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DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store.

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The work originally published under the title of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA was completed in 1863, since which time the wide circulation which it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the signal developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature, and art, have induced the editors and publishers to submit it to an exact and thorough revision, and to issue a new edition entitled THE AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

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In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events.

The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination.

None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopædia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by longer experience and enlarged knowledge.

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PROUD COLUMBIA.

BY WALLACE E. STEUBLE.

Where the chilling snows of winter
Covers with its ghostly white
All the leaflets in their weakness,
All the mountains in their might;
Where among the rocky fastness
Roams the grizzly bear at will,
There, in blushing, maiden beauty,
Young Columbia's waters rill.
From its fountain
In the mountain,
Leaps the water into sight,
Flowing, darkling,
Anon, sparkling
Like a diamond in the light.

Down the mountain canyon rushing,
Leaping o'er the beetling rocks,
Gaining strength at every turning,
All impediments she mocks;
Pausing now to kiss the branchlet
Hanging o'er her limpid face—
Starting off again in wildness
On her maniacal race.
Noble river,
Time has never
Left a sorrow in thy breast;
Full of gladness,
How can sadness
Ever mar thy wild unrest?

Through the valley now she wanders,
Shaded by the lofty pine,
Nourishing the grassy meadows,
Freshening the thirsty kine;
Bearing on her bosom vessels—
Children of her mother pride—
Rolling ever to the ocean,
Mighty, passless, noble tide.
Of thy gladness,
And thy madness,
Of thy maniacal glee;
Of thy power,
And thy dower,
Proud Columbia, proud are we.

Where the blue Pacific's surges
Thundered in their rhythmic spleen,
Where the occidental sunbeams
Cast their glories on the scene,
There, amid old nature's grandeur,
There, amid the grand sublime,
Proud Columbia joins her music
With the ocean's ceaseless rhyme.
Grand old river,
Rolling ever
Onward to the ocean wide,
Time may sever,
But we never
Shall forget thy mighty tide.

—*The Oregonian.*

THE LIFE OF THE HOUSE.

AN ANCIENT FRENCH LEGEND.

The Duke of Provence knocked on his daughter's door with the hilt of his sword: "Arise, Maguelonne, it is break of day and the Angelus will sound, thy brothers wait for thee below; the horses paw the pavement in the court; it is time to depart."

It was just after a bloody war, in order to cement a treaty of peace, that Maguelonne was married, while a mere child, to Prince Herbert, who was of the same age. After that day they had grown up, separated from one another; but the time had now come to conduct Maguelonne to her husband.

Maguelonne made the sign of the cross to commend her soul to the virgin. She rose and put on her bridal robe, with the long veil hanging to the floor. Then, very pale, she went below; her brothers looking at her admiringly, placed her in her saddle.

"Is the realm of Prince Herbert a great distance from here?" she asked. "Oh, a long way off. To get there we must traverse plains and forests, and ascend many a blue-topped mountain."

Then Maguelonne bowed her head in sadness. Nothing before had ever separated her from the home where she was was born. Thus mounted she could touch the ivy which covered its walls; but now her father and brothers said, "Let us depart!" Just then the mother of Maguelonne came out from the house bathed in tears, and with trembling arms, pressed against her heart the little foot of her daughter, which rested on the stirrup.

"Thou leavest me," she said, "whom I nourished with this breast! The room where thou didst sleep (Oh, my heart!) will remain empty, and I shall seek in vain for thee in my deserted home."

"Alas!" said Maguelonne, "is it not you and my father who have given me to Prince Herbert?"

But it was in vain that tears glittered like drops of dew in the eyes of the noble girl; the cavalcade moved and the foot of Maguelonne dropped from the hands of her mother.

The stirrups jingled, the spurs clinked, the pebbles struck fire under the hoofs of the horses. The Duke of Provence and his three sons were powerful horsemen, covered with black armor, the terror of the Saracens. In the midst of this double hedge of iron rode the fair Maguelonne on a white horse.

They rode on and on; they traversed the plains; they disappeared under the green vault of the forest; then they could be seen on the side of the steep mountain.

Their thoughts were sad, and neither a song nor a ballad did they utter to divert themselves by the way.

Nevertheless, days and nights had gone by since their departure, when at the ford of a river the old Duke stopped his horse entirely. "As truly as the waters of this river will never flow past here again, so true is it," said he, "that I will not go on one step further. Thy brothers, O Maguelonne, will accompany thee further, my road is now behind me."

"What will become of me if thou dost abandon me?" said Maguelonne in tears.

"Is it not right I should go to console thy mother? Farewell, dear child; years have accumulated over my head, and perhaps I shall die without ever seeing thee again."

"The will of God be done! But you, O my brothers, promise me never to abandon me."

Her brothers bowed their heads in silence.

"How long and tiresome the journey is! My brothers, we pass without cessation from forest to mountain and from mountain to plain, but we do not arrive at our destination. Are we not lost in the country of dreams?"

"No, my sister, but Prince Herbert lives a long distance beyond those blue mountains there."

"Still on, my brothers; does it not seem to you that as we advance the sky darkens behind us, the grass withers, and the trees bow their weeping branches to the earth?"

"Yes, Maguelonne, sadness extends behind thee because thou wilt never pass this way again. At this hour our father travels alone, his heart black with sadness, and our mother rings her hands in despair."

"Do you think," said Maguelonne, "that I have not any portion of grief? —But what do I see? Is it thy horse which rises on its feet, or thou who pullest the bridle?"

"Do not accuse my horse. This oak at my right marks the line that I ought not to pass. My brothers will descend with thee to the valley."

"What!" said Maguelonne, clasping her hands, "hast thou not sworn not to leave me?"

"Vain oath, my sister. Ought I not to go and console my father and mother?—Farewell, Maguelonne, much beloved. I am young, but one often sees the young die before the old. Shall I never see thee again?"

"Depart, then, my brother. No; by the Holy Virgin thou hast not loved me!"

Of the two brothers who remained Amaury, the youngest, was highly accomplished, and Maguelonne loved him intensely

"Dear Amaury," said she, "sing me one of the ballads which please the knights and ladies so much."

"Willingly, my sister, I will sing for thee the ballad of Inesille Bearn."

"Stop," cried Maguelonne, "that is a very bad ballad you have chosen for me."

But while she was talking in this way the second of her brothers stopped suddenly. Maguelonne understood that this one also was going to leave her, and retrace his steps. She looked at him with scorn and anger.

"What is it, then, which frightens thee, valiant knight? Is it this grasshopper which crosses the road? Ah! keep silent. What canst thou say to me? Go and be cursed, thou who dost abandon the woman who is thy sister!"

Having thus spoken in a fit of passion, for the blood of her race was as violent as the flames, she lowered her veil over her eyes so as to see her brother depart.

Very soon a traveler passed them on the route.

"Salutations to thee, Maguelonne. Thy brother who has just left thee was robbed and wounded by the bandits."

Another passed by soon after and said to her, "God protect thee, Maguelonne! Thy brother has fallen in an ambuscade, and the Moors have carried him off in captivity."

A third called to her from a distance, "A pleasant journey to thee, Maguelonne. Dost thou know that the Duke of Provence was drowned in crossing the river?"

A fourth passed by and said, "Pray to God, beautiful woman. The house where thou wast born has fallen in the flames and they are seeking for the body of thy mother in the ruins."

"Hearken! Maguelonne!" cried Amaury. "By the holy rood! my horse shall feel the spurs."

"This is overwhelming," said Maguelonne. "Wait for me, my brother, and let us turn our bridles at the same time."

But there crossed at this moment a fifth traveler, who crossed on the opposite side.

"Hasten thy steps, Maguelonne! Prince Herbert is dying of grief, for he has been told that his young wife has been carried off on the journey, and that they do not know what has become of her."

"Day of misery!" cried the poor girl, "let us separate, my brother, and let us pray to God to conduct me to the man to whom I belong."

They saw her then pale and trembling press on along with her horse. But the sky became darker than night; the tempest broke loose with violence; gloomy birds flew through the darkness, skimming with their heavy wings the soft cheeks of the young bride. Her horse, overcome with terror, rose on his feet. Maguelonne let herself slide to the ground, and continued the journey on foot; the thickets caught her dress in their thorny arms, and stones tore her shoes of velvet in shreds and made her delicate feet bleed.

At this moment a hermit met her.

"Ah! father, said Maguelonne, "take pity on my misfortunes. Of my three brothers the eldest is wounded, the second is a captive, the third is gone to help the other two. The Duke of Provence, my father, has perished in the great river, and my mother has been buried under the ruins of our house; and Prince Herbert is perhaps dying at this moment, and has not God said: "A woman shall leave father and mother, go with her husband and leave all to follow him? Tell me, man of God, if I have acted well?"

"Thou art a noble and courageous woman, Maguelonne."

Then how miraculous! the heavens cleared away, the tempest subsided in the distance, and while the rain poured in drops from the leaves of the trees, the birds began to sing.

"Tell me, holy father, what does this signify? Behold, the sun shines again, the trees are quiet, and the birds sing."

"This signified that we approach the domain of Prince Herbert, for joy goes before the woman whose husband waits for her."

"But see everywhere my feet rests the earth is covered with vendure and flowers."

"This is because thy feet will never more be wounded with stones and briars, my daughter."

"Tell me again, is it not a dream? It seems to me that high and rugged mountain decreases and lowers itself to the level of the plain."

"It is because the dwelling of thy husband, the prince, will soon appear."

And so it was; the palace of the Prince could now be seen; but the front looked sombre, and the windows seemed as though they had not been opened for a long while.

"How gloomy the house looks! They will say, alas! that no one is living to inhabit it."

"Life will only enter there when thou dost, Maguelonne, for it is a noble and beautiful woman who is the life of the house."

At these words the hermit disappeared, and Maguelonne having taken a few steps farther, touched the door of the palace with the tip of her foot, the door opened, and in a moment the whole house seemed illuminated; the most delicious music sounded through the vast galleries, and Prince Herbert magnificently arrayed, hurried, followed by his retainers, to present his hand to Maguelonne.

"Thou art most welcome here," said he, "thou who art the life of the house!"

Then Maguelonne smiled and colored in recognizing in her handsome husband the hermit who came to her in the forest—but that which was the greatest surprise of all was to find in the large hall the Duke, her mother, and her brothers, who waited for her in festive costume.

"Be blessed, dear child," said the Duke, "thou who hast preferred thy husband to all others; thou shalt be a noble lady and shall command many servants. For God is my witness, if thou hads't failed in this trial the doors of a convent would have shut thee in forever."

Having thus spoken he embraced Maguelonne, and there were brilliant festivities held on this occasion which were heard of throughout all Christendom.

The Half Housekeeper.

She was only a half housekeeper. Go where you would about her house, there was neither taste nor neatness. She would begin things with great avidity, but lose all her zeal before she got through. Of her husband's new half dozen shirts all were partially finished. One wanted sleeves, another collar and wristbands, another bosom and gussets—and so on through the list. Several skeletons of quilts lay unfolded in the drawers, and her tables and trunks were loaded with magnificent promises.

Her bread was always unpalatable because she forgot this or that—and though she had been married ten years, in all that time the table was never rightly laid for a meal. Either the salt was wanting, a knife or spoon, or some important ingredient. This afforded good exercise for the family, and there was at all times a continual running to and fro.

Yes, she was a half housekeeper. Her meats were never properly cared for after dinner—and then it was "—a! throw it away, it ain't much." There always stood in her musty smelling pantry, mouldy meat and mouldy cheese. There always lay about her room, a dozen garments worn out by trampling rather than use. She was forever tripping over brooms—forever wondering why on earth she had so much work to do—forever running upstairs for something she had left down in the cellar, or flying down in the cellar for what she had thrown in the garret.

A half housekeeper! Her children's clothes came to pieces the second day because they were only half made—her preserves soured the second day because they were only half done—and her temper soured quicker than anything else. She was continually lamenting that she ever married, and wondering where some people got their knack of house work. She loved to clear a corner for herself and sit with her arms folded. She loved to gossip—loved to have some new scheme on hand, for then she was furious till it was begun, and always lost her enthusiasm after the first stitch. "O! dear me!" seemed to be the extent of her vocabulary, some days, and it would make one sad to watch her listless movements and hear her declare that no woman worked as hard as she, which was partly true, for she had no method.

She never received company without apology, and never sat them down to a decent table. She dragged through life and worried through death, for which, I fear, like everything else, she was only half prepared, and left six daughters to follow her example, and curse the world with six more miserable half housekeepers.

A Gentleman.

What is a gentleman? Is it simply this, a man of perfect and unsullied honor. No man, however, fine his clothes or elegant his manners, can be a gentleman unless his instinctive sense of honor is as fine as "the ear" of a musical composer, who listens to musicians, who plays his own works, so that he could not do a dishonest, a mean, or a cruel thing for the whole world.

He will not be honorable only in those plainer paths over which the law keeps a strict watch. Of course he will pay his debts, and forbear to lie or steal, or to have more wives than one; and his word is as good as oath or bond could be. Being decently honorable, he will keep his given promise to a man and his troth-plight to a girl, and will refrain from circulating scandal concerning a woman, or showing his love letters; but there are also a thousand delicate points on which he has no doubt whatever. He knows when he may give and when he may take; when a thing may be forgiven and when to forgive, or rather forget, would be an eternal stain upon his honor. For in this world to blot out some memories is to blot one's own life. Not that a man need seek revenge, only he must *remember* that he may not give an honorable hand to be clasped by one which is stained by dishonor.

He takes no favor that is not right to take; and so he ever takes one generously, and returns it when he may. Those who trust in him trust well. They are never betrayed.

The man of honor is a man with a heart; therefore he is never a flirt. He leaves no woman in doubt as to whether he is her friend or her lover—no, not the vainest or the silliest of her sex; and when he marries, he has no secrets from his wife nor does she have any from him.

He would lift a letter from the ground *with the seal uppermost*, as certainly if you were not present as if you were, for he does none of these things because he desires you to *think* him what he is, but because he is what he is by nature—*a man of honor.*

"It is not our fault," says a Milwaukee editor, "that we are red-headed and small, and the next time that one of those overgrown rural roosters in a ball-room reaches down for our head and suggests that some fellow has lost a rose-bud out of his button-hole there will be trouble."

The Year 1875.

The year has not been signalized by any extraordinary events in the history of the world. But for a few disturbances here and there, we might say that the whole human race has lived in peace through the year. The Cubans have continued their contest. The Spanish civil war between the Carlists and the Alfonsists has been carried on in a desultory way, but of late there has been a lull in it. The Herzegovinians, in European Turkey, have begun a rebellion against the Turkish rulers, and a number of petty actions have taken place with varying results, but the struggle does not seem to possess the elements of military success for them, and the questions at issue are in the way of settlement by negotiation.—The martial Egyptians, who have been led by their territorial ambition into hostilities with several neighboring countries, have pushed their conquests toward the equator, have seized Darfoor, adjacent to their western line, and have invaded Abyssinia, but the latter country has offered such resistance to their advance that they are preparing for the withdrawal of their expedition. The Russians have within a few months past resumed operations in Turkestan, where they have fought several battles, and met with one serious reverse, but the final result of the campaign has been favorable to their arms, and the Khanote Jkhokand has been virtually annexed to their possessions in that quarter. We have heard but little of the conquests of Yakoob Khan in western China; but that restless adventurer has at least maintained his power and kept his Chinese enemies at bay. The British have just had some slight trouble in that part of Asia which constitutes the Malay peninsula; but recent dispatches announce the complete success of their small military force there. The Liberian republic, on the west coast of Africa, has been waging war on the savages among its population and near its borders, but it looks as though the government would have to patch up a peace without victory. The war of the Hollanders against Acheen, which was begun three years ago, has not been formally terminated; but the army and navy of Holland have refrained from operations during the year. The Russians have annexed to their dominions the island of Saghalien, which formerly belonged to the Japanese, but this has been done by peaceful negotiations. The British have added the Feejee islands to their Australian possessions; but this also was accomplished by treaty with the natives, without resort to war.

The eight or ten petty wars we have enumerated in different parts of the great globe, among various families of the human race, have made only a slight disturbance in the peaceful history of the year. All the great powers of the world have kept the peace with each other. The sacrifices of mankind on the altar of Moloch have not numbered many thousands all told.

There were several threatened wars averted during the year. The British government had a misunderstanding with China, which very nearly plunged her into war with that populous empire a few months ago, but fortunately the outbreak of the hostilities has been prevented through the menaces of diplomacy, which induced the Chinese to accede to the British demands. There have also been troubles with a warlike aspect between Great Britain and Burmah; and the Duke of Cambridge said a fortnight ago that the queen's relations with the Burmese potentate were still critical, but, as both parties seem willing to negotiate, and as British power is very much feared in Burmah, it may be expected that a settlement will be brought about. In Europe there has apparently been danger within the last half year that the complications over the Turkish question might result in a great war, involving the leading European powers.

The statesmen of Russia, Germany and Austria have been deeply engaged in conferences concerning, not only Herzegovina, but upon the general condition of the Turkish empire. They have had to take many things into account; and they have doubtless found it difficult to reach a conclusion satisfactory to all the parties in conference, and to other interested parties; but as the peace has so far been maintained over this bothersome Turkish business, the outbreak of war over it may perhaps be indefinitely postponed.

We suppose we must put among the averted wars of the year the war with Spain, which recently created such a stir in our navy. We likewise feel happy that the troubles on the Mexican frontier are not beyond the management of pacific statesmanship.

Now for a few brief notes while taking a birdseye view of the peaceful world at large.

In the United States, at the opening of the year, there was trouble in Louisiana, where Gen. Sheridan had been sent to take control of affairs, and the Pacific Mail subsidy was under investigation in Congress. On the first of the year, Samuel J. Tilden was inaugurated Governor of New York; subsequently, Francis Kernan was elected Senator; ex-President Andrew Johnson (who afterward died) took his seat in the Senate.—The canal frauds have been under investigation in New York State during the whole year. The Beecher trial, which was begun with the year, lasted through its first half, and will apparently soon again be resumed in various other shapes. The most important political features of the year were the inflation campaign, and the assemblage this month of a Democratic House of Representatives.—The exposure of huge whiskey frauds in the West have been a notable incident.

The preparations for the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia have been in progress during the year.—The American rifle team beat their competitors at the match in Ireland, in June. Boss Tweed escaped from custody a few weeks ago. The Bunker Hill celebration took place in June. There were heavy summer floods in some of the Western States. The Bank of California exploded in August. There were workingmen's strikes in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and elsewhere. The Western Indians have kept unusually quiet during the year. The town of Indianola, in Texas, was destroyed by a hurricane in September. Vice-President Henry Wilson died in November.

The Moody and Sankey revivalists began their Brooklyn operations in October, closed them on the 20th of November, and went at once to Philadelphia, where they have been engaged ever since. Among the religious incidents of the year was the elevation of Archbishop McCloskey to the rank of Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church.

It has been a year in which, from first to last, we have heard widespread complaints of hard times; but, nevertheless, the business interests of the country have been getting placed upon a sounder basis than they had previously stood upon. The immigration from Europe during the year has been much less than for many years past. The reports show that it is but a trifle over 100,000, which is one-third below that of last year, and two-thirds below that of 1872.

In Great Britain, the year was uneventful until the Suez canal purchase a few weeks ago. This is the most astute and far-reaching piece of statesmanship in recent British history. By it Disraeli has at once confirmed British power and his own hold upon power. The Tory party, headed by Disraeli, are disinclined to continue in the policy of domestic change or reform which was the main characteristic of Gladstone's administration; but nevertheless they have made no attempt to reverse any of the important measures which were passed before they got control of the government. On the shipping question Disraeli backed down before the demonstrations of Plimsoll, and on the fugitive slave question he backed down before the outcry of the anti-slavery party. The most picturesque incident of Disraeli's premiership, next to the Suez canal affair, is the East Indian tour of the Prince of Wales, which is drawing to a close. Gladstone still continues his literary war upon "Vaticanism." Disraeli has piloted the government safely through the various foreign manoeuvres and complications that we have already mentioned, and his supporters claim that it is his purpose to establish a strong foreign policy which will restore England to her former position in the world at large.

In France, the year has been one of remarkable political progress on the Republican side. The Republicans are in a minority in the assembly; but the republic has been strengthened by almost every step the assembly has taken. The measures that the Monarchists have passed in their own interests have turned out to be advantageous for the Republicans. A majority of that portion of the members of the new Senate which the assembly had to elect were Republicans, and it is not improbable that a majority of the other members, to be otherwise elected, will be of the same political faith. The Republicans have just failed in their effort to raise the state of siege in those departments in which it still exists, and the severe contest over the *scrutin de liste* resulted adversely to them. There is no questioning of the authority of President McMahon by any party. The Legitimists have made no show of their royal candidates during the year, and there have been no Orleanist intrigues of notice. The small knot of Bonapartists in the assembly are ceaselessly active, but they see they must wait for their opportunity in the future. Thiers and Gambetta have continued in their places as Republican leaders. There are many signs that the present assembly will soon provide for its own dissolution, and the speedy election of a new assembly, after which both houses will assemble as the legislative power of an organized constitutional republic.

In Germany, Bismarck has made no great new movements this year. He has not checked the action of the laws relative to the church, and on many occasions, prelates and priests have been the sufferers by them. The hierarchy have no means of preventing the execution of the laws of 1873 for the regulation of education, ecclesiastical authority, and church property, and the Pope has had to rest satisfied with his previous remonstrances against them. We recently had new evidence showing how fully Bismarck controls German legislation, and the various policies he has been engaged in turning into laws all bear the mark of his strong hand. Bismarck has been studying Turkey, but we have not yet learned his conclusions.

In Italy the year has been one of greater political quietude than any other year for a long time. There has been no new trouble about the Pope, who has kept himself closely confined in the Vatican, and the Ultramontane party have offered only a passive resistance to the laws which in previous years were felt so heavily. The Emperor of Germany visited the King of Italy a short time ago at Milan, but if the monarchs conferred about political questions, they have not yet published their views.

In Austro-Hungary, also, the year has been one of unusual internal quietude, though latterly the Vienna government, which has been compelled to keep close watch over the insurgent Bosnians and agitated Servians across its southern border, has had more than its share of trouble over the Turkish question. Austria is more directly interested in the Sultan's fate than any other power, Russia not excepted.

Russia has given us little material for lucubration, beyond the items incidentally mentioned in our survey. We get no news from there of governmental crises, or of exciting popular elections, or of projected policies, or of religious struggles.

Looking at Spain, we see that the young king has maintained his place, that the reaction against the changes made during the republic has been in progress, that the Carlist war is languishing, that the government is controlled as ever by military politicians, and that no provision has been made for calling together again the Cortes, dispersed by the soldier who overthrew the Castelar republic.

All the South American States have kept the peace with each other during the year, and the emperor of Brazil will soon enjoy the pleasure of paying us a visit.

The great Asiatic empires are apart from us in thought and motion. China heeds us not, nor the Indies, nor Persia. As for Africa—what of it?

So much for the lands of the world, and as for its waters, they too, have had their vicissitudes. On the Atlantic, and on our Pacific coast, we have had a number of shipwrecks, with appalling consequences.—*New York Sun.*

Sheep Pay Best.

In "Some Sheep Talk," in the *National Live Stock Journal*, an experienced stock keeper says:

I have been feeding some three hundred head of cattle, and I am satisfied that, even with the most favorable conditions for selling when the time comes, I shall make a great deal more money, dollar for dollar, on the money I have invested in sheep, than I shall make in the capital invested in cattle. I have about six hundred sheep, running without any particular attention or care, and have sold one thousand four hundred dollars' worth of wool of this year's clip, and have two hundred and fifty lambs besides. I do not think it possible to have done so well on any equal capital invested in cattle. One great advantage sheep have over other stock is, they never die of the contagious diseases which they contract. They get the scab or foot-rot, or something else, and if unchecked, it gets them in bad condition, and would ultimately, perhaps, kill them. But the very worst contagious disease to which sheep are subject, give the owner ample time to treat the affected animals, and the diseases are generally of a character which yield readily to treatment.

Small Fruit on the Farm.

To advise a farmer to grow small fruits for market, and at the same time carry on his farming operations is something we do not do. But there are hundreds of farmers who have a natural taste for fruit growing, and to whom farming has become a drudgery—especially that class who are not strong, to whom a charge is desirable and necessary. To these we should say, if you are living within three or four miles of a good home market, and cities not far away by rail or steamboat, a change to fruit growing will be both profitable and pleasant. The first thing to do is to rent out most of your land or let it out on shares, reserving your home, and say ten to twenty acres of land for your fruit growing operations, and if you have a love for the business, and go at it systematically and energetically, you will make more money from ten acres of land than you have ever made from your farm, and that too with less real hard work.

Plant only of leading well tried sorts, that are hardy and productive, giving them good cultivation and plenty of mulch, and you will reap a large reward; and, too, this kind of work makes less hard work for the women folks, and besides, supplies the table with fruit daily throughout the year.

There are farmers who have no liking for growing fruit; but as a rule, these have sons who do not like farming. These are very anxious to keep their sons on a farm, away from the city. To such we say let such a son have the use of a few acres to grow small fruits; and the longer he is engaged in it, the more he will like it, and consequently his attachment for home strengthens and, too, by this the table is supplied with luxuries you would not dispense with after one season's experience. There are so many inland towns not supplied with fruit and vegetables that we advise the readers of this paper to take advantage of such openings.—*Fruit Recorder.*

Hard to Pronounce.

Many years since, a minister, in his travels, put up for the night with a man who was supposed to possess but little of what people call "common sense." Just as he was about to retire for rest, the man said to the minister:

"Tell me, sir, what three words in the English language it is most difficult to pronounce?"

"I don't know that I can," was the reply.

"Well," said the man, "I will give you till morning to answer me."

The minister thought no more of the question till it was proposed to him again in the morning, when he said he had not thought of it.

"Then," said the man, "I will tell you the most difficult words to pronounce. They are—I am wrong."

A clergyman in one of our Eastern cities was met by a seedy looking man with a flask of whisky in his pocket, who inquired:

"Sir, is this the nearest road to the almshouse?"

"No, sir," replied the clergyman, pointing to the bottle; "but that is."

A citizen of Macon, Ga., who kept up his New Years' calls until after dark, says that a dog on the front stoop is a very poor substitute for a door mat. H doesn't remember whether he sat down on the substitute or not, but his pantaloon seem to be somewhat worn behind.

"THAT," said the tramp, "is the top buckwheat; it has been used to keep the others warm; and I don't at no coverlids." So he laid it to one side.

Man—Do you think it would be safe for me to cross this pasture? Maid—Well, the old bull don't like red very much, but if you chalk your nose, I guess he won't attack you.

A young lady went to the photograph artist recently and wished him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem.

It is a thin excuse for a young lady to lie abed until nine o'clock in the morning because this is sleep year.—*Norristown Herald.*

On and after February 1st visitors will not be admitted to the Centennial grounds without a pass.

Kansas keeps nobly in the van of civilization. Her State treasurer is in jail.

Woman proposes and man gits up and gits, this year.

THE HERALD—read carefully, consider prayerfully, and ask your neighbor to subscribe.