Iceland.

Remote and barren as it is, Iceland has *one* rare merit—that of coinciding, to some extent at least, with one's preconceived impressions of it; for, as a rule, traveling, like history, may be defined as the science which measures the extent to which two men can differ from each other, and both from the truth. To most men, the men of China conjure up a phantasmagoria of tea, chopsticks, pigtails, ivory carvings, wholesale beheading, and a diet alternating between birds'-nest and fricasseed dog. That of India suggests a dim vision of gorgeous cities, all palaces and pagodas, through which glittering processions—consisting chiefly of white elephants mounted by rajahs peppered with diamonds—pass and repass all day long. That of Russia brings with it a confused jumble of snow, forests, wolves boundless steppes, log-huts, sheepskin frocks, flogging to death, an omniscient police, a constant trotting off of innocent men to Siberia, and a passionate but abnormal love of eating candles; while that of Orkney, Shetland, or Faroe, conveys only a vague outline of "black crags and lashing waves," in the foreground of which appears a fantastically attired man, indulging in an apparently aimless seesaw at the end of a rope, midway down a precipice of six hundred feet, with one eagle staring vacantly in his face in front, and another picking the buttons off his coat behind.

But our first sight of Iceland, looming spectrally through a shroud of rising mist, fully bears out the impression of grim and lonely desolation which its name seems instinctively to call up. Not till three in the afternoon do the dark pyramids of the mountains begin to define themselves through the breaking clouds, and the whole panorama arrays itself before us in all its rugged grandeur. But here, instead of the huge, rounded bluffs of Faroe, are sharp serrated ridges, following each other all along the horizon like lashing waves, and upon their broad slopes the snow lies deep and wide, and the sea breaks at their feet in unresting spray; the clouds roll off them like the smoke of a battle, and the leaden sky stoops sullenly over them from above—a picture of unmatched desolation.

As we approach the mouth of Berufjord (our first halting place, Reykjavik itself being the second) the universal dreariness of the landscape increases a hundred-fold. In the calmest and brightest weather there is always something hard and stern about the far North; but when seen, as now, beneath the rolling clouds of a stormy evening, its grimness becomes overwhelming. Not a tree, not a shrub, to soften the bare, bleak sides of innumerable mountains, heaving up their rocky slopes against the cold, gray sky; not a sheep nor a cow on the few patches of grass that linger in the clefts of this great sepulchre of Nature. The only living things in the dreary panorama are the seals which trail themselves heavily over the low, black reefs which guard the entrance of the fjord. Gray sky above, gray sea below; a vast, colorless desolation; an immense, crushing silence; a sense of remoteness from the living world—of being shut in by a region where man comes only as an intruder, venturing rashly under the destroying might of Nature's tremendous inaction. Amid such surroundings one can well understand the feeling which prompted the ancient Norseman whose whole life was one battle with the destructive forces of the iron region in which they lived, to choose as the symbols of their creed the flaming sword of Surtur, and the rock-rending hammer of Thor.—*Appletons' Journal.*

The Japanese Persimmon.

This fruit has recently been introduced into California and is attracting much attention. Professor Griffis, author of the "Mikado's Empire," writes in regard to this new tree.

"It is one of the handsomest of fruit trees, and in the fall, with its golden-hued fruit hanging to the branches after the leaves have fallen, forms a beautiful and striking picture in a landscape.

The timber is very valuable, and is much used by the Japanese for carved work, cornices, solid articles of furniture, and such objects as require a comparatively heavy and close-grained wood, which, by its color and tissue, is well suited for ornamentation and handsome utility. The juice expressed from unripe persimmons forms a very useful liquid for staining wood, giving it a rich brown color, like walnut.

Much of the carved wood and wooden utensils, and cabinets from Japan, often supposed to be walnut by our people, is in reality only common wood stained with persimmon juice. Some of the most elegant wood-carvings at the Centennial were of this nature.

As to the fruit itself, it is nutritious, palatable, and to a high degreee charged with those chemical ingredients which give most fruits their value in preserving the health and purifying the blood. This fact is insisted on by the Japanese doctors, some of whom I have known to cure their patients by a 'persimmon cure,' like that of the 'grape cure' of Southern Europe.

The most luscious Japanese persimmons are ripened by air-tight closures in casks containing kaki (a kind of beer made of rice), which in two or three weeks perfect a remarkable flavor. Unlike our fruit, the Japanese species ripen without frost, though frost improves the common varieties

The large amount of 'grape' sugar in this fruit has set some persons experimenting on them to determine whether satisfactory results have yet been obtained. The fact of their containing so much sacharine matter is the reason of the ease with which they may be dried or cured, in which form they are sold as sweetmeats in Japanese shops.

Manners at Table.

As do the old so will the children do. If, when a child asks for a biscuit, it is picked up by the parent and handed around one at a time, or thrown at the child, there is no chance to reprove the child when it does the same to the parent. When a parent eats with a knife, and forgets to use the fork, the child is warranted in doing the same. A chatty cheerful table is always desired, free from formal stiffness; but freedom is not rudeness, ease is not boorishness; good breeding will show its presence quicker at table than in the parlor or saloon. Let parents be careful to set the example, and the chtidren will not be slow to do likewise.

GET Rid of One Cold before you contract another on top of it, or you may securely establish the seeds of a serious Lung Complaint, before you are conscious of danger. Better pudently resort to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an effective cure for coughs and colds, and helpful also for its healing influence on the Lungs and Bronchia.

AGRICULTURE.

VALUE OF COB MEAL.—From experiments made in feeding a herd of some dozen or more milch cows, one of our correspondents near Worcester, Mass., writes us that he is pretty well satisfied that for producing milk the cob meal from our northern corn, that is, the meal from the corn and cob ground together is worth nearly or quite as much, bushel for bushel, as the clear meal from western or southern corn. He raised a good crop of corn on his farm, and has been feeding it in the form of cob meal to his cows in milk, and found very little difference in the yield from this and clear meal from western corn. As our correspondent sells all his milk, he would certainly notice any material increase or decrease in the production from day to day, and after making several changes from clear meal to cob meal, and from cob meal to clear meal again, he was forced to the conclusion that the difference in value for feeding purposes, bulk for bulk, is certainly very small indeed. Allowing this to be true, he concludes that farmers here in New England may yet find it profitable to produce their own grain for feeding their dairy herds, thus saving a great annual expense in the way of grain bills. If a dairy farmer can raise his own meal for his cows, he will find the net profits at the end of the year considerably increased, for most milkmen claim it takes about all the milk money to pay for the milk bought from the village store on the return trip.

There is one advantage in feeding cob meal which is often overlooked by farmers. Cob meal lies up light and porous in the stomach and is easily mingled with the fluid secretions necessary for perfect digestion, while clear meal, especially if ground fine, lies very compactly in a mass, and is difficult of digestion on that account. Shorts mixed with clear meal act as a divider, rendering the latter more readily digestible under the action of the gastric secretions of the animal, but as cob meal may be produced at home, it may, on the whole, often be a cheaper food than purchased corn and wheat shorts. The subject is worthy of further experiment.—*New England Farmer.*

ORNAMENT AND UTILITY.—With very little additional cost and trouble, the unsightly structures erected here and there about the home grounds might be converted into ornaments. Especially is this apparent in the winter season, when they are not concealed by the foliage of the vines, which cover up their ugliness.

It is, indeed, a matter of surprise that so many owners of country homes overlook the beautiful when utility and beauty might just as well be combined. Small out-houses, grape-vine arbors and frequented walks may not only be made beautiful ornaments to the garden, but shady resting-places, where those who so desire, in the heat of the summer day, or even during warm, sunshiny winter weather, may find a pleasant retreat. There are scores of hardy vines that, with a trifle of care, may be made to cover such arbors, rendering them most attractive in themselves, and objects which, together, serve to form the out-door attractions of home. It is, we repeat, a matter of surprise, when we think of these things, that the grounds about so many country dwellings are, as if from choice, utterly neglected.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A GOOD cow in full flow of milk will often lose flesh even on flush pastures. The reason is, that the secretion of milk is then the paramount instinct, and it is often exhibited to a greater extent than can be supported by the food given, and hence, the animal being in good condition, the fat and flesh previously held is called upon. In fact it is now generally considered that a cow will yield more in butter than she would store as fat, and for the reason that, when giving milk, the appetite is constantly stimulated and she eats more. So, when the product is manufactured into cheese the yield of fat and flesh-forming substances will be greater than would be laid on by the animal when out of milk. Hence, the economy of furnishing the animal with plenty of the best and most easily digested food.—*Prairie Farmer.*

HEN GUANO.—The manure of the fowl house is so rich that it should be mixed with three or four times its own bulk of swamp muck or some similar substance, for if applied undiluted it will burn and kill plants and prevent germination. It is estimated that a single hen's excrement during a year is equivalent to fifteen pounds of guano; and experiments have shown that the droppings of twenty-five fowls, properly composted, during the year will make manure enough for an acre.

The Signal Service.

It was a dismal rainy day in December. Socrates, who had no umbrella, and in fact didn't have time to live until the first one was made, stood on the front steps of his house, drawing his cloak around him, before venturing down the street. From the opposite side of the street his friend Theramenes, passing by, familiary hailed him as "Soc," and shouted:

"Blustery this morning."

"Yes," replied the philosopher, "it's cold."

"Hey?" suddenly shot the voice of Xantippe from a second story window, hey?" what's that?"

"I said," exclaimed Socrates, promptly throwing up his guard and backing prudently into the doorway; "I said it's scold."

"Said what?" was the sharp rejoinder; "you say that again, and say it slow."

"It's scold," repeated the philosopher: "its cold; its scold as thunder, I said."

There was a moment's silence, during which Xantippe appeared to be buried in profound thought, while the great disciple of Anaxagoras occupied the painful interval by girding up his loins and tucking his trousers in the tops of his boots and making other preparations for a lively run. Presently there came from the window:

"You hold on there a minute, young man, till I come down. I want to see you a second before I go down town."

There was a fierce, rapid flapping of attic sandals upon the wet pavement, the wild rush of a cloaked figure through the pelting rain, and ten minutes later Socrates was explaining to Plato and Xenophon that he had chased a street car all the way from the Peiraic gate and was clear out of breath.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Model for Printers.

Stephen A. Haviland, printer, who died in New York, was an apprentice to William E. Dean, who is now in the ninety-ninth year of his age, and went to learn the trade first at the age of twelve years, in 1823. He was perhaps the most correct printer or compositor of the age. He has been known to set up a form of twelve pages (1,200 ems in the page), in Greek, Latin and English, without making a single mistake in the twelve pages. He one time set up the whole of a concordance for the Bible, in diamond type without a mistake. He was in the employ of the Methodist book concern at the time of his death and has been in its employ for the last thirty years, during twenty-five of which he was "revise" proofreader. He was sixty-six years of age.

SCIENTIFIC.

Latent Heat.—The amount of heat lying latent in motion, and waiting only for the arrest of motion to become sensible, is suggested by Prof. Tyndall, the author of "Heat as a mode of motion," in this way:

"The shock which would be created were the motion of the earth to cease would be sufficient not only to set the whole earth on fire and melt it, but also to convert it into a whole mass of vapor. The heat would be equal to that derived from the combustion of 14 globes of coal, each equal to the earth in magnitude. And if after the stoppage of its motion the earth should fall into the sun, as it assuredly would, the amount of heat generated by the blow of contact with the sun would be equal to that developed by the combustion of 5,600 worlds of solid carbon."

Possibly, says the Indianapolis News, that star which recently appeared to burn out and become nebulous, as if returning to its primordial condition, was halted in its course by some disturbance and took fire from the effect of it. If the sun and its system were formed of incandescent vapor set in motion, as La Place holds, and the arrest of motion produces heat, the natural suggestion of the relation would be that the heat of a halt of the earth would be sufficient to return the planet to its vaporiform state. It came out of that state by motion and stoppage of motion should send it back.

The question then would be whether this gaseous condition would be produced so instantaneously as to prevent the earth from falling into the sun, as its gravitation would force it to do if its diurnal motion should cease and its dense condition should continue for any perceptible time. If it did fall the heat of the collision would vaporize it, and if it didn't it would be vaporized first. So in any event everything would be gas, and the work of creation, or evolution rather, might begin again. For if one of the planets should be put out of place the rest would tumble out together, and the system go to "staves" in no time.

This, then, may of be one the dozen or so ways that the world is to come to an end. As the heat of the sun, by the Tyndall theory, is maintained by the fall of meteorites, comets, vagrant, unknown planets, and all sorts of cosmical bodies into it, there is a color of reason in the fancy that some time this fuel of the system may be used up, and the sun go out. Then the world would come to an end for the want of heat, instead of too much heat, unless it and the other planets with it fall into the sun together, and then all will be vapor again. And thus creation and destruction, preparatory to a fresh creation, keep going on forever.

The system will run down and out in certain millions of centuries, and then it is wound up by being retured to the "primordial fire mist," and set to run through the same course again. This present solar system is only one planetary generation, and for all we know may not be the first, but the the tenth or the hundreth, which gives one a big idea of eternity.

New improvements in the electric light will come into sharp competition with M. Jablochkoff's inventions. But as he is still engaged in making his own contrivances more efficient, he is at least likely to keep even with the foremost. Among the recent inventions of this sort, which are favorably spoken of, is a European one which operates by the expansion of a silver wire, that moves a train of wheel-work, so as to regulate the height of the carbons. In the Brush electric light recently shown before the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, the carbons are coated with copper, so as to diminish their rate of burning, and enable them to be made more slender; their regulation as to height being effected by a peculiar compensating machinery. The Brush magneto-electric machine was also exhibited before the Institute.

A Liverpool correspondent of *The English Mechanic* describes an engine in which gunpowder was to give the motive power. There was a cylinder etc., like the corresponding parts of a high-pressure steam engine. Ouside the cylinder was a brass wire, heated by a lamp. The supply of gunpowder was in a hopper, from which a plug tap, revolving with the fly-wheel, carried a small quantity of gunpowder, and at a certain point in the movement dropped the portion of powder on the red-hot wire. The working of the engine is thus epitomized: "The theory was beautiful; but upon the first trial, unfortunately, the whole affair 'went off' so completely (very nearly taking father's head along with it) that he 'let it went, and did not make any more."

Mr. Edison, the inventor of many improvements in telegraphy, is hard at at work in the endeavor to make the telephone record the sounds in transmits. His apparatus at present consists chiefly of a steel point attached to the disk of a telephone, and pressing lightly on a strip of paper passed beneath the point at a uniform rate. The vibrations of the disk are thus recorded, and can be translated. Mr. Edison has already achieved some success in this attempt, but as yet finds difficulty with the more delicate vibrations. The invention suggests an ultimate possibility of reporting a speech at distance, verbatim, without the need of shorthand.

Prof. Pettenkofer, at the recent meeting of the German Association of Naturalists at Munich, thus spoke of the duty of scientific investigators: "Natural science has but to look for facts and truths, and need never busy itself about the immediate practical application of what has been found, because for them alone it deserves the sympathy of the entire civilized world, and the means necessary for its culture and development."

We can do with the body all that we have already done with the battery—heat platinum wires, decompose water, magnetize iron, and detect a magnetic needle.

A Campaign Slander.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce was a candidate for State Senator, his political opponents published a pretended analysis of his popular medicines, hoping thereby to prejudice the people against him. His election by an overwhelming majority severely rebuked his traducers, who sought to impeach his business integrity. No notice would have been taken of these campaign lies were it not that some of his enemies (and every successful business man has his full quota of envious rivals) are republishing these bogus analyses. Numerous and most absurd formulas have been published, purporting to come from high authority; and it is a significant fact that no two have been alike—conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors.

The following is from the *Buffalo Commercial*, of Oct. 23d, 1877:

"Hardly a dozen years ago he (Dr. Pierce) came here, a young and unknown man, almost friendless, with no capital except his own manhood, which, however, included plenty of brains and pluck, indomitable perseverance, and inborn uprightness. Capital enough for any young man in this progressive country, if only he has good health and habits as well. He had all these great natural advantages and one thing more, a good education. He had studied medicine and been regularly licensed to practice as a physician. But he was still a student, fond of investigation and experiment. He discovered, or invented, important remedial agencies or compounds. Not choosing to wait wearily for the sick and suffering to find out (without anybody to tell them) that he could do them good, he advertised his medicines and invited the whole profession, of every school, to examine and pronounce judgment upon their merits. He advertised liberally, profusely, but with extraordinary shrewdness, and with a method which is in itself a lesson to all who seek business by that perfectly legitimate means. His success has been something marvelous—so great indeed that it must be due to intrinsic merit in the articles he offers more than to his unparalleled skill in the use of printer's ink. The present writer once asked a distinguished dispensing druggist to explain the secret of the almost universal demand for Dr. Pierce's medicines. He said they were in fact genuine medicines,—such compounds as every good physician would prescribe for the diseases which they were advertised to cure. Of course, they cost less than any druggist would charge for the same article supplied on a physician's prescription, and besides there was the doctor's fee saved. Moreover, buying the drugs in such enormous quantities, having perfect apparatus for purifying and compounding the mixture, he could not only get better articles in the first place, but present the medicine in better form and cheaper than the same mixture could possibly be obtained from any other source.

It may be thought that all this having reference to Dr. Pierce's private business has no point whatever when considered in connection with the proper qualifications of a candidate for the Senate. Perhaps. But it is the fashion now, and will be for a fortnight more, with sundry journals, to make sneering allusions to this very matter. After that brief period, they will be quite ready to go on doing his work as before, and as always before, to speak of him as a great public benefactor."

DOMESTIC.

ROAST PIG, to be nice, should not be less than three or more than six weeks old, and should weigh from eight to fourteen pounds. Wash it thoroughly with soda and water, then rinse it in salt and water, and finally in clear water; wipe dry inside and out, and fill with a dressing made of boiled potatoes mashed very smooth and beaten until light, with the addition of a generous piece of butter, two eggs, half a chopped onion, powdered sage, pepper and salt to taste; stuff the pig into a nice comfortable shape, sew up, the fore feet bent backward and the hind feet forward; dust with flour, and put it in the dripping pan with a very little boiling water. Baste often with butter and salt water and the drippings, and when it begins to brown rub it very often with a lump of butter tied in a cloth. This will make the skin crisp and tender. Cook for two or three hours, according to the size; when done, set it for five minutes in a freezing cold place, then garnish with curled parsley and sliced lemon. Put a slice of lemon or small bouquet of flowers in the mouth, a garland of parsley round the neck, and trim the edge of the platter with plenty of parsley and lemon. Turn the drippings from the pan, leaving only a little; thicken this with a little flour; let it brown, then add water, wine, lemon juice, and salt and pepper to taste; let it boil until it thickens and strain it into a gravy boat. Always serve fresh-made apple sauce with roasted pig.

NEW FRENCH METHOD OF WASHING.—A new system of washing has lately been introduced in some French towns which is worthy of special mention. Its economy is so great as to reduce the cost to the following figures: Five centimes (½d.) for a pair of drawers; two and a half centimes (¼d.) for each shirt, and so on. This is the process: One kilo (two pounds) of soap is reduced with a little water to a sort of pap, which, having been slightly warmed, is cooled in forty-five liters (ten gallons) of water, to which is added one spoonful of turpentine oil and two spoonfuls of ammonia; then the mixture is agitated. The water is kept at a temperature which may be borne by the hand. In this solution the white clothes are put, and left there for two hours before washing them with soap, taking care in the meantime to cover the tub. The solution may be warmed again and used once more, but it will be necessary to add half a spoonful of turpentine and another spoonful of ammonia. Once washed with soap, the clothes are put in warm water, and the blue is applied. This process, it is obvious, spares much time, much labor, and fuel, while it gives to the clothes a whiteness much superior to that obtained by any other method, and the destructive use of the wash-board or of pounding is not necessary to clean the cloths from the impurities which they contain.

A PRETTY MANTLEPIECE ORNAMENT.—A pretty ornament may be obtained by suspending an acorn by a piece of thread tied around it, within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a vase, tumbler, or saucer, and allowing it to remain undisturbed for several weeks. It will soon burst open, and small roots will seek the water; a straight and tapering stem as beautiful as those of the oak. The water should be changed once a month, taking care to supply water of the same warmth; bits of charcoal added to it will prevent the water from souring. If the little leaves burn yellow, put a grain of nitrate of ammonia in the utensil which holds the water, and it will renew their luxuriance.

TO POLISH SHELL COMBS.—Take a chamois skin, put a teaspoonful of sperm oil in the centre and add rotten stone, as much as the oil will take up. Polish your comb, or other shell work, with the rotten stone and oil and finish with dry rotten stone, using the dry part of the chamois. Never wash your chamois; keep it for polishing; it will last for years. In delicate machinery, fine lock, jewelry, &c., never use olive oil, or any other vegetable oils, nothing but the best sperm; all others are drying oils, and instead of lubricating leave a gum that will soon ruin a machine or lock.

RESTORING THE COLOR OF LACE.—Lace may be restored to its original whiteness by first ironing it slightly, then folding it and sewing it into a clean linen bag, which is placed for twenty-four hours in pure olive oil. Afterwards the bag is to be boiled in a solution of soap and water for fifteen minutes, then well rinsed in lukewarm water, and final dipped into water containing a slight proportion of starch. The lace is then to be taken from the bag and stretched on pins to dry.

RED ANTS.—Wet a sponge with water in which some sugar has been dissolved; squeeze the sponge as dry as possible, saving the sugar water, and set the sponge where the ants infest. It will soon be full of them. Dip it in scalding water, which will kill the ants. Dip it again in the sugar water and set it. You will soon catch all the ants and destroy them.

Ancient Origin of the Spanish Merino Sheep

The invaluable race of the Spanish Merino Sheep is probably an inheritance of Roman civilization. The race most prized by the Romans was called the Tarrentine, from Tarrentum, a town settled by a Greek colony. They were called also Greek sheep. Their wool was of exceeding fineness, and they were protected by coverings of skins, and were also carefully housed and often combed and bathed with oil and wine. Hence they were very delicate. Columella, the eminent agricultural writer of the Romans, who lived in the country before the Christian Era, relates ("*De Re Rustica*, Lib, VII, Chap. 2) that his paternal uncle, M. Columella, "a man who transported from Cadiz to his farm lands, which were in Boetia, comprehending a part of the present province of Estramadura, some wild rams of admirable whiteness, brought from Africa, and crossed them with the covered or Tarrentine ewes. Their offspring which had the paternal whiteness, being put to paternal ewes produced rams with a fine fleece. The progeny of these again retained the softness of the dam and the whiteness of the sire and grandsire. Other agriculturists undoubtedly imitated. Columella and a stronger constitution was thus imparted to the fine-fleeced but delicate sheep of ancient Italy. That this improvement commenced in ancient Spain is further established by the testimony of Strabo, who says in his account of the geography of that country (Lib. III, Chap. 2) that in his time, that of the Emperor Tiberius, wool of great fineness and beauty was exported from Hudilania, a part of Boetia, and that the rams were sold in that province for improving the breed for a talent each, or about one thousand dollars. When the Roman Empire was over-run by the barbarians, the Tarrentine stock of Italy, being very tender, became extinct; but the improved stocks of Boetia, living in the mountains, survived, and was perpetuated by the Moors, who, skilled in the textile arts, could appreciate its value. It still exists as the Merino of Spain. If this view is correct, the Merino race is the most important surviving relic of the material civilization of the Greeks and Romans.—*The Fleece and the Loom.*

HUMOROUS.

"OUR TRADE IS GONE."—He stood shivering around the central market, a drop of rain finding its way down his spinal column now and then. He recognized the fact that the season had closed, and that sleeping under sheds had become cold and monotonous. "I've got to lay out plans for the winter," he was heard musing as he dived into his empty pockets. "I'm kinder 'fraid that the public are sick of grasshopper and fire sufferers, and I know they are up to snuff on the dodge of the clergyman driven out of Arkansaw by the Ku-klux. Let's see: I might be a Russian or a Turkish exile, but I can't talk the language. I might be a settler driven out of Idaho by the Injuns, but the war is ended. All these kerosene and gunpowder accidents are old, the public don't care any more who gets hurt on railroads, and my eyes are too good to play off blind. 'Nother hand organ wouldn't pay, the chestnut business is too cold, and folks won't buy any more toothache cure. Hang it, all the dodges are played, and here I am as hungry as a wolf and clothes are gone! It looks as if the day wasn't far off when we'll all have to go to work and wear ourselves down to the bone to get a living.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WELL 'my son,' you have got into grammer, have you?" said a proud sire to his thickest chip the other night. "Let me hear you compare some adjective."

Chip.—"All right. Little, less, least; big, bigger, beast; mow, more, most—"

Proud sire.—"Hold on, sir, that's not right; you—"

Chip.—"Toe, tore, toast; snow, snore, snort; go, gore, gout; row, roar, rout—"

Proud Sire.—"Stop, I say; those adjectives—"

Chip.—Drink, drank, drunk; chink, chank, chunk; wink, wank, wunk; think, thank, thunk—"

Proud Sire.—"You infernal little fool! What in thunder—"

Chip.—"Good, better, best; wood, water, west; bad, wusser, wust; bile, biler, bust; sew, sewer, soup; pew, poor, pup,—o-u-c-h! oh, g-eminently, dad! 'Ohso-o!

The outraged parent had broken into the recitation with a boot-jack.

"CHILDREN" said the teacher, addressing the infant class. "Children, do you know you were all born in sin?" "Please sir," interrupted a little one, "I wasn't; I was born in New Orleans." "Well, that's the same thing," said the teacher, impatiently. "Don't interrupt me any more."

THERE had been a discussion about the cost of a dress, and she was wrathy. "It's all very well," she pouted, "for you to expect a woman to be an angel; but I'd have you to know, sir, that I wouldn't be even an angel unless my wings could be cut goring. There, now!"

"FATHER, is 'Jack' a better name than 'John?'"

"No, my son, 'Jack' is inelegant. Say 'John' always."

"Well, father, I saw you sling that boot-John at a cat last night out of the bath-room window."

THE son of a clergyman was delivering a college valedictory, when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he pulled out a pack of cards. "Hullos!" he exclaimed, "I've got on my father's coat!"

AS A FRIGHTENED darkey, chased by an infuriated bull, neared the boundaries of the field, he enthusiastically exclaimed "Millions for de fence, but not one cent for de brute."

WHEN the industrious farmer makes souse out of a pig's ears, and ham out of his hind legs, he is literally making both ends meat.

THE Greeks are so courteous that they speak of a woman with big feet, pug nose and shrill voice as "a mistake of the angels."

"WHY didn't you insert my article?" asked a contributor; "was it too long?" "No," replied the editor; "it was too narrow."

WHICH is the most wonderful animal in the farm-yard? A pig, because he is killed first and cured afterward.

"JANE, it is eleven o'clock. Tell that young man to shut the front door from the outside."

YOU KNOW why a lover's heart is like a whale? Of course. It is a secreter of great sighs.

WHAT letters of the alphabet are most like a Roman Emperor? The C's are.

HOTEL keepers are people we have to "put up with."

A FAVORITE age among Congressmen—Mile-age.

AN AUCTIONEER'S motto—buy and buy.

A Contrast.

If we were to be asked to say in one word the quality that more than anything else marks English towns and all public places as compared with our own, we should have to say neatness. English streets are well paved and clean; English roads are well kept; English railway stations are in perfect order; English fields are trim and neat; English gardens, hedges, fences and lawns, all exhibit care and oversight. English smoke and fog blackens and stains all the buildings, but English care more than compensates for this unavoidable evil. We are not so particular here. We have a clear atmosphere and brilliant skies, but we are all, so far as public places are concerned, sons and daughters of Shabbyville. This is more strange, because in our households no such reproach is true. There are no neater or better-kept homes anywhere than American homes, nor are any people cleanlier or neater in their habits. It is wholly in public matters that this shabbiness we complain of exists; and this arises, of course, first, from the neglect of the official persons we endow with handsome salaries for leaving undone the things they should do; and next, from a strange indifference on everybody's part to everything of a public nature, to everything that is not within his own private administration.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Brains and Will.

There are many men and women who are ill from want of brains. They suffer a voluntary decline because they do not possess the brain-power that can offer the blood any inducement to circulate. The blood does not want to be rushing about when there is nothing going on in the man or woman that owns the blood. Why should the heart or lungs be toiling all day and all night when the person who owns those machines has no use for any new stock of tissues or blood? Pluck is a wonderful agent in throwihg off disease. A walk of five miles would cure many an occupant of the lounge. Will-power will surpass pill-power in nine cases out of ten. To hold a bottle of smelling salts in the hand on account of a headache is just the thing at times, but to fling a pound of fruit cake out in the alley, and then walk a furlong as a reward for not eating the compound, is nearly always a much better thing.

Do Hens Reason.

A hen made a nest in a box in the baggage car, and in the course of time had fifteen eggs and stuck to them through thick and thin night and day, except to step off the train occasionally to get food and water, and last Tuesday hatched thirteen chickens, notwithstanding the rumbling, rolling process the eggs passed through, Mr. Shriver (baggage master) says that after the sitting process began she would frequently, when off the nest in search of food and water, get left by the train at Shelbyville and sometimes at Wartrace, and on such occasions she would quietly wait for the train to return, and sometimes meet it when it came in sight and fly into the baggage car and get on the nest immediately. When the train stopped for wood she would sometimes fly out to get something to eat, and when the car bell rang she would fly back immediately. She would sometimes manifest her joy at the appearance of the train by cackling at a high rate. Mother and chickens are all doing well.—*Shelbyville Gazette.*

Hostetter's Almanac.

The edition for 1878 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. This issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1878, is in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages, will in all probability be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

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