awake by all means; and it is mainly to combat this erroneous notion that we are prompted to write out these directions. No injury—or degree of injury—of the head contra-indicates the sufferer's sleeping. In fact, positive harm may be done in trying to prevent sleep. Rest is what the brain and blood vessels want more than any one other thing; and, if not allowed, what would have passed off in a few hours or days may be prolonged into inflammation, with all its dangerous consequences. Of course the air of the room should be kept pure—windows and doors open, if the weather permit—and the presence of persons not absolutely necessary forbidden.—*W. H. Vail, M. D., in the Christian Union.*

Chinese Poetry.

Chinese poetry is the subject of an interesting article in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Few persons appreciate the genuine poetry to which the Chinese have given birth, yet poetry occupies almost as important a place in their literature as in our own. Here is a literal translation of a short poem:

The heart, when it is harassed, finds no place of rest.
The mind, when embittered, thinks only of grief.

In the following the writer is supposed to be apostrophizing a bed of chrysanthemum plants in full bloom:

See their slender shadows pictured on the fence whilst their delicate perfume scents the garden walls;
Their tints, now dark, now light, flash one against the other;
The dews as they drop strengthen their frames;
Hungry, they feed on air—
What can with their bright colors compete?
Talking of them one might pity their languor, as of that of an invalid;
Delicate, they open with constitutions at best autumnal,
Yet say not that they bloom to no purpose;
For did they not by their charms inspire Tao to poetry and conviviality?

Here is one that has been metrically translated. It is called the "Tiny Rill:"

Over green fields and meadows a tiny rill ran
(The little precious coquette);
She was pretty, she knew, and thus early began
Gayly flirting with all that she met.

Her favors on both sides she'd gracefully shower,
Regardless of whom they might be;
One moment she'd kiss the sweet lips of a flower,
The next—lave the root of a tree.

She would leap from one rock to another in play,
Tumble down on her pebbly bed;
Like a naiad, let the dazzling, sunsmitten spray,
Fall in prismatic gems round her head.

Sometimes she would lash herself into rage,
And rush roaring and seething along;
Till a bit of smooth ground would her anger assuage,
When she'd liquidly murmur a song.

Wonderful Facts.

Sir Astley Cooper relates the case of a sailor who was received in St. Thomas' hospital in a state of stupor from an injury in the head, which continued some months. After an operation he suddenly recovered so far as to speak, but no one in the hospital understood his language. But a Welsh milk-woman happening to come into the ward, answered him, for he spoke Welsh, which was his native language. He had, however, been absent from Wales more than thirty years, and previous to the accident had entirely forgotten Welsh, although he now spoke it fluently, and recollected not a word of any other tongue. On his perfect recovery he again completely forgot his Welsh, and recovered his English.

An Italian gentleman, mentioned by Dr. Rush, in the beginning of an illness, spoke English; in the middle of it, French; but on the day of his death spoke only Italian.

An ignorant servant girl, mentioned by Coleridge, during the delirium of a fever repeated with perfect correctness passages from a number of theological works in Latin, Greek and Rabinical Hebrew. It was at length discovered that she had been servant to a learned clergyman, who was in the habit of walking backward and forward along a passage by the kitchen, and there reading aloud his favorite authors.

Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of a child, four years old, who underwent the operation of trepanning while in a state of profound stupor from fracture of the skull. After his recovery, he retained no recollection either of the operation or the accident; yet, at the age of fifteen, during the delirium of fever, he gave his mother an exact description of the operation, of the persons present, their dress and many other minute particulars.

Grandfather Lickshingle's Bathing Suit.

One of the children asked how Captain Paul Boyton got along in the water this terribly cold weather.

"What! that feller!" exclaimed Grandfather Lickshingle, starting up from a reverie. "That feller is swimmin' from Pittsburgh to New Orleans by overland route in an ulster overcoat and three-ply mittens. Every mornin' the paper has an account of how he lectured in some town the night afore. Then he cuts across lots, in the direction of New Orleans, and delivers another lecture. He'll arrive at his destination by-and-by, providin' the walkin' keeps good. Anybody can swim to New Orleans that way. Now, when your grandfather accomplished his great aquatic feat, as the newspapers called it, of swimmin' from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, I never left the water once. Every public hall along the route was decorated with flags an' Chinese lanters, an' committees waited on me forty miles below the towns and pleaded with me all the way up, offerin' me anywhere from twenty-five cents to $700 a night if I would round into port and lecture. I wouldn't have it. As for little cold snaps like this one, I rather enjoyed them. It took a little more fuel"—

"Fuel, grandfather?"

"Yes, fuel. I had a very perfect bathin' suit. It had a furnace in the basement, with registers openin' into every room in the house, so to speak. When the mercury got down about zero, an' the water began to feel a little chilly like, I'd holler down the telephone to the stoker to heave in a few packages of coal ile, resin, bacon, alcohol, aquafortis, or whatever come handiest among the freight"—

"Surely, you don't mean freight, grandfather?"

"I don't mean nothin' else; but if you children think you know more 'bout your grandfather's bathin' suit than he does himself, why, dog-gone it, you'd better tell it!"—*Oil City Derrick.*

West Indian Superstitions.

As regards animals, Guinea pigs may be mentioned as specially unlucky, at least in St. Croix. There are families there, among those from whom one would not expect such things, whose children would on no account be allowed to keep these pretty little pets. What precisely is the harm they do is not stated. All you can get out of one is, "Oh, they always bring trouble to a house; they're very unlucky." And yet, if the writer of this was an adept at one thing more than another in his small-boy days—which were spent in Barbados—it was at keeping Guinea pigs. They were kept by him on a scale so large that he could set up some of his school-fellows as Guinea-pig keepers. He even ran the risk of keeping them sometimes in his desk at school, boring holes and cutting slits in the lid, to give the little bright-eyed creatures air. And it was a great risk to run, for those were the good old "licking times"—now, happily, almost over for schoolboys. The master of the school was one of those men who are now, it is to be hoped, nearly as extinct as the dodo—men who believed that you could teach a boy through his back, or through the palms of his hands or the seat of his pantaloons. But yet the Guinea-pigs never brought a thrashing upon their owner or his friends. Some of the boys at this very school were possessed of a sovereign plan for making you perfect in your lessons, which may have kept off the trouble the Guinea-pigs would otherwise have brought on the school. When you had learned any lesson thoroughly (and some fellows kept the talisman in their hands all the time of learning the lesson) rub the page up and down or across with a large seed, called a "good-luck seed." Then return it to the pocket, where it ought to be kept. This done, you need not fear. So much for superstitions.—*Contemporary Review.*

Can Oysters Whistle?

This little oyster story is from Thornburg's "New and Old London:" The shop was first established by a Mr. Pearkes in 1825. "It appears," says a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "that about the year 1840 the proprietor of the house in question, which had then, as it has now, a great name for the superior excellence of its delicate little 'natives,' heard a strange and unusual sound proceeding from one of the tubs in which the shellfish lay piled in layers one over the other, placidly fattening upon oatmeal and awaiting the inevitable advent of the remorseless knife. Mr. Pearkes, the landlord, listened, hardly at first believing his ears. There was, however, no doubt about the matter; one of the oysters was distinctly whistling, or, at any rate, producing a sort of *sifflement* with its shell. It was not difficult to detect this phenomenal bivalve, and in a very few minutes he was triumphantly picked out from amongst his fellows and put by himself in a spacious tub, with a plentiful supply of brine and water. The news spread through the town and for some days the fortunate Mr. Pearkes found his house besieged by curious crowds. * * * Douglas Jerrold's suggestion was that the said oyster had been crossed in love and now whistled to keep up appearances, with an idea of showing that it did not care." Thackeray used to declare that he was once actually in the shop when an American came in to see the phenomenon, as everybody else was doing, and, after hearing the talented mollusk go through his usual performance, strolled contemptuously out, declaring "it was nothing to an oyster he knew of in Massachusetts, which whistled 'Yankee Doodle' right through and followed its master about the house like a dog."

Another collection of one million cancelled postage stamps is explained. Some time time ago a Philadelphia gentleman offered to obtain for an old lady a life residence in a home for the friendless if she would collect such an amount of stamps. The undertaking enlisted the attention of Miss Chloe Lankton, of New Hartford, Conn., who began to assist the old lady. The result is that the million of stamps have been gathered, the sum of $800 has been paid for them, and the collector is now enjoying a comfortable home in the Methodist house in Philadelphia.

A Canine Mail Carrier.

While on a turkey-hunt a few days since, writes a correspondent from Virginia, we had just pulled down a fence to enter a field along side the road when a very large dog of the shepherd species came by at a brisk pace. Observing he was geared by belts around his neck and body, and carrying a black leather sachel, I asked what it meant. My friend laughed. Requesting to be informed, he said: "That's Dodd's dog, and carries the mail from his house five miles to the postoffice. He has two miles yet to go," and pulling out his watch, remarked, "he is on time. Mr. Dodd regularly sends his mail and that of his neighbors to the postoffice, and the dog faithfully brings the return mail."

A few days after I happened to be at Rappahannock station, talking with Al bridge James about the dog. "Speak of Old Nick," said he, "here he comes." Caparisoned as I had seen him with his mail, wagging his organ of recognition in a friendly way to those who saluted him, he passed straight into the post-office. I followed him and asked the postmaster to give me a fuller account of this remarkable dog. He said: "He comes daily as you see with quite a large neighborhood mail in lieu of Mr. Horace Dodd, his owner, who finds it more convenient to send his dog. Mr. Dodd used to come himself twice a week to the office for his mail, a distance of five miles. He always made the dog carry the mail in a small bag, a habit he kept up for some time, when he ventured to send him alone.

"Finding he could depend on him, in the playfulness of his fancy he had him geared up as you see, with U. S. M. inscribed on the sachel. He has been thus employed for nine months, never missing a day, and allows no one to tamper with the mail. All Mr. Dodd's neighbors for two miles around get their mails in this way. It has lately increased, including daily and weekly papers, a large correspondence, reaching at least four thousand letters and papers in a year's time, and, besides, small articles of merchandise; but his load is limited to six pounds. You see, I take off his sachel and assort the letters; he lays there waiting for the Dodd mail, which I give him first. He starts immediately for home, where he arrives in forty minutes, and is bountifully fed.

"Mr. Dodd would not swap him for the finest horse in the country. He is otherwise useful in herding his cattle and carrying dinner to his children a mile distant at school."

It is proposed to have a full-size picture of this dog taken by a competent artist and presented to Postmaster-General Key, to be hung up in some conspicuous place in the department as an example of faithful service.

Speculative Trunk Buyers.

The proprietor of the Everett house, St. Louis, recently had a sale of the baggage left at his hotel by frauds and impecunious patrons. There were eighty-three trunks and valises offered for sale, and the total amount realized was $83. A large crowd was present, but the bidding was far from spirited, as the contents of the trunks were not exposed to view. Many laughable incidents happened. One old gentleman persisted on prying open the trunks with a big knotted cane, and would only desist when made to do so forcibly. At the commencement of the sale he was observed to be closely eyeing a huge Saratoga which had been left at the Everett house by a female adventuress. When this trunk was cried he anxiously fumbled in his pockets and brought forth ten cents, with which he started the bidding. Finally it was knocked down to him for $2. "Open it, open it!" yelled the crowd, and he did so. The first thing seen was a roll of newspapers, and the last a lot of bricks, among which was found a sheet of foolscap with this inscription on it: "Sold again! and never got your money back. Yours in haste." A boy bought a trunk for forty cents and found in it about $10 worth of clothes and a valuable breastpin, evidently intended for a lady. A laborer purchased a rickety receptacle, held together by ropes. It was full of papers and letters, the latter written by a lady to her husband and full of pitiful tales of poverty, distress and sickness. To enumerate all the mistakes in buying would take a column. Suffice it to say that a grocer bought some surgical instruments, a druggist a sack of dried apples and a quantity of beans, and a market-woman a complete skeleton, carefully polished and set on wires but not put together. The sale wound up with a free fight, which the police had some trouble in stopping.—*The National Hotel Reporter.*

Married in a Wagon.

As our worthy Dora pastmaster, who is not only postmaster, but is clothed with justice' authority to solemnize marriages, was meandering his way on horseback, west of his own premises on the highway, he met Esquire Elliott and Mrs. Nealis sitting on a spring seat in a two-horse wagon. Our worthy esquire and postmaster was halted and informed that his services were in demand at once to perform a marriage ceremony, the license being promptly presented in due form. Whereupon the accommodating esquire rode up to the wagon, requested the parties who were seated on the spring-seat to join hands, and then and there solemnized, on the public highway, without a witness, the marriage of the twain.—*Oswego (Kan.) Independent.*

Simplicity of President Grevy.

The new president of the French republic dresses very modestly, never having worn even the uniform of the national guard. He is a man of republican simplicity in all his ways. In his every-day attire, even in Paris, he has donned a wideawake instead of a silk hat; and in summer time he may generally be seen sauntering about the boulevards clad all in gray, and crowned with a panama. Though a man of considerable landed property, as estates go in France, he never set up a brougham till he became president of the chamber, and he has always kept this modest one-horse vehicle, with a coachman out of livery, at Versailles. In Paris he uses cabs and omnibuses; but it must be a very muddy day which compels him to ride at all.

Stop a Minute.

Don't hurry so. Move slower; it may be that you will go sarer. Grind, grind, grind—one everlasting grind from five o'clock in the morning till ten at night, chasing the bubble of human riches. What is the need, pray tell me? You already have enough, and even more than you can use. You are heaping up wealth for others to waste or quarrel over when you are dead; and half your heirs, instead of remembering you gratefully, will contemplate your departure from this hurrying scene with infinite satisfaction. Do rest a while. You are wearing out the vital forces faster than there is need, and in this way subtracting years from the total sum of your life. This rush and worry day after day, this restless anxiety after something you have got, is like pebble-stones in machinery—they grate and grind the life out of you. You have useless burdens; throw them off. You have a great deal of needless care; drop it. Pull in the strings; compact your business. Take time for thought of better things. Go out into the air and enjoy the sunshine. Stop thinking of business and profit. Stop grumbling at adverse fortune. You will probably never see much better times than these in this doomed world. Your most opportune season is now; your happy day is to-day. Calmly do your duty, and let God take care of His own world. He is still alive, and is the King. Do not imagine that things will go to everlasting smash when you disappear from this mortal stage. Don't fancy that the curse of heaven, in the shape of the vain task of righting up a disjointed earth, is imposed on you. Cease to fret and fume; cease to jump and worry early and late. The good time is coming, but you can never bring it; God can and will. Take breath, sir; sit down and take a long breath; then go calmly to the tasks of life and do your work well.—*Dr. Murray.*

How Careless Men Can be With Money.

A correspondent says: My friend was a paymaster of a large railroad company, and one day he went out with $30,000 to pay the men. The money was wrapped up in an old newspaper, and he carried it under his arm. He stopped at a way-side hostelry for dinner, and left the money on a chair when he went out. He had not gone many miles from the place when he missed it. He flew back and asked the woman if she had seen a parcel. "There's a bit of newspaper on the chair beyant," said she; "perhaps that it;" which it proved to be, and my friend returned a happier and a wiser man. Another circumstance: A man I know of lost a roll of bills amounting to $10,000. They, also, were tied up in a newspaper. He told a friend, and the two talked over the loss and the probability of finding the money. The friend made him tell all the ground he had been over since he had the money. The last place was the postoffice. The night was wet overhead and slushy under foot. They stopped at the postoffice, and going to the place where the man had been, and found two or three torn bits of newspaper. It was the same. They looked further, and found the lost treasure. It had been kicked in turn by every one who came into the office, and when found, was all untied and completely soaked in slush. They seized it eagerly and returned to their hotel, where they spent several hours in cleaning it. It was all there; and at last they got it dried. The grateful man took his friend out and bought him the handsomest watch that he could find.

Adulterated Food.

From facts and data in our possession, says the New York *Herald*, it is susceptible of proof that nearly all the essentials of life are seriously tampered with, and that the adulteration of food is the rule rather than the exception. The following list is carefully prepared, and will give an idea of the extent to which the evil extends:

Sausages—Made of impure meats and seasoned with spices.

Bread—Mixed with alum, lime water and flour ground in with lead.

Flour—Adulterated with damaged peas, powdered alum and casein, in which are worms, insects, scari and smut.

Coffee—Adulterated with cocoanut shells, almond shells, chicory, beans, peas and corn.

Tea—Colored with black lead and Prussian blue.

Oysters, Clams and Lobsters—Stale and decaying.

Cheese—Colored with saffron, Venetian red, carrots and annotto, which latter is often found to contain poisonous chromates.

Essences—Adulterated and contaminated by nitro-benzole, prussic acid, oil of turpentine, sulphuric acid and citric acid.

Sugar—Injured by putrid blood, with which it is "purified," and adulterated with clay, sand and bean dust, with now and then a fair share of marble dust.

Cake—Flavored with oil of almonds, containing prussic acid.

Spices—Black pepper, adulterated with buckwheat, caramel or shorts; cayenne pepper, adulterated with red lead, almond shells and ginger.

Time Enough to Beller.

One day Billy, that's my brother, he and Sammy Doppy was playin' by a mud-hole, and Billy he said:

"Now, Sammy, les play we was a barnyard; you be the pig and lie down and woller, and I'll be a bull and beller like everything.

So they got down on their hans and knees, and Sammy he went in the mud and wollered, wile Billy bellered like distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he cum out muddy—you never seen such a muddy little feller—and he said:

"Now, you be the pig an' let me beller."

But Billy he said:

"I ain't a very good pig 'fore dinner, and ittle be time 'nuff for you to beller wen yer mother sees yer close."—*Little Johnny.*

A Lutheran clergyman, of Philadelphia, informed Dr. Rush that Germans and Swedes, of whom he had a large number in his congregation, when near death always prayed in their native languages, though some of them, he was confident, had not spoken them for fifty or sixty years.