The Eton Boy.

So long as boys are permitted to go about loose, one is liable to meet with them, and I met with a specimen only last week which I shall not easily forget.

I was starting from the Waterloo station by an afternoon train for Hampshire and meeting with four military friends who were going to Farnboro's station (for Aldershot), I got into their carriage. Beside us five, there was an Eton boy. There is no mistaking that description of the race; they are always dressed in the height of fashion in the vacations, although at school they delight in a hat with half its brim off, and, moreover, they all wear stiff little white ties, which give them the appearance of duodecimo ministers of some juvenile religious sect. The little wretches are as haughty and reserved as North American Indians and the individual of fourteen years of age or so, whom we had on this occasion for our fellow-traveller, looked as though the entire railway station, plants, and valuable house property adjacent belonged entirely to himself. My soldier friends, however, a class which has generally a proper contempt for boys—paid no sort of attention to him, and as for me, I was delighted to ignore his presence.

"Now, Jack," said my friends two of whom were my college chums, and all of them intimates, "you will let us smoke, we know, although not fond of it yourself."

"Well," replied I, "it will probably make me ill, but otherwise I have no objection."

As soon as the train began to move they accordingly lit their cigars; they had not, however, taken three puffs before the child in the white cravat (whose wishes nobody had thought of consulting) requested in that half-hoarse, half-squeaking voice peculiar to his period of life, that they should put their cigars out, because smoking was offensive to him, and contrary to the by-laws.

The officers stared as though the carriage-lamp had uttered an observation and then all four burst out into a roar of laughter.

"You will find it no laughing matter, gentlemen, when you get to Farnboro," said the Etonian; "or, at all events, the joke will cost you two pounds apiece. You have been warned, as the Act directs; I object to your smoking in this carriage."

"Then get into another, you little brute," observed Pepperpot, of the 110th; "indeed, I have a great mind to drop you out of the window as we go along."

"I will thank you for your name and address," returned the phenomenon, stiffly; here is my card at your service. Be so good as to name your friend."

"Smith, of London," replied Pepperpot. "Only give me time to write to my wife and family. What a bloodthirsty young creature it is!"

"He is very plucky," remarked Norman, of the kilts, approvingly; "I will say that for him; but what cheek! what cheek!"

"I am obliged to you for your good opinion," returned the little wonder, drawing out a gold repeater; "but if within one minute your cigars are not all extinguished, I will appear against you as sure as I am a living man. My time is of no consequence, and I would as soon get out at Farnboro's as anywhere else; so you may be sure you will not escape. I feel it my duty to prosecute upon public ground."

Once more did Pepperpot glance at the window, and even stretched his hand toward this human gadfly, as though he would have nipped him up between finger and thumb; but with a rueful look at his companion, he presently cast his beloved weed out of the carriage, instead of the boy. The other three followed his example; for was it worth while to pay forty shillings each for a forty-five minutes' ride."

"That's right," observed the young gentleman, approvingly, returning his watch to his pocket, and reengaging himself in the columns of Bell's Life; "obedience to the law is one of the duties of the soldier."

Conversation flagged after this, for a sense of disgraceful defeat oppressed the spirits of my friends. They said a great number of severe things against the common enemy; but he never lifted his eyes from the exciting details of the Champion Fight of the Light Weights, which appeared to afford him intense though tranquil satisfaction. When the soldiers got out at Farnboro's I observed his eyes twinkle with especial merriment; but I could not be certain that he was enjoying his victory until the train began to move again. No sooner, however, had we left the platform, than the Etonian burst into such a series of fits of laughter that they actually rumpled his neckcloth. He became, in short, to my horror, a boy, in one of its most ordinary and repulsive forms.

"I think I did 'em, eh, old stick-in-the-mud?" observed he, when he had got a little breath.

"You deprived four gentlemen of an hour's pleasure," returned I, haughtily.

"Yes, but I deprived myself as well," returned the diminutive one, producing from his pocket a briar pipe. "I can't go without my tobacco myself without great inconvenience."

"What!" cried I; "you are not going to smoke yourself, you young monkey—"

"Ain't I, though?" interrupted the Etonian, nodding in an offensively familiar manner. "If those fellows had been civil, and asked my permission to smoke as well as yours, I would have given them each a better cigar than the Line are accustomed to, I flatter myself; but since they chose to carry matters with a high hand—puff, puff—and got hold of the wrong man for that sort of thing—puff, puff—why, they have to take the consequences."

"But I will not permit *you* to smoke, young sir," observed I, indignantly; "or, if you do (for I shrank from a personal contest with that audacious child) you shall pay a couple of sovereigns out of your pocket-money at the station."

"Excuse me," returned the Etonian, blandly; the by-laws says, 'objected to;' now when your friend inquired whether you would allow them to smoke, Jack—smoke-jack; by-the-by, that's funny—when your friends—puff, puff—demanded that, you replied, for I heard you, that you had no objection.

Spiders' Webs.—Leuwenhoek has computed that one hundred of the single threads of a full grown spider are not equal to the diameter of the human beard; and consequently, if the threads and hair be both round, ten thousand such threads are not larger than such a hair. He calculates that 4,000,000 of a spider's threads, which are much finer than those of full grown spiders, are not so large as the single human hair.

AGRICULTURE.

How to Use Fertilizers.—In general, the use of a single fertilizer will be found profitable as a farm practice only in connection with manure or on land in strong heart, and the poor farmer will never succeed in enhancing the cropping capacity of his farm to an increased profitable position through the use of one fertilizer alone. Much of the discredit which artificial fertilizers have won, has risen from a non-appreciation of the fact that they cannot supersede dung, but must be used in connection with other plant food. A superphosphate or a nitrogenous, or a potassic manure can always find place on a farm, but can never take the place of manure in farm practice, and the sooner this false hope is destroyed, the better it will be for all concerned. A mixture of chemicals or other elements containing the food that plants require does, however, offer promise of practical results on the farm, and can be offered in competition with dung, so far as the result in crops is concerned. This, then, is the promise of the complete fertilizer; if the farmer has dung sufficient for five acres only, and wishes to cultivate ten or more, in addition to what his dung supply will allow, then he must rely on the complete fertilizer for every acre in addition to what his dung will cover. The experience of ages has shown the reliability of dung; all the best modern experiments we have to show the efficacy of a mixture of chemicals in taking the place of dung, provided they supplement the soil supply so as to furnish to the crops the elements shown by analysis to exist in dung. We cannot fairly compare a superphosphate in its results with dung; a single element with a complete fertilizer. The recognition of this fact by farmers will make a revolution in farming, and will disperse much of the fog which interested parties have thrown about the question of fertilizers. In a final word, all the best experiences and experiments, as we interpret their meaning, point certainly to the facts we here claim, that the single fertilizing element must find its profitable use in connection with other manures, while the complete fertilizers alone can be expected to furnish material in a form for farm practice, and it is the only means of artificial fertilization as yet discovered which offers a means of extending an arable land beyond the ability of the dung heaps to supply.

Use the Thermometer.—On the subject of temperature of cream, a correspondent of the London *Gazette* says, in very cold weather milk will stand twenty-four hours without having much cream upon it, while in summer, when the temperature of the milk is higher, a thick cream will rise in a very short time. The speedy coming of the butter is similarly dependent upon temperature. Cream below a certain degree of heat will take a very long time to produce butter. After filling the churn, and turning it to get the cream well mixed, he should test the temperature of the latter by means of a brewer's thermometer. When the cream is about 58 deg. F., the butter will invariably come in an hour. The temperature of the cream may be raised by adding warm water. In very cold weather the cans may be set near the fire before churning. In the summer, when the cream is too warm, the temperature should be reduced by the addition of cold water. I have used the thermometer for several years. The man who churns was at first prejudiced against it; now he will not be without it, and very naturally prefers using the thermometer to turning a churn three or four hours.

How to Milk.—Some milkers seize the root of the teat between the thumb and forefinger, and then drag down until it slips out of their grasp. In this way the teat and udder are both often severely injured. The proper mode of milking is to take the teat in the entire hand, and after pressing it upward, so that it may be filled from the capacious milk reservoir above, to compress it first at the base between the thumb and forefinger, then successively by each of the three succeeding fingers until completely emptied. The teat is at the same time gently drawn upon, but any severe traction is altogether unnecessary and highly injurious. The cow should always be milked regularly, and the milk entirely drawn off. If the milking is properly and seasonably done, there is little danger of disease of the teats or udder. More cows are ruined from faults of this kind, than from all other causes.

A Farmer's Boots.—In past years, when a boy, I was often bothered to get a pair of cow-hide boots on in the morning, when they had been saturated with water the day before. At last I adopted the plan of filling them with grain, oats preferably, upon pulling them off the night before. If in addition to this they have a little oil rubbed in before pulling on in the morning, it will assist in keeping the feet dry during the day. If boots are muddy they should be washed with soap suds before being pulled off at night, and, if oiled before going to bed, or when half dry, they will be found soft and pliable in the morning.

A Mighty Hunter.

Capt. Gilmore relates, in his late record of travel in South Africa, a remarkable story of the prowess of a hunter, who, less known than Gordon Cummings, rivalled him in courage and skill. Mr. Finnety, the hero of the tale, was one day traveling over the uncultivated plains near Bamauwath, riding one horse and leading another. He had watered his animals at a pool, or sley as it is there called, and, passing on a little way beyond, "Two lions sprang from the bush on either side of the road, each seizing a horse. The mount that he was on fell in a moment and shot him over its head, but the hunter was on his feet in a trivet. With the right barrel he killed the assailant of the horse he was riding, with the left the brute that attacked the led horse. So quickly was the whole done that neither of the nags was injured."

Another exploit, told of the same hunter, is less brilliant, yet attests his singular coolness and accuracy of aim. As night closed in, he shot a large white rhinocerous, and left the game to be attended to in the morning.

"At break of day he started alone to find his quarry, and, after going a mile or so, found it dead, with three lions around it. Mr. Finnety strolled up within a short distance of them and killed the trio—each requiring only a single bullet. Soon afterward, having discovered an elephant-spoor, he followed it up, and after noon overtook the herd and bowled over a couple of tuskers. Retracing his steps to regain his wagon, he had to pass by the dead rhinocerous, and, when doing so, found two more lions beside the carcass. These he also killed. In the morning, Mr. Finnety went out with his people to secure the ivory of the elephants slain the day before. On their route they passed a pool in a dry river-bed, and by it were two lions. He left his people, and, unsupported, walked up to them and killed them right and left. Thus seven lions fell before his gun in a little over twenty-four hours."

—Dartmouth College graduates the largest class this year since 1843, numbering seventy-five men.

SCIENTIFIC.

Driving Piles in Sand.—The contractors who had charge of preparing the sheet piling which was to protect the hospital at Breck-sur-Mer, in France, were much troubled in driving the piles by the compactness of the wet sand, and finally made use of tubes which were driven at the same time with the pile, their lower ends being a few inches below the points of the piles; through these tubes water was forced by small hand engines, and so loosened the sand that the advance of the pile was easy and rapid. In the case of pannels of sheet piling, the benefit was even more marked. Careful observations showed that by the ordinary process it took, on an average 185 strokes to drive a ten inch pile ten feet, while 900 blows were needed to drive the panels. The hammer weighed 1,320 pounds, and had a fall of six and one half feet. The average time required to drive a pile and panel was eight hours and a half. After the device of loosening the sand by the pressure of water was adopted it was found that the average time required to accomplish this was one hour and nine minutes, while to drive a pile and a pannel more than fifty blows were never required, and often the mere weight of the hammer was enough to sink the pile.

A recent invention provides for street cars an improved rotary cumulate, brake, by which the power lost in stopping the car is stored and utilized for starting the same; this is done by friction wheels worked by contact with the car wheel when applied by the brake to the lever, producing the winding up of one or more springs, the locking of the same by pawl and ratchet devices on the shafts of the friction wheels until the pawls are released by a treadle, and the power stored up in the springs applied to the wheels for starting the car. The brake mechanism may be used in either direction, the friction wheel shafts sliding in guide slots of the car frame. As soon as the car is desired to be started, the brake lever is held in a backward direction, so as to press the friction wheels against the car wheels; but at the same time a treadle, operated by the foot, lifts one pawl out of the ratchet—this pawl releasing by its pivot joint, the second pawl, so as to throw the joint power of the springs on the friction wheels, and by the same on the car wheels, thus asissting materially in starting the car.

M. Corne has turned some of the observations of the constitution of the sun to explain some facts of terrestrial physics. If, he says, the sun's outer layer contains, like aerolite, a large amount of iron vapor, this metal has an appreciable action on our terrestrial magnetism. He supposes that the interior of the earth consists of dense metallic matter, and the probable common origin of bodies of the solar system seems to point to iron being present in large quantity, which would explain the action of the earth on the magnetic needle.

Influenza.—Dr. D. H. Beckwith, in a paper published in the Cincinnati *Medical Advance*, says: "That theory which commends itself to my acceptance is that a deficiency of ozone in the atmosphere will cause influenza, catarrh, hay fever, cholera, scarlatina, and diphtheria, while an increase of ozone in the air will increase bronchial and pulmonary disease.

Printers' Ink is a good adhesive for leather belts. One application will keep a leather belt in running order for twelve months.

Nicotia, the active principal of tobacco is one of the best antidotes to strychnia.

Railroads—Past, Present, and Future.

Traveling by steam along highways of iron had its birth in England; but found its true foster-mother in America. Year after year its mileage steadily increased, until the entire continent was covered with a net-work of steel, and the locomotive which started on Monday from the great commercial center of the East, rested at the close of the week from its labors on the shores of the broad Pacific. The capital invested in these great works was counted by millions, and the commonwealths composing the American Republic were, not only in name, but in reality, the United States.

But in 1873, a great financial panic swept over the length and breadth of the land. Merchants failed, banks suspended, capital was swallowed up, and the railway system had its full share in the general disaster. Many roads, more especially those of a local character, went into the hands of receivers, or into bankruptcy. The annual advance witherto noticed, was at once checked, and the inquiry arose, what of the present and the future?

It is not in the nature of the American people, however, to succumb under difficulties. Revolutions never go backward. Gathering up the fragments that remained, they immediately girded up their loins for renewed efforts. One great line of railway liberally aided by the Government, already spanned the continent from the Atlantic coast to San Francisco. Two others are partially completed, the Northern Pacific to the northward of the Union, and the Central Pacific roads, traversing the mining districts of Montana, and terminating on Puget Sound, in Washington Territory, and the Texas Pacific, starting from a point on the Mississippi river, and having for its prospective terminus, the harbor of San Diego, in Lower California. The former has recently been granted an extension of eight years for its completion. Little or no progress, however, is at present making on that line, but that on the South, is being vigorously pushed. It is in the interest of the whole country that it should be speedily built, as competition is the life of trade. Its projected line lies, as near as may be, along the 32d parallel, sufficiently to the southward to escape the violent snow-storms by which the Central and Union Pacific are so frequently obstructed. But, for the recent unpleasantness between the northern and southern sections of the Union, there can be but little doubt that the first trans-continental line of railway would have taken this route. The distance between the Southern Atlantic ports and San Diego, is one thousand miles shorter than from New York to San Francisco. The other Pacific roads are to twelve millions of our people of no practical value. But the Texas Pacific road traversing a new country rich in mineral wealth, and well adapted for the growing of wool, grain and cotton, will at once open up to our manufacturers of cotton and woollen goods, machinery, agricultural implements, &c., what they stand greatly in need of—a new market now almost entirely monopolized by English merchants. The expenses of our military establishments in Western Texas will be greatly reduced, and the running of regular trains will prove the best missionaries for the pacification and civilization of the Indian tribes. The energy thus far displayed, in the carrying forward of this and kindred enterprises, is the best guarantee that they will all be completed in due time—the Texas Pacific first—and then the great highway on our Northern boundary.

DOMESTIC.

Boiled Rice with Sweet Sauce.—Wash the rice, throw into boiling water, and boil it with a pinch of salt in plenty of water. It should be done in about 20 minutes, and this will readily be ascertained by rubbing a grain between the fingers and thumb. If it crumbles, it is properly cooked. Drain the rice in a colander, pour over it a cup of cold water, put it back into the saucepan, let it stand a few minutes to dry, and serve. *Sauce.*—Mix a tablespoonful of flour quite smooth in 4 tablespoonsful of water; then stir into it half a pint of boiling water; sugar or syrup to taste; stir over the fire until the sauce boils, when, if allowed, an ounce of butter may be added, with a tablespoon of lemon juice. When sweetened with sugar, a little nutmeg or ground cinnamon may be used, instead of lemon juice, if preferred. A tablespoonful of rasberry jam, or any fruit syrup, may be used to flavor the sauce, and is generally much liked.

Toilet Soap.—Drippings, which accumulate in almost every household, can be used for the grease. They should first be boiled in water, and then left to cool; afterward they should be removed from the water and boiled alone until the water is expelled. The whiter the grease can be made, the better the soap will be made. The ingredients of the soap are six pounds of sal soda, seven pounds of grease, three pounds of unslacked lime, four gallons of soft water, and one-half pound of borax. Boil the soda and lime in the water until they are dissolved; let the mixture stand over night to settle; pour off the clear lye, to which add the grease and pulverized borax, and boil to the consistency of honey. Take the mixture from the stove, stir in one ounce of oil of sassafras or lavender, and pour it into a tub, or what is still better, a tight, shallow box, to cool, and when cold cut into bars and put on boards to dry.

The Blues.—"Do you ever have the blues?" asks a sufferer from that malady, "and is there a cure for them?" "Certainly," replies a physician, "plenty of them; just as there are for chills and fever, but in like manner they will not always work. We know one man who walks off an attack, another who rows it off, another who rides it off in the saddle. These are all dyspeptics. The same prescriptions, aided perhaps by lemon juice or diluted nitro-muriatic acid, often prove effective in the case of bilious folk. When the cause is, as it often is, nervous exhaustion, a good remedy is cessation of all work, religious and secular, plenty of sleep, and, if the constitution can bear it, cold water bathing. Always an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, for it is not an easy task to fight off the blues.

Keep Borax in the House.—In the laundry it is economical, as it saves both labor and soap, and is really cheaper than the latter. For blankets and other large articles it is especially valuable, and in all cases the use of a little borax will save half the labor when the articles are much soiled. It is perfectly effectual in driving away red ants, cockroaches, etc., if sprinkled around on shelves, or put in the run-ways of the insects. Borax is also of great value for toilet uses. For removing dandruff and cleansing the hair it is unequaled. It is also a good remedy for rough face and chapped hands. Its application to wounds, sores, bruises, sprains, etc., proves very salutary, and is often the only remedy required, even in severe cases.

To Destroy Insects.—Hot alum water is a recent suggestion as an insectide. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, chinch bugs, and all the crawling pests which infest houses. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire till the alum disappears; then apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, and the like. Brush crevices in the floor of the skirting, or mop-boards, if you suspect they harbor vermin.

Restoring Tainted Meats.—Tainted meat or game may be restored by wrapping it up closely in a fine linen cloth, then, after throwing a shovelful of live wood coals into a pail of water, put the meat or game in and let it remain under water five or ten minutes. This will remove all offensive smell, but it should be cooked at once.

Saturate pails and tubs with glycerine and they will not shrink.

The "Man Eater" Shot.

The Hambletonian stallion "Risingham," one of the finest bred horses in Orange county, New Jersey, was killed by his owner, Dr. J. A. Schultz, recently. This horse was 21 years old. An offer of $7,000 was once refused for him. At two years of age he was considered the coming successor of Old Hambletonian his sire. 19 years ago, however, he began to exhibit signs of viciousness, that increased as he grew older. Finally he became entirely unmanageable, and since then he had been known as the "man eater." He had killed three men and wounded, crippled, and disfigured 20 others. For 14 years no one dared to put him to a wagon until a short time ago. Dr. Schultz, who had owned him but a short time, with the aid of several men got him in harness and to a wagon and tried to drive him. It was a dear experiment. The stallion broke everything to pieces and the Doctor was saved by the merest chance. Many of the best horse trainers of the country had tried their skill upon him, but he conquered them all and nearly killed one of them. One of his latest exploits was the seizing of a negro and tearing off his right cheek, destroying the eye, and stripping the flesh from his arm. The groom became blind and paralyzed. The three men who preceeded the negro as grooms narrowly escaped with their lives. No one knew at what moment the brute would attack him. Dr. Schultz at last made up his mind that Risingham was chronically insane, and concluded to kill him before he claimed another victim. As Risingham stood in his stall glaring over the manger at the spectators who had entered the stable to see the man-eater die, five large pistol balls were shot into his head, directly between his eyes. They failed to bring him down, and, uttering the fiercest of neighs, he made frantic efforts to get over the manger among the bystanders. As a man drew the attention of the horse away, Dr. Schultz, by a skillful thrust of a long knife, severed his jugular vein. For a long time Risingham stood up under the great flow of blood, relaxing no effort to get at the men. At length he settled to the floor, but to the last maintained his fierce disposition. The last movement he made was to attempt to seize Dr. Schultz with his teeth, the Doctor having gone into the stall. Horsemen say that but for the temper of this horse he would have been worth $30,000.

Love is like the measels; you can't have it but once, and the later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

A Constant Cough, with Shortness of Breath, Failing Strength and Wasting of Flesh, all betoken Lungs more or less seriously affected, and demanding prompt treatment. By using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, serious results may be either avoided or palliated.

HUMOROUS.

When Thomas drove up to a house on Elizabeth street, to deliver the usual quart of mixture, the gentleman of the house kindly inquired:

"Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver?"

"Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?"

"Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about an early spring, close of the Eastern war, and the state of the roads, and then asked:

"Say, Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?"

"Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah-um," said the gentleman, as he moved off. Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale, as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon-cover.

"Nine cows is nine, and I set seven quarts down under the cows and multiply. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leaves twenty-eight and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers, by leaving a durned big cavity in these figgers to be filled with water!"

Cool.—A gentleman residing in a village, finding that the diminution of his wood-piles continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clew to the mystery. At an hour when all honest folks should be in bed, hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a lazy neighbor endeavoring to get a large log into his wheelbarrow. "You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I sleep." "Yes," replied the thief, "and I suppose you would stay up there, and see me break my neck with lifting, before you'd offer to come and help me."

Infant Depravity.—A night or two ago I called to a boy to come and black my boots; as he went to work he passed the stump of a cigar he had in his mouth to a little mite of an urchin, who didn't seem to be more than six years old, but who seized the stump eagerly and began puffing away at my side. I ventured to him the advice that he was too young a boy to smoke, and that he should wait a few years; to which the youngster, who came about up to my knee, answered with the greatest calmness between the puffs, "Well, yer see, when a feller gets the habit, it's hard to give it up."

No Books Necessary.—"My son, you should rise with the sun," said the old gentleman, knocking at the door.

"Governor," mumbled a youthful voice from under the bed clothes, "I fear you never studied the Copernican theory—the sun does not rise or otherwise move."

"Well, it don't need books to tell me that is true of my son!" replied the blunt paternal, turning away.

And the young collegian concluded that possibly "the old man" was naturally just about as smart as his boy.

"Are you an engraver, sir?" asked a stranger of a gentleman whose office he had entered.

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Well, then, I've got a mother-in-law—I wish you would in-grave her."

He got an engraving of an earthquake on the back of his head before the man unlocked the door and let him out.

In a recent case for assault, the defendant pleaded guilty. I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only ones in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

"How had you the audacity, John," said Scottish laird to his servant, "to go and tell some people that I was a mean fellow and no gentleman?" "Na, na, sir," was the candid answer, "you'll no' catch me at the like o' that. I aye keep my thoughts to myself."

"John," asked a doctor of the apothecary's boy, "did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door-knob this morning."

"Jenny, what makes you such a bad girl?" "Well, mamma, God sent you the best children he could find, and if they don't suit you, I can't help it?"

The chap who first treats the crowd generally manages to beat a re-treat out of the rest.

When may bread be said to be inhabited?—When it has a little Indian in it.

Why ought a cobbler never to "peg out?"—He's supposed to be ever-lasting.

All Bets Off.

On a recent night, a respected minister attempted to make his way in the dark through the the sitting room to the pantry of his house, to deposit a bunch of rhubarb presented him by a parishioner, forgetting that house cleaning had commenced. The wretched girl had left a pail of soft soap near the door over which he accidentally stumbled. Making a herculean effort to save himself he grabbed for something with both hands, and as he alighted firmly on his stomach he pulled down on top of him a table full of crockery. Rising promptly to his feet he made a push for the match safe, but happening to plant his foot in a puddle of the soft soap he promptly sat down in a tub of preserved fruits. His poor tired wife, who had retired early, was roused from her slumbers, and thinking that burglars were abroad, shrieked for help, to which the hired girl responded, rushing into the room and tumbling headlong over the man in the washtub. Under the circumstances he might be excused for considering all bets off, as to the language used on the occasion.

Common Sense.

Many imagine all advertised medicines to be worthless nostrums, and indiscriminately condemn them; but is it not an injustice to the thousands of respectable citizens who give voluntary evidence of benefits received, to thus question and doubt their veracity and integrity? Fairbank's standard scales are extensively advertised. Does it necessarily follow that they are inferior in make and less accurate than others? Have they not been demonstrated to be among the best? Again, is it common sense to suppose that a physician with capital could be induced to hazard it and a hard-earned reputation upon a worthless article? R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., is the proprietor of the most popular family medicine in the market. His reputation as a skilful surgeon and physician has been fully established for many years. Would physicians and clergy, after having tested his medicines thoroughly, unite in commending them to the afflicted, if they possessed no merit? The undersigned take pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce and his Family Medicines to all who may need them:

C. R. Fairchild, M. D., Seneca, N. Y.; W. B. Cousins, M. D., Albia, Iowa; M. J. McClellan, M. D., Garrattsville, N. Y.; W. F. Hazleton, M. D., Silver Lake, Kansas; F. S. Miner, M. D., Veazie, Nev.; Geo. Dieterich, M. D.; 105 Vine street, Balt., Md.; J. H. Sherrod, M. D., Paoli, Ind.; Geo. B. Chapman, M. D., Plattsmouth, Neb.; T. J. Casper, M. D., Springfield, Ohio; James H. Porter, M. D., Gorham, N. H.; D. E. Wells, M. D., Bristol, N. H.; J. A. Miller, M. D., San Leandes, Cal.; J. N. Camp, M. D., Baladan, Mo.; Jos. S. Burr, M. D., W. Lafayette, O.; Rev. E. N. Harmon, Elsah, Ill.; Rev. Isaac N. Augustin, Shipman, Ill.; Rev. Thomas O'Reiley, Newman, Kan.; Rev. L. Weston, Bucklin, Mo.; Rev. L. A. Dawson, Homer, Ill.; Rev. W. S. Long, Graham, N. C.; Rev. Andrew Adams, Calhoun, Ga.; Rev. A. P. Moore, 712 Washington street, Boston, Mass.; Rev. I. A. Thayer, M. D., Baconsburg, Ohio; Rev. I. P. Proffit, Palmyra, Ill.; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Boyd, Falls City, Pa., J. Spencer, Union City, Mich., Geo. C. Bazzilli, Renovo, Pa.; Mrs. M. Kerns, Palmyra, Mo.; Mrs. E. R. Daley, Metropolis, Ill.; Samuel Farner, Java, Ohio; Sisters of Charity, St. Vincent's Asylum, Troy, N. Y.

A Michigan Grace Darling.

Lake Michigan has its Grace Darling, and her father and brothers are as brave and heroic as she is herself. Sanford W. Morgan is keeper of the Life Saving Station at Grand Point and Sable, Michigan, and after the close of navigation he allows the crew to go away for the winter, but remains on the ground with his daughter and his sons. At daylight, on March 2d, during one of the most violent gales of the season, with the sea so boisterous that it was covered with foam, a fishing boat was discovered about three miles off shore in distress by Miss Edith. Quickly giving the alarm to her father and two brothers, she urged them to go, volunteering to take an oar herself to assist the crew. It seemed as though a boat could not possibly live in the mighty waves, but one was launched, and after a pull of two hours, with seas breaking over the small boat and threatening its destruction and the loss of those on board, they succeeded in reaching the wreck, to find that one of the crew who had been clinging to the side of the vessel had become exhausted, and letting go his hold had been drowned. Another sailor, however, was rescued as he was about to give up, and was taken ashore. Nor was this the first time that the brave young girl had ventured out on an errand to save.

A Pretty Romance.

Many years ago a son of a Scotch Lord, traveling in this country, happened to spend a Sunday in Stratford, Conn. Finding the hours of the day long and weary, he dropped into the church, and soon became more interested in the face and voice of a beautiful young lady in the choir than in the preacher's sermon. The impression made was a permanent one. On inquiry he found that she belonged to a poor family, but was highly esteemed for her noble personal qualities. He made her acquaintance which ripened into respect and love. The young lady was placed under the best educational influences and afterwards taken to Scotland as the wife of the young traveler. Professor Benjamin Stillman of Yale College, who was born in Stratford, had often heard the romantic story, but had never learned the name of the Scotch Lord. When he visited Scotland, he met one day at a dinner-table Lord Sterling and his accomplished wife. He was charmed with the courtly manners and the conversational gifts of the lady, which rose into positive pleasure when he found that she was the heroine of the romantic story so often told in his native town.

A Manifest Absurdity.

It is manifestly absurd to claim for a mere stimulant, tonic and alterative properties. Yet this is what is daily done by the vendors of cheap local bitters, colored to make them look attractive, and agreeably flavored, but the alcoholic basis of which is of the vilest and most hurtful description. The transcendent success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading alterative tonic of the United States, has induced many of these compounders of drams in disguise, to attempt the counterfeiting of this standard medicine, but their efforts have never proved successful on a large scale, and they have themselves in many instances notoriously "come to grief," through the instrumentality of the law.

The Genuine Bitters have, indeed, a spirituous basis, but they are emphatically a medicine, since their botanic ingredients are signally efficacious in overcoming and preventing chills and fever, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation and many other disorders.

Dyspepsia, Debility, and loss of appetite, whether the result of sickness or over-exertion, may be readily cured by Schenck's Seaweed Tonic. It builds up the enervated system by aiding digestion and stimulating the appetite.

For sale by all Druggists.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day—it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about your home for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial, 10 cents; regular size, 75 cents.

Reliable Dry Goods House.

We notice that B. F. Dawees, 725 Chestnut street, Philadelphia has been appointed Agent for the very celebrated Double Warp Black Silks. These goods are said to be almost everlasting in wear, and are very cheap. They vary in price from $1.25 to $2.00, but sold formerly at from $2 to $3 per yard. If you want any kind of dry goods, write for samples.

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 Helpenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

Ex-President Grant was weighed, a few days since, on a Fairbanks Balance, at the Paris Exhibition, and for the first time in his life was "found wanting," he having lost seventeen pounds during his Eastern tour.

The Great Spring Medicine

is Hoofland's German Bitters. It tones the stomach and assists Digestion. It arouses the Liver to healthy action, and regulates the bowels. It purifies the Blood, and gives vigor and strength to the whole system, dispelling all Dyspeptic symptoms, with its loss of appetite, Sick Headache, languor and depression. It infuses new life and energy into the whole being. All suffering from deranged digestion at this time should take Hoofland's German Bitters. They are sold by all Druggists. Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch street, Philadelphia.

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

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VEGETINE
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

Completely Cured Me.

Newport, Ky., Feb. 26, 1877.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir.—I write to say that seven bottles of your Vegetine have completely cured me of one of the very severe case of *scrofula*, of many years standing, after trying many medicines and doctoring a great deal. I am now free from all sores, and can work as well as ever, and think the Vegetine is a god-send, and no one ought to do without it.

I remain, respectfully yours.

J. A. PATRICK.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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With Improved and Carefully Selected MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES, L. J. MARCY, 1206 Chestnut St., Philad'a. For convenience and efficiency for private or for public use, they stand UNRIVALLED! Prices the lowest. Circulars free. Catalogue, 10 cts. Manual, 6th Ed. 75 cts. Specimen Scientific Slide, 25 cts.

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Mailed to any address, postage paid, any one of the following choice collections of Plants, all distinct varieties, properly labeled and securely packed.
6 Abutilons, (or 6 Azaleas.) 10 Rarest Plants, (or 10 Blooming Plants.) 8 Begonias, (or 6 Caladiums, Fancy.) 3 Camelias, Dbl'lf, or 6 Cannas. 8 Carnations, Monthly, (or 8 Chrysanthemums.) 8 Coleus, or 5 Dahlias, Double, 8 Ferns, (or 8 Fuchsias.) 8 Geraniums, Zonale, (or 8 Geraniums, Double.) 8 Geraniums, Scented, (or 6 Greenhouse Plants.) 6 Hardy Plants, (or 6 Herbaceous.) 6 Hibiscus, (or 6 Lantanas.) 6 Lilies, (or 3 Panicles.) 6 Pelargonium, Fancy, (or 6 Pensiemonts.) 8 Petunia, Double, (or 10 Petunia, Single.) 8 Phlox, Hardy, (or 8 Pinks, Hardy.) 8 Roses, Monthly, (or 8 Roses, Hardy Hybrid.) 8 Roses, Climbers, or 5 Fuchsias. 8 Tuberoses, New Pearl, (or 12 Verbenas.) 6 Violets, (or 4 Honeysuckles.)
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Central Fire Breech-Loading Guns, Single Barrel, from $15 up. Double Barrel, from $22.50 up. Guns, Rifles and Pistols of most approved English and American make. Paper and Brass Shells, Wads, Caps, etc. Prices on application. Liberal discounts to dealers.
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Opera Glasses, Barometers, Spy Glasses, Thermometers, Telescopes, Spectacles