MY LOVE.

Her little hand in mine I would not fold,
Nor touch with one caress her crown of gold;
I would not stir with any thought of me,
Her deep, untroubled peace of purity.

She stands above me on a height serene.
My purely worshiped consecrated queen;
Too precious far I hold the girlish life
To startle it with whispered name of wife.

Love yet shall light for me her violet eyes,
Her tinted cheek proclaim love's sweet surprise,
But now to touch the folds of her attire
With reverence is all that I desire.

Borrowing.

Whether the following strange incident be true or false, as having caused the celebrated William Pitt to negotiate those heavy loans which are said to have increased the National debt in England to an almost fabulous amount, we know not, but as there is a moral in it we introduce it here:

Everybody knows that Pitt raised the character and prosperity of England by loans, but it is not generally known that Pitt "borrowed the idea of borrowing" from the following anecdote.

Schneider, an inhabitant of the Canton of Unterwald, in Switzerland, was left at the age of twenty-one to shift for himself. His father had been a respectable man, but had left nothing to his son but some sketches for a new constitution, which Schneider could make no use of. The doctrine of loans came into Schneider's head as happily as that of attraction struck Newton. As nobody knew that his father had died insolvent, he declared openly that he was in want of 2,000 rix dollars (£400), for which he was willing to pay 5 per cent. interest, the capital to be repaid in six months. He had no difficulty in obtaining this loan, which was very useful to him, and by constantly saying that his father had left him very little, but that by economy he managed to make both ends meet, everybody thought him a modest rich man. Two months before his bills came due he borrowed of another banker 3,125 rix dollars. Schneider instantly went to the person from whom he borrowed the 2,000 rix dollars, and after remarking that 5 per cent. was a heavy interest to pay, told them that he would repay the capital if they would allow him discount for the remaining part of the term. The bankers convinced of the stability of Schneider, were unwilling to take the money; he persisted, however, and they consented at length on condition that if ever he should have occasion to borrow again, he would apply to them. Schneider went to work upon a great scale, his credit being fully established. In the course of three years, there was such an eagerness in the first houses of Switzerland to lend money to Schneider, that he frequently refused their offers. He quieted his conscience, reflecting that if he lived sixty years according to his inordinate expenditure his creditors would lose only 400,000 rix dollars by him, and he considered the excellence of his life, and the suggestions which he made every now and then to the Government as an ample equivalent.

To make short of a long story, Schneider found himself upon his deathbed at the age of eighty; not, however, before he had rendered great service to his country, by introducing the mode of making the celebrated Gruyere cheese which is now eaten over the whole continent. He summoned his creditors, one hundred in number, to his bedside, and after relating to them the mode which he had adopted for his support, and as frankly stating that he had nothing to leave, terminated his dying speech in the following terms: "What is the loss which you sustain by me compared with the admirable system of finance, which, through me, you can reveal to your country? I, a poor mortal, at my dying hour, commit an act of bankruptcy; but the nation never dies. A nation may borrow without limit, because its existence is without limit. Switzerland has only to tread in my steps, to create loans, and to pay the interest punctually, and one day or other she will engross the capital of Europe."

The creditors were struck dumb with admiration, and as a mark of their esteem for the talents of the great Schneider, erected over his grave a superb monument, with the inscription.

"DER ENTLEHNER,"

which signifies "The Borrower." The celebrated Pitt, in a tour through Switzerland, saw the monument, and, struck with its singularity, inquired its history. "The nation never dies," repeated Pitt with ecstacy; and he scarcely said anything else till he reached London. The people thought him mad; but in a few months we heard of the famous loans with which he subjected India, conquered colonies, and overthrew Napoleon, who might, probably, have been upon the throne of France to this day, if the inventor of Gruyere cheese had never existed.

In 1796 the National debt of England was £360,000,000.

The Priest and the Surgeon.

The Paris correspondent of the *Graphic* tells the following anecdote: "Dupuytreu was a famous surgeon, but brusque and unpolished *a l'outrance*. One day as he re-entered his house, he found installed in the anteroom an old priest, who had long been awaiting his return. "What do you want of me?" growled Dupuytreu. "I wish you to look at this," meekly replied the priest, taking off an old woolen cravat, which revealed upon the nape of the neck a hideous tumor. Dupuytreu looked at it. "You'll have to die with that," he coolly remarked. "Thanks, doctor," simply replied the priest, replacing his cravat; "I'm much obliged to you for warning me, as I can prepare myself as well as my poor parishioners, who love me very much." The surgeon, who was never astonished at great things, looked upon this priest, who received his death sentence unmoved, with amazement, and added, "Come to-morrow, at eight o'clock, to the hotel Dieu, and ask for me." The priest was prompt. The surgeon procured for him a special room in the hospital, and in a month's time the man went out cured. When leaving he took out of a sack thirty francs in small change. "It is all I can offer you, doctor," he said; "I came here on foot from R—— in order to save this." The doctor looked at the money, smiled, and drawing a handful of gold from his pocket, put it in the bag along with the thirty francs, saying, "It is for your poor," and the priest went away. Some years later the celebrated doctor, feeling death to be near, bethought himself of the good *cure* and wrote to him. He came, and Dupuytreu received from him the "last consolations," and died in his arms.

AGRICULTURAL.

Deep or Shallow Plowing.—Amateurs have often expressed surprise that upon such a universal and important question as that of plowing there should be such difference of opinion among practical farmers; and yet of the many unsettled questions in agriculture, this one is the oftenest discussed in our journals. The first mistake usually made when this question is under discussion is that deep plowing and deep culture are confounded; they are by no means the same thing; deep plowing is not necessarily deep culture, nor does deep culture involve deep plowing in the commonest sense of the term. When we find that a disputant demands deep plowing for all soils and all crops, we at once set him down as an amateur farmer, if a farmer at all. In plowing, the term deep must not be governed by inches, the farmer who with a four-inch soil plows five inches deep is practically plowing as deep as he who with an eight-inch furrow turns over a seven-inch soil; the former mixes an inch of cold subsoil with four inches of earth; while the latter mixes an equal amount with nearly double the amount of surface soil.

What is to be gained by turning a good soil or a coat of manure under an eight-inch furrow? Neither are available for the needs of the crop until they begin to decay, and to decay they must have air and moisture, which can best be obtained near the surface. We have no doubt that in most instances a deep, loose soil is an advantage, but even this seems to be questioned by the results of experiments on the Eastern Pennnsylvania Experimental Farm; on this farm certain plots have been subsoiled (not simply deep plowed), and in most cases the crop on an adjoining plot not subsoiled has exceeded that on the portion subsoiled, or if it did not actually exceed it the surplus in favor of subsoiling entirely failed to pay the extra expenses involved. The number of farmers who plow deep *for corn* is much less than it was twenty-five years ago, and is growing less every year; many claim that four inches will bring a better crop than nine. The old adage, "Plow deep while sluggards sleep and you will have corn to sell and eat," seems to need some modification.

Killing Weeds.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* thus gives his experience in killing weeds: "All our attempts to destroy perennial weeds aim at smothering them. Looked at in this light the common practice of first cutting off the top is a very unwise one. With a pile of earth over it, the green top of a perennial is only an obstruction to its growth. With nothing but bare roots and buds the plant can easily send up shoots a long distance. It is the same as in travelling. The lighter the baggage the more easily the journey is made. A green leaf under even a light covering of soil cannot rise to the surface. If the soil be warm and moist, the succulent herbage will at once begin to rot, and in a very short time the decay will extend through the whole. One of the most successful attempts to destroy quack I have ever known was that of a German who hired a field infested by it and planted it with potatoes. The season was a very wet one, so much so that cutting off the quack leaves would only stimulate the more active growth of the roots. Much of the time the soil was unfit to cultivate, but he did work it, covering the green shoots of quack with wet earth as fast as they appeared. The mud was probably a better covering than dry earth would be, and the rotting quack undoubtedly kept the soil from becoming too compact. The potato crop was an unusually large one and the field was cleaned more thoroughly than it could have been with a naked fallow. Inasmuch as the leaves are the lungs of the plant the propriety and soundness of this plan is evident. Any weed, however tenacious of life, may be finally eradicated by preventing it from forming leaves."

The Time for Improvements.—This is a time of low-priced labor, and many are glad to get work at the most reasonable rates. Men are tramping through the country everywhere begging because they have no work. Many of these would not work if they could, but a large proportion of them would work faithfully if they could be assured of their living and a very little besides. Crops have been very good this season, and the farmers can afford to employ a considerable portion of their surplus labor in improvements. They will never see a time when the waste places on the farm can be improved with so little outlay as now, and it behooves every owner of land to catch the present moment by making a slight investment in work that will, in many instances, add dollars to the value of every acre they possess. It is a great deal better thus, too, than to support these men in idleness, and tempt them by so doing to crime.

Coal Ashes.—Bliss, the seedsman, recommends the use of coal ashes, for potato patches, and says that persons who are in the habit of throwing ashes away as useless are making a great mistake; they are found by experience to be of great benefit in the culture of potatoes. Many ashes are dumped in the streets and alleys, when they could be used to improve the soil of gardens. Save your ashes and use them for the purpose of manure. Wood ashes are counted among the first fertilizers, and they command a good price by those who know their value.

Corporations Without a Heart.

It would not be a pleasant task to review the list of influences which led to the great strike. Some of them—more important than has been popularly imagined—have had little notice; and they lie so far back, or so deep down, that they are not likely to be talked about. That the railroad force of the country has been very badly demoralized, is evident enough; but if we should say that its demoralization had come mainly through its rulers and employers, we should be met with pretty universal incredulity, if not with indignant protest.

The example which directors and managers have set to those in their employ has not been a good one. The men who have done the hard work of the railroad have looked on and seen others get rich by illegitimate means. They have seen whole boards of directors drop off gorged from schemes that have left the stock interests without a drop of blood in their veins. They have seen stock watered, tampered with, robbed. They have seen railroads which had absorbed the livings of trustful widows and orphans managed solely for the private interests of their presidents and directors. They have seen roads built with bonds that were lies, and were known to be lies. They have seen roads in ruinous competition with each other, while they were compelled by this competition to do their work at small wages. They have been made to work upon the Sabbath, and have been practically shut away from all religious instruction by those who, with sanctimonious faces and conveniently obtuse consciences, have "taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the House of God in company." The railroad corporations are very few that have manifested the slightest interest in their employes beyond getting out of them what it was possible to get for the consideration agreed upon.—*Scribner.*

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great.—*Demosthenes.*

SCIENTIFIC.

New Process for Electro-Plating.—Professor A. W. Wright of Yale College, New Haven, Conn., has discovered a new and brilliant method of electroplating, which promises to be of great utility. Taking advantage of the fact that the various metals may be volatilized by the electrical current, he provides a hollow vessel, from which the air is partially exhausted; within this vessel he arranges opposite to each other the two poles of an induction coil; the article to be electro-plated, a bit of glass for example, is suspended between the poles; to the negative pole is attached a small piece of the metal that is to be deposited on the glass. From three to six pint Grove cells are employed, yielding, by means of the induction coil, an electrical spark from two to three inches in length. Under the influence of this spark a portion of the metal of the electrode is converted into gas or volatized, and condenses upon the cooler surface of the suspended glass, forming a most brilliant and uniform deposit. The thickness of the plating thus produced may be regulated at will, by simply continuing the action of the electricity for a longer or shorter period. That the metal is actually volatilized is proven by examination with the spectroscope during the progress of the operation, the characteristic lines of whatever metal is used for the electrode being fully revealed. This may be classed as the discovery of a new art, and is certainly very interesting and remarkable. In brief, it consists in plating the surfaces of substances with metals, by exposing such surfaces to the hot vapors of whatever metal it is desired to plate with.

Professor Wright has already made a number of valuable practical applications of his discovery. He produces mirrors with silver, platinum, iron and other metals, of the most pure and resplendent character. He deposits gold in a layer so thin that it is only 0·000183 mm.; in thickness, or approximately only one-fourth the wave length of a red ray of light. He obtains curious colors in the metals, varying with the thickness of the deposits, and opens up a new field for investigation into the nature of metals and other volatilizable substances, and perhaps of light. He shows that his electrically deposited metals have improved qualities; that telescopic and heliostatic mirrors, for example, of platinum deposited on silver, by his process, will be unalterable; and the prospect that we shall before long be able by this new art to produce telescopes and other scientific instruments of greatly improved character.

An Illuminating Cannon Shot.—One of the most simple and ingenious contrivances, for the purpose of investing a fleet with the zone of light through which no enemy could pass without being observed, has been devised by M. Ferdinand Silas, of Vienna, whose experiments with lifebuoys at Portsmouth have been reported in these columns. M. Silas' inextinguishable lightning shell is similar to a common shell, can be made to fit any gun, and can accordingly, be projected to any distance. The projectile consists of three parts, one within the other. Within the shell proper is a lining of wet sponge, and within this is a glass bottle, which fills the whole cavity; the bottom of the shell unscrewing to admit of its entrance. This bottle is filled with various charges of phosphide, none of which however, is to be less than ten pounds. A small channel is bored through the sharp point of the shell in order to allow the air to mix freely with the wet sponge, and there are a couple of apertures in the head which are plugged with wooden stoppers covered with leather. Through the movable bottom of the shell a steel striker is inserted, which is fitted with a spring, and communicates with the glass bottle within. When the light shell is fired, the spring striker is driven forward by the explosion like a gas check and so breaks the bottle; the water containd in the jacket of sponge then penetrates through the broken glass and saturates the phosphide; phosphuretted hydrogen is immediately generated in large quantities, by the pressure of which the stoppers are forced out and two streams of illuminating matter are poured upon the sea. The light burns with great brilliancy for a considerable time, and is claimed to be inextinguishable.—*London Times.*

Hospitals for those who can Pay.—What is called the Home Hospital Association has been organized in London for the purpose of providing comfortable hospital accommodation, with skilled nurses, in various parts of London, for the benefit of patients who can afford to pay for such advantages. Such hospitals will not only be a great convenience to the public, but will prevent the abuse of charities intended only for the poor.

A scheme is also on foot in London for the etsablishment of a large hospital composed of separate departments, each devoted to special diseases. It is thought that in this way one general medical Staff may be able to Superintend the institution and that the material may be rendered more valuable for purposes of clinical instruction.

Sizing for Sign Work.—One of the best mordants or sizing for sign work is made by exposing boiled linseed oil to a strong heat in a pan; when it begins to smoke, set fire to the oil, allow it to burn a moment, and then suddenly extinguish it by covering the pan. When cold it will be ready for use, but will require thinning with a little turpentine.

A French scientist claims to have discovered that writers' cramp is not an affection of the muscles of the arm or hand, but that the difficulty centers in the nervous action of a particular portion of the brain.

Little Things.

A good story is told of Lord Althorpe, one of the most honored and loved among the Whig leaders of the English Parliament. He never introduced a bill into Parliament until he had examined its minutest provisions. On one occasion he was looking over the accounts of an agricultural society before signing his name as president. He detected an error of three pence in the balance sheet, and refused to sign the statement until the error was corrected. He spent four hours in going over the accounts again to remove the error, saying to a friend, "One three-pence will swell into a hundred pounds next year, if we neglected it." It is all important for young people to be thorough in little things, for if this habit is formed, it will contribute much to their success in life.

A Woman's Sermon.

There are three things I very much wonder at: The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones and brickbats and clubs into fruit trees to knock down the fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall down itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked as to go to war and kill one another; if they would let one another alone they would die of themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so foolish as to go after the young women; if they would only stay at home the young women would come after them.

Many words do not satisfy the soul; but a good life comforteth the mind, and a pure conscience giveth great assurance in the sight of God.

DOMESTIC.

Adornments for a Dinner Table.—Still more *a la mode* is it to adorn the centre of the table with trays of varied forms, the trays being concealed beneath a mass of flowers; the flowers are kept as low as possible, in imitation of parterre gardening. These trays of flowers have entirely superseded the high epergne, which is certainly very elegant, but which possesses the disadvantage of entirely shutting out those who face it from the view of their opposite neighbors. We consider that the low trays are a great improvement; they are made in silver and electroplate, and are fitted with glass, Japanese trays, which are now very reasonable in price, answer every purpose for this kind of table decoration. At dinners *a la Russe*, flowers occupy with the dessert the whole space unoccupied by the plates of the *convives*. In the real Russian banquet, the table is extremely narrow, the ladies all walk in together and are followed by the gentlemen, who sit opposite them, the servants come and hand round every dish, the vegetables are served in separate compartments of a large round dish. When the dessert is handed round, the guests help themselves to all they are likely to require at once; the dessert is replaced upon the table, and not again touched. On retiring from table, the ladies again precede the gentlemen, and all take their departure at once, unless invited especially to spend the evening—a custom that might be followed with advantage at many reunions out of Russia.

To Cook Beefsteak.—Cut in thick slices and pound almost to fragments; put a small piece of butter into a frying pan and carefully lay the meat, peppered and salted, into it; as it browns add water every few minutes—a few tablespoonfuls at a time; turn often, but do not put a cover on it, do not let it scorch; when done dredge with flour; turn it over and add a little sweet cream; thin with water until the gravy is of the proper consistency; stew over with parsley, and set to table very hot. Generally speaking, our meat is the poorest cooked dish that is served at our tables; so much watchful care and attention are required to prepare it properly.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Quick Pudding.—Here is a recipe for a pudding, which may be made while preparing breakfast: Crumble four or five biscuits into three pints of new milk, add one cup of brown sugar, a pinch of salt, a spoonful of butter, and yolks of four eggs; a little nutmeg when done; spread the whites of the four eggs beaten to a foam with three spoonfuls of sugar and a little essence of lemon on top of the pudding; set in the oven till brown, which will be in two minutes. Make sauce with one cup sugar, half cup butter, scant spoonful of flour, pint and half water; season with lemon. It will be delicious either hot or cold.

If a calico dress is washed carelessly, starched stiff, sunned a day or two and half ironed, it is not a very comely sight. But if quickly dried in the shade, very thinly and evenly starched, and ironed on the wrong side so that it will not shine, it will look like a new dress for a long time. Many blue prints and cambrics fade when washed in the usual way. If they are washed the first time in strong salt and water, or water to which a little beef's gall is added, the colors will be set so that they will always be as handsome as at first.

Blackberry Brandy.—One pint of blackberry juice, half pound white sugar, teaspoonful each of grated nutmeg and powdered cinnamon, with half as much allspice and cloves; tie the spices up in a cotton cloth or bag, and boil all up together for fifteen minutes; skim well; add two gills of good brandy, and set aside in a covered vessel to cool. When cold strain well through a fine cotton cloth, and bottle, sealing the cork.

Sweet oil or almost any grease may be taken out of a carpet by putting one tablespoonful of ammonia or hartshorn and two of beef's gall into a pint of warm water, and sponging the spot with it very thoroughly. Then rinse repeatedly with pure alcohol, and wipe with a piece of woolen cloth till nearly dry. If the spot has been of long standing this may need to be repeated two or three times before the grease is all removed.

Pickled Nasturtium Seed.—Take the green seed and lay in salt and water for forty-eight hours, then in cold water for twenty-four; pack in bottles and cover with scalding vinegar, seasoned with mace, white pepper corns and a little sugar. Cork the bottles and let them stand a few weeks before using. They are excellent substitute for capers.

To Preserve Bright Grates or Fire Irons from Rust.—Make strong paste of fresh lime and water, and with a fine brush smear it as thickly as possible over all the polished surface requiring preservation. By this simple means all the grates and fire irons in an empty house may be kept for months free from harm, without further care or attention.

Green Tomato Sauce.—One quart of green tomatoes cup up fine, a small onion shred fine, a tumbler of good brown sugar, one of vinegar, pepper, salt, allspice and cloves to taste. Boil to a jam, stirring frequently. It must not scorch. An excellent sauce for fresh meat. Keep in small jars.

To Destroy Moth or Carpet Bugs.—Sprinkle plenty of powdered borax under the carpet before it is tacked down, then sprinkle plenty all around the edges of the carpet after it is down, and blow or shove it under the surbase.

French Coral Fishing.

It is well known that France provides nearly every market in the world with coral. The Siecle gives some valuable information upon coral fishing, which furnishes employment for a large number of people. The process of coral fishing is of the most simple nature. Imagine two long pieces of wood, forming a square cross, in the centre of which a lead or cast iron wedge is solidly affixed, and which sinks the whole machine into the middle of the sea. To each of the four branches of this cross, are attached fibres of hemp and old ropes. These fibres are united by a rope of about five fathoms in length, so that when the cross is sunk to the bottom, and is put in motion by the movements of the vessel, it catches, loosens and retains all the fragments of coral that comes within its reach. When the captain sees fit the boat is stopped, and it is then the hard labor begins for the crew. The capstan must then be turned and the heavy cross, laden with all its booty, and made still heavier by the resistance of the water, must be hoisted on deck.

This hard work is incessant: the fishermen work on an average of eighteen hours a day, and when the weather is unpleasant, which is often the case on the African coast, they have not one moment's rest. The ship only returns to port to unload, to replenish its store of eatables and fresh water, and then immediately goes back again. Of all fishing, that of coral is the most difficult. When women decorate themselves with these pink pearls they little dream what hardships and dangers had to be undergone to dislodge this beautiful product from its ocean bed. When the coral fishermen leave their homes they say they are going to suffer the torments of the cross.

HUMOROUS.

Don Piatt and Madame Le Vert. The old lady got, after a time, to have that most terrible of all things—a grievance. She would hold us by the hour on that inexhaustible subject. One night, at a charming party given by Mrs. Carlisle, we found ourselves, with Madame Le Vert on our arm, being made acquainted with that grievance. We happened to pass the Spanish Minister—then Admiral Polo—who was leaning gracefully against the wall.

"Is not that the Spanish Minister?" asked my companion.

"It is!"

"Do you know him well enough to present me?"

"Know him? Do I look like a man who did not know the Spanish Minister? Of course I will present you!"

Now, we had never exchanged a word with this diplomatic gentleman; but we were desperate, and so, marching up, we said:

"Admiral Polo, permit me to introduce you to my dear friend, Madame Le Vert."

"It gratifies me, Madame, to make your acquaintance." And then, after a slight pause, in which he eyed us, he added: "And now, Madame, will you be so good as to introduce your escort?"

This was such a cool piece of diplomatic impudence that, before Madame Le Vert could answer, we said:

"Why, Admiral, don't you remember me? I am Colonel Casey, brother-in-law to the Government!"

Poor Madame Le Vert gazed at us both in mute astonishment; but she soon was chatting with his diplomatic Excellency in Spanish.

One was a parcel boy and the other a cash boy, and as they halted under an awning for a minute the parcel boy asked: "Do you get the same old wages yet?" "Yes, just the same." "Haven't you been presented with a watch or a cane as a token of esteem?" "No—not a thing." "Don't the boss ever ask you up to a Sunday dinner?" "Not a one." "Never comes around and asks your advice about the markets?" "Never." "And he hasn't got a daughter to fall in love with you and suicide if she can't marry you?" "No." "Well, I don't see why you stay there. It must be awful humiliating to a boy of your temperament." "So it is—it's just awful on me, but I'm hanging on in hopes of finding a five dollar bill on the floor and buying all the rock candy I can eat. Seems as if I could taste it now—good-bye. Few people know how we boys suffer day after day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

When Dr. Bradon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, the text he one day took to preach, was, "Who art thou?" After reading the text, he made, (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to reflect upon the words; when a gentlemon in military dress, who at that instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the Seventh of Foot, on a recruiting party here; and, having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighboring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation, that, though they attempted to listen with decorum, the discourse was not proceeded in without considerable difficulty.

It is a strange thing to see a city chap at a country party, but he was there, and, in his conversation with one of the prettiest lasses, ventured to inquire:

"Were you ever at a watering-place?"

"O, yes," replied she, "I live right at one."

"Indeed!" exclaimed he, growing interested; "where might it be?"

"O, just out here a little way," was her innocent reply; "my father keeps the railroad tank."

The city chap, wondering whether she was in earnest or making fun of him, there dropped the subject.

"An old club fogy" reminds the London *Truth* that when Puckler Muskau was in England some forty years since, being one night at Almack's, he personally complimented Lady Jersey, who was pardonably vain of the clearness of her complexion, on "her peautiful leather," The fair Sarah stared. "Bardon" resumed Puckler Muskau, "I did mean your ladyship's peautiful hide." "Skin, Your Highness, skin," whispered a friend to the Prince. "I did not zay shin," retorted the Prince in a most dignified manner. "Shentle mans do not look at ladies' shins."

Rather Blunt.—Sir Walter Scott was, in one of his walks, leaning on the arm of his faithful attendant, Tom Purdie. Tom said: "Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it, Tom." "Yes, sir; for when I have been out all day hard at work, and come home very tired, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly."

"Why don't you speak distinctly?" cried a passenger to a brakeman who announced the name of stations in an utterly unintelligible manner. "I can't understand a word you say." "What's that to me?" responded the brakeman; "you don't expect to have a fine, clear tenor at $30 a month, do you?"

The Chinese adieu is "Chin chin." And so is a good share of the American ado.

The best present for a base ball club—An ice pitcher.

Faithful Dandy.

Mr. Baxter, a poor laboring man, was the owner of a fine dog, whose name was Dandy. Having to remove from one village to another in the State of Maine, Mr. Baxter hired a small wagon on which his furniture was packed. Then he led the horse, while Dandy followed him.

When he came to the place where he was to stop, Mr. Baxter unloaded his wagon, but was sorry to find that a chair and a basket were missing from the back part of the wagon, and that Dandy, also, could not be found. The day passed; and, as the dog did not appear, the poor man feared that something must have happened to him.

The next day, as Mr. Baxter was on his way back to the old cottage to take away another load, he heard the bark of a dog, which sounded very much like Dandy's.—Judge how glad he was when he saw by the roadside, not only his lost property, but his faithful Dandy, seated erect by the chair and basket, keeping strict guard over them.

They had fallen from the wagon when Mr. Baxter was not looking; but Dandy had seen them, and, like a good dog, felt it his duty to stay behind and guard what belonged to his master.

Although left for so long a time without food, the faithful creature had never quitted the spot where the chair and basket had fallen. But, when he saw his master, how glad was poor Dandy! He leaped up, put his paws on the man's shoulders, and barked with joy.

"Good Dandy! good Dandy!" said Mr. Baxter: "you must be hungry, old fellow! Come along: you shall have a good dinner for this. While I have a crust of bread, I'll share it with you, you noble old dog."

Pleurisy Pains, and all Asthmatic and Bronchial Affections, are soon relieved by that certain remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

A Singular Australian Bird.

A family of Australian birds, says a writer in *Good Words*, which are the most anomalous of all in their habits, are the brush turkeys, which we may look upon as supplying the place of the pheasant and grouse, and whose unique domestic economy is specially adapted for the peculiar conditions of Australian existence. The mother of a family of brush turkeys is very far removed from the position of a domestic drudge and enjoys complete immunity from the slavery of incubation. The old birds in spring share the labor of collecting an enormous mass of half-decayed leaves, rubbish and earth, five feet high and sometimes forty-five feet in circumference. As soon as the hot bed, by the fermentation of the vegetable matter, attains a heat of about eighty-nine degrees Fahrenheit, the hen bird deposits her eggs, one after another, in the centre. They are very carefully arranged in a circle on their ends and then covered to a considerable height with leaves and earth. When hatched, the young birds scratch their own way out, and are able at birth not only to run but to fly sufficiently well to enable them to perch on trees out of harm's way. The mother, however, seems generally to hang about the neighborhood and to assume at once the education and guidance of the family. The solution of this extraordinary peculiarity is, as Mr. Wallace has pointed out, only to be found in the peculiar conditions of the open regions of Australia, where prolonged droughts and scanty water supply entail a periodical scarcity of food. The confinement of the parents to one spot for the purpose of incubation might under these circumstances lead to starvation and the consequent death of the offspring, but with free power to roam the birds may easily find sustenance, and the young, fully developed at birth, are at once capable of prolonged and extended journeys.

Rest for the Mind.

When the daily occupation is monotonous and unengrossing, a full supply of excitement for the leisure hours may be desirable; but where the mental powers have been taxed to their utmost through the hours of labor, it is absolutely necessary to health and happiness that they be entirely released for at least a portion of the time that is left. It is not enough that the usual amount of time be spent in the absolute rest of sleep if every waking hour be filled to the brim with eager, serious occupation. It is not enough that certain hours be secured, free from absolute work, if they are still permeated with energetic thought, intense feeling, or exciting pleasures. The mind needs rest from effort in its waking hours, a time when it may rightly lay aside its activity and enjoy being acted upon by calm and gentle influences.

It is very singular how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among them.

Shutting Out the Enemy.

It is better to shut out the enemy, Disease, than to battle with him after he has entered the fortress of the body. Therefore, if health is endangered by hurtful influences, such as a malarious atmosphere, unhealthy occupations, sedentary pursuits, and those which necessitate undue physical or mental strain or exposure in rough weather, it is the part of wisdom to protect it by the use of a reliable preventive. No article sold, advertised or prescribed is so well adapted for this purpose as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an agreeable and efficacious tonic, recommended by physicians as a medicinal stimulant and corrective, botanic in its derivation, and having for its spirituous basis old rye of the purest quality, which preserves in an undeteriorating form the potent vegetable juices and extracts combined with it. Fortified with this benign preventive, the system may bid defiance to disease, no matter how unfavorable the conditions.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

These Pills are composed exclusively of vegetable ingredients, and, although they entirely supersede the use of Mercury, do not have 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.

Wonder upon Wonder.

Given away—A strange, mysterious and most extraordinary Book, entitled "THE BOOK OF WONDERS." Containing, with numerous curious pictorial illustrations, the mysteries of the Heavens and Earth, Natural and Supernatural Oddities, Whimsical, Strange Curiosities, Witches and Witchcraft, Dreams, Superstitions, Absurdities, Fabulous, Enchantment, &c. In order that all may see this curious book, the publishers have resolved to give it away to all that desire to see it. Address by postal card, F. Gleason & Co., 738 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Patentees and Inventors should read advertisement of Edson Bros. in another column.

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 N. 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.

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WANTED—Agents in every town to sell a new and staple article; sells at sight; no business offers the chance this does for agents to make money rapidly. Send stamp for circular to Knickerbocker Clothes Pin and Holder Co., P. O. box 325, Worcester, Mass.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR has been in use over 30 years, and is warranted to produce a beard on a smooth face, or hair on the head, or money refunded. Sent by mail for 50c. and 1 stamp. Address, DYKES & CO., Druggists, 110 Fulton St., N. Y.

VEGETINE.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW WRITES:

178 Baltic Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1874.

H. R. Stevens, Esq.

Dear Sir.—From personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby have seemed almost miraculous, I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the Vegetine for the complaints which it is claimed to cure.

JAMES P. LUDLOW,
Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE.

SHE RESTS WELL.

South Poland, Me., Oct. 11, 1874.

Mr. H. R. Stevens.

Dear Sir,—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the Vegetine I rest well, and relish my food. Can recommend the Vegetine for what it has done for me.

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. Albert Ricker.

Witness of the above,
Mr. George M. Vaughan,
Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE.

GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN.

Boston Home, 14 Tyler Street, Boston, April, 1876.

H. R. Stevens.

Dear Sir—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the Vegetine you have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the Scrofula.

With respect,
Mrs. N. Wormell, Matron.

VEGETINE.

REV. O. T. WALKER SAYS:

Providence, R. I., 164 Transit Street.

H. R. Stevens, Esq.

I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your Vegetine. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic. O. T. Walker,
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin-square Church, Boston.

VEGETINE.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

South Salem, Mass., Nov. 14, 1876.

Mr. H. R. Stevens.

Dear Sir,—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker, and Liver Complaint for three years. Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the Vegetine. I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the Vegetine. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can heartily recommend it to everybody. Yours truly,
Mrs. Lizzie M. Packard,
No. 16 Lagrange Street, south Salem, Mass.

VEGETINE.

RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY.

South Boston.

Mr. Stevens.

Dear Sir,—I have taken several bottles of your Vegetine, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and General Debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all sufferers from the above complaints. Yours respectfully,
Mrs. Munroe Parker.

VEGETINE

Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

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