

GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Feeding Fowls and Chickens.

For old fowls in summer a mixture of one-half bran and one-half Indian meal (sifted) for breakfast. Buckwheat, wheat, oats and corn at night. Corn is the poorest grain for producing eggs; wheat or buckwheat the best. Scramblings are of no much value. I keep old mackerel, ground oyster shells, gravel dust, box with dry earth and a little flour of sulphur therein. There is nothing your fowls delight in more than a box of hard cold cakes. In winter I use chopped chandler's scraps or boil beef heads all day in a boiler in my poultry house, also adding chopped turnips, potatoes, onions or cabbage, and at night turn the whole into a large iron vat, thicken it sufficiently to be as dry as it can be well mixed. Cover the vat, and in the morning it is just warm enough. Those keeping only a few fowls need not attempt anything like this, as the scraps of this and that from the table will cause your poultry and eggs to cost next to nothing. The drinking vessels should be frequently (every day in summer) rubbed inside and rinsed to prevent the accumulation of green slime, so detrimental to health. Fowls will do best if feed is constantly varied.

Feed for Chickens.—In early spring, Indian meal scalded, meal once per day, grass if it can be had, where they can gather it for themselves. If too early for this, raw turnips chopped very fine, cabbage, lettuce, etc. When warm weather comes I discontinue the meal, as it has a tendency to make large combs; but if your chicks have a good run and they are not too numerous, they will pick up considerable animal food in the shape of bugs, crickets, grasshoppers, etc., which reminds us that a few chicks can be raised at little or no expense. But when you crowd a large number on a small piece of ground their cost is more. Fresh fish in summer is excellent (boiled) for young chicks. When I go fishing the chicks always get their share. Bone meal is good mixed with their feed. For their last feed I use invariably cracked corn, wheat, or some other grain they can eat, as soft soon digests, while grain will last nearly all night. Although corn and corn meal are not good for the egg producer, I consider it the very best thing for growing chicks. I also provide ground oyster shells in plenty. Do not neglect their supply of pure water, several times per day, if necessary, and rub out the water dishes every day to clear them from the green slime. When you shut them up at night do not let many huddle together, nor shut them so secure that they will be without plenty of pure air. Put holes in their boxes in different places (for summer) and nail on pieces of wire netting to exclude rats, etc., or bore inch holes with an auger. Separate sexes as soon as they show signs of maturity, if you desire large fowls. When the chicks begin to roost see that their roosts are large enough so the chicks will not be deformed. The roost I invariably use for all my yards is a two by four inch joist (four each side up) rounded on top. Sweet (or sour milk) is excellent for fowls and chicks, mixed with their soft feed.

Young Asiatics (Brahmas and Cochins) should be fed all they can eat, at least three times per day. But do not expect all Asiatics to lay either large, fertile or numerous eggs if fat. They should not eat all they can eat. I feed old stock one per day. A young cockerel needs more food than old hens, and when I feed this way I nail a cup or box of corn high enough that the cockerel may get it, but too high for the hens. A grass run is indispensable for the health and comfort of any flock of fowls. More hours per day you give them of this the better they will do. In winter, cabbage hung by a cord in their runs is excellent. Instead of this I generally use large raw turnips cut in two and run through the half a one-fourth inch pointed wire, with the other end fixed in a board to keep the turnips from sliding out side up.—G. S. Joselyn's Catalogue.

Household Hints. To remove mildew, take equal parts of lime juice, salt, starch and soft soap; mix thickly, lay on the grass in the sun. Renew the application two or three times a day. A mixture of red lead, Indian meal and lard will be eagerly eaten by chickens, and will soon exterminate them. Green, phosphorus or arsenic are poisons used, but are very dangerous, and to which roaches have a great affinity, will drive them away. Pegged boots are occasionally treated with petroleum between the sole and upper leather, they will not be affected by dryness after being saturated with the liquid. An effectual and inexpensive deodorizer is obtained by dissolving half a dram of salicylic acid in a pint of boiling water, and two drams of common salt in a quart of water; the two solutions are mixed and the sediment allowed to settle. A cloth dipped in the liquid and hung up in the apartment is all that is required to purify the most fetid atmosphere. It is recommended for its cheapness. A pound of the materials costing but twenty-five cents.

Recipe for varnish suitable for wall-paper: Japan 2 quarts, coach varnish 1 quart, turpentine spirits 1 quart, shellac 4 ounces. Shave the wax up in a tin and place the latter in hot water until the contents are fused; then add the other ingredients and of the best quality. The mixture dries without cracking and has a beautiful, soft appearance; suitable for either inside or outside work. To make French pancakes, take two eggs, two ounces sugar, two ounces sifted sugar, two ounces flour, half a pint of new milk. Beat the eggs thoroughly, and put them in a basin with the butter, which has been beaten to a cream; stir in the flour, and when these ingredients are well mixed, stir in the milk, and beat the mixture thoroughly. Serve with a cut of butter, and pile the pancakes on a platter, and cover with a layer of preserves or jam.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Long Journey.

"We sail to-day," said the captain gay, As he stepped on board the boat that lay So high and dry. "Come now, be spry; We'll land at Jerusalem by and by!" Away they sailed, and each craft they hailed; While down in the cabin they bailed and bailed; For the sea was rough, and they had to luff And tack, till the captain cried out "Enough!" They stopped at Peru, this jolly crew, And went to Paris and Timbuctoo; And after a while they found the Nile, And watched the sports of the crocodile.

They called on the Shah, and the mighty czar, And on all the crowned heads near and far; Shook hands with the Cid—they really did! And lunched on top of the pyramids!

To Africa's strand or northern land, They steered as the captain gives command; And fly so fast that the tender mast Goes quivering, shivering in the blast!

Then off to the ground with a sudden bound, Leap Jack—it was a mercy he wasn't drowned! The sail is furled, the anchor hurled, "We've been," cry the children, "all round the world!"

By billows tossed, by tempests crossed, Yet never a soul but-board was lost! Though the boat be a sieve, I do not grieve, They sail on the ocean of "Make-believe." —Josephine Pollard in St. Nicholas.

Master Montezuma.

The Emperor Montezuma was a great man, and historians have recorded much about him, but of his earlier life, when he was plain Master Montezuma, comparatively little is known of this rising young gentleman.

Master Montezuma commenced his earthly career as a crying baby, in the year "one came," which, when properly figured down according to the Gregorian calendar, would be about the year of our Lord 1480.

No sooner had Master Montezuma reached the fourth day of his existence, than the nurse, under instructions from his anxious mamma, took off what few clothes the poor boy had on, and repairing to the baptismal font in the yard, sprinkled cold water upon his naked breast and lips, presented his credentials in the shape of offerings to propitiate the gods of war, agriculture, and so on, repeated a prayer in which "the Lord was implored to wash away the sin that was given him before the foundation of the world, so that the child might be born anew," and told the three little boys who sat near by, what Master Montezuma's name was to be. The three little boys left off eating their parched corn and boiled beans, repeated the name, and the little baby was christened.

Now, if Master Montezuma had been a girl—which he was not—the offerings would have been a mat, a spinning machine and a broom, all of which would have been buried under the *metate*, the stone where corn was ground. As it was, the offerings were implements of war, articles of metal, pottery, etc., and these were buried, as near as they could guess at the location, where they either hoped or feared there might some day be a battle with their enemies.

When Master Montezuma had eaten and slept and kicked and cried for sixteen days longer, his parents took him to the priest, and to the teacher, and promised that he should be instructed by these worthy gentlemen in war, politics, religion and other branches of general education. They promised that he should be an Alfalqui, or priest, and should also serve in the army as a soldier. In that little, wiggling baby, that seemed all fists and mouth, it was impossible to foresee the future Emperor of Mexico, whose name has since become familiar to the civilized world.

Young Master Montezuma worried along pretty well, and up to six years of age had done nothing remarkable. At this age he was granted one and one-half rolls at a meal, and commenced doing little errands and picking up scattered beans and corn in the *Tianque*, which is what the Mexicans called the market place.

The restless spirit of a military chieftain now began to show itself in the embryo warrior, and, by the time he had reached his eighth year, discipline became necessary to curb his growing inclination to despotism. He was fast becoming one of that class of boys who think "it's too bad to be good all the time," and, no doubt, life sometimes seemed hard to him, for the hieroglyphic pictures often show him at this period of his life as shedding large tears. Whether Master Montezuma was sorry that he had done wrong, or whether he only feared being pricked with the terrible thorns of the aloe with which children of that barbarous era were sometimes punished, or was crying because he was cold, who shall tell? It is hard, sometimes, to tell what eight-year-old boys are crying for, whether they live in the United States or in Mexico.

Master Montezuma may have been better than most boys, and it may be that his father was a better driver than leader for his little ones. Some fathers are. In any event, when Master Montezuma was ten years old there came another opportunity for weeping and wailing, and Master Montezuma was submitted to the mortification of lying on the damp ground all day while he listened to a parental lecture; and this, too, after he was twelve years old!

Then Master Montezuma reformed, and became an industrious, faithful boy. I have sometimes questioned whether he wasn't hungry, and if he had been better fed whether he would not have done better. At fourteen years of age they gave him two rolls at a meal, and he was instructed in the art of fishing with a net. When his fifteenth year came, Master Montezuma found he would have plenty to do. After this, old Mr. Montezuma had no trouble with him. It is curious—the more we have to do, the less liable we are to do something we should not, and—let us all study on that half an hour, some day, and see what we can make of it.—St. Nicholas.

An old lady, upon seeing a placard in a store window announcing "one price for all," was mightily disappointed when she went in and discovered that instead of being able to buy all in the window for one dollar and a half, she must pay "one price" for one article. And now you cannot disabuse her mind of the idea that some store-keepers will lie.

TIMELY TOPICS.

There are over 1,500 persons arrested in New York each week on criminal charges.

Over a million acres of land in India are devoted to the growth of the poppy. The demand for opium is increasing all over the world.

The late Prof Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, was in early life a watchmaker, and ever afterward he was able to make the most delicate instruments with which to experiment. This was an advantage to him, for he was not compelled to rely upon others for his machines.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyler separated in Hope, Mich., agreeing that each should be entirely free from interference by the other. Mrs. Tyler became a housekeeper for a bachelor, and Tyler, instead of sticking to the compact, went to her new home with a party of friends and tarred and feathered her. A few days later Tyler was killed.

From the returns of the British Board of Trade for the first quarter of 1878 it appears that the exports of breadstuffs from this country to Great Britain were \$17,000,000 in excess of the amount in the corresponding period of last year, while our exports of cotton decreased \$7,500,000 in the same time. The increase in wheat was \$10,000,000; flour, \$5,000,000; and corn, \$4,000,000.

The annual crop of cat stories has been enlarged by the following full-grown specimen: A sagacious St. Louis cat observed that two of her kittens were invariably saved and the rest of the litter thrown into the Mississippi. Again becoming a happy mother, she hid two of her babies in an outhouse and carried the rest in a different direction. Investigation showed that she deliberately took them to the river and threw them in, evidently preferring to select herself the two kittens she wished to rear.

The raising, culture, spinning and weaving of silk and its preparation and introduction into market as a source of profit to the colored people of the South are among the ambitious objects for which Lowery's Industrial Academy in Huntsville, Ala., has been founded. Twenty-five acres of land, with buildings costing originally over \$100,000, have been leased, and the owner, ex-Governor Reuben Chapman, has offered to give the entire property to the founders if they will secure an endowment fund by which the academy can be firmly and permanently established.

The difference of longitude between London, Constantinople and St. Petersburg gives rise in these days of telegraphs to singular embarrassments. There are three hours of time between the first and second and third capitals. The latter can send telegrams until late in their day and must sit up late at night to receive those sent in the afternoon from London. Were San Francisco the seat of negotiations the diplomatists would be obliged to say, for instance, on Tuesday: "We have received your Wednesday telegrams," or "We have received to-day your telegrams dated to-morrow."

John Votrin was a brakeman on the Iron Mountain Railroad, and lost his left arm at the shoulder by being run over at a switch near Chouteau avenue, St. Louis. After opening the switch for the train to pass, he started to run across the track, but his foot was caught in a frogger under the switch-rod, and he fell and narrowly escaped with his life. He sued the company for \$20,000 damages, holding that they were responsible for the accident. The case was a hot one, lasting two days. The jury were out but a few minutes, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff for \$10,000 damages. A day or two previous, in a case where a man had lost both an arm and a leg from a similar accident, the jury failed to agree.

The terrible sufferings of a Tenth Cavalry company on the Staked Plain of Texas, through thirst, are described by Surgeon King. They were four days without water, and the weather was intensely hot. Their predicament was caused by the death of their guide, leaving them to wander by themselves until a spring was finally found. Their mouths became so dry that brown sugar would not melt in them. Their voices grew weak and strange, and their sight dim, and when asleep they dreamed of banqueting. A sense of suffocation was extremely painful. They drank water greedily, but it did not quench their thirst—which shows, the surgeon thinks, that the sense of thirst resides not in the stomach, but in the general system, and in this case could not be relieved until the remote tissues were supplied.

Watchmakers Abroad and at Home.

Watchmakers are a people who as a class do not make much noise in the world. Their occupation is essentially sedentary—too much so, if it could be avoided, and requires an exceptional amount of attention. Medical students are known to be extra buoyant, so that they have grown to be too much for even the London music halls, and most trades and professions are often brought to public notice as participants in some more or less social festivity. Watchmakers in this country have very little *esprit de corps*. If they are German—as most of them are—they are Germans first of all; perhaps they are Swabians, or Old Fellows, but they are only watchmakers in business, and incidentally, and they seldom come together gregariously. The isolated native watchmaker most generally has his work done for him vicariously, and has little of the knowledge or traditions of the craft he ostensibly belongs to. The whole brotherhood of watchmakers in Europe, especially on the continent, live on another footing. Every second adult is a watchmaker in Geneva, and the proportion of time men in Besancon, Neuchatel, and some other places is so great that the attraction of craft and the jealousy of trade lose their power. In every town in Germany the jeweler has a union for the transaction of trade, self-protection and social enjoyment.—Jeweler, Silversmith and Watchmaker.

The Dove's Mosque.

In the city of Stamboul, the Dove's Mosque, or the Mosque of Bajazet II., has a special charm. The court, entered by gates elaborately decorated in arabesque, is exceedingly beautiful. In the center is a marble fountain under a canopy and sheltered by a cluster of fine trees. As you enter the court you hear the roar of wings, and for a moment the air is darkened with the sudden flight of myriads of doves. These birds, the offspring of a pair purchased from a poor woman by Sultan Bajazet and presented to the mosque, are as sacred as was the ibis of old. A grave and revered fellow with a huge turban sits under the cloister and sells grain to the faithful and the fickle. The former feed the doves for charity, the latter for fun. While the fountain is knee-deep with swarming birds and the trees clogged with them and all the eaves of the cloister lined, and even the high galleries of the slender minarets not unvisited by these feathered dervishes, you throw a handful of wheat into the court, and like a thunder-cloud the whole tribe swoops upon you with the rush and roar of a storm. They crowd one another and heap themselves together and stand on their heads in their eagerness to get a morsel of grain. In a moment some one enters the court, and the birds take flight, stirring the wind in the cloister and filling the air with soft, floating down. A turbaned graybeard near by sells rosaries and perfumes, and there is also the fellow at the gate who cries "Sherbet," and clashes his brazen cups till they ring like cymbals, and there are loungers from dawn to dark who drop in to see the doves of Bajazet plunge into the court like an avalanche of dusky, impurpled snow, and wheel out of it again a winged cloud of smoke. At the mosque on Fridays there is a distribution of bread to dogs, and the hungry fellows come from all parts of the city to get their portion.

A Musical Tramp.

A lady residing in the vicinity of the Lady Bryan Mine, in Six-Mile Canon, Nev., while attending to her household duties the other morning, was addressed by a seedy-looking man, who asked for a drink of water. He was evidently a tramp; yet there was an air about him that bespoke gentle breeding. He drank the cup of water handed him, and, looking into the house, saw an opened piano. Apologizing for the liberty, he asked permission to play on the instrument. His request was granted by the somewhat astonished lady. Seating himself at the piano, and removing the music-book from the rack, he opened with the overture of "Tancredi," which he followed with half a dozen gems from grand operas. Without even a pause he changed off into sparkling airs from the "Grand Duchess," "Giroffo-Giroffa," and other comic operas, finally winding up with the allegretto of Beethoven's symphony in A. He played for nearly an hour, yet, during that time, the lady of the house, once a music teacher in this city, sat amazed and, as she says, "entranced." She endeavored to lead him into conversation of his past history and asked him why he did not practice a profession for which he was so eminently fit, but he refused to speak, and in reply to inquiries merely said that he was poor and in search of work. After partaking of a good meal, in payment for which he split a few logs of wood in the yard, he continued on his way down the canon. —Virginia City Chronicle.

Bride and Bridegroom a Century Ago.

To begin with the lady: Her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braaced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles. Now for the swain: His hair was sleeked back and plentifully bedowered, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentous frill, worked in corresponding style, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his appearance.

A Mystery of Perfume.

No one has yet been able to analyze or demonstrate the essential action of perfume. Gas can be weighed but not scented. The smallest known creatures—the very monads of life—can be caught by a microscopic lens and made to deliver up the secrets of their organization, but what it is that emanates from the paunch of the musk deer that fills a whole space for years with its penetrating odor—an odor that an illimitable number of extraneous substances can carry off without diminishing its size and weight—and what it is that the warm summer brings to us from the flowers, no man has yet been able to determine. So fine, so subtle, so impalpable, it has eluded both our delicate weights and measures and our strongest senses. If we come to the essence of each odor we should have made an enormous stride forward, both in hygiene and chemistry, and none would be profited more than the medical profession if it could be as conclusively demonstrated that such an odor proceeded from such and such a cause, as we already know of sulphur, sulphureted hydrogen, ammonia and the like.

The South Australian government has offered a bonus of \$50,000 for the discovery of a coal field within the limits of the province.

What an Earthquake is Like.

A correspondent writing to a friend in Montreal from Caracas, Venezuela, gives the following additional interesting details of the late earthquake shocks: We had, about 8:40 p. m., as lively a shake as I want to experience. I first heard a loud, rumbling noise, and then it seemed as though a thousand-ton engine was rushing over the pavements, and then a scream like a hundred engines run mad, and then the house began to shake and the floor began to rise up, and about that time I was in the open yard. There were a few risings in the floor of the yard, and all was over so far as Caracas was concerned. A few pictures and mirrors fell to the ground in some of the houses; in the cathedral an image or two fell down—and nothing more. But the town of Cua, about twelve miles from here—a beautiful and flourishing place—was by the same shock entirely destroyed, and from three hundred to four hundred lives lost. Our President has sent money, provisions and troops to the place, and has done everything possible to alleviate the sufferings of the people. His wife, "Nina Belen," and family rushed into the plaza and had tents put up, and for many days slept therein. Thousands of people left town that night; in fact, all that could; the rest slept in the plaza, some in tents and on cots, but the majority on the benches and on the sidewalks, and for a few days the appearance of the city was really ludicrous—every park, square, wide street, or open place was filled with tents, and the middle of the streets with soldiers under arms. Mosquerias coffee yard, the one you visited while here—was filled with people—one hundred to one hundred and fifty—sleeping there nightly for a week or more, some on the bare ground and some under tents, and the tents were wonderful to behold, both there and in town. Tents, shanties, gypsy encampments, tents of canvas, white, striped and spotted, of calico, of coffee bags, of old sheets and of paper—anything answered. Finally things became more quiet; we had daily shocks, but light ones; people began to sleep in their houses.

Homesickness.

So commonplace a disorder as homesickness has been made the subject of scientific investigation. Dr. H. Rey gives it a high-sounding name, "Nostalgia," and regards it as a form of insanity from which grown men often suffer severely, and of which they sometimes die. He gives particulars of his observations among the French soldiers, where it is of very frequent occurrence, more particularly among the infantry. The cavalryman, he thinks, is less liable to suffer in this way, probably because he has less leisure time on his hands. It is the young foot soldier who is prone to pine for his native place. The young conscript becomes gloomy and taciturn, loses his appetite, is fond of solitude, and often gives way to tears. He suffers from incessant headache and is unable to sleep, and after a while, unless he can be aroused and interested in his surroundings and distracted from his dreams of home and friends, gradually becomes the victim of general prostration, followed by delirium, and sometimes by death. Dr. Rey believes that children do not often suffer in this way, nor do very old persons; and women are less liable to it than men.

That aged turtle, embellished with initials carved on its shell fifty-five or eighty years ago, now occupies a prominent place in our country exchanges. Ever since we discovered a turtle, a few years ago, containing the name "C. Colombo, 1492" engraved on its basement, we can readily believe these old turtle stories printed by our contemporaries. But Chris. didn't know how to spell Columbus worth a cent.—Exchange.

A devoted husband says that the phonograph is simply a machine that "talks back," and "he has had one of that kind in his house ever since he was married.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!! Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and, by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

Dooley's Yeast Powder. There is probably no other baking powder manufactured that has become so much of a household word as Dooley's Yeast Powder. For twenty years it has stood before the public, and the innumerable testimonials that have been called forth voluntarily, testify fully to its merits.

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