

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNE L. JACK.

She dwelt within a quiet home,  
No maid of the grove,  
Unknown to the farmer's higher walks,  
Or the farmer's gaily play.  
A thoughtful girl, she loved to read,  
With earnest face and deep gray eyes,  
The farmer's gentle daughter.  
From more than five the little maid  
To buy at her father's;  
She sweeps and dusts, and feeds the hens,  
And never minds her neighbor;  
No gossip ever listens to,  
A trust rare 'twixt man and youth,  
Thus lives the farmer's daughter.  
On looking days her tiny hands  
Are as skillful as the miller's;  
No bread more light and golden than hers  
We ever made by hand;  
She cleans the butter, golden, sweet,  
And keeps the dairy clean as neat,  
This lovely farmer's daughter.  
Her garden is an Eden fair,  
A-midst with plants and roses;  
She knows the name of every flower,  
And makes some gorgeous posies.  
Grows peas and radishes, and cress,  
And sets out squabs and hives to bees,  
This happy farmer's daughter.  
Long may she bravely smile on us,  
Her mother's beautiful friend,  
The queen of garden, house and lot,  
And princess of the dairy;  
To teach us by her pleasant way,  
To love the things of every day,  
God loves the farmer's daughter.

HOLD THE REINS.

FARMER LAMSON'S DEED.

There comes a time in some men's lives, when they make a decision with regard to the arrangements of their property, even while they live, because age has come upon them, almost like a thief in the night; and their limbs have become stiffened, and refuse to do the work which in their youth was pleasant. Even to think of bodily toil becomes them. Perhaps their fingers are not so stiff but that they can milk two or three cows, but their knees are not supple enough to bend easily to the level of the milking stand; and to sit in the barn and feed corn, on a pleasant autumn morning, and can feed the stock, and even work the hay cutter; they must do some few "chores," or they cannot feel contented, as they were not born or educated to the work in the great life of the world.

At four years of age, wee tottering babies as they were, they delighted to follow in their father's footsteps, and pick up potatoes, or throw the seed in the furrows, or to feel the soil with their little hands, and "helped" father. But all is changed now, and morning and evening they totter by the fire-side, dreading to rise from the old arm chair, and go out to see what John or Patrick is doing in the barn or wood house, and give orders for the day's work.

Yet when once a year, very likely a desire to drive to the postoffice or the village store arises, and orders are given to harness the old mare to the wagon, and to bring the old man, and to harness the old man to the wagon. Then, muffled up in overcoat, collar, top hat and mittens, if it is wintry weather, away they drive over hill and dale, until the villages center is reached, and they hear the creak of the day. If they have wives and babies, minding children to receive them, let them rejoice that loving hands administer to their needs. But if these blessings have been taken from them, if they have been obliged to share the old farm with their sons and their families, the picture often shows another side not quite so bright.

For the sons must have their portion, of course, as they have families growing up on their hands; and must look forward to educating them; and if their land will support a farm, and prosperity, they should receive sufficient to remunerate them for their toil. The fathers usually recognize the rights their sons possess, and make them an allowance. But if they are wise, they will keep the relatives, partly, in their own hands, and will be the owners of the farms, and have the power to do as they please—to drive to the store, when the fancy seizes them to do so, and go where they choose without asking any one's permission—in short, will remain masters of the situation.

Often, however, the sons will object to taking a second place, and will urge their fathers to make over the farms to them, promising faithfully, and doubtless meaning to keep their promises, that they will have every comfort that they have had in their old age; shall be paid a quarterly allowance, and shall retain the old bedroom, and the old armchair in the snugest corner. Yet it needs a lawyer who understands human nature thoroughly to draw up such a contract, and one whose heart is in favor of the aged rather than the young, in order that the old man's privilege may be fully described and the penalty of losing the farms attached if they are curtailed.

AN INSTANCE IN POINT.  
Perhaps my old friend Mr. Lamson's experience will point the moral I desire to enforce. He outlived his wife and daughters, and his son brought his wife and family to fill their places and make the old man comfortable. He reached the age when the grass grows beneath a man's feet, and his heart was no longer engrossed with buying and selling any more, but the term productive. So arrangements were made whereby the son should feel well paid for his labors, but the father should hold the reins, even if he did not drive, and do what work he pleased.  
For two years the plan worked well, and they seemed a united, happy family; "granda" was well cared for and respected by all, and could give the plan as he pleased. Almost daily he took a drive to the village and visited the store, whose owner was his friend and adviser. But one day he came down earlier than usual and asked to see Mr. Lamson in private, and told him how he was on his way to the lawyer's office to convey his farm to his son.  
Mr. Lamson shook his head slowly at this information and said:  
"Don't do it! Hold the reins and let Jim drive. Human nature is too weak to trust. Don't tempt Jim."  
"Tempt him?" echoed Mr. Lamson. "Why, Mauree, what do you mean? I give him the \$25 every week, and I give him the stock and farming tools and a thousand dollars in bank stock. See, here's the agreement all written down; can't be no mistake and I needn't worry about the crops or the stock or anything, but just sit by the fire and gaze, and read the newspapers and see how the politician fight, and drive a cow on the hill and see every day."

Mr. Mauree read the agreement and then said in his slow, quiet way:  
"Hold! Nothing about a horse to drive here. When the old mare isn't yours, how'll you come down the hill? You can't foot it very spry."  
"Foot it?" cried Mr. Lamson. "Foot it?" "What's a foot?"  
"Haven't I got the old mare and that fine team besides, and three or four colts as this country ever saw? What are you thinking about?"  
"None on'tem years after you're signed that deed," said his friend. "My advice is, hold on to your farm till you're dead. I've been in this town over thirty years; I've seen such cases afore."  
But Mr. Lamson had a strong feeling, and the more his friend urged him not to convey the farm, the more he was bound to do it.

So the lawyer's office was visited, and the deed made out, but as the son was not there, he concluded to carry it home with him. The deed, and what he thought of it, he carried home with him. When he returned home, the deed was shown to him and his wife, and the eldest son, and they all rejoiced that at last "granda" had been made to do what was for the good of the whole family. At night, Jim laid his plan for the next spring's work, intending to make radical changes in everything, while his wife planned a famous dairy, and said schemes which equaled those of the milk maid of story book fame.

Next day the winds blew loud and shrill, and snow fell ceaselessly, so that the neighbors could not be summoned, and the deed signed. But Jim and his wife cared not for wind or storm, and discussed their new plans before the old man, and all while the snow almost stood on end, and the changes that were to be made at the pine grove near the house, which sheltered it from the north wind, could come down, Jim said—"I ought to have been out long ago, stifled, and plowed up for potatoes. I shall have some trees felled at once. At the back lot must be drained and sowed to corn. I shall make the farm produce twice as much as you did, but to do this I must keep twice as much stock, and Eliza thinks she would like a large dairy; and I shall have my own milk going up stairs to sleep, and let us have a milk room made out of your bed room. In summer time you wouldn't mind it, and in winter we will fix you some way."

The father made no reply, but he thought of Mr. Mauree's advice; and while he seemed to doze, he was thinking of the wife and little children, and of the pine grove he had seen grow up to tall, stately trees, from tiny seedlings—and of the associations that made the old bed room, with his quaint chest of drawers, its curtained bedstead, and old table and chairs and desk, so dear to him. Another day passed, and still the storm continued; the plans for changes were not made, and the old man was made to feel that not a foot of the land he had to him, and hardly the chair he sat in.

Not that Jim and Eliza were unkind to him, or the children less respectful, but the very atmosphere of the place seemed changed to him, and he felt that at least an hour earlier than usual.

Jim said to Eliza:  
"Father don't seem as brisk as usual; hope he hasn't taken any cold. But he is an old man and it can't be expected that he'll last much longer. I saw his picture in the paper, and he looks like a man who has seen his last day. And the good wife looked as if she would say 'Amen!' like a wise woman she kept silence, answering only by an affirmative nod."  
On the third day, however, the sun shone bright and clear, and the snow had fallen in sufficient quantities to make good sleighing.

Jim was early afoot and had the paths all broken out and arrangements made for cutting the pine woods the next day, and the household were jubilant over the return of sunshine.  
"But 'granda' sat in his arm-chair and thought:  
"Shall I let things remain as they are? Shall I give up my bed-room, and my study, and my study, and my study? Yes, yes, yes, I'm an old man, I shall soon go. I'd better let the young ones have their way, even to giving up my dear old bed room. Only a little while shall I remain; give me peace while it lasts, and then, when Mr. Lamson thought it would do him good to take a sleigh ride to the store," to see his old friends. So he walked out to the barn where Patrick was feeding the cattle, and told him to harness up the old mare.  
"Mr. Jim just told me to harness her for him; and he said his wife is going to the corner," said Patrick.  
"Well, let him take Dick or Tom. I want my old mare, and you bring her around," said the old man as he turned away and went into his bedroom to put on his outer garments. As he struggled into his coat, and heard Patrick bring up the sleigh, and tell Jim what he had said about going to the store, he said:  
"Hey! what's that?" asked Jim; "wanted to go to the store? Well, he'll have to wait till another afternoon. Come along, Eliza; bring the children; tumbles in here, Jimmie. I see grandpa will wait this time after all. He's waited too much for his health, anyway."

And away they went, leaving the old man a prey to disturbing thoughts. Could it be that his son Jim could read him like that?  
For an hour or two he sat in silent thought; then he took up the newspaper to entertain him. But it had lost its power, he could not read, and was, at last, forced to go to the barn and look at the stock, and talk to Patrick, who was very ready to tell him all the news that had been already laid out for the spring.  
Mr. Lamson heard him in silence, and asked no questions, for his heart was weary with heaviness, and he could not raise himself enough to take any interest in the conversation, and the old man so returned to the house.

Before the family returned, however, he had determined upon the course he would take.  
Jim had commenced altogether too strong, and had evidently forgotten that the deed was unsigned. In truth, it would have been signed and recorded at once if Mr. Mauree had not urged him so strongly to keep the reins in his own hands.  
Although over eighty years of age, he was strong and thoughtful still, and he felt that a little trial of the change would not come amiss. He would have seen the pine trees cut down without a murmur, and perhaps had given up his bed room for the good of the family, but when his old Maggie that he had driven for fifteen years was taken from him in such a

barren manner, he rebelled, and said now come to the conclusion that he would destroy the deed, but in order to do it calmly, without the appearance of anger, he must sleep upon it.  
When the sleigh bells announced Jim's return, the old man lifted his head, looked out of the window, and saw the father enter the door without moving from his arm-chair; and seemed quietly asleep until tea was ready.

Then Jim told the news that he had learned at the store, and Eliza told her sister said about the deed he had planned, and that Jim had been looking at some cows to add to his stock—and so on. The old man made no reply, but Jim did not notice it, so greatly was he interested in his own affairs.  
After they were alone at night, Eliza said:  
"Jim, did you notice grandpa at the table? He did not speak a word—not a word about the deed. My mind misgives me about him. He looks as if he might have a shock at any moment. We ought not to have taken Maggie this afternoon. So, nothing will come of it; I feel sure it is all right. You know, that deed is neither signed nor recorded."

Then Jim had a thorn planted in his pillow for the night, but he repined with a man's disdain of woman's wisdom:  
"No, I didn't notice him. You are always so nervous for something. He is in danger of a shock, he mustn't go driving round the country alone. Then, the mare's mine anyway, and he knows it, too. When I go to the store he can go along too."  
The hours as they were told off upon the old, tall clock that night, crept very slowly, but the father and the son, little sleep closed their eyes. Jim being thoroughly awakened to the fact that as yet the farm was in his hands, he thought he ought to do something useful before he drove to the corner to tell his friends of the plans he had made for his life.

When Jim came down stairs next morning his father had just started a fire in the sitting-room stove, and as soon as the fire blazed to the kitchen he called to him to come in. Jim came at once, and seeing a folded paper in the old gentleman's hand, he said:  
"What's that, father? Have you had the deed executed?"  
"No," replied Mr. Lamson, "nor do I intend to do so."  
The same moment he stooped down and thrust the folded paper into the brightest flame, which shriveled it to ashes.

"There it goes," he continued, "and your bargain will remain as it is, or you may make it as you like. While I live I intend to hold the reins, and drive when I please. When I am gone, I hope you will do the same. Don't tempt little Jimmie as I have tempted you. It was wrong—all wrong; human nature is very weak, and the old man's will is for the young to see it. The Lord forgive us all. But shake hands and bid the cows good-bye; Eliza shall have the dairy, but not in my dear old room. The back lot shall be drained, but the pine trees must stand."  
Jim gave him his hand, or rather he took it, and pressed it warmly; but he seemed like one dazed. The farm not his! The deed burned! Could it be possible?

Before he was fully awake to the situation Eliza came in and the father told her of the destruction of the deed and his reasons for doing it. She knew that something was amiss, so the blow was not so crushing in its effect upon her, and she walked up to Mr. Lamson and kissed him upon the cheek and said:  
"Of course, dear father, you will do as you please in the matter," and she left the room to prepare breakfast.  
Then Jim repeated her words, parrot-like, and went to the barn to chew the cud of remorse.

Mr. Lamson lived five years longer, then died of an apoplectic shock, as his daughter-in-law had predicted. But he never had occasion to regret that he had burned the deed, as his heart softened more to his children, and he only held the reins, allowing them to manage the affairs of farm and dairy as they pleased—but when he pleased he could be the master—  
Daisy Eyebright, in Country Gentleman.

The Vatican.  
The Vatican, that is, an immense and irregular pile of buildings, erected at different times, and with little attempt at architectural unity. It consists of countless halls and rooms, and these surround courts with colonnades and fountains. Many of them are lighted from above; but others, especially in the library, look out on sunny garden spaces, where are close clipped hedges, trim flower-beds, and orange and lemon trees laden with golden fruit. The halls given up to the statue and pictures—and there is half a mile of them, according to Murray—are cold and stately in their effect; and, despite a sallow here and there, they chill you to the marrow of the bone. The Egyptian museums beneath are gloomy, but the library halls are warm and bright. Their walls are adorned with frescoes, their doorways and columns are of marble in all varieties. The book-cases are of rare woods, some paneled and carved, some painted with fruit and flower designs on white or gold ground. These are all you see, the books being invisible. Rare marble tables hold precious made the popes by kings and emperors in the last century; Sevres vases from the King of Prussia; malachite from Prince Demidoff; splendid cabalabras from Napoleon I.; little Prince Louis's baptismal font; sent by Eugene so long ago; rare illuminated missals whose covers are adorned with embroideries of gold and gem; a wonderful full-stool from Tours, a mass of delicate carving in light brown wood, all ferns and wandering vines and bell flowers, and lace-like arabesque over the top; the book-cases of which jewel the sides; all these are but a little of the beautiful things you see. You walk through hall after hall filled with rich, rare and curious articles, and get from every window glimpses of garden-green or silvery fountain, you look back from the last hall down a vista so long that you cannot distinguish objects at the other end. The whole effect is of bewildering richness and beauty. But all these museums are much alike, I suppose, and ignorant eyes would see only a mass of things in your memory as biggest and best—  
Good Company.

A young woman who was "driven to distraction" now fears that she will have to walk back.  
It has been stated, with perhaps some show of reason, that the candidacy of ex-President Grant is being favored by the Republican voters of the North and West; that his nomination to the Presidency is not desired by the great masses of his party in those sections; in short, that the whole movement in his favor is the work of interested politicians, who hope to profit by his success. Without stopping at this time to discuss the merits of these and similar statements, it will not be amiss to consider another aspect of the same question. Whatever may be said of Gen. Grant's popularity among the Republicans of the North, there can at least be no doubt that he is, above and beyond all other men, the choice of the Republican voters of the South. People who have not traveled in the Cotton States can have no adequate idea of the popularity of this distinguished ex-President in sections of the colored citizens of that section. He is to them the one representative head and front of the Republican party, the embodiment of the sentiment of their freedom. There are many good reasons why he should be so regarded by Southern blacks. From the first he has been known and praised among them as "the man who was the war." As compared to his great success in this direction, the achievements of all other prominent Republicans have, among the negroes, sunk into insignificance. Indeed, it must be confessed, even though the confession be an argument against the intelligence of the freedmen, that the colored districts of the far South there are very few of them who know even the names of any candidate for the Presidency except U. S. Grant. Blaine, Sherman, and the rest are scarcely known to them. You cannot find the names of Blaine, Sherman, or particularly those of South Carolina and Louisiana, where the Senator from Maine and the Secretary of the Treasury may be known, they are not so liked. Mr. Blaine is unpopular because of his action in opposition to what he is known to have done while Sherman, on account of his relation to the present Administration and his direct connection with the conferences which resulted in the overthrow of Gov. Chamberlain and Fiske, and the election of the former with the better class of Republicans, either white or black. They have been assured again and again that the Republican State Government of South Carolina and Louisiana elected in 1875, were unable to sustain themselves without the aid of United States troops, were destined sooner or later to fall of their own weight; they have been told that popular sentiment at the North would no longer sustain the employment of Federal troops for the purpose mentioned, and that the Government toward the end of its term, became assured of this. Such statements count as nothing against the fact that John Sherman, who long professed to be a stalwart of the stars and stripes, a leading Republican in the North, and a member of the Executive chair of South Carolina and Louisiana to White League Democrats whose title to such seats was not as good as that of Samuel J. Tilden in the Presidency. In the face of this fact, and in the face of one that in nearly all the Southern States Democratic or Democratic sympathizers hold Federal positions for which there were dozens of competent and faithful Republican applicants, it is not surprising that the "Blaine" party, which has been so successful in the North, should be so unpopular in the South. There are in the Southern States upward of eight hundred thousand black Republican voters. At a reasonably fair election, these votes would elect at least thirty-seven Representatives in the Electoral College. That such an election can be held, or that the black men will be able to secure the representation to which they are entitled, is, of course, no doubt. The very fact of their being there, presents, however, in only an additional argument against the men who are trying by disreputable methods to misrepresent them in the National Republican Convention. No one will question their right to representation, but they are being overthrown in the face of the nomination of Grant, and every delegate from the South who goes to Chicago in the interest of any other candidate may safely be regarded as a servant of designing politicians, not a representative of the colored man. I do not state what is left of the Republican party in that section—  
New York Tribune.

Grant Among the Negroes.

It has been stated, with perhaps some show of reason, that the candidacy of ex-President Grant is being favored by the Republican voters of the North and West; that his nomination to the Presidency is not desired by the great masses of his party in those sections; in short, that the whole movement in his favor is the work of interested politicians, who hope to profit by his success. Without stopping at this time to discuss the merits of these and similar statements, it will not be amiss to consider another aspect of the same question. Whatever may be said of Gen. Grant's popularity among the Republicans of the North, there can at least be no doubt that he is, above and beyond all other men, the choice of the Republican voters of the South. People who have not traveled in the Cotton States can have no adequate idea of the popularity of this distinguished ex-President in sections of the colored citizens of that section. He is to them the one representative head and front of the Republican party, the embodiment of the sentiment of their freedom. There are many good reasons why he should be so regarded by Southern blacks. From the first he has been known and praised among them as "the man who was the war." As compared to his great success in this direction, the achievements of all other prominent Republicans have, among the negroes, sunk into insignificance. Indeed, it must be confessed, even though the confession be an argument against the intelligence of the freedmen, that the colored districts of the far South there are very few of them who know even the names of any candidate for the Presidency except U. S. Grant. Blaine, Sherman, and the rest are scarcely known to them. You cannot find the names of Blaine, Sherman, or particularly those of South Carolina and Louisiana, where the Senator from Maine and the Secretary of the Treasury may be known, they are not so liked. Mr. Blaine is unpopular because of his action in opposition to what he is known to have done while Sherman, on account of his relation to the present Administration and his direct connection with the conferences which resulted in the overthrow of Gov. Chamberlain and Fiske, and the election of the former with the better class of Republicans, either white or black. They have been assured again and again that the Republican State Government of South Carolina and Louisiana elected in 1875, were unable to sustain themselves without the aid of United States troops, were destined sooner or later to fall of their own weight; they have been told that popular sentiment at the North would no longer sustain the employment of Federal troops for the purpose mentioned, and that the Government toward the end of its term, became assured of this. Such statements count as nothing against the fact that John Sherman, who long professed to be a stalwart of the stars and stripes, a leading Republican in the North, and a member of the Executive chair of South Carolina and Louisiana to White League Democrats whose title to such seats was not as good as that of Samuel J. Tilden in the Presidency. In the face of this fact, and in the face of one that in nearly all the Southern States Democratic or Democratic sympathizers hold Federal positions for which there were dozens of competent and faithful Republican applicants, it is not surprising that the "Blaine" party, which has been so successful in the North, should be so unpopular in the South. There are in the Southern States upward of eight hundred thousand black Republican voters. At a reasonably fair election, these votes would elect at least thirty-seven Representatives in the Electoral College. That such an election can be held, or that the black men will be able to secure the representation to which they are entitled, is, of course, no doubt. The very fact of their being there, presents, however, in only an additional argument against the men who are trying by disreputable methods to misrepresent them in the National Republican Convention. No one will question their right to representation, but they are being overthrown in the face of the nomination of Grant, and every delegate from the South who goes to Chicago in the interest of any other candidate may safely be regarded as a servant of designing politicians, not a representative of the colored man. I do not state what is left of the Republican party in that section—  
New York Tribune.

Non-patience has ever visited this or any other country which has spread with the awful celerity of what is popularly called the "Fifteen Minute Plague" by a few months ago that it made its appearance in Boston, and it has now spread over the entire country. Nothing appears in it, neither age nor sex is spared by it, and it now threatens on free institutions, inasmuch as from every town and hamlet there is coming a cry for a "strong man" who will stamp out this terrible plague at any cost of constitution or freedom.

In the presence of this giant evil, all our customary defenses prove valueless. The police cannot arrest a plague, and the militia cannot check the law known nothing. Mr. Comstock has in vain tried to find something in it which would warrant him in attempting to suppress it. The paper and the press set forth its dangerous nature, but no one heeds its warnings, and even the States for the Prevention of Different Things seem utterly powerless.

Meanwhile the evidences of the wide-spread ruin wrought by this fifteen-minute plague are on every side. Thousands of men who have lately been honest and industrious have yielded to its fatal fascinations, and neglecting their business and their families, spend their whole time over the deodorizing box. In the railway cars and ferry boats we meet thousands of the victims of this plague, who openly take their boxes and publicly indulge in the maddening moves. In many once happy homes the father of the family spends day and night, seated, with box in hand, and too often, when remonstrated with by his unhappy wife or children, brutally answers, "Lemme alone. The saddest spectacle of all is afforded by the young boys and girls who have contracted the ugly taste for "fifteen."

In Vassar College the worn and begrimed look of the students is said to be appalling. They have ceased to do their back-work with any care. Their Tribune extras hang idly in their closets, and so marked in their lack of interest in dress that six girls can be seen to sit on a bench that they have been sitting on for days, and they have drawn their puzzles from underneath their pillows and shift the blocks until the last bell has rung; and at night they rise up at unwholesome hours and continue their hopeless labors in the dark of supercilious candle-lights. What is true of Vassar, is true of all other fine seminaries, and no thoughtful man can contemplate this fearful spectacle without trembling for the future of our country.

Who introduced the Fifteen Puzzle into the White House no one knows, but in all probability the guilty person was a Southern Brigadier of more than usual villainy. He must, however, have been in collusion with one of the servants, for on last Monday night the puzzle was found on the table in the room of the Cabinet consultations were held, and it had evidently been placed there only a few moments before the Cabinet assembled. Mr. Key was the first who noticed it. He picked it up and examined it carefully, when Mr. Erastus looked him in the eye. Mr. Key explained the nature of the thing to the Secretary of State, who turned scornfully away, remarking that as a puzzle it was ridiculous—  
J. H. CLARE.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may be called "The conquering hero" of the age. It is the moral triumph of the age. Who ever has been afflicted with a disorder of the system that it regulates and restores the disordered system that it restores. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Fevers, Anemia, Stomach Enlargement, Scour, Dropsy, Eruptions and Blood Disorders, Swelled Limbs and Dropsy, Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility, Restless flesh, and it cures all the diseases of the blood, and restores the system that it restores. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Fevers, Anemia, Stomach Enlargement, Scour, Dropsy, Eruptions and Blood Disorders, Swelled Limbs and Dropsy, Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility, Restless flesh, and it cures all the diseases of the blood, and restores the system that it restores. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Fevers, Anemia, Stomach Enlargement, Scour, Dropsy, Eruptions and Blood Disorders, Swelled Limbs and Dropsy, Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility, Restless flesh, and it cures all the diseases of the blood, and restores the system that it restores.

Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in 10 days. Try a sample bottle at once.  
Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Tooth ache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Headache, and all the pains of the body, and it cures all the diseases of the blood, and restores the system that it restores. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Fevers, Anemia, Stomach Enlargement, Scour, Dropsy, Eruptions and Blood Disorders, Swelled Limbs and Dropsy, Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility, Restless flesh, and it cures all the diseases of the blood, and restores the system that it restores.

To Make Up the Body.  
Suppose your age to be 15 or thereabouts, can you figure you to the 60 years you have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 52 pounds and is 6 inches in length and 2 inches in diameter; it beats 72 times a minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 day, and 36,720,000 per year.  
At each beat a little over 2 ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of wonderful fluid.  
Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 21,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to spread out, exceeds 20,000 inches.  
The weight of your brain is five pounds; when you are a man it will weigh three ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1700 square inches, and 700 are subject to the atmospheric pressure of 15 pounds to the square of it. Each square inch of your skin contains 2,500 excretory or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a drain tube, one fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of your body of a drain or ditch for draining the body 2 1/2 miles long—  
Dio Lewis.

Diphtheria.

Dr. W. A. Scott, of Sandusville, sends the following communication to the Chicago Inter Ocean:  
"I have noticed in the newspapers the terrible ravages of that fearful disease, diphtheria, and knowing that death by this disease would be an unusual occurrence if proper treatment was used, I send you mine, which I have used for about fifteen years, and through several epidemics, with invariably success, if the directions were followed and the remedy used in any reasonable stage of the disease.  
The disease is very dangerous because of its want of pain, or symptoms, to show its terrible character, and the whole system is frequently under its poisonous influence before the danger is suspected. This need not be when the disease is prevalent, as the throat is so constantly of the throat it should be carefully examined and the trouble can be easily detected by the whitish-looking patches of mucus adhering to the tonsils, or organs at the top of the throat. The disease is undoubtedly local at the start, and it is as such. It is always contagious, and I think, infectious also, as one should use great care to keep separate, and cleanse thoroughly before use by others, everything which is used by the sick, and the room should be well ventilated and the temperature kept comfortable—not too hot.  
Dissolve twenty grains of pure permanganate of potassa in one ounce of water, and apply it to the affected parts, and it will gently but thoroughly, every three hours until better; then not so often. After the patient gets better, weaken the solution by adding an equal quantity of water. This solution does not give any pain, and is in every danger in its use, but it has a nasty taste which is its only objection.  
Apply the following liniment to the throat outside, three or four times a day: Sweet oil, aqua ammonia, spirits of turpentine, of each half an ounce; mix together.  
Keep a cotton cloth wet with the above all day in the case, and all that is needed.  
If there is much fever, I mix five drops of liquid extract of acacia with four ounces of water and give to a small child one-half of a teaspoonful; a child five to ten years, half a teaspoonful; ten to fifteen years, a teaspoonful; over that age two teaspoonfuls. Give every one or two hours, as may seem expedient to cool the fever.  
If there is blood poisoning, which may be known by the bad-smelling breath and quick beating of the heart, give Kx. chloroform, one fluid drachm; comp. op. lav., one drachm; alcohol, one ounce, mix. Five to twenty drops, according to age, mixed in cold water, every hour to two hours, as may seem necessary.  
This will quickly quiet the heart's tumultuous action, and aid it to throw off the poison. Do not give castsor oil. If needed, give castor oil or purgative magenta, or give a bath of cold water to chill the system. This treatment, which I have published in several medical journals, will rob the disease of its terrors, and save from the grave many a loved one."  
GAINED A POUND A DAY.  
SOUTH STOCKTON, N. Y., April 7, 1878.  
DR. M. M. FENNER, FREDONA, N. Y.  
DEAR SIR:—I had been suffering from Abscesses of my Lungs and Liver Disease for about three months. Cough, great distress, loss of appetite, and restlessness, and my flesh had wasted away. I had been treated by three different physicians without any material benefit. At length, I was advised to try Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic. I was well man. One fairly under his influence I gained flesh at the rate of a pound a day.  
Gratefully yours,  
J. H. CLARE.

Management of Swine.

We have tried to impress on the grower and breeder of swine the importance of breeding and good management to give success in this business, says the Winchester Stock Journal. We are dealing with an animal that has a larger stomach and a more voracious appetite than capacity to digest, and a burning desire to satiate this greed for food. Under such circumstances health cannot be maintained except by using coarse, bulky, nutritious food, susceptible of easy digestion. Milk and the grasses were specially designed by nature for the growing animal; we observe the ratio of solids to liquids is about the same in each—one-eighth. As the animal matures we can add a portion of more concentrated food, the highest being to increase the flesh. But when the design is the greatest worth, at no time should the ratio of the whole solid to the liquid in food exceed one-sixth, or a little less substantial than the potato. This statement is in reference to the entire quantity of food that the animal consumes. To make our statement more comprehensible, let us suppose the diet to be corn meal, which contains 83.5 organic matter and 14.5 water. If we add to each pound of meal a little less than 2 1/2 parts of water, the solid will be reduced one-sixth, which is about the proper ratio for pigs after they are six weeks old. If the food be grass and milk with oats or corn the amount of the solids should be sufficient to increase the quantity of milk from one-eighth to one-sixth. We are speaking of food for growth simply; if the object be to produce greater flesh, the solid should be increased in proportion. In addition to the above conditions, it seems necessary that a certain percentage of the food should be vegetable; the same ratio of solid and fluid from grain does not answer the conditions of the family economy; there is a tonic in the vegetable that aids digestion in addition to the nutrient. Another serious injury to the swine consists in the feeding process. So much has been said about early maturity that pigs are pushed to maturity at the expense of every other consideration. Rapid, even growth is desirable, but extreme measures should be avoided. Hogs should be hungry at least ten times each day. If we would observe the following simple laws of health: 1st, avoid too concentrated food; 2d, use no forcing process; 3d, allow the pigs to get hungry daily; 4th, make a portion of the diet vegetable; to say the least, a large proportion of the hog cholera will be avoided.

Do Bees Destroy Grapes.  
There has been quite a controversy between apiarists and fruit-growers as to whether bees destroy grapes or not. Mr. Longstreth and others claimed that the bees did not and that the grapes were destroyed by the following simple laws of health: 1st, avoid too concentrated food; 2d, use no forcing process; 3d, allow the pigs to get hungry daily; 4th, make a portion of the diet vegetable; to say the least, a large proportion of the hog cholera will be avoided.

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