MILDRED.

Mildred with the golden hair,
Mildred with the beauty rare,
Mildred, ever in your prayer
Remember me.

Mildred with the eyes so blue,
Dark as Ocean in their hue;
Angels must resemble you,
In their purity.

Mildred, we may never meet
In life's converse soft and sweet,
But may your heart forever beat
Still as happily.

Mildred! Mildred! love life's giver;
He will take you down the river,
That runs forever and forever
To eternity.

The Discovery of Quinine.

The discovery of the medical properties of cinchona bark is enveloped in great obscurity. All that we know about it for certain is this: Before the year 1668—that is to say, 150 years subsequent to the discovery of America—not even the Spaniards were acquainted with the febrifuge qualities of cinchona bark; but in this year, or thereabouts, the Countess del Cinchon, the wife of the Spanish viceroy of Peru, was cured of a violent intermittent fever by drinking an infusion of the bark, and this led to its introduction into Europe. Were the natives themselves acquainted with it? Humboldt answers this question very positively in the negative and refers the discovery to the Jesuit missionaries, who, being in the habit of tasting the bark of every tree they hewed down, at length discovered the precious febrifuge. Other authors of repute contend that the virtues of cinchona bark were known to the Indians long before the advent of the Spaniards; but the question again arises how they first become acquainted with its properties. To account for this the ridiculous tale has been invented that certain animals, while laboring under fever, happened to gnaw the bark of one of the cinchona trees, and were cured forthwith. Far more probable is it that some cinchona trees having been laid prostrate by the tempests in a pool of water, and the latter becoming charged with the medicinal principal, some person laboring under fever drank of this water, was cured, and published the result. But however this may be, it is certain that the remedy first became popularized in Europe through the agency of Count del Cinchon, Viceroy of Peru, whose wife, as we have said, was cured of intermittent fever by its administration. The new remedy, however, was badly received in France and Italy. The faculty set their faces against it. Physicians who dared prescribe its use were persecuted, and it was only the patronage of Louis XIV., which ultimately rendered it popular in France. This monarch, suffering from intermittent fever, was cured by an English empiric named Talbot, by means of a secret remedy. This was no other than cinchona bark. Louis XIV. purchased the secret for the sum of 48,000 livres, and bestowed yearly a pension of 2,000 livres on the Englishman, besides giving him letters of nobility. Three years subsequently the remedy was published. It was a highly concentrated vinous tincture of cinchona bark. Cinchona trees grow in the densest forests of Peru. The task of discovering them, removing their bark, and conveying the latter to the place of export, is troublesome, difficult and dangerous. In these forests there are no roads. Frightful precipices intersect the path of the cascarillero, or bark gatherer, across which it is difficult to pass, even while unembarrassed by a load. So soon as the treasure of bark has been secured these difficulties and dangers proportionately increase, so that the comparatively low price at which cinchona may be procured is in itself a matter of surprise.

A Struggle with a Stove Pipe.—A Little Story for the Season.

Putting up a stove is not so difficult in itself. It is the pipe that raises four-fifths of the mischief and all the dust. You may take down a stove pipe with all the care in the world, and yet that pipe won't come together again as it was before. You find this out when you are standing on a chair with your arms full of stove pipe and your mouth full of soot. Your wife is standing on the floor in a position that enables her to see you, the pipe and the chair and she gives utterance to those remarks that are calculated to hasten a man into the extremes of insanity. Her dress is pinned over her waist, and her hands rest on her lips. She has got one of your hats on her head, and your linen coat on her back, and a pair of rubbers on her feet. There is about five cents' worth of pot-black on her nose, and a lot of flour on her chin, and altogether she is a spectacle that would inspire a dead man with distrust. And while you are up there trying to circumvent the awful contrariness of the pipe, and telling that you know some fool has been mixing it, she stands safely on the floor and bombards you with such domestic mottoes as: "What's the use of swearing so!" "You know no one has touched that pipe." "You ain't got any more patience than a child." "Do be careful of that chair." And then she goes and reappears with an armful more of pipe, and before you are aware of it she has got that pipe so horribly mixed up that it does seem no two pipes are alike. You join the ends and work them to and fro, and to and fro again, and then you take them apart and look at them. Then you spread one out and jam the other together, and mount them once more. But it is no go. You begin to think the pieces are inspired with life, and ache to kick them through the window. But she doesn't lose her patience. She goes around with that awful exasperating rigging on, with a length of pipe under each arm and a long-handled broom in her hand, and says she don't see how it is that some people never have any trouble in putting up a stove. Then you miss the hammer. You don't see it anywhere. You stare in the pipe, along the mantel, and down the stove, and off to the floor. Your wife watches you, and is finally thoughtful enough to inquire what you are looking after; and on learning, pulls the article from her pocket. Then you feel as if you could go out door, and swear a hole twelve feet square through a block of brick buildings, but she merely observes: "Why on earth don't you speak when you want anything, and not stare around like a dummy." When that part of the pipe which goes through the wall is up, she keeps it up with the broom while you are making the connection, and stares at it with an intensity that is entirely uncalled for. All the while your position is becoming more and more interesting. The pipe don't go together, of course. The soot shakes down into your eyes and mouth, the sweat rolls down your face and tickles your chin as it drops off, and it seems as if your arms were slowly but surely drawing out of their sockets. Here your wife comes to the rescue by inquiring if you are going to be all day doing nothing, and if you think her arms are made of cast-iron: and then the broom slips off the pipe, and in her endeavor to recover her hold she jabs you under the chin with the handle, and the pipe comes down on your head with its load of fried soot, and then the chair tilts forward enough to discharge your feet, and you come down on the wrong end of that chair with a force that would bankrupt a pile-driver. You don't touch that stove again. You leave your wife examining the chair and bemoaning its injuries, and go into the kitchen and wash your skinned and bleeding hands with yellow soap. Then you go down the street after a man to do the business, and your wife goes ever to a neighbor's with her chair, and tells them about the injuries, and drains the neighborhood dry with its sympathy long before you get home.—*Danbury News.*

How Marriages are Made.

It used to be believed that marriages were made in heaven, but the delightful principle which too often imputes the results of our own folly, or the intrigues of match-making mammas, to Providence, is, in our practical age, the adopted creed of but a very limited number of disciples.

The old theory has, however, much in its favor. It is very convenient and very romantic, and what more could be required of a theory which professes to deal with the hearts of young ladies?

For instance, here is an outline of one of the most ordinary cases of "falling in love"—charmingly expressive phrase!—not "walking in love," nor yet "going into love," but simply "falling," and see how far a union for life will be likely to prove productive of real happiness.

Now, suppose the hero to rejoice in the euphonious and not very common (?) name of Brown, for Love, like Justice, is color blind, and in the elegant words of Curran, "cares not what color an Indian or African sun may have burnt on his face," or what name he may have inherited from the author of his being. Let Brown be invited on a visit for a few weeks by his uncle or his grandmother's cousin, or anybody, in fact, to the country residence of the aforsaid somebody. Let it so happen that a certain Miss Green had been invited to the same house exactly one month previously, but that as her mamma was suffering with neuralgia, filial love compelled Miss Green to postpone her visit a few weeks. It so chances then that, on Brown's arrival, in addition to the inevitable—"Mr. Brown, my daughter"—there is added the further instruction—"Mr. Brown, Miss Green."—Brown sees a pretty little hat bow to him, and a dainty little skirt wrinkle in a courtsey before him, and Brown feels so pleased. Now it happens, as it so often does—is it not strange?—that there are only two saddle horses, and as it would not be polite on the part of "my daughter" to monopolize one of them, Miss Green and Mr. Brown go out riding together. We will suppose the lady to be good looking and Brown not in this respect worse than the ordinary run of Browns in general. They soon attract each other and finally "fall in love." Brown and Green both agree that their parents ought at once to give consent to their Browny-Green alliance. And if you ask either why they fell in love with the other, they do not know. "Marriages are made in heaven!" There is no accounting for these things, but they feel as though they can never love any one else. In short, they have both "stumbled into love," without in the least stopping to consider their fitness for marriage. And, after all, this whole romantic affair results from old Mrs. Greene's face ache preventing her daughter's visit preceding Mr. Brown's and the old gentleman not being able to afford a third saddle horse, both circumstances combining most romantically to carry out the purposes of heaven.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Russian Proverbs.

The following translations of current Russian proverbs are published in French by a Paris paper. Some of them very strongly resemble our own; others show the peculiarities of the Russian people, and all will, at the present juncture, be read with interest:

When sovereignty is divided it is very soon destroyed.

Make presents to your judges, you will gain all you ask.

To God glory; to the priest the candle.

When the patriarch is starved he steals like any other man.

The trainer remains sound while the horse dies.

His right arm is often a man's worst enemy.

Misfortune engenders misfortune, and you escape the wolf only to be devoured by the bear.

The robber does not always steal, but it is as well to be on the lookout for him

The rich man in battle shields his face, but the poor man takes care of his clothes.

The old man repents of that which the young man boasts.

If you give a shirt to a beggar, he will complain that the linen is too coarse.

Measure ten times and cut once.

The smallest needles are the sharpest prickers.

Do not eat cherries with your superiors. They will blind you with stones.

The anger of the czar is death to the embassador.

Contentment.

Given all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, how many people are discontented solely from a habit of comparing their lots with those of more fortunate acquaintances! They do not specially object to walking—they like exercise—but, whenever their next-door neighbor's carriage dashes by them, they grow suddenly tired about the knees and feel a weakness in the back with which pedestrianism does not agree. Woolen gowns would be perfectly comfortable if silk ones never rustled in front of them. John Smith's brick house is better than he ever expected to own, and he would be content enough with it if Tom Jones, who went to school with him when he was a boy, had not moved into a stone-fronted mansion with handsome portico.

There is a long and wearisome step between admiration and imitation.—*Richter.*

AGRICULTURAL.

THE DAIRY INTEREST.—The country has $458,000,000 in 10,000,000 milch cows whose annual product is worth $275,142,585, while the last cotton crop was worth only $200,000,000.

The enormous sum of this dairy interest—which includes nothing of oxen hides or meat—will surprise every one who has paid no attention to it. The fallacy which destroyed the hay argument is partially wanting here too. For, while our exportation of hay amounts to nothing, and hardly equals consumption, there is a great and rapidly growing export of butter, cheese, salt and fresh beef and live animals. The sum cannot be accurately computed, and carries the particular valuations into the same classification with cotton. For in all these interests the final appreciation does not rest upon the amount, how considerable soever that may be, which is consumed at home and so lost to wealth, but upon the amount beyond consumption, which is exported and enriches the land by its equivalent in gold or other needs and permanent worths.

The gross value of cattle for labor, manure, milk, cheese, butter, leather and other ends, is susceptible of a vast addition and must necessarily expand with Western settlement and increase the returns shown in our foreign trade, while sustaining labor at home more abundantly and cheaply, and so enabling every industry to flourish in competition with less favored countries, and greater comforts and luxuries to be enjoyed by all. It will not hold the throne it challenges any more than the hay crop; provided the Southern energy which has done so much toward restoring its early abundance, holds the course it has with the energy it is now showing. But it may, and apparently must, reach a higher sum than any farmer or any statistician has dreamed; for, recovering its total, it has acquired the best blood of the best herds of Europe, has given practical attention and study to the manufacture of cheese and butter; has given the leather interest a new power; is conquering Texas, California, Oregon and all the new States, and is arousing wonder in and drawing money from Europe and Asia at the same time.

PRESERVING SWEET CORN.—It is all very well, perhaps, to advise people to can sweet corn, for the experience may be valuable in sweetening their tempers, but the corn will sour. If it is well done, it will look beautifully white, and be sweet (if you add sugar enough beforepreparing it for the table), but requires so much boiling, and to be canned so quickly and so hot, that, except in factories, people are apt to have bad luck with it. The thing to do is to shave and scrape the corn from the cobs daily during the season of surplus sweet corn, to dry this at first on sheets of tin in the sun, then on sheets on which it can be moved and mixed frequently. In hot, dry weather the corn will dry enough in the sun, but should the weather come on moist or rainy, it must be brought into the house and dried slowly in the stove oven, the door being open, upon bricks over the stove, or in any similar safe place. It must not scorch nor lie in masses so that it will ferment. It is no "trick" to do this well, and it is sweeter and better, but not so nice looking as the canned. It is on account of the danger of having large masses at once when rainy weather comes on, that we advise drying some daily. When dry, preserve it in bags, hung up away from mice.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

EARLY CALVING.—The commonly accepted opinion about Jersey heifers is that it is no injury to them to calve when they are two years of age. While their growth may be somewhat stunted their milking qualities are in no wise affected. A correspondent of the *Cattle Club Register* thus gives his experience with his herd, in which he shows that stimulating the secretions is of more importance than age:

"I had my young heifers served at fourteen to sixteen months old, without regard to the season of the year at which they would calve. It has gradually dawned upon me, through the slow teachings of experience, that it is much more important to have them on good succulent grass for a month or longer while making their first bag, that the milk secretion may be stimulated to the utmost and the udder developed as much as possible; and now I time the service so as to have them come in in June or early in July; or, skipping the heat and drought of August, to calve in September, the age being, if unavoidable, as young as nineteen months or as old as thirty months. If we want fall or winter cows, let us take older ones whose qualities have been already established. If I am right in this it deserves the attention of beginners."

THUMPS IN HOGS.—For this disease, which is inflammation of the lungs, or of the lining membrane of the cavity of the chest and lungs, nothing can be done but to give good nursing. Keep the patient warm, give drinks of lukewarm gruel, and rub a paste of mustard and water upon the brisket and side of the chest.

Chaperoning American Girls.

Our girls are the boldest of all, part being the boldness of innocence and part the boldness of impudicity; but from whatever it comes, it does not sit well on a young woman. She is often under the impression that her fast ways, her slang, and her freedom with the man is what he admires; and this is her mistake, for even the rake feels the charm of a modest woman, and when he selects his life partner she is his choice; in a word, the man passes his time with the fast person for his amusement, but when it comes to the serious business of life, such as marriage, *c'est une autre paire de manches.*

The "Be what you seem or seem what you be," of the foreigner, addressed to the forward Miss by way of explanation for a natural mistake which he made in regard to her moral status, ought to be taken as a lesson by all young women like her.

For the mother to remain in an upper room yawning and talking with other chaperons, while her daughter, with a *laisser-aller* manner of three or four o'clock in the morning, is whirling around in the Boston with a young man heated with with wine, can hardly be called serious chaperoning, for if there is any time at which the mother should be with her daughter, it is at that time—it is then that she assuredly needs her. Ordinarily the mother who chaperones, as she calls it, separates from her charge at the ball-room, and does not see her again until the twain depart from the house.

In France there are two rows of chairs around the sides of the dancing room, the daughters sitting on the front and their respective mothers behind them on the back row. The daughter goes forth to the saltation with the maternal approval, and at its conclusion she is immediately conducted back to her place before the mother. It would perhaps be too much to expect American mothers and daughters to comply with such a rigid rule in their dancing entertainments, but they might at least remain in the same room, where the young would be under the eye of the elders.—*Galaxy.*

—In West Virginia there is a school population of 194,940, against 184,796 in 1875.

SCIENTIFIC.

The Make-up of an Ant Family.—Under ordinary circumstances an ants' nest, like a beehive, consists of three kinds of individuals; workers, or imperfect females (which constitute the great majority), males, and perfect females. There are, however, often several females in an ants' nest; while, as we all know, there is never more than one queen in a hive. The queens have wings, but after a single flight they tear off their own wings, and do not again quit the nest. In addition to the ordinary workers there is in some species a second, or rather a third, form of female. In almost any ants' nest we may see that the workers differ more or less in size. The amount of difference, however, depends upon the species. In *Lasius niger*, the small brown garden ant, the workers, are, for instance, much more uniform than in the little yellow meadow ant, or in *Atta-barbara*, where some of them are more than twice as large as others. But in certain ants there are differences still more remarkable. Thus, in a Mexican species, besides the common workers, which have the form of ordinary ants, there are certain others in which the abdomen is swollen into an immense subdiaphanous sphere. These individuals are very inactive, and principally occupied in elaborating a kind of honey. In the genus *Pheidole*—very common in Southern Europe—there are also two distinct forms without any intermediate gradations: one with heads of the usual proportion, and a second with an immense heads provided with very large jaws. These latter are generally supposed to act as soldiers, and the size of the head enables the muscles which move the jaws to be of unusual dimensions, though the little ones are also very pugnacious. This differentiation of certain individuals so as to adapt them to special functions seems to me very remarkable; for it must be remembered that the difference is not one of age or sex.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Facts Proved by Science.—A slight blow is sufficient to smash a whole pane of glass, while a bullet from a gun will only make a round hole in it: because in latter case, the particles of glass that receive the blow are torn away from the remainder with such rapidity that the motion imparted to them has no time to spread further. A door standing open, which would readily yield on its hinges to a gentle push, is not moved by a cannon-ball passing through it. The ball in passing through overcomes the whole force of cohesion among the atoms of wood; but its force acts for so short a time; owing to its rapid passage, that it is not sufficient to effect the inertia of the door to an extent to produce motion. The cohesion of the part of the wood cut out by the ball would have borne a very great weight laid quietly upon it; but suppose the ball to fly at the rate of twelve hundred feet in a second; and the door to be one inch thick the cohesion being allowed to act for only the minute fraction of a second, its influence is not perceived. It is an effect of this same principle that the iron head of a hammer may be driven down on its wooden handle, by striking the opposite end of the handle against any hard substance with force and speed. In this very simple operation, the motion propagates so suddenly through the wood of the handle that it is over before it can reach the iron head, which, therefore, by its own weight, sinks lower on the handle at every blow which drives the handle up.

Muscular Contraction and Electricity.—Muscular contraction is always accompanied with electrical phenomena. The difference of electric force between two points of a muscle undergoes a diminution, which, according to Beunstein, precedes the contraction by 1-100 of a second. M. De la Koche has recently examined the electrical power of the human heart. The electrodes consisted each of a plate of amalgamated zinc with a pledget of muslin saturated with sulphate of zinc at the lower extremities. These were applied, one with its muslin wad opposite the heart on the left breast, the other on another part of the chest, and connection was made with a capillary electrometer. The mercury column executed a very distinct series of periodic pulsations, synchronic with the pulse. Each pulsation marked the double moment of the heart. The result obtained corresponded to 1-1000 of a Daniell element.

A Landlord at Trenton Falls.

We are at Trenton Falls, and here we meet another dream, or what seems very much like a dream,—a landlord who is a connoisseur in art and a lover of science, and who understands his business. Paintings, old and new, adorn the walls. Here is a Durand, there a Boutelle, there, and there, and there, how many paintings by Hicks we do not know. They are on all the walls of the first story of the large house. In the office stands a cabinet of natural history—a special branch of it—which has cost the landlord ten thousand dollars. The specimens form the record of a geologic age so remote that no imagination can grasp it. Professor Agassiz declared that the land reaching from Trenton Falls to Saratoga was the first that appeared above the sea on the creation. But here are the trilobites in great variety, all modeled in black marble, so perfectly preserved in form that the multitudinous lenses of their eyes are as apparent under the microscope as are those of a living fly. Millions of years before man walked the earth these creatures lived their little life, the limestone took on their forms, and here they are! What is a seventeen-year locust to a ten million year trilobite? A trader in these curiosities offers us one of the size of a pin, and now we own an antique that deserves the name. What are *scarabæi* and ancient *intaglii*, or any other engraved or modeled semblance of the old life compared to this which we hold in our hand? This creature lived, not only, but had become everlasting stone millions of years before there was a living man to see it. The old hotel-keeper is enthusiastic over his treasures, and proud of the distinguished visitors who have been attracted by what he has to show them. "In September," he says, with a touch of pardonable pride, "I shall have Tyndall and Huxley and Darwin here all together, for they have written me that they are coming." May the light that came into the old landlord's eyes as he made this announcement last for many years!—*Scribner.*

Shun Affectation.

There is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank and attractive. How different is affectation! The affected are simply unnatural. As for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out and buried it from sight, utterly. Be yourself, then, young friend. To try to be somebody else is worse than folly. It is impossible to attain it. But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man that ever figured in history; would that make you any better? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought of as a shadow of a substance, the echo of a real sound, the counterfeit of pure coin. Let the fabric of your character, though ever so humble, be at least real. Shun affectation.

DOMESTIC.

BAKER'S BREAD.—It is rather difficult to give specific directions for making baker's bread, as that, like almost everything else, requires experience. The first requisite in making good bread is good yeast, which should be made as follows: Into six quarts of boiling water pour one ounce of good new hops. Have a vessel containing twelve ounces of flour ready, and when the hops have been boiling two or three minutes pour some of the boiling hop water through a colander on the flour, making a smooth paste out of it, and then add the rest of the hop water. After this has become quite cool, break up the paste and add a pint of malt. Put then the yeast in a place where it can remain undisturbed for forty-eight hours, in which time it will have fermented and is ready for use. In Summer the place must be cool, and warm in Winter. For one pint of yeast take about a gill of water and make a pretty stiff batter; put that away for seven or eight hours, and then add more water, as much as three pints, if necessary, and put enough flour to it to make a stiff dough. Let this rise again for two hours, then mould it into pans, and when sufficiently light, bake in an oven not too hot. The dough must be kept cool or warm, according to the weather, and the vessels containing the yeast must be kept clean and sweet, as most sour bread comes from yeast kept in dirty vessels. The above is contributed by a practical and professional baker.

OLD BED QUILTS.—These must be washed when much soiled, and a washing machine and wringer seem almost indispensable. Plenty of suds should be used, and a thorough rinsing be given. If they happen to hang through a good pouring rain, it will do no harm. They can be patched up when very badly worn out, more easily than some imagine. If pieced in large blocks, they can be patched with dark or light, according to the shade of the worn portions, so as to look almost as good as new. Of course they need not be ironed.

GRAPE PRESERVE.—Pick out the knotty and wormy grapes, take the rest, a few at a time, in a coarse sieve, working them around with the hand until the seeds are loosened, when they will drop through, leaving the skins and pulp in the sieve. Drain the juice off the seeds, and to every pound of skin, pulp, and juice allow half a pound of sugar. Put all into a preserving kettle and cook slowly for three quarters of an hour. When done put into hot jars, cover with brandy paper and seal up.

CORN CAKES.—Grate twelve large ears of young sweet corn, scraping off the cob with a knife all the milk and pulp that may remain; add half a teaspoonful of salt, a lump of butter the size of a small egg, three eggs, well beaten, and one pint of milk. If this quantity of corn does not make a rather stiff batter, add enough more to form the proper consistency. Bake in muffin rings on a hot griddle, or as pancakes.

DRYING VEGETABLES.—Corn should be cooked until the milk is congealed, and dried in a slow oven. In this way its sweetness is preserved and flies never touch it. It should be kept for future use in thick paper bags, in a dry cool place. String Beans can be scalded and dried in the sun. They will look like little scraps of peeled bark when dried; but when soaked over night assume their natural size and color.

SUMMER MINCE PIE.—Four crackers, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of cider, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of chopped raisins, one-half cup of currants, two eggs well beaten and stirred in, the last thing; spice to the taste.

TO PREVENT CALICO FROM FADING.—Take the dress when it needs washing and dip it in a pail of salt water and dry it before sending it to the wash. This should be done before it is washed the first time, and the process need never be repeated.

PERFUME FOR GLOVES.—Rose leaves, powdered, half an ounce; essence of cloves and mace, each one dram; frankincense, quarter of an ounce. Mix; put a portion in a drawer with gloves, and they will retain the scent for a considerable time.

CURE FOR RINGWORM.—A simple and harmless application for ringworm is found by washing with a solution made from the root of the common narrow-leafed dock, which belongs to the botanical genus *Rumex*. Use vinegar for the solvent.

BREAD CAKE.—One quart bowl of sponge of your bread, one tablespoonful of butter one cup of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, one cup of chopped raisins. Mold up very soft and let it get very light before baking.

TO STOP CRACKS IN A STOVE.—Wood ashes and common salt, made compact with water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.

SOFT BOILED custard will be found very nice poured over ripe berries or cut peaches.

Through Friesland.

Open enough, certainly; and flat; with little beyond the sheep and cows, the windmills and fields of grain, to claim attention. But it was something to watch the peasants reaping and stacking; strong-looking, sunburnt, happy men and women. A change to have the sun shining. Yesterday we had traveled in great coats; to-day airy garments and windows open to the grateful breezes. The very sheep looked pure and white, while yesterday they were a dingy brown. The old Spanish proverb ought to be especially applicable to Holland; "Feed a sheep with grass and he repays you in wool." Now we passed over a canal upon which a barge, with its brown sails filling to the wind, was a pleasant object to break in upon the monotony of the landscape. At Grypskerk we waited many minutes apparently for no causes but that the train, slow enough to all conscience, was yet before its time. So the guards and officials assembled together in the waiting-room, and over sundry glasses of beer chatted about the change in the weather and the beauty of the cattle we were carrying, and the wonderful patience travelers must exercise in Holland. The surrounding prospect was pretty; almost diversified. Rich green fields and dykes, and happy cattle chewing the cud of reflection, or appearing to do so: small picturesque cottages surrounded by trees and shrubs and creepers, each rejoicing in a small garden and a bit of cultivated land. Trees bounded the horizon, which to-day had taken quite a purple and romantic tone, that really seamed out of place in practical Holland. As seen this morning there was nothing dreary or dismal or monotonous in all this wide tract of land, this sameness of prospect. The sky, with its white fleecy clouds, was in itself a picture. Not one of the least pleasant features in the landscape was the reflection of the bright blue sky and white clouds in the surrounding dykes, lighting up the landscape as mirrors do a room. The sun, too, sparkled upon the water like so many jewels, bright and dazzling. Here a white patch upon the emerald grass announced a brood of ducks, a picture of calm repose after a midday meal.—*The Argosy.*

HUMOROUS.

WHAT HE THOUGHT.—A few days since, says a Michigan paper, a specimen of humanity, chuck full of fashionable drink, took a seat in the express train at Jackson and quietly awaited the advent of the conductor, who appeared on time and relieved the traveler's hat of his ticket without any remarks. On his return the traveler button-holed him and inquired:

"Conductor, how far to Pleon?"

"Twenty miles."

"That's wot I tho't."

At the next station the traveler stopped him and again inquired.

"Conductor, how far to Manch'ter?"

"Twenty miles."

"That's wot I tho't."

At Manchester the traveler stopped him the third time and said:

"Conductor, how far to Tecumseh?"

"Twenty miles."

"That's wot I tho't."

As the train left Tecumseh the traveler exhausted the patience of the conductor, and the following dialogue explains the result:

"Condoctor, how far to Adri'n?"

The conductor threw himself upon his dignity and remarked:

"See here, my friend, do you take me for a fool?"

The traveler stuck the text and remarked:

"That's wot I tho't."

The conductor joined the passengers in a hearty laugh, and concluded to allow his questioner to "tho't" as he pleased.

AN ENGLISH undergraduate at examination, on being told to repeat the parable of the Good Samaritan, thus did it: "A certain man journeyed from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves." Then he stopped. "Go on, sir," said the examiner. "And—," and stopped again. "And what? Go on, sir." "And the thieves sprang up and choked him," triumphantly ended the youth.

A DISTINGUISHED but not wealthy politician received a letter from a farmer, who claimed to be his cousin. "I've found our genealogical tree," said he; "so that I must be right." The politician replied. "If you have found the tree, there must be a mistake about it; for I never owned even a stick in all my life."

"WELL, and how did you enjoy your dinner?" asked a passenger of another on a European steamer, the first day out. "Don't mention it," said the other, feelingly; "don't mention it. It's a good deal like the financial question in Congress." "How's that?" "Why it's apt to come up at any moment."

THE good man reclineth at his ease; he covereth his head with a paper; he taketh his rest and his snores are heard in the land. The house-fly is not so, for his heart deviseth evil continually, and when he hath crept under the paper he will tickle the good man's nose. Verily, all this is vanity and vexation of spirit.

A PROFESSIONAL man, returning to his office one day, after a substantial lunch, said complacently to his assistant. "Mr. Peetkin, the world looks different to a man when he has three inches of rum in him." "Yes," replied the junior, without a moment's hesitation, "and he looks different to the world."

BETWEEN good friends—"Don't you think Mme. S. is growing younger day by day?" "Indeed she is, my dear, why yesterday she had no teeth, and to-day, not a single one of her full set is missing."

A TEACHER, after reading to her scholars a story of a generous child, asked them what generosity was. One little boy raised his hand and said: "I know; its giving to others what you don't want yourself."

"FAIX, there's no gintlemen in this car. Lit me out, kor-ducther. All the impty seats are full. The nixt time I ride in a car I'll walk, so I will."

AN OLD negro cook says, "Sass is powerful good in everytting but children. Dey needs some odor kind of dressin'."

WHEN my pa wouldn't let me go to the ball," said a merry young lady, "I just set to and had a bawl at home."

AN ANOCHRONISTIC pun—Adam was married on his wedding Eve.

A MATTER of form—Fitting a dress.

A Curious Old Ceremony.

A curious annual ceremony has just been performed on Dartmoor. It goes by the name of "Ye Fyshinge Feaste" (the spelling is a cardinal point) and was instituted to celebrate Sir Francis Drake's feat of supplying Plymouth with pure water from the river Mew, by means of a leat or watercourse carried across the moor.

The Mayor and Corporation and their invited guests meet on the these occasions at the Head Weir under Sheepstor, and a silver goblet filled with water from the leat is passed from hand to hand, each person drinking, or appearing to drink, and repeating, "To the pious memory of Sir Francis Drake." After this, as a measure of prudence, or perhaps as a penance for the sin of water-drinking, another goblet filled with wine is passed round in like manner to the burden of "May the descendants of him who brought us water never want wine." This is followed by a banquet at which trout, netted in the leat, are served up; and which this year was graced by the presence of the president of the British Association.

It is no doubt a goodly custom thus to commemorate the boon conferred on Plymouth by Sir Francis Drake, who, with a singular foresight, was careful to secure the watershed. In consequence of this, when a leat was wanted of Devonport, it had to be sought so far that its makers hailed with delight the news of an unfathomable tarn, called Cranswell Pool, which lay right in their way. This was said to have been sounded with miles of bell ropes, and to have seemed absolutely bottomless. "Zo" according to a well-known Devonshire humorist, "zay zet up a zteam-engine and pump un dry in dree hours."—*London Examiner.*

Frozen Kindness.

This world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm but there are great piles of fallen trees lying on the hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of all these fallen trees if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family; love is just what makes parents and children, and brothers and sisters happy, but if they take care to never say a word about it—if they keep it a profound secret; as if it were a crime—they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cold even in the summer, and if you live there you envy the poor dog when anybody calls him "poor-fellow."

THE Lungs are strained and racked by a persistent cough, the general strength wasted, and an incurable complaint often established thereby. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and exerts a beneficial effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs.

All in an Egg-Shell.

A silver egg was once prepared as a present to a Saxon queen. Open the silver by a secret spring, and there was found a yolk of gold. Find the spring of the gold, and it flew open, and disclosed a beautiful bird. Press the wings of the bird, and in its breast was found a crown, jeweled and radiant. And even within the crown, upheld by a spring like the rest, was a ring of diamonds, which fitted the finger of the princess herself.

A Valuable Work.

The well-known advertising agents, Messrs. S. M. Pettengill & Co., of this city, have just issued in a handsome form their "Newspaper Directory and Advertisers' Hand-Book" for 1877. It is without doubt the most valuable and trustworthy compilation of its kind published in this country, and a work which no advertiser or newspaper publisher should be without. No fewer than 8,574 newspapers or periodicals are described, showing the day and place of publication, character, publisher, circulation; in short, all that an advertiser requires to know regarding any medium published. Besides the general list there is a list of periodicals by counties, which must be valuable to those who desire to reach any particular section of the Continent, and tables of daily and weekly newspapers having a circulation of 5,000 copies or over, religious, agricultural, and other class organs, Two or three striking portraits of prominent editors are scattered throughout the volume, which, altogether, gives us a capital idea of the wealth and variety of American journalism, and proves the immense connection and great business facilities which its publishers and compilers must have at their command.—*N. Y. Scotish-Amer. Journal.*

From Swamp and Marsh,

From land left saturated by receding floods, and from pools stagnating in sunken lots on the outskirts of cities, rises a vapor pregnant with disease. Its name is miasma, and it is laden with the seeds of fever and ague, bilious remittents, and other malarial disorders. How to cope successfully with these destructive maladies is a problem solved more than a quarter of a century ago by the discovery of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has proved itself an absolute specific for miasmatic disease in every form, its sure preventive, and a superb invigorant and general alterative of disordered conditions of the system. Irrefragible evidence to prove this fact has been accumulating for years and scarcely a day passes without some fresh corroboration of it. Eminent physicians have, after a thorough test, pronounced the article perfectly efficacious and absolutely pure, and the American people long ago adopted it as their favorite household remedy.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

These Pills are composed exclusively of vegetable ingredients, and although they entirely supersede the use of Mercury, do not leave any of its injurious effects. They act directly upon the liver, and are a valuable remedy in all cases of derangement of that organ. Sick Headache, Indigestion and all Bilious Disorders succumb to the free use of them.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S CELERY & CHAMOMILE PILLS are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Sleeplessness and will cure any case. Price 50c. postage free. Sold by all Druggists. Office, No. 106 S. Eutaw St., Baltimore

SONGS OF BEULAH—the new Sunday-School Singing-book—price 35 cts.; $30 per hundred. LEE & WALKER, 1113 Chestnut St., Philad'a.

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great *Internal Medicine*, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price $1 a bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all Druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

Mothers, Mothers, Mothers.

Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases of teething in 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.

VEGETINE.

For Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fever.

Or what is more commonly termed **Fever and Ague**, with pains in the loins and through the back, and indescribable chilly sensation down the spine, an irresistible disposition to yawn, pain in the eyes, which is increased by moving them, a blue tinge in the skin, and great listlessness and debility, VEGETINE is a **safe and positive remedy.** It is compounded exclusively from the juices of carefully selected barks and herbs, and so strongly concentrated that it is one of the **greatest cleansers of the blood** that is or can be put together. VEGETINE does not stop with breaking **Chills and Fever** but it extends its wonderful influence unto every part of the human system, and entirely eradicates every taint of disease. VEGETINE does NOT act as a powerful cathartic, or debilitate the bowels and cause the patient to dread other serious complaints which must inevitably follow; but it strikes at the root of disease by **purifying the blood,** restores the **liver** and **kidneys** to healthy action, **regulates the bowels,** and assists **Nature** in performing all the duties that devolve upon her.

Thousands of invalids are suffering to-day from the effects of **powerful purgative nostrums, frightful quantities of quinine, and poison doses of arsenic,** neither of which ever have, or ever could, reach the true cause of their complaint.

VEGETINE.

works in the human system in perfect harmony with **nature's laws,** and while it is pleasant to the taste, genial to the stomach, and mild in its influence on the bowels, it is absolute in its action on disease, and is not a vile, nauseous Bitters, purging the invalid into false hope that they are being cured. VEGETINE is a **purely Vegetable Medicine,** compounded upon scientific principles. It is indorsed by the best physicians where its virtues have been tested, is recommended **only where medicine is needed,** and is not a mixture of cheap whiskey sold under the cloak of Bitters.

Gives Health, Strength and Appetite.

My daughter has received great benefit from the use of VEGETINE. Her declining health was a source of great anxiety to all of her friends. A few bottles of the VEGETINE restored her health, strength, and appetite. N. H. TILDEN, Insurance and Real Estate Agent, No. 49 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE.

Police Testimony.

BOSTON, NOV. 18, 1875.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

Dear Sir,—During the past five years I have had ample opportunity to judge of the merits of VEGETINE. My wife has used it for complaints attending a lady of delicate health, with more beneficial results than any thing else which she ever tried. I have given it to my children under almost every circumstance attending a large family, and always with marked benefit. I have taken it myself with such great benefit that I cannot find words to express my unqualified appreciation of its goodness.

While performing my duties as a Police Officer in this city, it has been my lot to fall in with a great deal of sickness. I unhesitatingly recommend VEGETINE, and I never knew of a case where it did not prove all that was claimed for it. Particularly in cases of debilitated or impoverished state of the blood, its effects are really wonderful; and, for all complaints arising from an impure state of the blood, it appears to work like a charm; and I do not believe there are any circumstances under which VEGETINE can be used with injurious results; and it will always afford me pleasure to give any further information as to what I know of VEGETINE.

WILLIAM B. HILL, Police Station 4.

VEGETINE

Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

HO, BOYS! HERE, GIRLS

Every family should take a religious newspaper; get all your uncles and aunts and friends to subscribe for THE PRESBYTERIAN. The price is *only* $2.65 a year, postage paid, and some say it is "THE BEST RELIGIOUS PAPER published." Specimen copy free. For ONE new