

Farm, Garden and Household.

Joseph Harris on Weeds. A weed is a plant growing where you do not want it to grow. Thistles are not weeds when grown, as they are in France, to make perfume. The thistles growing in the Deacon's wheat are weeds. He does not want them there. If you have six plants of corn in a hill where you only want four, the other two are weeds. A dead weed is not of them. A growing weed pumps up water out of the ground. The weeds in an acre of the Deacon's clover pump up more water in a day than all his animals drink in a month. Weeds propagate faster than rats. I have got more rats than the Deacon, but the Deacon beats me on the weeds. The boys shoot the rats. Yesterday they shot two and scared away a dozen. Next year they will come back again. The Deacon kills a hundred of his rats and buries a thousand. Next spring they will come up by the million. You can't get rid of a weed unless you kill them. If you do not kill them they will kill you. They are worse than foot-rot in sheep. They spread faster than caterpillars on an orange tree. The Deacon keeps the trunks of the trees in spring; some of them are full of caterpillars. Some farmers think it is of no use killing the weeds, but it is of the soil to produce weeds. They say you can't kill them. The Deacon does not say weeds can't be killed, but he does not try to kill them. He hoes his weeds. I don't hoe my corn. I hoe the weeds. I don't hoe my corn. I hoe the weeds. I don't hoe my corn. I hoe the weeds.

Perils of the Chase.

Deadly Encounter with a Man-Eater. The following is an extract from a private letter of the surviving gentleman in a late tiger affray at Scudderabad: "Yes, I have had a very, very narrow shave from a man-eater; but thank God, I am not tiger's meat as yet, and may never be so long as I have a good weapon and good eyes. Since a miraculous escape no man ever had, I don't doubt whether any sportsman living has ever cheated a tiger out of his prey as I have done. I have been working in a very wild piece of country the last three months, and on account of the high grass and weeds, I have been unable to follow up any large game, although tigers were running around me and elephants committing havoc. The hills have lately been on fire, and the long grass cleared away, and I had just completed the field work of a most important project, when, on the evening of the 23d, Khabber came to me of a fresh human victim added to those which had fallen to a monster of a man-eater. So troublesome was the brute, that when out at work, we were always afraid of being carried away. We returned to the camp, and in the morning I started on foot, accompanied by a month ago. Khabber, I loaded my express-cartridge and ordered my camp to the nearest village, four miles off. The next morning I started alone with my shikaree—a first-class man, having been one of Nootling's men. We arrived near the hills, but as I could not see the brute, although I could hear the crunching of bone. I moved cautiously toward him, when there was a sudden bound, and he was off. I just got one more glimpse of his body, but did not fire, as I had no gun with me. He was so quick that he made some distance off before I could get my gun. I followed up, but found the spot dangerous, so decided on going for beaters and returning at breakfast. Accordingly at twelve we started on a long march, accompanied by a party of twenty men and G—, who was most anxious to see a tiger hunt—a good tiger fellow, and one whose memory I deeply lament. On arrival at the ground I pointed out to the beaters the case the beast had gone into, and directed them to beat the brush out of a large hole. I myself, some fifteen feet from the ground. My friend, my shikaree, and myself, taking our places close to each other, the beat began and ended without signs of the brute, and I was much disgusted. I went back, and on returning to camp. On my way I walked up to within five yards of the cave I had seen him go into in the morning, and pointed out the place to my young friend G—. We both sat down and elated for about ten minutes, when my shikaree proceeded to beat over the same ground toward us. I directed them to commence, at the same time expecting nothing to appear, as the noise and hubbub the beaters had made would have driven the devil himself out. Before the beat commenced I ordered my shikaree, a village shikaree and poor fellow, to stand by my rifle, and as he was to be behind me, I took my stand at the roots, my maistry, Rumi, being behind me. The beat commenced, and had hardly progressed more than fifty yards when from the very cave out rushed the man-eater, and as he was not more than four yards from me, he stood for an instant and then sprang at me. I dropped on one knee and received him in his spring, having only time to fire the first barrel and hold up my rifle to ward off the blow he aimed at me. The rifle was probably the blow that I was sent spinning over with my maistry. For some time we two with the tiger were rolling over together, and I saw that my shot had broken his jaw, which was hanging down. This doubtless prevented him from using his teeth, but he really impervious to anything else, and just before putting the cake into a hot oven. A cool oven will ruin the most carefully-mixed cake. Custards are troublesome things to make, and require a practiced hand. In the chocolate custard, the way to get the yolks of eggs gradually on the corn, stirring till the mass is perfectly smooth, is consistent, then add the sugar and the hot milk, which must be poured on slowly. The process of stirring should not be stopped till the custard is done, unless one is provided with a boiler on the principle of the farina kettle.

The Lion and the Shark.

It is now many years since a Captain Parker commanded a fleet named the Sarah, and sailed from London for the coast of Africa with a general cargo to barter for produce. In one of his business transactions, amongst other commodities, he got a young cub lion, and resolved to bring it home to London. Bob Jones, the cabin-boy, took charge of it, and there not being a dog on board, put it into the dog-kennel, and by his kindness to it, and his feeding it regularly, they became great friends. The only growl he ever gave, and Bob would pluck it every chance he had, and even neglected his duty to gambol with the favorite. Still, the captain would not see this, for he was as fond of the cub as the boy was, though he dared not make so free with it. A great number of people used to go to the lion house to see the creature, as it became so fond of the boy, and would play and roll about the deck with him on a fine day, to the great amusement of the lookers-on; in fact, they were more like two lion whelps, tumbling over each other, and wrestling, commingling and romping, than any other animal that could be seen on board. Then the Sarah was chartered, at so much per month, to go to Aktyab to load rice, and was about eighteen months on the voyage round. When the vessel returned to London the lion had grown to a large size, and was as fierce as a dog, and all the time the boy Jones had been his comrade and attendant, and could still take the same liberties with it, but no one else dared to do so, not even the captain, though he was very kind to it, and he would not allow any one to hurt it. One day the boy Jones, half in jest, one of the men offered to take a rope's end to the cub, but its fury was so great that the jest was never repeated, and the man was not safe on the deck afterwards. On the whole, however, all the sailors were fond of the creature, and would have permitted, or indeed safe to do so, except his first friend, Bob Jones. With him the whelp was always docile.

Coal in China.

It is stated on competent authority that the coal fields of China cover an area of upward of 400,000 square miles, as contrasted with the coal-bearing area of 12,000 square miles in Great Britain. Baron von Richtofen reported in 1870 and 1871 respecting certain coal-bearing provinces, notably that of Shansi, containing thirty thousand square miles, with beds varying from twelve feet to twenty feet in thickness, while the system of coal-bearing strata in this province is about five hundred feet in thickness, containing besides an inexhaustible supply of iron ore.

Like Lightning are the miraculous Cures effected with Walker's Instant Relief.

At the Vienna World's Fair, the grand medal was given to the highest excellence in read organs of all classes and from all nations, was awarded to the Mason & Hambley Organ Co., the well-known American manufacturers. Other American makers were not successful in obtaining any medal.—Com.



Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a pure Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of WALKER'S BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of WALKER'S BITTERS in healing the sick of every clime. It is clear that they are a gentle Purgative and a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, in Bilious Disorders. The properties of Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters are, Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritive, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Soporific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Free! Free! Free! An immense Descriptive Catalogue of the best Miscellaneous Books, medical, for general application by letter to R. M. DeWitt, Jr., 25 N. 3rd St., N.Y.C.

DOMESTIC PAPER FASHIONS. Agents Wanted. Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y.

NONPAREIL FARM FEED. Held at various Mills, N. Y.

MINISTER'S BLOOD PURIFIER. A sure and safe cure for all diseases.

Consumption can be cured. Peerless Clothes Wringer.

WILLSON'S Carbulated Cod Liver Oil. A scientific combination of two well-known medicines.

ALSO. The Household Panacea and Family Liniment.

Washing Woollen. Prof. Artus, who has devoted himself to the discovery of the reasons why woolen clothing wears out so rapidly.

Agents Wanted. A. B. H. & Co., 101 N. 3rd St., N.Y.C.

Getting Out of Bed. In olden times children were early taught that the instant they woke in the morning they must bounce out of bed, not waiting for a moment's consideration until they were safely landed on the floor. Some wide-awake children, whose eyes naturally opened with the coming dawn, could get out of bed at the feet; but alas for those poor little creatures who found it nearly impossible to shake off the drowsiness that pervaded their entire systems! In a pitiful state of semi-sleep they dragged themselves from bed and tried to dress. Those who retained their wits in such a case, would not permit, or indeed safe to do so, except his first friend, Bob Jones.

An Artful Trick. A man having the appearance of a countryman, laden with a bundle of hay, managed to fall through a pane of glass, value thirty pounds, which adorned the establishment of a large mercer in the Edgeware Road, London. The shopkeeper quickly seized upon the fellow, who protested he had no money, and pleaded that he was a true countryman. Two gentlemen, looking on as an excess. They gentlemen, looking on, testified to their having watched the "stupid clown," and just before remarked that his gross carelessness would lead to some mischief, if they suggested that the "booby" should be searched. This was promptly done, and the production of a fifty pound note was the result. Vainly did the countryman, with tears in his eyes, proclaim the note to be his "meaters," the proceeds of his journey to market. The mercer paid himself the thirty pounds, by giving the note to the five-pound Bank of England note, and retaining possession of the one found upon him. The weight said he would go and get a policeman, that he might "have the law" upon the shopkeeper, and left the premises, and the two gentlemen blandly took their leave, after congratulating the mercer on the fortunate result, which had attended their suggestion of a search. Of course, the reader guesses the upshot—the fifty pound note was a forgery, and the whole proceeding a trick.

A Terrible Cholera Story. The Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman learns from Mr. F. J. Sottler, who has been running a steam saw-mill at Sand Rifle, in Henry County, the particulars of one of the saddest tragedies in connection with cholera that has occurred in this State. The cholera at that place that has come within our knowledge. At the time of the first cholera panic at Sand Rifle the Edgington family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Edgington and their four children, left the place and fled with the cholera. After a few days, however, they returned and took possession of their dwelling, which is situated directly against the cliff in the valley of the Kentucky river, which is very narrow at this point. Within two or three days after returning, Miss Edgington, a young lady of some seventeen or eighteen years of age, was seized with cholera, and died in four hours. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Shelton, who waited on her during her sickness and afterwards sat up with the corpse, was taken the same day and died within a few hours. Mr. Edgington's son, a young man of about twenty, who had returned from another village, six miles distant, having previously sent forward a request to some friends to have the grave dug, died in a short time, however, and the two younger children in another village. On their arrival in the vicinity of the church they not only found that the request to have the grave prepared had been neglected, but the people residing there refused to permit them to enter their houses. The young man took the coffin containing his sister's body to the church, and after depositing it therein repaired to the residence of an uncle a few miles off, but by the time he arrived there he was so far gone with the cholera that he died in a few hours. Mr. Edgington, with his wife and two children, went a short distance from the church, and the camp, house recently vacated by its owner for a new one. By this time all four were sick with the fearful disease, but it is believed that soon after entering this unoccupied house its owner came about nine or ten o'clock at night and shot-gone and with the cholera of instant death drove them out. They, too, were then compelled, sick into death as they were, to seek shelter with the dead body of the daughter in the church, and there before daylight the next morning, the two children died. Later some good Samaritan from the neighborhood came forward, and after performing the office of burial for the two children, took Mr. and Mrs. Edgington to their homes, where they finally triumphed over the fell disease and were restored to health.

Contagious diseases, such as horse glanders, etc., may be prevented by the use of Frank Miller's Harness Oil. Persons traveling with horses should take note of this.—Com.

Free! Free! Free! An immense Descriptive Catalogue of the best Miscellaneous Books, medical, for general application by letter to R. M. DeWitt, Jr., 25 N. 3rd St., N.Y.C.

DOMESTIC PAPER FASHIONS. Agents Wanted. Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y.

NONPAREIL FARM FEED. Held at various Mills, N. Y.

MINISTER'S BLOOD PURIFIER. A sure and safe cure for all diseases.

Consumption can be cured. Peerless Clothes Wringer.

WILLSON'S Carbulated Cod Liver Oil. A scientific combination of two well-known medicines.

ALSO. The Household Panacea and Family Liniment.

Washing Woollen. Prof. Artus, who has devoted himself to the discovery of the reasons why woolen clothing wears out so rapidly.

Agents Wanted. A. B. H. & Co., 101 N. 3rd St., N.Y.C.

Ready Money. Keep ready money on hand if you can. No matter if it is only a little sum. If it is only sufficient for the current expenses, it is a great convenience, to say the least. Any one who has tried and compared the credit with the cash system, will readily admit the correctness of the above remark. When you buy for cash you generally get things cheaper—get better weight and measure, and all the favors the dealer can extend to his patrons. On the chronic credit system, the matter is usually reversed. If you try to avoid credit by borrowing, you improve matters very little, if any. Hence we give this advice, "Turn an honest penny" whenever you can, and always have sufficient money on hand to meet your small engagements.

Washing Woollen. Prof. Artus, who has devoted himself to the discovery of the reasons why woolen clothing wears out so rapidly. He has discovered that the cause of the rapid decay of woolen goods is not the washing itself, but the use of soap and water. He has discovered that the use of a special soap, which he calls "Woolen Wash," will prevent the wool from becoming matted and shrunken. He has also discovered that the use of a special method of washing, which he calls "Woolen Method," will prevent the wool from becoming matted and shrunken. He has also discovered that the use of a special method of drying, which he calls "Woolen Method," will prevent the wool from becoming matted and shrunken.

What is that which no one wishes to have, and no one wishes to lose?—A bald head.