Won at Cards.

I write a history of the wild and wicked days of 1840 in California. I was then among the gay and irresponsible ones. Law, during business hours, a feast at dinner, a frolic at night—an easy, careless, devil-may-care existence. Sobered now by the experience of years, and weighted with responsibility and cares, I look back upon the early days of fun and jollity as a bright point in my history. One night I had sauntered into one of the gambling hells; an excellent dinner of terrapin and champagne, and other good things, had disposed me to generous payment for hospitality, and I was piling red chips upon a spotted green cloth, in evidence of my devotion to the unknown god. At a late hour I had stretched myself upon an easy lounge half dreaming and half dazed, when I was aroused by the entrance of a man and a bundle. The man was drunk, the bundle was a baby—a two-year old, violet-eyed, staring, wide-awake baby. We all recognized Will Seymour, the gay, reckless, daredevil, gambling, handsome well-born, highly educated, and, when drunk, most desperate and ill-tempered man—most reckless of all our knights of the green cloth.

We all knew how good and generous he was to the best and purest of sweet wives when sober; we knew how terrible and dangerous when inspired by the demon of drink. We knew with what generous love he poured out upon her his wealth of affection when he was himself, and we knew that, in his mad moments, an angel from heaven was not safe from his brutal passions. She had died—murdered—not by a single blow, but starved in her affections; worn out with anxious, fearful love for her husband, she had laid down the weary load, and passed away, leaving to her drunken and crazed husband this tender little waif.

What frenzy had prompted him, at this late hour, to seize this child from its cot and bring it down into this gambler's rendezvous, I do not know. The proprietor was dealing this game. I will not name him, for this is a true story, and not a romance. We called him "Blaze." It was his *nom de guerre*, when we were fighting his infernal game. He was educated, well-born, generous, and had he not been a gambler, would have been a gentleman. He is not a gambler now; he lives, and is a gentleman.

"In the name of God, Bill Seymour, what are you doing with that child?" cried "Blaze," as he suspended the deal.

"It's mine," responded Bill.

"Where is the mother?" asked "Blaze;" "have you had another quarrel with her? Go home; take back her child; for God's sake, Bill, don't disgrace yourself; don't kill your wife!

"Dead, dead," said Will, in a tone of bitter anguish I shall never forget; "dead—gone to heaven, where I have sent her. And I shall send myself to hell that I may never trouble her more."

It was a curious scene, this gambling room. Every eye was fixed upon mad Will Seymour as he stood there with his wide-eyed baby girl, every voice was hushed; the players nervously fingered their chips till "Blaze" spoke again:

"For God's sake, Bill, go away. Do you want money?"

"What good does money do me? Did it keep me from killing my wife? Will you save Maud and me from the end of the wharf to-night? Hey, Maud! baby girl, you shall go to see your mother this night, and I will go to hell—where I'll meet you, 'Blaze,' and all of you," and he laughed a wild, devilish laugh, and then kissed his baby girl and cried, and then said:

"D—n me, 'Blaze,' I will play the baby against money enough to leave the country. I'll copper the turn, baby against five red chips."

"Done," said "Blaze." "I have no children, and by heaven, I'll play you for this one. If I win her now, Bill Seymour, on your honor, she is mine. My wife has an unfilled place in her heart for a baby's love."

Seymour seemed for a moment staggered as by a blow; then, with a reckless laugh, he said:

"Here goes—$500 against the baby. I'll wait for the turn." The game proceeded with the stillness of death, not a word was spoken; we all gathered around the table. At each draw of a card the money was silently taken up; at the final deal not a cent was on the cloth. It stood for the queen to win or lose against the knave.

"I copper the queen," said Bill, as he laid the baby upon the table, her little bare feet with their pink toes just reaching the ten-spot.

"Blaze" held the silver box with trembling hands and drew the cards as he had never drawn them in all his wild life before. Slowly the jack showed his cap; the queen had won, and the baby passed by the laws of honor to a new father.

"No more game to-night," said "Blaze," as he passed his cards and box to the lookout.

Seymour stood like a dumb man. "Blaze" gathered up the bundle and the baby, looked down into her pure bright eyes, kissed, and I saw in that act the birth of a new soul. I saw over that face of the gambler pass the flush of a stern resolution for a nobler and better life. I saw Seymour reach out for the child with an imploring look. "Blaze" gave it back to him and he kissed its little glossy golden curls and pressed it to his bosom with a wild despairing look, and I saw on his face the seal of a lost, despairing man.

As "Blaze" took back the baby he said: "Will Seymour, I mean it. I will keep this child; she will do me good, and I will be better to her than you would. But take what money you want; try it again in some other country." And he pressed upon him a handful of gold. The baby looked up to the face of her new-found parent, and laughed and crowed as her own father passed out into the dawn of the early morning. The next I heard of Will Seymour was at Panama and the next I heard of him he was dead.

The Iron Trade.

The bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association says that the total production of pig iron in the United States for the year 1877 was 2,314,585 tons, against 2,093,236 tons in 1876 being a gain of 221,349 tons, or an increase of 10 per cent. The year 1876 was the year of lowest depression in the trade. In 1874 the production was 2,689,413 tons; in 1873, 2,968,278—the largest production reached. Anthracite and charcoal iron have fallen off; bituminous has increased. There was an increase of thirty-four active blast furnaces over the number of the previous year.

AGRICULTURE.

To Make Hens Lay.—Put two or more quarts of water in a kettle, and one large seed pepper or two small ones, then put the kettle over the fire. When the water boils, stir in coarse Indian meal until you have a thick mush. Let it cook an hour or so; feed hot. Horseradish chopped fine and stirred into the mush, as prepared under the above directions, is also very good; and for results we are getting from five to ten eggs per day, whereas, previous to this feeding, we had not had eggs for a long time. We hear a great deal of complaining from other people about not getting eggs. To such we would warmly recommend cooked feed fed hot. Boiled apple skins, seasoned with red pepper, or boiled potatoes, seasoned with horseradish, are good for feed, much better than uncooked food. Corn, when fed to the hen by itself, has a tendency to fatten hens rather than produce the more profitable egg laying. A spoonful of sulphur stirred with their feed occasionally, will rid them of vermin and tone up their systems. It is especially good for young chickens or turkeys. Out of a flock of ten hatched last November, we have lost but one. They have been fed cooked feed mostly, and are growing finely.

Saw Dust for Cleaning Horses.—I have been experimenting to find a way to avoid the dust that is so disagreeable when grooming horses, and have found a way by which a very dirty horse may be cleaned in a few minutes. I use oak sawdust; that which comes from a green log is just moist enough to be good. I have tried pine sawdust, but did not like it, because, after a time, the pitch in it will make the hair a little sticky, and of a dull color. Sprinkle a few handfuls over the horse on the side that you are on; then commence at the tail, and with a circular motion of the currycomb toward the head, curry the sawdust into the hair; brush off and apply another dusting, and then brush off clean and the dust and dandruff will be removed without flying around. If the legs are muddy, fill the face of a stiff brush with sawdust and rub hard until the fine dust or dry mud begins to fly; then fill the brush again, and proceed as before. This operation takes off all the dirt and dust and leaves the hair clean and glossy.

Horse Feed.—A great many farmers think that corn ground with the cob will kill a horse if fed to him. We have found, on the contrary, from experience, that it is a healthy food, and that a team will do hard work on this diet and keep in good condition. If our old team were fed oats unground, one-half of them would pass through them without mastication or digestion. We have tried this to our entire satisfaction, hoping by feeding grain whole to save the miller's toll. If it is necessary to feed grain whole, it is best to feed corn in the ear. Some horses will eat it, cob and all, but most of them prefer to shell it off and then eat it. A team fed on corn will sweat easier and more than when fed on oats, but this does not injure them any. For hard driving, oats is the best feed, and when fed to old horses they should be ground. The meal fed to our horses is always wetted just before feeding. Then it is sweet and palatable. Cornmeal will soon get sour when wet, and on this account should be freshly mixed, as a horse abhors any sour or rancid feed.

Improving Corn.—In our corn fields are often large numbers of slender stocks bearing no ears or very small ears. These stocks have tassels, and they scatter pollen and are very apt to scatter some on the ears of the best stocks, on the very ears which we shall select for seed. The different kernels on the same ear may have twenty or more different male parents. Now theory and analogy at least tell us that if we wish to improve our corn to the greatest extent, we must pay some attention to the pollen used. A much better way would be to plant a piece of corn by itself on good soil, and treat it well, giving the stalks plenty of room. Before shedding pollen, cut out entirely or remove the tassels of all the poorest stocks. In this way we not only select seed from good females, but also from those fertilized by good males.

Horses Galling.—If drivers will see that their horses' shoulders are carefully sponged or washed with cold water *every* time, and as soon as taken from hard work to the stable, they need not have any more horses with galled shoulders. It takes but little time, and the hard worked horse will feel and be much the better for it. Of course the collar should fit comfortably, and there should (with this care), be no padding between this and the shoulder, producing heat whereonce is required. The sweat and dirt should be rubbed off the underside of the collar, which should never be washed.

A Mad Elephant.

There was a dreadful scene, recently, at Ghazipore, India, when a very large mad elephant ran through the station and killed half a dozen persons. The elephant belonged to the Rajah of Vizianagram and was brought here from Benares by a wealthy Mahometan on the occasion of the marriage of a relative of his. The animal was, as the mahout reports, kept in the sun, overworked and not properly rationed during its journey. The mahout states that he asked for some money from his master for medicine, who ordered payment of 4 annas or so—which he declined to receive. There were a couple of men on the howdah, and the mahout was on the shoulders of the elephant when it ran away. The riders got free of the animal by catching hold of the branches of trees by which it passed. The mahout remained for some time on its back and tried his best to keep it in check, but when he saw it was impossible for him to control the animal he jumped from its back. The brute killed six persons and injured two. One of the deceased climbed up a bamboo tree in his endeavor to escape, but the animal uprooted the tree, the man fell to the ground, and the elephant killed him on the spot. At 8 o'clock in the evening the elephant turned toward the Government Treasury and the Reserve Police lines. Some of the sepoys, leaving their charpoys, climbed up the mango-trees and some bolted towards the English quarters. Continuing its mad career, the elephant entered the compound of Mrs. Cooke's bungalow, now occupied by Mr. Nicholson, Sub-Deputy Opium Agent, who fired and hit the animal on the head. This made it more furious, and it endeavored to enter the room occupied by Mr. Nicholson and his brother. Seeing the elephant in the veranda he fired again, hitting it on the trunk, and blood poured profusely from the wound. The animal was at large until next morning, when it was with great difficulty secured with chains by the mahout and several others. The elephant was kept here till the following Saturday, and then taken to Benares under guard. The Mahometan has been called upon by the Magistrate to explain why he did not take proper steps when he was informed of the symptoms of madness in the elephant. The case is pending in the criminal courts.

Sick Headache, Languor and Melancholy generally spring from a Torpid Liver, a disordered Stomach or Costiveness, the distressing effects of which Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills will speedily remove; by their beneficial action on the biliary organs they will also lessen the likelihood of a return.

SCIENTIFIC.

Gold Lace.—Gold lace is not gold lace. It does not deserve this title, for the gold is applied as a surface to silver. It is not even silver lace, for the silver is applied to a foundation of silk. The silken threads for making this material are wound round with gold wire, so thickly as to conceal the silk; and the making of this gold wire is one of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable. In the first place, the refiner prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he heats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold leaf, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is about one hundredth part the thickness of the silver. Then the rod is subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire; it is passed through holes in a steel plate lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares all its mutations; it is one hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill; but the most remarkable example ever known was brought forward by Dr. Wollaston. This was an example of solid gold wire without any silver. He procured a small rod of silver, bored a hole through it from end to end, and inserted in this hole the smallest gold wire he could procure; he subjected the silver to the usual wire-drawing process, until he had brought it to the finest attainable state—being, in fact, a silver wire as fine as a hair, with a gold wire in its center. To isolate the gold wire he subjected it to warm nitrous acid, by which the silver was dissolved, leaving a gold wire one thirty thousandth of an inch in thickness—perhaps the thinnest round wire that the hand of man has yet produced. But the wire, though beyond all comparison finer than any employed in manufactories, does not approach in thinness the film of gold on the surface of silver and gold lace. It has been calculated that the gold on the very finest silver wire of gold lace is not more than one third of one millionth of an inch in thickness, that is, not above one tenth the thickness of ordinary gold leaf.

Silk Industry at Home and Abroad.—The annual report of the American Silk Association gives the total silk products of the country for 1877 as 1,177,504 lbs., the value of which was $21,411,436. The value of reeled silk consumed was $9,326,341, and of spun silk $850,000, making a total of silk threads to the value of $9,306,341. The silk consumed in sewings and twist, and in weaving, was worth $12,105,095. The imports of raw silk were 9 377 bales of 100 lbs., each, against 9,887 bales in 1875, and 1,249 bales in 1876. The production of raw silk throughout the world partially recovered last year from its great decline in 1876, but has not yet reached its previous average. According to the *Bulletin des Soies et des Soieries*, the total silk production for 1874 was 22,363,098 lbs.; 1875 it was 21,161,313 lbs.; in 1876 it fell to 17,660,495 rising again in 1877 to 18,791,855 lbs. The falling off took place almost wholly in France and Italy. In 1876, under the stimulus of high prices, the exports of Japan rose from an average of 14,000 bales to 20,000 bales. There was a marked increase last year in the number of bales exported from Japan direct to this country.

Dr. Leibreich suggests the following rules to painters in oil who desire that their works may not deteriorate: 1. The oil should in all cases be reduced to a minimum, and under no form should more of it be introduced into a picture than, is absolutely necessary. 2. All transparent colors which dry slowly should not be ground with oil at all, but with a resinous vehicle. 3. No colors should be put on any part of a picture which is not yet perfectly dry. 4. White and other quick-drying colors should always be put on in thin layers.

The use of nitro glycerine has demonstrated that it is a very useful article in breaking up ice in harbors and rivers. The Canadians used it to open up the St. Lawrence at Montreal. It is both cheap and effective, and will probably come into general use in freeing harbors of ice and rivers of gorges.

A cubic foot of copper weighs 555 pounds.

Carbonic acid gas is one-third heavier than air.

Landing a Whale.

Great excitement has been created along the shore of New Jersey, from Squan to Keyport, by the story of a real whale having been caught in Raritan Bay, near Port Monmouth. The carcass of the enormous fish was anchored near an old fish oil factory, where the lucky fishermen who have struck a big bonanza in the capture of a sperm whale were melting the blubber in large iron pots. The whale was first seen about sunrise by a fisherman named Ludlow, on Port Comfort shoals, about nine miles from Sandy Hook. He saw the large black object in the water, but thought it was a wreck of some vessel and did not go near it. George Pope, also a fisherman, went out in a small boat for the purpose of catching some oysters and on nearing the shoals noted the large dark body in the water. On approaching it he found that it was a large live fish of some kind, and having no other weapon he began sticking his oyster knife into the side of the whale, but, seeing that it had no effect, he went to the shore and procured the assistance of a fellow fisherman with an axe. They returned to where the whale was still lying; the boat was then backed up to the whale's head, when one of the men began chopping it in the head with the axe. Fortunately for the boatmen the whale did not struggle until they were some distance away, when it began to flounder and roll, and in a short time succeeded in getting off the shoal and started toward Sandy Hook. The fishermen not knowing the danger they were in started after it and tried to catch or drive it toward the shore by throwing their anchor into its snout, and at one time, while thus endeavoring to catch the enormous fish, it passed under their boat, almost lifting it out of the water. The whale was followed down the bay several miles and with the aid of other fishermen, who were in boats, it was driven ashore. With a scythe borrowed from a neighboring farmer the whale was finally killed by stabbing it in the side. A schooner then took the carcass in tow and brought it to the Brays landing where it has been mutilated. Captain Bilson, who is an old whaler and has been in the Southern Indian seas, stated that this was a very large cow whale it being thirty-five feet long and about nine in diameter. They expect to get thirty-two barrels of sperm oil and said if they had proper facilities for the dressing and rendering of the blubber they would get much more. There were two good sized rowboats well filled with blubber and several large pots with fine clear oil! The owners of the trophy were busily engaged getting it in a marketable condition, one taking the teeth out.

DOMESTIC.

Seasoning Food.—Many people have the idea that a finely flavored dish must cost a great deal. That is a mistake; if you have untainted meat, or sound vegetables, or even Indian meal, to begin with, you can make it delicious with proper seasoning. One reason why French cooking is so much nicer than any other is that it is seasoned with a great variety of herbs and spices. These cost very little. If you would buy a few cents worth at a time you would soon have a good assortment. The best kinds are sage, thyme, sweet marjoram, tarragon, mint, sweet basil, parsley, bay leaves, cloves, mace, celery seed, and onions. When you buy a bunch of dried herbs rub the leaves through a sieve, and bottle them tightly till you need them; tie the stalks together and save them until you want to make what the French call a boquet, for a soup or stew. A boquet of herbs is made by tying together a few sprigs of parsley, thyme and two bay leaves. The bay leaves, which have the flavor of laurel, can be bought at any German grocery or drug store, enough to last a long time for five cents.

Saratoga Potatoes.—For a family of four, slice and pare six good-sized potatoes with a potato slicer—a knife will not do, for if they are not very thin they will not be crisp. You can buy a slicer for 25 cents at any hardware store. Let the slices remain in cold water all night; in the morning drain them through a colander; wipe them dry and drop them into boiling fat as you you would doughnuts; do not let them brown too much; sprinkle a little salt over them as you take them out with a skimmer. You can make a large quantity of these and warm them by putting them in the oven as you want them.

Carbolic Soap.—Take 4 pounds of mutton tallow, 4 pounds of sal soda, 2 pounds of fine salt, 2 ounces of crystalized carbolic acid, and 2 ounces of beef gall. Stir well while boiling, and boil gently half an hour. Wet teacups in cold water and dip the hot soap into them, and set away till cold. For sores, chapped hands, or hurts and bruises, this is excellent.

A Simple Weather Sign.—If you don't happen to have a barometer about the house, watch your grass clothesline stretched across the yard. Whenever the sun shines and the air is dry, the line will slaken and hang down, but if there is moisture in the atmosphere, it will contract and tighten up until it will sound like a drum if struck.

Sponge Pudding.—Slice sponge cake, put a layer in a pudding dish, sprinkle a few raisins, currants, and citron sliced thin, with a very little butter; continue this alternately until the dish is full. Make one quart of boiled custard and pour into the dish; set in an oven and bake fifteen minutes. Eat with rich sauce.

How can I have a clear and brilliant complexion? Simply by using Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture and observing the rules of health.

Mock Turtle Soup.—One pint black beans soaked over night in four quarts water, two onions, one large carrot grated, half pound fresh beef, half pound pork; boil all day; when ready for dinner strain through a colander to tureen; add one wineglassful portwine, or use, according to fancy, one hard boiled egg, one lemon sliced.

Paste for Rolls and Dumplings.—One quart of flour, piece of lard the size of an egg, and boiling water enough to make a stiff dough; work well, roll it out, then spread it with the fruit, roll it up and tie it in a bag. Let the water be boiling in which it is cooked; boil until done. Use no cold water in mixing.

Champagne Cider.—Allow new cider to ferment until the bits of pomace are thrown to the surface, then rack off into wine bottles. Into each bottle put three or four raisins and as many cloves; cork tightly and seal, put them into a cool cellar; in a few weeks you will have a fine, sparkling champagne.

Sugar Drops.—Rub to a cream six ounces of powdered sugar with three ounces of butter, add three well-beaten eggs, half a pound of sifted flour and half of a nutmeg. Drop this mixture by the spoonful on buttered tins several inches apart. Sprinkle small sugar plums on top and bake at once.

Housewives provide yourselves with a bottle of ammonia and a package of borax before commencing your semi-annual renovations.

Rice Glue.—The fine Japanese cement is made by mixing rice flour with a sufficient quantity of cold water, then boiling gently, with constant stirring.

Wooden Bottle Stoppers.

The days of King Cork are threatened with an abrupt termination. The inventive genius of California has brought forth something which threatens to supersede cork altogether as the material for the manufacture of bottle stoppers, both in point of durability and cheapness. During the past twelve months or so a California chemist, has been experimenting with wood for the manufacture of bottle stoppers and he has met with remarkable success, producing what at present promises to revolutionize the bottle-stopper business. Dr. Holwig takes a piece of wood (the material he has chiefly used is the wood forming the crates of fruit imported from the South Seas—a wood somewhat willowy in its nature) and subjects it to certain chemical processes, which expel all the resinous and glutinous substances in the cellular structure of the wood, leaving nothing but the clean fibre. Into the wood thus treated he injects, by hydraulic pressure, a new substance. After the wood has been thus prepared, it is soft and springy like cork when pressed laterally, but different from cork in its unyielding nature when pressed longitudinally. A sharp knife manufactured expressly for the purpose cuts the prepared wood into proper shape for stoppers. The inflexible nature of this wooden stopper longitudinally, and its yielding nature laterally, permits it to be easily driven into the neck of the bottle, while the fact that its fibre runs longitudinally and not laterally, as in cork, permits it to be drawn without breaking. It has been used for the past eight months as stoppers for bottles containing various oils and chemicals, to test its durability, its power of resistance of chemical action and its water-proof capacity, with the greatest success. Neither sulphuric ether, kerosene, nor liquid ammonia have been able to escape from bottles closed with these wooden stoppers. Tincture of iron, which rapidly eats up cork stoppers, has no effect on it. It has been tested with success as stoppers for still wines and experiments are being made with Champagnes which promise equal success. A piece of bass-wood broom-handle subjected to this process is as soft and springy laterally as cork, while it retains all of its original stiffness longitudinally. The elasticity and softness of the material may be graded at will by the manufacturer. It will not harden under long exposure, nor when subjected to carbonic acid gas, which hardens cork. This prepared wood is also exceedingly tough and does not readily split, although the fibre may be quite straight.

HUMOROUS.

A bachelor permitted himself to be inveigled into Boston's baby show, and it was nearly the death of him. He stopped to gaze at a sweet cherub of a hundred and fifty pounds, with ears like full grown cabbage leaves, a mouth of much amplitude, and lungs of more than Keely motor power. While wondering whether the infant would develop into a President of the United States or disgrace his doting parents by joining a base ball club, the youngster opened its entire face back to the ears, and set up a yell. And such a yell! Before the bachelor could hurry away, the mother caught her infant in her arms, and crooned. "What's the matter with mamma's precious petty-wetty! Did the nasty-pasty, ugly-plugly man frighten mammy wammy's darling baby-waby?" The bachelor fainted dead away, and was not restored to consciousness for two hours.

Scene the other day in a New York china store: Enter stout lady from her carriage, her attention attracted by a copy of the Venus of Milo, in Parisian marble. "How much is that worth?" pointing towards the armless figure. "That statue is worth $9, madam," replied the polite attendant. "That worth $9, with the arms broken off!" "They were not broken off, madam; it was made so." "Ah!" she exclaimed; "you can't fool me! A woman without arms!" And she swept by, with the air of one whose superior knowledge readily detected a cheat.

"Persevere, persevere," said an old lady to her maid; "it's the only way you can accomplish great things."—One day eight apple-dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disappeared. "Sally, where are those dumplings?"

"I managed to get through them, ma'am," replied Sally.

"Why, how on earth did you manage to eat so many dumplings?"

"I persewered, ma'am."

A Northern minister was introduced to a colored minister, and inquired after his work. "I preaches, sah, on Col. Gordon's plantation." "How many colored people have you there?" "Well, sah, about a hundred and seventy-five." "And how many have you in your church?" "Dat 'pends, sah, altogedder on de time ob de year. In de 'vival time dey's all members. In de back-slidin' time dere's nobody members but Uncle Billy and ole Aunt Katy."

"A newly imported Hungarian, employed on a farm, tilted up a beehive the other day to see what the bees were doing under there.—He knows now. He says they were making chained lightning and had 2,000 tons of it on hand, which exploded before he had time to let the box down."

We have never been able to understand how it is that a woman, who is apparently deaf when her husband asks her where that half dollar is he left in his pantaloons pocket before going to bed, can hear the wail of her two weeks' old baby down two flights of stairs and through two deal doors.

A young lawyer, who had been admitted to the bar about a year, was asked by a friend, "How do you like your profession?" The answer was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion: "My profession is much better than my practice."

Mr Jones got up too early one morning and began scolding the servant girl. His little six-year-old, who had been listening attentively during the conversation, broke in with "Father, leave off scolding; you needn't think that Lucy's your wife."

Paragraphers, look out! Some scientific chap in England has discovered that punning makes a fellow's brain squint eyed. The only cure is twenty-five drops of statistics, taken three times a day in water—shake the bottle.

A millionaire, who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him, "I do admire a rich flat." "So do I," significantly replied the agent.

"What I want, said a young beau, "is a wife without a failing." "Then you'll never marry," said his sister, "because, should you find such a woman, she'll be sure to want a husband of the same character."

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart.—"No, indeed, you are not John; you have never hugged me yet, you are more sheep than bear."

A boy says that the reason ships are called "she" is because it takes a man to manage them.

The Faibanks' manufacture over 50,000 scales a year. Where do they all go?

You cannot always tell by the way a person dresses whether his pew is paid for.

Wanted to know—whether the volume of sound has yet been found.

Painful site—A hothouse.

A Famous Ratter.

That was a famous ratter that a St. Clair street man purchased last week. He couldn't remember, he said to his wife, just how many rats that dog had slaughtered at one inning, but it was something marvelous. There was no doubt about it, for he learned it from the man of whom he bought the dog, and surely he ought to know. The dog was industriously polishing a bone while his owner was showing and holdforth on his good points; when a rat was observed to come out from under the house and go sniffing about, after the manner of its race, on the hunt for something to eat, and gradually drew near to the famous ratter.

"Now, watch him!" whispered his owner, while his eyes lighted up with the excitement of anticipated sport; "just keep your eye on him!"

"Why, the dog doesn't seem to see him, does he?" said the lady of the house.

"That's all right, he is laying for him. You'll see some fun directly. There he sees him now."

"Yes, but what makes him stick his tail between his legs that way, and bristle up so?"

"O that's all right. I guess he does that because he's mad. Don't say a word!"

The rat approached nearer and nearer his doom; the dog trembled with excitement and anxiety to get at the game, at least that's what his owner said—when the cheeky rodent, after getting within about a foot of the bone, skipped up and seized it, and shot back into his hole as though he had forgotten something, while the famous ratter let out a shrill chorus of yelps, and nearly tripped his disgusted owner up in shooting around and between his legs to escape imaginary rats.

Mrs. General Sherman

Says: I have frequently bought Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with Rheumatism, and in *every instance* it worked like magic. Sufferers with rheumatism make a note of this, and send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C. Sold by all druggists.

Davy Crocket.

It was during his first session as a "legislator" that Davy met with James K. Polk, afterwards President of the United States, but then only an unnotice young lawyer. Both happened one day to be standing in a crowd of members. Polk remarked that a bill would be immediately introduced to alter the judiciary. Crockett, who did not know what the deuce the word judiciary meant, briefly replied, "I s'pose so," and to cover up his ignorance hastily slipped away from the crowd. Some time after he got to Nashville, never having been in a town before, Colonel Crockett became the hero of another experience, which, afterwards, when a member of Congress, he was fond of relating to his friends. He was invited to pay a visit to a billiard saloon—the best in Nashville. He had never heard of billiards much, and had never seen them played. Arriving at the saloon, his curiosity was greatly excited at seeing some men with long sticks shoving and punching at pretty red and white balls, which would roll off into their proper receptacles. He left highly pleased. It was during the same period that Crockett was invited to a splendid supper and bauquet at the fine and aristocratic mansion of Mr. Irwin, in Nashville. Colonel Crockett, arriving at the house, strode across the gallery or piazza to the door. Looking in, he was surprised to see the table-cloth spread all over the floor, never having before seen a carpet, except the one of bearskin which he had used on his cabin floor in the woods. Not knowing what the carpet was, and seeing no way to get to the fireplace except by crossing what he believed to be the table-cloth, Colonel Crocket, in full view of the other guests, cautiously looked this way and that to see if there was any chance except by crossing. At last he muttered to himself, "Who in the ——is afraid?" He crept around the carpet till the fireplace was reached. Before supper was announced, Mr. Irwin and the "boys" had a high old time listening to Davy's b'ar stories. Now, he had never been at a banquet before, and after the guests were seated at the table, a negro waiting boy came up to the back of his chair and asked if he would have tea or coffee. Crockett replied, "Coffee, though I have plenty of sarsaparilla at home." Up stepped the boy with the coffee on a waiter. Crockett, insisted not only on taking the coffee, but the waiter also, and so he and the boy had it lively for a while. Crockett was an old line Whig, and in his first race for Congress from Tennessee "licked" Colonel Hunt, a Democrat, awfully, beating him by a tremendous majority. While a member of that body, and to his daughter, who wrote asking his advice about accepting the hand of a young man in marriage, he addressed the famous expression, "First, be sure you're right, then go ahead." And she did, to her satisfaction. Years rolled on, and Crockett, singularly enough, went to Texas, as General Houston did, in time to take part in the great struggle of 1836 against Santa Anna and the Mexican power. While Houston was appointed to command the Texan army, Crockett went to San Antonio and offered his services to Colonel Travis, commanding the ill-fated garrison of the celebrated Alamo fortress. He perished with its defenders, all of whom were put to the sword by the Mexicans. Crockett's body was found in a corner of the fortress surrounded by a number of the enemy. His name is embalmed in Texan history as one of Travis' immortal band.

Another Wonderful Clock.

The latest arrival is known as the Troutman clock, and the maker personally superintends its exhibition. He is a native of Donaldson, Schuylkill county, Pa., showing that benighted region can turn out something more than coal and Mollie Maguires. Troutman is a German, but speaks English tolerably well. He says he cut down a tree and sawed it into boards to procure lumber for the clock, which he made with a penknife in seven years. The clock reaches from floor to ceiling, and at its widest is nearly five feet. Around and below the main dial are groups of automaton figures that move with wonderful accuracy. At the top is a representation of Napoleon and his horse that ate apple dumplings. A figure seated is eating dumplings, and at intervals the horse indulges as naturally as a wooden horse can be expected to do. Below this is a figure of Captain Jack, the Modoc chief, who strikes the hours upon a gong that brings forth a procession of his warriors. Below the main dial is a representation of Jonah being swallowed by the whale. Jonah at regular intervals is thrown overboard, the whale ascends and opens its ponderous jaws, and Jonah is swallowed. At the base of the clock is a large scene representing Christ walking on the waters. A large ship appears with a deck-load of apostles. The scriptural account of the event is narrated by Mr. Troutman, and the picture is represented automatically to the minutest detail. There are a number of other scenes that may be worked separately or together. Noah's ark is represented with the dove and olive branch; and there is the "good fairy and the poor woman." These automaton figures work smoothly and present interesting pictures. A music box on the inside of the clock plays a variety of tunes.

Johnny on the Sheriff.

A man which was the Sheriff of a jail his prisoners kept gettin' out nites and steelin' hens, cos the jail wasent strong enuf to hold 'em inside. So the man he sed, the man did, "He put a stop to that little game, my harteys!" and he had a other cote of paint put on the jail. But the artist he had put some salt into the paint, and some cow come along and licked the paint al off, and then the prisoners got out a other time and steeled more hens. When the Sheriff he seen wot they had done, he was so angry he sed, "This ain't no place for theefs, you bet; so you fellers has got to eether behave yourself or lite out, and rassele round for your hash best way you can."

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

Eating is a Torture.

And sleep often a mere travesty of repose, to the dyspeptic. Appetite is correspondingly impaired by this most prevalent of maladies and headaches, biliousness, constipation, poverty of the blood, loss of flesh and of vitality, and a thousand annoying and indescribable sensations, are its concomitants. It is, moreover, the progenitor of numerous and formidable bodily disorders. Obstinate as it is, however, its complete eradication may be effected by the persistent use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which communicates both vigor and regularity to the organs of digestion and secretion, relaxes the bowels gently but thoroughly, enriches and purifies the blood, promotes appetite, and gives tranquility to the nervous system. Persons of weakly constitution and feeble physique who use this superb tonic, infallibly derive from it the stamina of which they stand so much in need, and it is invariably successful in remedying and preventing malarial diseases.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup will at once relieve and loosen a tight cough, and is such an agreeable remedy that children will take it without being coaxed. A cold on the lungs, if consumption is not already developed, may be easily mastered by the use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup.

For sale by all Druggists.

As spirituous liquors will injure men, so opium or morphia will harmfully affect the boby. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the remedy for the baby. It is free from opium. Price 25 cents.

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.

An Astonishing Fact.

A large proportion of the American people are to-day suffering from the effects of Dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming, making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it ought to be. There is no good reason for this if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of druggists and your friends, and try one bottle of Green's August Flower. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents to try. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively sold by all Druggists on the Western Continent.

Reliable Dry Goods House.

We notice that B. F. Dewees, 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.

VEGETINE.

FOR

Chills, Shakes, FEVER AND AGUE.

Farboro, N. C., 1878.

Dr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir—I feel very grateful for what your valuable medicine, Vegetine, has done in my family. I wish to express my thanks by informing you of the wonderful cure of my son; also, to let you know that Vegetine is the best medicine I ever saw for Chills, Shakes, Fever and Ague. My son was sick with measles in 1873, which left him with Hip-joint disease. My son suffered a great deal of pain all of the time; the pain was so great he did nothing but cry. The doctors did not help him a particle; he could not lift his foot from the floor; he could not move without crutches. I read your advertisement in the Louisville Courier-Journal, that Vegetine was a sure cure for Chills, Fever and Ague. I tried one bottle, which was a great benefit. He kept on with the medicine, gradually gaining. He has taken eight bottles in all, and he is completely restored to health walks without crutch or cane. He is twenty years of age. I have a younger son fifteen years of age, who is subject to Chills. Whenever he feels one coming on, he comes in, takes a dose of Vegetine and that is the last of the Chill. Vegetine leaves no bad effect upon the system, like most of the medicines recommended for Chills. I cheerfully recommend Vegetine for such complaints. I think it is the greatest medicine in the world.

Respectfully, MRS. J. W. LLOYD.

Vegetine—When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the Vegetine will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

VEGETINE.

For Dyspepsia, Nervousness, and General Debility.

Bernardston, Mass., 1878.

We, the undersigned, having used Vegetine, take pleasure in recommending it to all those troubled with Humors of any kind, Dyspepsia, Nervousness or General Debility, it being the Great Blood Purifier. Sold by R. L. Crowell & Sons, who sell more of it than all other patent medicine put together.

MRS. L. F. PERKINS.
MRS. H. W. SCOTT.
JOSEPHUS SLAFE.

Vegetine is the great health restorer, composed exclusively of barks, roots and herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

VEGETINE.

For Nervous Headache and Rheumatism.

Cincinnati, O., April 9, 1877.

H. R. Stevens, Esq.

Dear Sir—I have used your Vegetine for Nervous Headache, and also for Rheumatism, and have found entire relief from both, and take great pleasure in recommending it to all who may be likewise afflicted.

Fred. A. Good,
168 Mill street, Cinn.

Vegetine has restored thousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

VEGETINE.

Druggists' Testimony.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir—We have been selling your remedy, the Vegetine, for about three years, and take pleasure in recommending it to our customers, and in no instance where a blood purifier would reach the case, has it