RURAL TOPICS.

QUESTIONS ABOUT POULTRY.

A correspondent, who has had but little experience in keeping poultry, says that he is desirous of going into the business of poultry raising; and he questions everybody on the subject, but the advice of one counteracts and neutralizes that of another. This is what takes place in nearly all business matters, unless the advice be asked of men who are thoroughly experienced in the kind of business of which information is desired. As the keeping of poultry as a money-making business, is attracting great interest all over the country, I will try to throw a little more light on the subject, by answering the questions that my correspondent asks, as follows:

1—"What breeds are best?" I answered this question in a previous article.

But I should not recommend any pure breed, for eggs and dressed poultry. If you will cross a Light Brahma cock on Dorking, Leghorn, or Houdon pullets, or on any really good breed smaller than the Brahmas, you will have better fowls than the pure breeds of the kinds crossed, as you will lessen the size of Brahmas, retain their hardy qualities, and get as many, or more, eggs as you would if the pure breeds were kept. Large fowls are not desirable, because they lay generally fewer eggs than smaller ones, and are poor sitters, often breaking their eggs, and killing the chicks by their great weight as they hatch out. If you keep the small breeds pure, as Leghorns and Hamburghs, they are non-sitters, and very poor fowls to sell dressed. Don't go beyond the Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns and Hamburgs, as these are the best breeds that exist, unless you desire to cross your fowl, and in that case you had better not look for any other but Dorkings, The Houdous, Crevecours, Black Spanish, Polands and Cochins all have their admirers; but my advice is, have nothing to do with them. The next question is:

2—"How little room will fowls do well in?" One or two hundred fowls should have, at least, an acre of land as a run, with a part or all in grass. It is useless to attempt to keep fowls for profit unless they have such a run. Twenty-five or 50 fowls ought to have a quarter of an acre at least.

3—"How should they be fed?" Simply on a variety of grain, as corn, oats, buckwheat, etc., with some cooked food in winter, as boiled potatoes mixed with meal, fed warm, and a little red pepper mixed with the mash. Don't buy the quack egg-foods that are advertised in the papers, unless you have money to throw away. Feed your fowls three times a day with regularity, not all they will eat, but about a gill of grain a day to each fowl, when they get no other food. In the winter season a little cabbage cut up and given to them is beneficial. It is often said that fowls must have fresh meat in winter to make them lay. That is not so, as my 40 years' experience has fully proved; yet when one has any cheap meat, as sheep's heads, or otherwise, it is well to give it to his fowls. But the most important matter is to keep before the fowls, under cover, ashes and sand mixed, and put into a shallow box for the fowls to wallow in to keep them free of lice; also a supply of gravel, old mortar and ground oyster shells, as aids in the formation of eggs.

4—"How should their roosting houses be constructed?" A house about 8x20 feet will suffice for 50 to 75 fowls. Let it front the south, or southeast, and have a large window to let down from the top; and otherwise to be so arranged that the house in summer may be ventilated almost as much as the open air. Nearly every one who goes into keeping poultry extensively, makes the fatal mistake of giving his fowls too little pure air in their roosting houses; and the result is diseases, and in the end a failure. Don't force your hens to lay in cold weather, as they require rest, and must have it. Give them no artificial heat, but otherwise keep them warm.

5—"What remedy is there for lice on poultry?" First, the ash box above referred to; second, whitewash the entire inside of their roosting houses, perches and all; third, keep a quantity of crude petroleum oil continually on hand, and if any lice appear on the perches apply this oil freely, filling all the cracks in them. Fourth, sprinkle a little flour of sulphur in their nest boxes, and change the straw or hay in them occasionally in warm weather. Lastly, if the house is badly infested with lice, try fumigation with sulphur. Melt it, and dip rags in it, which set on fire in a kettle, with the house closed as tight as possible, and that will "fix 'em."

6—"Can you give a cure for the roup?" A preventive is said to be better than a cure. If you will give your fowls a good ventilation at night give them pure water, and not allow them to drink foul, stagnant water around manure heaps, you will have no roup nor any other contagious disease among your fowls. That has been my experience; but if your fowls do have the roup, remove the sick fowls immediately to a separate yard where they can be nursed. Let them have clean, dry quarters, and so far from the other fowls that the contagion can not spread to them. Wash the heads of those affected with castile soap and alum water rather weak. At the expiration of two days bathe the head and nostrils in whisky or diluted spirits of camphor, and give cayenne (red) pepper to the fowls in a warm, cooked mash; also put a little pepper in their water. As an injection for the throat, take a solution of sal-soda in water, about an ounce to half a pint of water, and inject a little three times a day; and this will remove the morbid deposits around the head and beak. All of this may fail to effect a cure, as no certain cure for roup in all cases has never been discovered.

7—"Should fowls be kept up closely when being fattened; how long will it take to fatten them, what should they be fed on, should they be allowed water, and should they be picked without scalding?" Keep them in a rather dark place and as quiet as possible, with no open run, and they will fatten in four to six weeks. Feed on corn, corn meal, with a change of food frequently, but all to be of the most nutritious kind, and as much as they will eat. Corn alone may be sufficient, if the fowls will eat it freely. They require pure water. When you kill your fowls let them eat no food during the previous 24 hours, so that their crops may be empty. Kill them by opening veins in the neck with a sharp knife, and as soon as dead, scald them in water as near the boiling point as possible and not boil, and pick immediately. The intestines should not be removed, but when picked the heads may be cut off, which leaves the skin of the neck in a better condition than when the heads are cut off to kill the fowls.

IT PAYS TO KNOW HOW.

When a farmer has a good farm, and fails to make a good living from it without running into debt, the cause must be that he doesn't know how to manage a farm. I annex an illustration from an agricultural paper: "One man sows a crop of beets. He doesn't know much about raising them, but thinks he will try it. He learn what others have done, and how they have succeeded best. He adds their experience to his own, and selects the best seed, sows it at the proper season, the right distance apart, and covers it the proper depth in soil manured and prepared in the best manner. He does not stop here. He begins early to cultivate, weeds thoroughly, hoes often, and harvests seventy tons to the acre. Does this pay for knowing how and doing his work in the best manner? The man enough to pay for his labor, and concludes it doesn't pay to raise beets. Another man knows all about raising them. He has not himself tried every variety, nor every kind of manure and culture, but he knows that he who sows onions without learning the best way, gets the wrong seed, puts it in ground that is not suitable for it, sows it at the wrong season, doesn't sow it thick enough because the seed costs too much, doesn't sow it evenly because he cannot afford to buy a seed drill, covers it unevenly—and his crop is a failure. The man who has taken the trouble to find out how to raise onions and what kind to sow, raises one thousand bushels per acre. So it pays in farming to know what to do and how to do it, and to make the best use of the experience of others. And what is true of onions and beets, is true, in a greater or less degree, of all other kinds of farm produce."

PLANTING TREE SEED.

Farmers would generally find the growing of certain trees profitable, as locusts for fence posts, a thousand perhaps to the acre. "Locusts seeds may be planted in the spring. If put into the ground in the spring, they must be scalded before planting, to soften the shells which are so hard that but few would grow, unless hot water is poured on them. The frost cracks them if left in the ground all winter. All trees of the kinds we have mentioned, may be grown in beds in the garden, but as they throw out such strong tap-roots and so few lateral rootlets, it is best to plant the seeds where they are wanted to grow. If sowed in a bed, they should be dug up when one year old and reset, the tap-root being cut off to cause them to throw out roots nearer the surface. The locust seeds require but a thin covering. The yellow locust is the best variety; as they grow up they may be thinned out for fence stakes. A set of locust fence stakes will last a lifetime and so will the posts. A nut grove on the farm will go a long way towards making home more attractive to the boys and girls, and around it will cluster endearing associations and memories which will attach them to the homestead."

Discouraged.

It is so easy to say, "Never give up the ship." It is so easy to hold your head up and step firmly, to laugh cheerily, and have a pleasant word for everybody, when safely hedged in from sorrow and poverty by the love of friends and a bottomless purse. When sickness passes by to knock at some other door, when home is one "sweet, safe corner" in the world, when there are those who would suffer that you might go free—ah! then it is easy to feel that nothing could ever make you quite discouraged. This is a beautiful world, and there are lots of good things in it. Yes, many a son and daughter, a few wives and mothers, and about the same proportion of husbands and fathers, do live more in the shine than in the shadow of life. But there are so many, so many more, who have to buckle on their armor, and spend their best heart's blood in the daily life. Such bitter trials as men and women do live through! Who can doubt that heaven sends them their fortitude? It cannot be of earth. Such strains of heart and brain as hearts and brains do still bear up under! Is it any wonder that weary hands sometimes fall despondingly, and weary heads bow discouraged? Oh! ye, whose paths are in the pleasant places! whose faith was never tried by heaven's seeming disregard for your prayers and tears! who never knew the lack of tender home-love and protection, exult in your happiness, and thank Providence. But while you drink from your cup of life such honey-sweet draughts, give a thought now and then to those whose daily portions savor so strongly of wormwood, and remember that a kindly word and a helping hand, which cost so little, may make lighten the burdens of some one now almost discouraged.

Power of the Hand.

It may be going too far to say that man may judge the character of his fellow man by the manner in which he "shakes hands." But there is certainly a significance in those busy members of the body which "he who runs may read." The creator of "Uriah Heep" has taught us not to trust the owners of limp, moist hands, which close cordially on nothing save their own possessions. Says a commentator on this subject: "It is the touch of a hand at a greeting which warms or chills my heart, and makes me know to a certainty how much or how little I shall like the person before me. If the fingers close about my own with a short, quick, convulsive grasp, I know that he will snap, snarl, and finally quarrel, and that the least that I have to do with the owner of those wiry digits, the better off I shall be. If a nervous, cold hand glides into my own, and seems disposed to lie there, without life, I know at once that all my happiness would be as nothing in that awful palm. But if the hand grasps yours and holds it firmly, in strong, warm fingers, you are safe in cultivating the friendship of the owner. These human hands! From the beginning of life they play an important part. "All the greatness of earth has laid in the hollow of the hand. The books, the music, the pictures, the wonders of architecture, the intricacies of mechanism, the mysteries science and the government of the countries, with all their God-like beauties of color, sound, symmetry, usefulness, progression and wisdom, have lain within a human hand. The highest aspirations and realizations of the brain are brought to light through the hand, and the tenderest love and charity of the heart make the hand their dispensator. They can be tender ministers of comfort and peace, yet as cruel and full of venom as the bite of an asp. "And with all their power, with all their charities, their cruelties, their tender touches, their mischief—they are folded at last, and those who speak of us tell of the closing of eyes and the folding of hands as a part of our going away."

OUR NEW-YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 8, 1877.

THANKSGIVING.

New York is about as much of a New England city as Boston, and thanksgiving, the President's Sunday, is as religiously observed. Business of every kind was suspended, except the up-town drinking places, which did a bigger business than usual. There were thousands of turkeys consumed, acres of pumpkin pies, barrels of cider, and the day was given over to mirth and jollity. The charities all gave their beneficiaries a turkey dinner. The Newsboys' Home fed over two thousand waifs, on turkey and mince pies, and a pleasant sight it was to see the homeless and hungry take a square meal, something they won't get again till next thanksgiving. The churches were more than usually crowded, and altogether the day was a success.

POLITICAL.

There is no question but that Tilden has arranged a bold stroke for the Presidency. If Spofford and Butler are given seats in the Senate, and Patterson and Conover stay with the Democracy, giving them the control of the Senate, he expects to have both Houses declare him the legally elected President, and will be inaugurated. Then he will have both Houses recognize him, and thus elbow President Hayes out of the way. Of course this would precipitate civil war, but little does Tilden care for that. He spent five millions to buy the Presidency, and he has no more idea of giving up the chase than he had last October. It is the ambition of his life, the one thing he has lived for, and this is his last chance. The Democracy will never nominate him again, and it is now or never. But outside of the desperate politicians, who consider themselves defrauded out of places, the scheme does not meet with favor. The respectable portion of the party in this city believe in the honesty and integrity of President Hayes, and they know the effect his policy has had upon trade. The southern trade has more than doubled since last March, and it is increasing daily. The South is peaceful and quiet, both races uniting in an effort to repair the ravages of war, and restore it to more than its old-time prosperity. The South is earning something and has a surplus. Hayes did what Tilden could not have done, and the merchants of New York realize it. The scheme of the great fraud will find no encouragement here.

SILVER.

Silver is so plenty here as to become a nuisance. It is only worth 93 cents on the dollar, and the retailers, restaurant keepers and others are taking advantage of it. You go into a restaurant and tender a $5 greenback and you will get back $3 in silver dollars. As these people pay 93 cents for them, they have seven cents every time they can do this, which is a very handsome addition to their profits. The places of amusement buy silver regularly to give out in change, and the result is, silver is the circulating medium. If the Bland bill should pass, it would drive out gold and paper money altogether. "The dollar of our daddies" is getting as plenty as blackberries.

LIFE INSURANCE AND SING SING.

The scoundrelly President of the Security Life Insurance Company, who swore to a surplus of about a quarter of a million when it hadn't a dollar, and who did all sorts of things in a most irregular way, has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary at hard labor. This is well. Case was a man of large property, and one of the class known as "eminently respectable." He stood high in the church and society, and, it is probable, didn't realize that in plundering a vast number of people by means of life insurance that he was doing any wrong. It is a fashionable kind of stealing, this life insurance and savings' bank swindling, and the respectable Case was an astonished man when he was pulled up to answer. Such a thing had never happened before, and he could not believe that anything serious would come of it. He protested that he had never examined the condition of the company—that the statement was brought to him, and he swore to it, without knowing what it was. But the Judge held that a president who received $10,000 per annum to manage the interests of twenty thousand widows and orphans ought to know something about it, and so he sends him up for five years, despite his respectability. Dr. Lambert, the president of the swindling American Popular will go next, and the law is reaching for Ferber, the president of the North American. A life insurance president in striped clothes is a cheerful and improving sight, and there ought to be more of them. The good companies in the city have been largely instrumental in bringing about this most excellent result, for the reason that the companies that expect to pay losses have had a hard time competing with the swindling-shops that were organized to fail when they could make more money by failing than continuing. Now the business is on a better and safer basis than ever.

THE BABY SHOW.

An enterprising genius has fitted up a hall corner of fourteenth street and fifth avenue, and organized a baby show. He advertised for all sorts of babies, fat, lean, large, small, single, twins and triplets, and he succeeded in capturing a hundred or more. There are a dozen pairs of twins, some of them very handsome, and some very ugly, and there are three sets of triplets, which are the most unaccountable specimens of ugliness I ever beheld. The father of one of the sets of triplets exhibits them, and is as proud as though he was entitled to credit for them. The show is a success, so far as attracting people is concerned. A throng of women stream through the hall from ten in the morning till twelve at night, and the babies are punched, felt of, kissed and hugged, according as they are dirty or clean, pretty or otherwise. The exhibitors are all poor people, who get from one to two dollars a day, with a chance of winning a prize. The visitors all vote for their favorites, and those having the most votes in their class, get premiums. It is a curious exhition. One man brought a baby to exhibit, a very young one, the mother being sick at home. The first night he picked up his baby, and took it to its mother, when lo, it happened to be a girl, whereas his own child was a boy. He rushed back to the hall and got another child, but that was not the right one. And he has been taking children home ever since, but he has not yet got his own, the mother, who could recognize her child, is too sick to go to the hall, and so there is trouble.

THE TEMPERANCE WAR.

The law and order league continue their fight on rum, and they accomplish something. Last Sunday the bars were very generally closed, and about a hundred of the worst class of doggeries have been closed permanently. They arrest and fine, and if the offender continues, they arrest and fine again, making it unprofitable for all who have not a big business. The hotels and big saloons took it as a joke at first, and paid willingly, but they are getting tired of it, and are organizing to resist. It is doubtful whether they can be forced to stop but if the cheap bucket-shops can be closed, a great thing has been done. In addition to prosecuting the rum-sellers the league has organized a temperance movement among the workingmen, and thousands are pledging themselves to abstain. Employers announce that in all cases preference will be given to total abstinence, and men are followed as they are entering the rum mills and influenced to keep out, and every possible influence is brought to bear to keep them straight after they have quit. The work has plenty of money behind it, and is going on systematically and to some purpose. The rummies are having a serious time of it. It was noticeable that there were fewer breaches of the peace Thanksgiving Day than have been known of a holiday for years, for which the league claims the credit.

BUSINESS

continues good for these times. The South is buying very largely, and merchants report good payments, and everything sound and serene. The rains have ceased, and cold weather has set in in earnest.

PIETRO.

For the HERALD.

The Crushed Sultan.

They who assert that Murad Effendi, ex-Sultan of Turkey, is an imbecile, besotted and depraved, either do so from error, or from policy, for there are those whose policy it is to present him before the world as a man totally incapable of Government. Murad Effendi, however, is better able to govern Turkey than any Sultan since the reign of his illustrious father, Abdul Medjid. He has been underrated and ill-used for selfish purposes, and he does not lack intelligence, though it is not the fault of those in power that he is not a complete idiot.

When very young, Murad was placed under the instruction of Riza Pasha, than whom there has lived no wiser man in Turkey, and his education embraced a far wider scope than Turkish princes in general, for the idea of education in the Orient is, in general, solely to be able to extract your friend's, or enemy's opinion without disclosing your own. The mild and sweet disposition inherited from his father was so utterly broken by the harshness of his uncle, Abdul Aziz that Murad might have been judged deficient in the sterner qualities necessary to a despotic ruler. His youth has been passed in study, hunting and such amusements as were allowed him.

As the law invested Aziz with uncontrolled power over Murad, he has been made to feel that tyranny to the bitterest extreme.

He has been kept a close prisoner all his ill fated and unhappy life subject to constant and unmerited abuse born of hatred. Did he wish to ride in an open carriage, the Sultan had him called, and accused him of wishing to appear thus before the people to incite rebellion; did he desire a close carriage it was a conspiracy; did he wish to go to one of the country palaces it was for a covert purpose; did he speak or remain silent it was all the same; did he eat of a favorite dish it was presumption, and, in short every act and every word was distorted so as to give excuse for the perpetual abuse showered upon him. His pale, noble expression of face, so like the well-loved Abdul Medjid was a source of constant displeasure, and his commanding presence and beauty of person eternally irritated the ill-conditioned and unkingly Abdul Aziz. About two days out of three he was put into *kajars*, a portion of the palace closed with lattice work. Here he was literally encaged like a wild beast.

In person Murad Effendi is tall, well made, with an extremely graceful carriage, while his handsome face is marked by a sad and melancholy expression, yet it is sweet and noble. In manner he is easy and almost cordial. In disposition, generous and confiding and is a faithful friend. He dresses in the European style in all ways except the fez. His favorite color in dress is black, which he always wears. Instead of being a gourmand as Aziz was, he eats sparingly of simple dishes, his favorite plate being, *Yalandjidolmah* (rice and chopped onions boiled in vine leaves in shape of little balls), *Modi adolmahs* (Mussels and rice roasted in the shells), tomatoes, *Khalca* and *Imanbaildc*, which received its name from the fact that an Iman or priest eat of it and fainted away, because of its excellence, or more probably because he had eaten too much. It is made of egg plant stuffed with onions and oil and parsley and roasted. Much champagne is drunk, not only by Murad but by all other Turks. Being neither wine nor spirits it is not forbidden.

Up to 1873 Murad had never taken any other stimulant and not much of that, and doubtless the story of his extreme dissipation is due the same persons who circulated the story of the suicide of Aziz. A private letter from Turkey dated two months before his death informed me that Abdul Aziz had taken "the bad coffee."

Murad Effendi is not a lover of women as most of his predecessors were and he keeps but few. In 1873 he had two children, both sickly and feeble. He had a Greek woman called Helene of wonderful beauty, Therapia, whom he loved tenderly and on whom he lavished large sums of money.

He received from the Government 800,000 piasters per annum or $30,000 and this was received in *sergee* or paper which was discounted at 50 per cent. discount. Thus, when Agopa Kitchougolu, the Arminian who had been banker to Abdul Medjid placed unlimited means at his disposal, he naturally availed himself of the offer and has greatly indebted himself thereby. He also owes about a million piasters in small debts which the Government refuses to recognize. Any one who is conversant with the style of living in Turkey and the innumerable servants that must be retained, fed and paid, will not wonder that $15,000 was not sufficient. Murad possesses so much of his father's disposition that he is liberal and even lavish of his favors, and his bounty sustains many poor families whom he has never seen.

He has been better loved by the people always, than Abdul Aziz ever was, and the latter lived in perpetual fear of a revolution or conspiracy to place Murad on the throne. A short time after Aziz commenced to reign a conspiracy was formed to assassinate him by means of a pretended dispute to be made at the door of the Morgue of Beshicktach during which a pistol shot was to be fired at the Sultan, but a servant girl overheard and betrayed the plot, whereby nearly one hundred persons were imprisoned or exiled. Of this hundred, ninety-nine were Christians and but one Turk, thus showing that the Christian population would have preferred Murad.

If Murad had remained on the throne this present war would have been avoided, as his policy would have been one of conciliation, and every conciliatory measure, consistent with the dignity of Turkey, would have been adopted, at least, until he could have reorganized the financial system, which he felt was greatly mismanaged. This was a subject which interested him deeply and which he felt profoundly, without the power to act. He has, from the beginning, been a friend to progress, and, while the present Sultan, Hamed, blasphemed against the building of the Adrianople railroad, said that if he reached the throne that sort of thing should be abolished, Murad helped the progress on more than one occasion by kindly counsel and advice. He wished to change the laws regarding the proprietorship of land, for as they are now, none but Mussulmen can hold real estate in Turkey. He also laid out and kept up a model farm, near Bougoukdere, which was really a model of neatness, taste and excellent cultivation.

Murad has never liked the English, and calls them scare-crows—"Bostancorkooson." He holds that England is not the friend of Turkey; her interests force her to take that attitude, and if those interests were not so at stake, she would be the first to give Turkey a push over the precipice. His policy regarding Russia would have been: Being friends with our only dangerous enemy, Greece can never dare ask for the independence of Epirus and Thessaly. The only nation in whose friendship he really believes is France, but for obvious reasons he knew no help possible from her, and so his policy was conciliation, improvement of his country and peaceable relations with all. Therefore is Murad Effendi called drunken imbecile, and therefore the war party take pains to present him in that unfavorable light.

OLIVE HARPER.

A Model Democratic Officer.

Doorkeeper Polk has a formidable and well developed flight on his hands. When he went into office he placed on the rolls forty more men than the law allows. At the end of the extra session he wanted money to pay his men, but his bill was $37,000 more than it ought to have been, by reason of the unlawful overplus of forty men. He failed to get his bill through and there was a howl. The Doorkeeper has now discharged forty men from his roll, some of the old employes, and all of them men with good backing from members to whom they are more or less useful about election time. A proposition has been made to divide the available fund pro rata among those who were on the roll during the extra session. A bill to equalize salaries in this way has been offered, but will not pass. The men who are left on the roll will fight it bitterly through their friends on the floor of the House. The bill will be opened because members are not willing to have the salaries of their dependents cut down, nor are they willing to establish the precedent of lower salaries. The trouble with Doorkeeper Polk is that he overreached himself in the matter of promises in securing the combination which elected him. The places would not go round under the law, and he accordingly stepped outside of the law, expecting that the Democrats would vote him what money he might need; but there were elements which he did not take into his calculation. He did not stop to consider that his party could not afford to countenance such high-handed action, and he overlooked the more vital point—that he offended many members because he had not put their favorites on his roll. The fix into which he has got himself will make his place a very uncomfortable one to hold. Already members of his own party have gone to him and reproached him in harsh terms for what he has done. Proctor Knott swore at him liberally, and another member called him "an old imbecile" to his face. Several delegations, which feel that they have been very badly treated by Doorkeeper Polk, are engineering a movement which contemplates ousting him from his office. New York is in bad temper, and Pennsylvania, which has scarcely a man left under the Doorkeeper, is no better pleased. If Polk goes out, McCoy, of Maryland, who is hovering near, will stand a good chance to go in.—*North American.*

Check Personified.

A queer case of stealing is related as having occurred a few nights since at a farm situated along the road leading from Medina to Pike Station. A man who drove a wagon provided with a rack for confining cattle while being transported, happened along this road about 10 o'clock at night, and coming to the farm of the man, whose name could not be learned, stopped his horses and let three fat hogs from a pen which is located just inside the fence. Having driven them along the road for some little distance he hitched his horses by the roadside, and went back to the farm from which he appropriated the porkers, and aroused the man of the house, telling him that the end-gate of his wagon had fallen down, and three hogs had been lost from the wagon owing to the circumstance. Being unable to handle them alone he asked that somebody from the house come out and assist him in reloading his heavy freight. One of the good farmer's sons went to the scene of the accident. In the darkness of the night, and the united efforts of the two, the cargo of pork was made secure in the wagon and the unfortunate man drove on his way rejoicing, with many thanks for the kind assistance. The next morning the farmer rises as usual, goes out to attend to the thriving porkers, but finds an empty pen, and then the awful truth flashes upon him that he had been victimized by his unfortunate friend of the night before. And such was indeed the case, for the missing pigs never returned, and ere this time have probably graced the festive board of many a gormandizer.—*Akron (O.) Beacon.*

"They must have a very feeble constitution in Congress," said Mrs. Partington, "if they haven't got power enough among 'em to count a few votes. Why, Isaac would do it in five minutes by simple admonition."

"Well, Mr. Sniffles; have you posted the ledger?" asked an employer of a new clerk. "Yes, sir," said Sniffles "I've posted the ledger; but it was too big to go in the letter-box, so I had to take it inside."

The New-York Tribune

FOR 1878.

THE TRIBUNE has long enjoyed the distinction of the largest circulation among the best people. During the year 1878 it will spend more labor and money than ever before to deserve that pre-eminence. It secured and means to retain it, by becoming the medium of the best thought and the voice of the best conscience of the time, by keeping abreast of the highest progress, favoring the freest discussion, hearing all sides, appealing at ways to the best intelligence and the purest morality, and refusing to cater to the tastes of the vile or the prejudices of the ignorant. The continued popular approval, and the constantly widening political influence it enjoys, are the best proofs that it is still faithful to these early secrets of its strength.

THE TRIBUNE earnestly strove for the election of President Hayes, and it gives its heartiest support to the high purposes of his Administration. Doubting the wisdom of methods sometimes taken by his subordinates, and criticising with entire freedom his occasional mistakes, it still thinks it the duty of the hour to hold together and strengthen the party that elected and alone sustains him. It believes the way or danger to the negro has passed, and that of danger to the Tax-Payer has come. The solid South (at last in full control of every Rebel and Border State) sees its chance to get at the National Treasury, and get back what it lost by the war. Only 47 Northern votes are needed. If Tammany Hall could furnish New York, then Indiana, or Connecticut and New Jersey, would suffice. The danger is upon us; and against it the old party of Freedom, still the party of the Churches and the School Houses, is the only bulwark. It alone can keep the Solid South from grasping the National Government in 1880. It alone can save us, even now, from the threatened Democratic abandonment of resumption and renewed debasement of the currency, which would heedlessly and most wickedly check the revival of business, and treble the country's burdens in behalf of the old party, therefore, THE TRIBUNE commands the old appeal to the National conscience, the National honor, and the enlightened self-interest of the Tax-Payers.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

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