

# South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. XXI, No. 17.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, April 28, 1883.

Five Cents per Copy.

**SWAYNE'S**  
AN UNFAILING  
REMEDY FOR ALL SKIN  
DISEASES  
ITCHING SORES, PIMPLES,  
ERYSIPELAS, RING WORM,  
ETC.

**SWAYNE'S OINTMENT**  
THE GREAT CURE FOR  
ITCHING PILES

Symptoms are moisture, itching, burning, smarting, soreness, and pain. It is a sure cure for all the above. It is a pleasant, economical and positive cure. Swayne's Ointment is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists, or send 50 cts. in Post Office Note, 3 Boxes, 61 St. Address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Phila., Pa.

## From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21, 1883.  
The statement of the United States Treasurer shows gold, silver and United States notes in the Treasury to-day, as follows: Gold coin and bullion, \$180,229,667; silver dollars and bullion, \$108,696,293; fractional silver coin, \$27,948,588; United States notes, \$45,191,328; total, \$368,065,876. Certificates outstanding—Gold, \$47,622,010; silver, \$71,408,441; currency, \$9,200,000.

The count of the cash in the United States Treasury was completed yesterday afternoon. The moneys belonging to the cash of the office were found to aggregate \$13,460,297.53, with a reserve fund of \$75,440,218. The committee found an excess of three cents in favor of Mr. Gillfillan.

A copy of the Civil Service Rules, as adopted by the Civil Service Commission (yet subject to the President's approval), was furnished each member of the Cabinet now in the city to-day. The copies are made with the type writing machine. The object of the distribution is to enable the members of the Cabinet to thoroughly digest the rules in advance of their formal consideration at a Cabinet meeting which will be held when the President returns to this city.

The friends of ex-Speaker Randall express confidence of his election as Speaker of the next House of Representatives.

The latest reports they have indicate that the bulk of the Tennessee delegation will support him. It is cruelly hinted that this support is because of an alliance made with ex-Representative Atkins, of Tennessee, who is a candidate for the clerkship of the House. Mr. Blackburn still continues a candidate, and will not withdraw unless the Kentucky delegation so request. Among some of the southern members there is disposition to support Representative Hammond, of Georgia, for the Speakership. Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, another candidate, is in the city, feeling quite hopeful. He will make a trip west at an early day.

HOWARD.

The annual meeting of the Board of Directors of Princeton Theological Seminary will be held at Princeton, in the oratory of the the seminary, Tuesday morning, May 8th.

An order has been issued by Mr. Paugh, General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, putting a stop to all work at the company's coal docks and yards at Perth Amboy and South Amboy on Sundays.

The Executive Committee of the New Jersey Editorial Association to take in to consideration the Summer excursion, contemplate Newport as the principal place, and the committee will investigate as to what arrangements can be made as to transportation and other accommodations. Boston will also be visited by the excursionists if the Newport trip is made.

CAN'T BE CURED.—Who says so? "The best physicians have been consulted, and they all agree that the case is beyond the reach of medicine." Have you tried the new Vitalizing Treatment, which acts directly upon the great nerve centres, and gives to all the vital organs a new life-force and a higher activity? "No; never heard of it. What is it called?" Compound Oxygen. "Oh! yes, I have seen it advertised, but supposed it to be one of the medical humbugs of the day." If all that we have read about the cures it is making is true, it is the most wonderful therapeutic agent ever discovered. "Where can it be obtained?" Only of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia. Now, take our advice and write to them, giving them a statement of your condition. You will get a prompt answer, and it will cost you nothing, as they make no charge for consultations. If, like your physicians, they see no hope in your case, they will honestly tell you so. But if they have treated similar cases successfully, they will, in making a favorable report, send such evidence of their professional integrity and skill, and such reports of cases which they have treated, as can hardly fail to give you confidence both in them and their new and wonderful Treatment. All this, as we have said, will cost you nothing.

As a superb hair dressing and renovator Ayer's Hair Vigor is universally commended. It eradicates scurf and dandruff, cures all eruptions and itching of the scalp, promotes the renewed growth of the hair, and surely prevents its fading or turning gray.

The life of a railroad conductor is sometimes supposed to be an unhealthy one, although the career of William Coulter, the oldest passenger conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad, seems to disprove this idea. Mr. Coulter is seventy years of age, and during his nearly fifty years of service he has travelled 2,000,000 miles back and forth through New Jersey, and has collected tickets from more than 4,000,000 persons.

The prohibitionists are making arrangements for taking a complete census of the people in this State who will promise to vote for their candidates at the gubernatorial election, so as to ascertain how it is that their vote now is so much smaller than they expect it to be from the promises made. It is apparent to all that a good many promise loudly to vote the Prohibition ticket and then go and quietly vote something else.

The surviving veterans of the First New Jersey Brigade, First Division, Sixth Army Corps, will hold their second annual reunion in Library Hall, Newark, on Thursday May 3d, 1883, for the purpose of renewing old associations and reviving the friendships contracted during the memorable days of battle and camp life. It is earnestly desired that every surviving veteran of the old Brigade will be present on this occasion and make it a happy reunion of old comrades who fought side by side in the trying days of the Civil War, nineteen years ago.

The latest report about railroad operations is that the Reading and Central combination have finally secured a controlling interest in the Camden, Gloucester and Mt. Ephraim narrow gauge road, and will make it a broad gauge, to be used in connection with the Atlantic City road, so as to secure better terminal facilities. The Gloucester Reporter after stating that the Vanderbilt interest acquired the right to use the franchise of the Gloucester narrow gauge, adds that this new railroad factor in South Jersey will utilize the narrow gauge by widening the roadbed, laying additional tracks of the standard gauge, leaving the narrow gauge track for the use of the old company. The Delaware River road, it is surmised, will soon be extended from Woodbury to Gloucester City to connect with the new combination, the owners being able to extend the road without outside help. This project of extending the Delaware River road had been talked about for some time, but the officers are exceedingly reticent about their plans for the future. The enterprise, if carried out, would give Woodbury the increased accommodations of a new line to Philadelphia. There is some interest attached, therefore, to the annual meeting of the Delaware River Company on Tuesday next. — Woodbury Constitution.

During the late session of the New Jersey Legislature the House of Assembly created five committees with roving commissions to investigate things in general. These bodies had hardly begun to mobilize for the Summer campaign among the resorts of the mountains and the coast when it was discovered that no connection had been established between their commissary department and the State Treasury. The committee which was to enlighten the world on the subject of convict labor held one arduous session and presented its hotel bill to the Comptroller. The committee was advised that under the general law the bill needed the Governor's endorsement before it could be entertained. The Governor found legal provision for paying a secretary, witnesses and some other expenses, but no warrant for furnishing errand Assemblymen with dusters and cigars. The investigators are at liberty now to support themselves, but it is probable that some of these patriotic bands will demobilize at an early day. The people of New Jersey are plainly of the opinion that no harm will come to the State from the Governor's decision, and the matter affords them more amusement than it does the committeemen.

THE SENSATION OF THE AGE.—Every season has its sensation. If it is not one thing it is another and so the world moves on. When Jenny Lind came to this country and commanded \$695 for a single reserved seat the people were amazed. But more astonishing things than that have happened since then, not the least of which was the introduction of Swayne's Pills for the general improvement of the human system. They are good for almost every complaint, but are indispensable for constiveness, liver troubles, sick headache and other ailments of a depressing character.

## Fertilizers!

Farmers can get

ALMOST ANYTHING

In the way of Fertilizers, at

**GEO. ELVINS'**

Main Road and Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton.

Mapes' Complete Manures.

Corn Manure,

Potato Manure,

Fodder Corn Manure,

Fruit and Vine Manure,

Early Vegetable and Truck Manure,

Grass and Grain Spring

Top-Dressing,

Together with a supply of Peruvian Guano, Land Plaster,

German Kainit, and Ground Bone.

Also, the celebrated STOCK-BRIDGE MANURES originated by Hon. Levi Stockbridge, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and Professor of Agriculture.

**HALL'S**  
Vegetable Sicilian

**HAIR RENEWER**

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needed for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: the entire fulfillment of its promises.

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

FOR THE

**WHISKERS**

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY

**R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.**  
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS

OR

Scrofulous, Mercurial, and

Blood Disorders,

the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is



**Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles, \$5.

**Dr. GEORGE R. SHIDLE,**

**DENTIST,**

**HAMMONTON, N. J.**

Office Days, — Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of each week.

Philadelphia Office, 1106 Arch St.

**THE LADIES' STORE**

**OF**

**HAMMONTON.**

**TOMLIN & SMITH'S,**

Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, White

Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and

**MILLINERY GOODS.**

Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.

Demorest's Spring Fashions have been received.

**Mrs. J. Sibley**

Begs to inform the Ladies of

**HAMMONTON and**

**VICINITY,**

That she is making Ladies' Dresses,

and Wraps of all kinds. Also Children's Suits at the LOWEST

**CASH PRICES.**

She asks the favor of your patronage,

and will be pleased to see Ladies at her residence, on Main Road, opposite Oak,

Hammonton, N. J.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

# SOLITUDE

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and the world weeps alone.  
For the sad old world must borrow its mirth,  
But has trouble enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer;  
Sigh, and the hills will sigh.  
The echoes round about the shore,  
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they turn and go.  
They will come if you will stay,  
But they will go if you leave too.  
Be glad, and your friends are many;  
Be sad, and you lose them all.  
There are none to decline your heart's  
Pain, but none to share your life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by.  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a large and lordly train;  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

— ELA WHEELER.

# A Fair Exchange.

"Diana! my own darling Diana!"  
With a low cry of utter gladness the  
young man hurried forward and clasped  
the girl to his breast—clasped her and  
kissed her, and looked down joyfully  
into the startled violet-blue eyes, but  
she, laughing and blushing in love em-  
barrassment, tore herself out of his  
arms and stood shyly before him.

"I'm not Diana—I'm only Dolly,"  
she said. "And you must be Roy Doug-  
lass, though I did not know. Diana was  
expecting you home so soon."  
"She was not expecting me, I planned  
to take her by surprise. Is it possible  
this is little Dolly? You were in short  
frocks when I went away, my dear. You  
are the living image of your sister,"  
he said, regarding her with a mingled  
look of surprise, confusion and ad-  
miration.

"Oh, indeed?" answered Miss Dolly,  
"not particularly flattered. But she is  
a great deal older than I am."

"Of course," murmured the young  
man, more and more confounded; "you  
are the picture of what she was five  
years ago when I saw her last."

"I am eighteen—and my sister is  
twenty-three," remarked Dolly, with a  
little air of superiority, looking straight  
up into the eyes of this tall fine-looking  
fellow whom she thought quite the  
most striking gentleman she had ever  
met, and who, she knew, had made a  
clear twenty-five thousand by his five  
years' labor.

"But Diana is just as pretty as ever,"  
she added patronizingly, "and will be  
awfully glad to have you back, I sup-  
pose, she doesn't have much fun, you  
see, for the fellows all understand she's  
engaged; I'm glad you've come for her,  
at last, before she gets to be a downright  
old maid. Shall I run to the house and  
tell her?"

"I have been to the house and spoken  
to your mother; Diana was out here in  
the garden, she said, and that was one  
reason I made the mistake, I suppose,"  
he said dreamily, his eyes still lingering  
on the beautiful flower-like face, so  
fresh, so plump, so perfect.

Dolly was a born coquette, and selfish  
to the core of her vain little heart. She  
was fully aware of the impression she  
was making; even now she was thinking  
"would it be possible to cut Diana out,  
and catch this handsome and generous  
fellow for herself?"

For the Davenports were poor, and  
Dolly longed for costlier dresses and  
jewels to set off her beauty, she envied  
her older sister her good luck; be-  
cause Dolly had in superabundance, but  
among them none such as this rich and  
fascinating. She glanced up at him  
from under her long curling lashes.

"It's too bad I got the first kiss," she  
laughed, the soft color flying to her  
wid-rose face. "Diana will be furious."  
"Don't tell her then," murmured Roy,  
laughing a little, too, and unable to  
withdraw his admiring gaze from the  
lovely young girl. "Five years," I  
never thought about their changing  
Diana; yet of course I am older as well  
as she."

"Oh, but a man—a man ought to be  
eight or ten years the older."  
"You think that, do you, Miss Dolly?"  
he asked.

"Why, of course. My lover must be  
all that."  
"Have you any one in particular in  
your mind's eye, Dolly?" asked,  
laughing because she laughed.

"Not yet," with a little affected  
sigh. "Somehow the youths of our  
rural neighborhood hardly come up to  
my ideal. But really I must look about  
for my sister. You must be dying to  
see her. I know, after all those years.  
Why, five years to me seem like half a  
lifetime! I wonder you've had the pa-

tience to stand here listening to my  
nonsense; I won't tell Diana how you  
took me for her."

Roy Douglas himself wondered why  
he had remained by Dolly and let her  
talk without demanding to see his sweet-  
heart. He had come into that sweet  
June garden, eyes and heart aglow, his  
whole soul rushing in advance of his  
feet, for now, at last, after "long  
toll and endeavor," the supreme hope  
so intensely longed for was here, when  
he should "feel the arms of his true  
love round him once again."

He had seen her, he thought, fairer  
than ever, standing there in the old rose  
arbor, dressed in white, and he had  
stolen forward and caught her at his  
breast in a burst of rapture; and, after  
all it had not been his Diana, but that  
little sister of her's grown up. He was  
conscious of a slight shrinking from the  
idea of the first meeting now with the  
real Diana. Meantime, not six feet  
up, outside the leafy arbor, sitting in  
the deep, fragrant grass, a book in her  
lap, showers of rose-petals dropping  
over her gold hair and pale blue dress,  
was Diana Davenport, a moment ago  
dreaming happily of her coming lover,  
but now white as death, her hand  
clenched, her lips quivering.

She gave no token of her nearness,  
and the two moving away in search of  
her did not learn that she had over-  
heard their little chat.

"Dolly was always entirely selfish,"  
she whispered to herself, after a time.  
"I have given up everything else to her,  
and now she will try to win him."

She crept carefully out of the garden  
into the house.

"My dear, Roy has come," her  
mother called out joyfully, as she was  
slipping up to her room.

"Yes, mamma. I must smooth my  
hair."

Once safe in her room, she looked at  
herself long and sadly in the mirror.

"If I am pale and grave and thought-  
ful," she murmured, "I have become so  
waiting and watching for him. If I  
had loved him less I might not have  
played away my roses. Yes, Dolly is  
lovely—soft and tender and lovely as  
the roses out there—and as soulless.  
But he will see only her girlish bloom,  
and she will break my heart."

It was half-an-hour and over before  
Dolly brought Roy to the house in the  
search for Diana, who was waiting in  
the cool, dim, jasmine-scented parlor,  
pale and quiet and cold.

The fiery trail of red October was  
over all the land. There were coral  
seed-cups on the vines over the trellis,  
but roses no longer. Great clumps of  
chrysanthemums flamed in the garden,  
but the heliotrope and mignonette were  
no more. A perfect glory of moonlight  
flooded the long porch which gave grace  
to the plain roomy cottage where a  
widowed mother had reared her two  
lovely daughters—daughters, whom to-  
morrow she was to lose, as mothers lose  
girls whom they give to men in  
marriage.

There were a dozen merry young  
people promenading the porch, in the  
white glory of the night—bridesmaids  
and best men, as well as the two pairs  
of lovers—Dolly, clinging lightly to the  
strong arm of Roy Douglas, and Diana  
pacing side by side with the man she  
had promised to marry—a suitor who  
had fallen in love with Dolly first, but  
on being refused by her in favor of Roy,  
had turned to the older sister, ap-  
parently as well-satisfied—a widower  
from the city, out in the country for  
his health; a wealthy merchant who  
could afford Roy's twenty-five thousand  
with ten times that sum; fifty years of  
age, with courtly manners and refined  
habits.

"He was not a bad match for Diana,"  
her friends said.

"She was so quiet, the great differ-  
ence in their age would not be so ob-  
servable; and really, after the way Doug-  
lass jilted her for her sister, it must be  
quite a triumph for her to make such a  
match before his very eyes."

Oh yes, it must be a great triumph!  
Doubtless Diana felt it so, as she  
walked proudly and calmly by Mr.  
Burleigh's side, her fair face fairer still  
in the brooding whiteness of the moon,  
her beautiful eyes lifted to the shining  
heaven with a strange look in them.  
To many she seemed lovelier than her  
more blooming sister, a lily purer and  
more gracious than any rose. As they  
passed and repassed each other in the  
moonlit promenade, Roy's eyes were  
always lifted from the piquant face of  
his own partner and fixed with troubled  
scrutiny on that other quieter face, but  
his anxious look was never returned.

"I declare, Roy," pouted his bride-  
elect, "you seem to be walking in a  
stupor. If you are going to be silly  
and stupid, I'll steal Diana's ring and  
let her have you. Come, after Bur-  
leigh, let us run away and hide, like  
poor Ginevra. It's a glorious night for  
a walk."

Dropping Roy's arm she ran up to the  
other couple, with that pretty, spark-  
ling, half-defiant ways of hers.

"You have got to lend him to me for  
a while, Dolly. I'll give you Roy to keep  
for a few minutes, as a little girl lends  
her dolls. Be sure you are careful of  
him, and don't let him get broke."

"I'm afraid he's sullen to-night—or  
sorry, who knows?—and I'd rather  
have Mr. Burleigh."

Dolly could say all sorts of things  
with safety. People only smiled at her  
folly as at that of a pretty child. But  
Roy's face flushed dark as she dragged  
the elderly fiancée away from his be-  
trothed, nothing told for a look with his  
jolly sister-in-law to be.

"Turn about is fair play," he said so-  
berly. "Diana, will you take my  
arm?"

She would not refuse it, though he  
observed her hesitate. In a minute  
they were walking along the gravelled  
drive, on into the frost-kissed garden,  
along the winding path shining in the  
moonlight. Finally in the very arbor  
where he had met and kissed Dolly, Roy  
suddenly stopped and threw at his com-  
panion a look that turned her pale  
cheeks even paler.

A cry of anguish, long, stifled, uncon-  
trollable, burst from him in a few des-  
perate words.

"Diana, why have you treated me  
so, since I came back? I came to you,  
after five years' toil for us both, faith-  
ful, loving, ardent, and you froze me  
with a look! In one cruel moment you  
allowed me to see that your love for me  
was dead. What I have suffered under  
the blow none but myself will ever  
know. It is late to speak to you now,  
but I must ask why you treated me so  
very cruelly?"

"It is late, as you say; and you seem  
to have comforted yourself, Roy."

"Ah, now you are bitter. Would you  
like it better if you had crushed all life  
and hope out of me? You tried hard  
enough! Little Dolly was kinder—she  
liked me and was sorry for me. I was  
grateful to her—I shall try to make her  
happy; but there will be only one love  
for me in this world."

"Roy!"  
The passionate ring of pain in her  
voice thrilled him with wonder.

"Diana!"

"It is wicked—deceitful—terrible,  
for you to say this to me now! Roy, I  
was in hearing of your every word,  
when you came back that day, met my  
sister on this very path, mistook her for  
me, kissed her for me—and then—loved  
her for herself. She was to you what  
once I was. Oh, she was fair and gay,  
and the pink of her cheeks was more  
to you than the white of mine, worn white  
and thin—too love and longing for him  
who came home to find me faded and  
sad—and to fall in love with my sister."

"As heaven is over us, Diana, you do  
me strange injustice. I did mistake  
Dolly for you, and I admired her be-  
cause she was like you. In my heart I  
laughed at her girlish vanity, and con-  
demned her selfishness; in five minutes  
I saw that her soul was not like her  
body, the image of yours; when I  
found you at last, my very heart melted  
in speechless love at the sight of the  
grave, noble, beautiful girl whom I  
thought my own; you know how you  
received me—Diana—how you clasped  
me—how you shrank from me. And  
Diana, the very day you asked to be  
free of your engagement, poor, foolish,  
fond little Dolly threw herself into my  
arms and asked me to take her instead.  
I never can love her; but I will be  
good to her for your sake, Diana. It  
seems so strange to me that you, of all  
women, should be cold and worldly—  
for it is the money alone for which you  
must be marrying this other man."

He stood and looked at her as if try-  
ing to understand and read the beauti-  
ful woman who baffled him. He looked  
haggard in the moonlight—unutterably  
sad and hopeless. Her dark blue eyes  
searched his for a moment, then her  
white face was buried in her hands.

"It is all a mistake on both sides," she  
said. "I was too proud—too sensitive—  
and Dolly was too artful. She has hurt  
me, Roy, to the death. I thought that  
you liked her best—that I was forgotten  
—that you would be glad to be free.  
And so I spoke; but it broke my heart.  
Oh, Roy, why do I tell you this now?  
It is too late."

"Oh, Dolly, cruel Dolly!" mocked  
a voice, but it was not Roy's.

"Oh, wicked Dolly!" went on the  
merry, mocking voice.

And then Diana raised her startled  
face from her hands and looked won-  
deringly about. "There, close beside  
her, stood her naughty sister,  
"It's the very strangest thing," she  
went on, unblushingly, "of all coinci-  
dences it is the luckiest—that Mr. Bur-  
leigh should just have been telling me  
that it was me he first and last and  
only wanted, though my sister was  
awfully nice and all that; and I liked  
his money, and now I have come to  
ask, please, may I have him, Diana?"  
"A fair exchange is no robbery," they  
say, and it will be such fun to surprise  
everybody."

# Curiosities of the Railway Censur.

In the *Scientific American* for March  
3, under the above heading, was a pa-  
ragraph relating to the difference be-  
tween the receipts of railways for trans-  
portation of passengers and freights, in  
which the results were rendered rather  
absurd by the use of mighty dollar  
marks instead of humble cents. The  
paragraph should read as follows:

"The freight carried in 1880 was two  
hundred and ninety-one millions of tons,  
for which the railways charged 1.29  
cents per ton per mile, and made a profit  
of 0.53 of a cent per ton per mile.

The number of passengers carried  
was two hundred and seventy millions,  
for which they each paid an average of  
2.33 cents per mile, and the companies  
made a profit of 0.62 of a cent per mile.  
If the passengers are counted by weight,  
allowing 14 passengers to the ton, then  
the receipts of the companies for their  
two-legged freight was \$3.26 per ton per  
mile, and their profit was 86.8 cents per  
ton per mile.

By the ton, then, passengers yield  
sixteen times more profit to the railways  
than ordinary freight.

We renew the suggestion that there  
seems to be an opportunity here for  
the exercise of genius by railway man-  
agers in the development of new and  
better inducements for travel. Various  
suggestions, doubtless, will rise in the  
minds of readers, such as the adoption  
of improved means for safety, smooth-  
ing and better ballasting of roadbeds,  
faster time, easier and more commodious  
cars. But without going through the  
entire list of improvements that might  
help travel, we will name one subject that  
railway officials might study and proceed  
to carry out at little expense, as a help  
to passenger traffic, namely, the inaugu-  
ration in every city, town and vil-  
lage of a thoroughly good and cheap  
service for the use of customers between  
their homes and the stations. At present  
the companies leave their patrons to the  
tender mercies of extortionate hack-  
men and baggage smashers; and so gen-  
eral are the inconveniences that exist  
between residence and car that probably  
not a hundred tickets are bought where  
a thousand would be purchased if a  
first-rate service, such as we have in-  
dicated, could be realized.

# A Very Young Musician.

When the famous Mozart was three  
years old, he began to show signs of his  
wonderful powers. Leopold Mozart,  
the father, was then giving his daughter  
lessons on the clavier—an instrument  
something like the modern piano. The  
little Wolfgang was always present at  
these lessons, and used to amuse him-  
self by striking thirds, and producing  
other harmonies.

At four years of age he could re-  
member—with accuracy—very difficult  
airs which he had heard played, and  
his father at once began to give him  
lessons. The boy needed no compulsion  
to learn, and showed the most remark-  
able aptitude. A minute he could learn  
in half an hour, and then, having once  
mastered his piece, it was always played  
with the greatest accuracy in every  
respect. At the same time he began to  
compose little pieces which were care-  
fully noted down by his father, and some  
of which are still extant. The child  
was reared in an atmosphere of music,  
and it was natural that he should love  
it. His compositions soon took a more  
ambitious form, and at six he wrote  
pieces for an orchestra.

Mozart's life was a short one, but it  
fully realized the promise of his child-  
hood.

# A Pomological Monstrosity.

A peculiar freak of monstrosity of  
nature is exhibited in an apple brought  
to our office by a friend some weeks  
since. It is a perfectly formed apple,  
one half being a russet and the other a  
bellflower.

# Culinary Concoits.

'LANCASHIRE PIE.—Take cold beef or  
veal or mutton. Chop and season ag-  
ing for hash; have ready hot mashed po-  
tatoes seasoned as for the table, put in a  
shallow baking-dish first a layer of meat,  
then a layer of potatoes, and so on, till  
the dish is heaping full; smooth over top  
of potatoes, and make little holes in which  
place bits of butter; bake until a nice  
brown.

ORANGE CAKE.—Twelve eggs, the  
weight of ten in pulverized sugar, the  
weight of six eggs in flour, the juice and  
grated peel of one orange, and half a  
lemon. Beat it like sponge cake, and  
bake it in jelly-cake pans. Take the  
whites of two eggs, half a pound of  
sugar, the juice and grated peel of one  
orange and half a lemon. Beat it and  
spread it between the layers of the cakes.  
Try this cake. It is a favorite.

CORN AND BEAN SOUP.—Take two  
pounds of beef, a pound of pork, a  
pint of black or navy beans (soaked  
over night), a large onion, a small car-  
rot, a head of celery. Put the above  
ingredients into the soup pot with a  
gallon of cold water, and let simmer  
gently for five or six hours. Take off  
and let get cold; remove the grease,  
and place on the stove to boil again.  
About an hour before dinner add a quart  
of canned corn. Strain the soup, season  
with Cayenne pepper and salt, and serve  
it with or without the addition of boiling  
cream.

CHICKEN PIE WITH OYSTERS.—Boil  
the chicken—a year old is best—until  
tender, drain off liquor from a quart  
of oysters, boil, skim, line the sides of dish  
with a rich crust, put in a layer of chick-  
en, then a layer of raw oysters, and re-  
peat until the dish is filled, seasoning each  
layer with bits of butter, pepper, salt,  
and adding the oyster liquor and a part  
of the chicken liquor until the liquid is  
even with the top layer; now cover  
loosely with a crust having an opening  
in the centre to allow steam to escape.  
If the liquor cooks away, add chicken  
gravy or water. Bake forty minutes  
in a moderate oven. Make gravy by  
adding to chicken liquor in pot (one  
quart or more) two tablespoonfuls of  
flour, rubbed smooth with two table-  
spoonfuls of butter, and seasoned high-  
ly with pepper; let cook until there  
is no raw taste of flour, and serve.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Put a cup of  
vinegar and a cup of milk in to heat  
separate sauce-pans; when the vinegar  
boils add butter, sugar, salt and pepper,  
and stir in about two-thirds of finely  
chopped cabbage; cover, let boil a mo-  
ment; meanwhile remove milk from stove,  
cool a little and stir in the well-beaten  
and strained yolks of four eggs; return  
to stove and boil a moment. Dish the  
cabbage and pour custard over it; stir  
rapidly with a silver spoon until well  
mixed and set at once in a cool place.  
Serve when ice cold. This is a deli-  
cious salad, if made with judgment.

Lill pushed on along the highway,  
without seeing the rainbow or the  
cloud's silver lining. But she met a  
peddler, who said he had them both in  
his pack, and would sell them cheap."

"As I was coming up the railway  
this morning, singing to myself, some  
saucy girl began to mock me. Tell me  
her name, and I will show you the  
silver lining of all the clouds."

"Oh, dear!" cried Lill, "but I don't  
know the girls about here. Maybe I  
can find out, though. What else have  
you got in your pack, please?"

"I've got a good stock, let me tell  
you; none of your tinsel gewgaws, but  
a serviceable lot, nobody can do with-  
out. Here's your rainbow, both single  
and double, and your frocks. I've a rare  
voice of frost-work-embroideries, just  
imported from the North Pole; and  
here are your Northern Lights and your  
Christmas, and your Fourth of Julys,  
and your Thanksgivings all stowed  
away in my pack."

"Are the yesterday's there, too?"  
asked Lill.

"I've got all the to-morrows."  
"And the silver lining of the clouds,  
too?"

"Plenty of it; only find out the name  
of that wicked girl who dared to mock  
at old Father Time, and then you shall  
see it."

Lill went on more quickly than be-  
fore; she climbed the mountain and  
reached the valley, but she met with  
no girls; only an old woman gathering  
fagots, and a wood-chopper felling trees.  
"Hallo!" said he, but it was not Lill,  
and yet there was nobody else in sight.

"Have you seen the girl who mocks  
at the people in this valley?" asked  
Lill.

"Have I seen her?" repeated the  
wood-chopper. The oldest inhabitant  
has never seen so much as her shadow.  
She's nothing but a voice, only."

"What a queer person!" said Lill.  
"Where does she live?"

"In a castle in the air, perhaps."  
"It's growing dark; they'll be look-  
ing for me at home," said Lill. "I  
came out to find the silver lining of the  
cloud."

"You'll be just as likely to find it at  
home as anywhere," returned the wood-  
chopper.

And sure enough, when Lill opened  
her eyes the next morning, there it  
was, shining on the hedge, sparkling

on the meadows, and hanging on the  
branches of the plum trees in great  
white garlands of snow.

The Pursue of Rupees.  
A merchant put two thousand ru-  
pees into a purse; and, having closed  
the mouth thereof with a seal, he gave  
it in charge to a Cazy, and then went  
on a journey. When he returned, he  
received it from the Cazy, sealed up in  
the same manner as when he had deliv-  
ered it; but upon opening it, he saw  
copper coin instead of his silver. He  
began disputing with the Cazy, who de-  
nied that he had shown him the rupees;  
and said that he had received back the  
bag, sealed up just as it was delivered.  
The Cazy's people drove him away.

The man went to the King, and pre-  
sented his grievance. The Sultan after  
pausing a little, said to him:

"Go for the present, leave the purse  
with me, and I will do you justice."  
"The next day he made a small rent  
in the new muslin (cloth) of the throne,  
and then went a hunting."

A Ferash, whose turn it was to be  
that day in waiting, when he saw the  
muslin torn, was so frightened that his  
body was all in a tremor. He showed  
it to another Ferash, and remarked:

"If the King should see it, he would  
kill me."

The other asked whether any one else  
had heard of the accident, or had seen  
the muslin, and he answered in the  
negative.

"Be of good cheer, then," replied he,  
"for there is in this city a Ruffogor  
(or darning) who is a perfect master of  
his business, carry the muslin to him,  
and he will fine-draw it in such a way  
that no one will discover it."

"The Ferash went to the shop of the  
Ruffogor, and told him that if he did  
the business nicely, he should have  
whatever he might demand. The Ruf-  
fogor required only half a dinar, but  
the Ferash gave him a whole dinar, and  
the muslin was mended and returned  
in the course of the night. The next  
day the Ferash spread it on the throne.

When the King saw that the muslin  
had been put to rights—he asked the  
Ferash who had darned it. The Ferash  
pretended ignorance, but the King told  
him not to be alarmed, for that he had  
torn the muslin to answer a particular  
purpose. The Ferash then named the  
Ruffogor, and the King sent for him,  
and asked him whether he had darned  
a purse in the course of that year, and  
whether, if he should see it, he should  
know it again. He answered, "Yes." The  
King then showed him the purse,  
which he knew again, and said that  
the Cazy of the city had given it to him  
to do.

The King then sent for the Cazy, and  
said to him:

"I had perfect reliance on your integ-  
rity; on account of which I promoted  
you to the dignity of Cazy, I did not  
know you to be a thief. How came you  
to steal a man's property?"

He answered, "Alas! my lord, who  
accuses me of this?"

The King replied: "I say so," and  
then produced the purse, and showed  
where it had been darned. The Cazy  
was confounded, and trembled. The  
King sent him to prison, and he com-  
mended the owner of the purse to take  
his money from him, and the Cazy,  
having no alternative, paid it. The  
next day the King ordered the Cazy  
to be hanged.

# A Solid Sentiment.

A worthy wife of forty years stand-  
ing and whose life has not been made  
up of sunshine and peace, gives the  
following sensible advice: "Preserve  
sacredly the privacies of your own  
house. Let no father, mother, sister or  
brother ever presume to come between  
you two, or to share the joys or sor-  
rows that belong to you two alone.  
Build your own quiet world, not allow-  
ing your dearest earthly friend to be the  
confidant of aught that concerns your  
domestic peace. Let the moments of  
alienation, if they occur, be healed at  
once. Never, no never, speak of it  
outside, but to each other confess, and  
all will come right. Never let the mor-  
row's sun still find you at variance."

CREAM COOKIES.—One cup of but-  
ter, one cup of sugar, three tablespo-  
onfuls of sweet cream, half a tablespo-  
onful of tartar, add half a tablespo-  
onful of soda; flavor with cinnamon or  
nutmeg, or if you wish to have them  
very delicate, flavor with extract of  
lemon or with rosewater.

For the Young.  
The Silver Lining.  
It was a dull, cloudy day, but Lill  
put on her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked her  
mother.

"I am going to find the silver lining  
at the clouds," said she.

"You will have to travel far, child;  
you will get wet to the skin."

But Lill thought she could run be-  
tween the drops, as a pinch; and away  
she went over hills and through the  
woods and across little rivulets, without  
flinching in the distance, but when she  
reached it, it was only a mud puddle.  
She asked of every one she met, "Have  
you seen the silver lining of the clouds?"  
but few but have been so fortun-  
ate; many had never even heard of it;  
some thought she ought to borrow  
Jack's bean stalk, if she was going  
after it, and others advised her to in-  
quire of the man in the moon.

"I have seen it often," murmured the  
little stream that tumbled over a rocky  
bed. "In the summer time, and the  
drought, my waters are often too scant  
to turn the mill-wheel, and the miller  
can grind no grain, and the little chil-  
dren go hungry to bed, till a great cloud  
comes up and shows its silver lining."

"We have seen it, too," whispered  
the trees together, when our roots were  
thirsty and our leaves withered." And  
all the grasses sang its praises.

"I will spin you a silver ladder to go  
in search of it," offered the garden  
spider.

"If I could find out where the rain-  
bow begins," said Lill, "that would  
carry me to cloud-land."

"Can you tell me where the rainbow  
begins?" she asked, knocking at a  
farm-house door.

"Yes, indeed," said the old farmer,  
looking over his spectacles; "it begins  
in neighbor Goodwin's meadow, yonder.  
I've hunted for it myself, when I was  
a boy, and went bird-nesting, but I  
never caught up to it. Every year I  
meant to look it up, but now I'm too  
lame. But I've seen it over yonder,  
these forty years."

Lill pushed



## For the Fair Sex.

**HOW TO MAKE SPRING SILKS.**—A short, jaunty blouse, with a box-pleated skirt, is the favorite design for the new spring silks, but this simple plan is varied in silvers, greens, and blues. The upper part of the corsage, the top of the sleeves and the fronts of the skirts seem to be the points of attack for trimmings. There are plastrons of velvet or of embroidery, or else velvet Directoire collars, notched and pointed to the waist line on most of the blouses. The sides are short on the hips, and have one, two or three piping cords, or else they are turned upward and faced across, or there is embroidery or lace placed along the edges to roll out, and hang with points down. The back-middle forms of Worth's dresses are very carefully box-pleated, not pressed flat, and many have these forms shaped plainly, and edged with two or three rows of embroidered lace. The sleeves are rounded out very high and full at the top, and many have a puff inserted that slopes to a point half way between the shoulder and elbow, and is ornamented there with an odd little bow of velvet ribbon. Some of the skirts have very low front drapery, curving in folds, pointed almost to the foot, while others are quite flat in front, with rows of wide velvet ribbon and lace placed there to outline a tall Roman apron. When higher drapery is preferred, a soft puff is put around the hips above a box-pleated skirt, or a squarely draped apron, or perhaps one side of the apron is caught up high in Greek fashion. A dress of stem green checks of the smallest size, says *Harper's Bazar*, has strawberry red sprays brocaded upon that part used for the blouse and drapery. This short blouse, pointed in back and front, has a Directoire collar of darker stem green velvet; this is notched, and is pointed down to the waist line, while close around the neck is a standing collar of velvet, fastened by a green velvet bow of many loops of narrow ribbon, and a similar thickly clustered bow is on the back of the blouse instead of box-pleats. The small flat buttons are wooden rounds covered with any scrap of the silk, some of the buttons showing the broad brocade figure, and others merely checked. The lower skirt, checked without being brocaded, forms panels of velvet that fill all the spaces between the pleats. Five rows of inch-wide velvet ribbon cross the pleats near the foot. The broad checked skirt drapes the upper part of the front diagonally, and four breadths of it are bunched up in the back and fall to the foot.

**BLACK SILK WRAPS.**—In Ottoman silks these are short round visages with high shoulder effects and very bouffant behind, or else they are mantillas with cape-like back and half-long fronts cut in points that slope away from the waist, or with square corners, or else gathered to a tassel of chenille fringe. On the visages there is fullness on the lower part of the sleeves that makes the sides bouffant, and this forms the bishop sleeves, or else the high-shouldered dolman effect is merely rounded on the arm, it may be folded under in square sleeves; all such arrangements and the two or three rows of trimmings across the sides are features of the visages, and these, as well as the bouffant back forms, are brought out more conspicuously by having strings underneath that tie around the waist, and make the back sit very closely to the figure. The new passementeries of satin cords in large figures that may be cut apart and set about as single ornaments are used on these in separate pieces, the bust, the waist line behind, or the ends of the front, or else it is kept in rows that extend down the two seams of the back, joining the middle forms to the sides, or there is a single row down the middle seam of the back. There are also many drop trimmings of passementerie set about in lace, and there are loops of velvet ribbon an inch wide used in the same way. Black laces and the sleek chenille fringes are put as very full on the edges of these garments. There are often two jobs of lace down the fronts, meeting and concealing the small buttons that fasten the visages. On the edges of the garment the lace is gathered in two full rows. The Spanish guipure lace is used for these with their thick silk design, and also the still newer laces with Spanish designs on the fine round meshes of thread lace, these, with real guipure lace and the well-known French imitations of

## A Race for a Kiss.

**How a Nevada Woman Cured Her Husband of Tippling.**  
A butter-peddler from Honey Lake relates, with great glee, how a neighbor of his was cured of too frequent tipping the gin-bottle. This neighbor—married a young, handsome and spirited lady, and for a month or two all went well in the house and about the farm; then the husband fell back into his old tricks. The wife remonstrated, and, for a time, the husband reformed. Presently, however, she became satisfied that the "bottle tipping" was again going on. When she spoke to her husband about the matter he swore that the "grama" she detected was that of a colic medicine he was taking, he having developed a most intractable colic, for the relief of which he had brought home and paraded a bottle of medicine.

The wife was confident that there was kept somewhere about the premises a considerable store of a very different kind of medicine. She kept her own counsel, and, at the same time strict watch. In a day or two she discovered under a manger in the barn the secret hoard. She said nothing of the discovery to her husband. Soon after the husband had business at a neighbor's some two miles away. On his return he was somewhat surprised at seeing a note pinned upon his front door. He hastily advanced and read as follows:

"BEX: You will find the key of the house where you keep your colic medicine. I have taken Kitty and gone home to my mother. Father and brother Bob will come to-morrow for the trunk in which I have packed my NELLIE."

The husband rushed to the barn. At a glance he saw that Kitty, his wife's mare and the side saddle were gone. Daring to the manger he hauled out his reluctant denjion of gin, and suspended from its neck found the key of the house.

Securing the key, he sent the demijon whizzing and crashing against the post of the barn. Bounding forth, he ran to and mounted the horse he had left standing in front of his house.

Away he dashed. It was ten miles to the house of his father-in-law, and he was determined to overtake his wife before she could reach it or kill a horse in the attempt.

Said the butter man: "Now, I see your wife come over the hill, half a mile south of my house, on her little mare Kitty, and begin to perform some queer abominations. After she'd got over the hill she paced up and down the road for a time; then she rode up and looked over the ridge for a while. After looking a bit she turned about and rid up and down the road a few times; then went up to the brow of the hill again. So she kept doing, an once or twice she got off and led Kitty up to the top of the hill."

"I was puzzled as to whether she was waiting for somebody or had lost some of her wits; while her on way to her father's place some four miles beyond my house. I was just about to walk out that way when I saw her wheel Kitty round from the brow of the hill and begin to ply her whip."

"In half a minute she was flyin' past my place like a wild woman. I stood at my front gate by the roadside, ready to holler out at her to know what was up, but, bless you, she never looked to'ards me. Her eyes seemed set in her head, her face was pale and at every jump she let into Kitty with a whip. I saw her ridin' skit fairly carried as she bounded past."

"Just then I heard a tremendous clatter behind me. Turnin' about, I see Ben a-comin' over the pitch of the hill on his big black horse, like a wild Comanche. He was ridin' with loose reins, leavin' a way for'ard and diggin' his big spurs into his horse like he'd rip his insides out."

"He passed by, with hair and coat tails sailin' back in the wind, and never turning his head to right nor left. I thought I see murder in his eye. I tell you, a million thoughts went through my brain in a second. All the stories I'd ever heard about jealous husbands and insane husbands went through my head in a jump, and I do believe if I'd my gun in my hand I'd have taken a wing-shot at him on suspicion."

"I see Nell look back once and then lay the whip on Kitty hotter'n ever. Ben was goin' like the wind. I knowed Nell was headed for her father's, and I see plain as day that Ben would get her before she was safe landed."

"At last he was upon her. It was neck and neck for a time, with Ben

## Misère.

**Some Interesting Facts Concerning Thomas Guy.** was at once a miser and philanthropist. He was a bookseller, and began life in London with a capital of £200. By speculations in South Sea stock in the year 1759 he amassed an immense fortune. Almost everyone else was ruined by the memorable "South Sea Bubble." He was a pitiable miser, denying himself the necessary comforts of life. He always dined alone, with a newspaper for a table cloth.

One winter evening he was sitting alone without fire or light in order to save the expense of both. A visitor was announced, and Guy lighted a farthing candle. The visitor was a Mr. Hopkins, another celebrated miser, who had called in order to be taught a lesson in frugality.

"If that is all you have come about," said Guy, "we can wait till the dark," and blew out the light. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins took his leave. Strangely enough, while depriving himself of all that makes life comfortable, Guy was erecting and endowing a hospital, since known as "Guy's Hospital." At his death he left the largest sum ever donated by a single individual for charitable purposes. He founded several other charitable institutions besides Guy's, principally hospitals, nor did he leave his relatives unprovided for. Altogether Thomas Guy was one of the most singular compounds of meanness and benevolence that ever existed in the human form.

Before London had any bridge over the Thames the conveyance was by ferry, the ferryage privileges belonging exclusively to one John Overs.

Although penurious to the last degree, Overs educated his only child, a daughter, with the utmost liberality, but when she grew to womanhood he would not suffer a man to speak to her, if he could help it. However, a young and venturesome gentleman managed to make her acquaintance while the old man was taking in his penny fares. They determined to elope, and were awaiting a favorable opportunity, when Overs, in order to save a day's expenses, hit upon the expedient of feigning death. His half-starved apprentices, hearing the good news, and supposing him really dead, began to skip about the corpse and ransack the cupboards for eatables, loudly rejoicing over his death.

Unable to contain his rage, Overs rose up in his winding sheet and started forth like a ghost. One of the apprentices, thinking it was the devil in his employer's likeness, caught up a broken ear and with one blow struck over Overs' brains. Thus the old miser actually lost his life through counterfeiting death. The law acquitted the apprentice.

While the old man was thus imitating death the daughter's lover was in such haste to run off with the girl that he horse threw him and broke his neck. For a piousness Overs had been excommunicated by the church and was refused Christian burial. The body was, therefore, placed upon an urn and turned adrift. It wandered until it came to the place of execution—Barnum's ground, where it was shot off its burden.

The body was tumbled into the ground at the foot of the gallows. So many misfortunes coming together unhinged for a time the daughter's reason. On her recovery she determined to dedicate her father's fortune to charity, by way of expiation. She founded a famous church called St. Mary Overs, which title it still bears.

The church was afterward converted into a college for priests, some of whom built London Bridge, the first bridge across the Thames.

Another tragic death was that of Mr. Foscoe, a French miser of the eighteenth century. He had amassed fabulous wealth by grinding the poor. He was ordered by government to raise a large sum of money, and to evade this he pleaded poverty, and hid his wealth in a cave, which he made himself in his wine cellar. He used to descend into this cave by a ladder, the door fastening by a spring lock. One day Foscoe was missing, and all search for him proved unavailing. At last his house was sold, and the new purchaser discovered a little locked door in the cellar, which he ordered to be opened. There, in the midst of almost countless gold and piles of treasure, lay the skeleton of the miser. He had died of hunger, after gnawing the flesh off both arms. The door had accidentally closed and shut him in, to die a slow death in sight of his precious hoards of treasure.

**WANTED.**—A modern young lady's forehead. Not having seen one for several years, we are willing to pay a fair price for a glimpse at the genuine article. No bangles or otherwise mutilated specimens wanted.

The Supreme Court at Montgomery, Alabama, holds the revenue law passed by the late Legislature void, because of the omission from the bill as enrolled and signed of certain words in the bill when passed. The new law reduced the tax to five and a half mills.

## Misère.

**Some Interesting Facts Concerning Thomas Guy.** was at once a miser and philanthropist. He was a bookseller, and began life in London with a capital of £200. By speculations in South Sea stock in the year 1759 he amassed an immense fortune. Almost everyone else was ruined by the memorable "South Sea Bubble." He was a pitiable miser, denying himself the necessary comforts of life. He always dined alone, with a newspaper for a table cloth.

One winter evening he was sitting alone without fire or light in order to save the expense of both. A visitor was announced, and Guy lighted a farthing candle. The visitor was a Mr. Hopkins, another celebrated miser, who had called in order to be taught a lesson in frugality.

"If that is all you have come about," said Guy, "we can wait till the dark," and blew out the light. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins took his leave. Strangely enough, while depriving himself of all that makes life comfortable, Guy was erecting and endowing a hospital, since known as "Guy's Hospital." At his death he left the largest sum ever donated by a single individual for charitable purposes. He founded several other charitable institutions besides Guy's, principally hospitals, nor did he leave his relatives unprovided for. Altogether Thomas Guy was one of the most singular compounds of meanness and benevolence that ever existed in the human form.

Before London had any bridge over the Thames the conveyance was by ferry, the ferryage privileges belonging exclusively to one John Overs.

Although penurious to the last degree, Overs educated his only child, a daughter, with the utmost liberality, but when she grew to womanhood he would not suffer a man to speak to her, if he could help it. However, a young and venturesome gentleman managed to make her acquaintance while the old man was taking in his penny fares. They determined to elope, and were awaiting a favorable opportunity, when Overs, in order to save a day's expenses, hit upon the expedient of feigning death. His half-starved apprentices, hearing the good news, and supposing him really dead, began to skip about the corpse and ransack the cupboards for eatables, loudly rejoicing over his death.

Unable to contain his rage, Overs rose up in his winding sheet and started forth like a ghost. One of the apprentices, thinking it was the devil in his employer's likeness, caught up a broken ear and with one blow struck over Overs' brains. Thus the old miser actually lost his life through counterfeiting death. The law acquitted the apprentice.

While the old man was thus imitating death the daughter's lover was in such haste to run off with the girl that he horse threw him and broke his neck. For a piousness Overs had been excommunicated by the church and was refused Christian burial. The body was, therefore, placed upon an urn and turned adrift. It wandered until it came to the place of execution—Barnum's ground, where it was shot off its burden.

The body was tumbled into the ground at the foot of the gallows. So many misfortunes coming together unhinged for a time the daughter's reason. On her recovery she determined to dedicate her father's fortune to charity, by way of expiation. She founded a famous church called St. Mary Overs, which title it still bears.

The church was afterward converted into a college for priests, some of whom built London Bridge, the first bridge across the Thames.

Another tragic death was that of Mr. Foscoe, a French miser of the eighteenth century. He had amassed fabulous wealth by grinding the poor. He was ordered by government to raise a large sum of money, and to evade this he pleaded poverty, and hid his wealth in a cave, which he made himself in his wine cellar. He used to descend into this cave by a ladder, the door fastening by a spring lock. One day Foscoe was missing, and all search for him proved unavailing. At last his house was sold, and the new purchaser discovered a little locked door in the cellar, which he ordered to be opened. There, in the midst of almost countless gold and piles of treasure, lay the skeleton of the miser. He had died of hunger, after gnawing the flesh off both arms. The door had accidentally closed and shut him in, to die a slow death in sight of his precious hoards of treasure.

**WANTED.**—A modern young lady's forehead. Not having seen one for several years, we are willing to pay a fair price for a glimpse at the genuine article. No bangles or otherwise mutilated specimens wanted.

The Supreme Court at Montgomery, Alabama, holds the revenue law passed by the late Legislature void, because of the omission from the bill as enrolled and signed of certain words in the bill when passed. The new law reduced the tax to five and a half mills.

## NEPENTHE.

The north wind blows free and falls Our rounding sail, and verberates The sunset hours on quarried hills: And peace is over all, as deep As where, amid the secular glow, The slow millenniums pass a tomb. The nameless generation sleep;

While, undecayed as on the day That saw them first, the kings of old, In scarp'd and calm aerial void, The slow millenniums pass a tomb. Still, far behind us, as we cleave Smooth-flowing Nile, the din of life And passionate voices of the strife Are hushed to silence, and we leave

The cares that haunt us, dark regret For wasted years and wild unrest, Yearning for praise or pleasure blest With life's last blessing—to forget.

For still in Egypt's kindly air, Strong antidote of mortal woes, The pines here, Nepenthe grows, Which she whom fair-haired Leda bore Mixed in the wine, and stilled their pain. Who went in Spartan halls for sire Or brother, wrapped in funeral fire, Or wandering o'er the boundless main.

—THE SPECTATOR.

## Agricultural.

**How HOGS ARE GRADED.**—The following is the grading of hogs when they are assorted for market:

Pigs are light and thin, averaging 60 to 115 pounds, and are really but light stockers.

Skips are better in quality—fit to kill and weigh 120 to 135 pounds—too thin and light for Yorkers.

Yorkers are fat and smooth, and should weigh 170 to 210 pounds, and to sell well should be uniform.

Mixed packing hogs are irregular in weight and in quality, from rough to smooth, and from 210 to 300 pounds in weight.

Butcher hogs are uniformly fat and smooth, usually selected for these qualities, and run from Yorkers weight, or 300 pounds to 350 pounds, or more.

**THE COOKED FOOD QUESTION.**—An extensive breeder, after feeding for eight or ten years, goes upon record in favor of cooking and expresses the belief that one-fourth of the grain is saved thereby. The following experiment is given in his case: Two sows of the same litter and the same weight were selected. No. 1 weighed 282 pounds and No. 2 280 pounds. No. 1 was fed for seventeen days on cooked ground corn, and from the consumption of two bushels and twenty-one quarts, gained thirty-one pounds. No. 2 was fed the same time on raw ground corn, of which she consumed three bushels and thirteen quarts, and gained thirty pounds. Another instance is given in which she was fed on raw and cooked corn for six weeks, the result being that while those fed on raw and cooked corn gained ten pounds to the bushel, those fed on cooked corn gained fifteen pounds to the bushel—results which are certainly worth the candid attention of breeders.

**CHECKING GROWTH IN PLANTS.**—If the principles of plant-life were better understood, there would be less injury done to trees than there now is. Much of the injury is from thoughtlessness. A tree, for instance, is severely pruned, when in full leaf, with the result of greatly weakening the tree instead of benefiting it as desired. Trees cannot thrive without leaves, and this the gardener knows well enough. A general rule of thumb—continually cut off cuttings will do. Without leaves no food can be prepared for the plant. It is for this reason good gardeners cut off their asparagus beds very sparingly, especially the first few years, until the plants are very strong. It is recorded that where the leaves are all left on a row of corn, the weight of the crop was 261 pounds, while on the stripped row it was only 69 pounds. In other similar instances the difference was less, yet distinct and striking in all. This same principle applies to pruning fruit trees in summer, which should be omitted or sparingly performed, except where the trees are sufficiently vigorous to bear some check. By always remembering that leaves are essential to a tree, we may preserve the health of such as desired, or destroy obnoxious weeds, as the case may be. A weed or tree continually stripped of leaves will die.

**HINTS.**—When the cows take to eating old bones, rotten wood, etc., it is a sign that they are in need of food with phosphate in it. Feed with some bone-meal, and if they are pastured a liberal application of ground bone (500 pounds per acre) will assist to supply the deficit.

Anything which increases the comfort of an animal is likely to be of permanent benefit to it, and also to the owner. For this reason "warmth" in winter and coolness in hot weather are always important, in addition to all the good food needed. The question should always be, not how little can be fed, but how much at a profit, and also, how much less food, when the animal can be made thoroughly comfortable, by proper shelter and care, aside from food.

Rye is an excellent feed for pigs and horses, when mixed with corn ground on the cob. The cob mixture acts as a diuretic, and the juices of the stomach act on it better than when fed alone. Rye meal is also excellent to put on cut feed, as when wet it sticks, and horses or beef cattle eat their coarse stuff better at that account. When rye is ground and fed in this way, it is a guarantee against being made into whisky.

Even if scraping a fruit tree does not do it much good directly, the habit of care and observation by the owner will be good for him. Every man should know the condition of his trees, and in giving attention of this sort, he will find out much that otherwise would be unlearned. But scraping will do good. It dislodges and destroys many insects whose business is to destroy the tree or its fruit, and it greatly improves their appearance. The work is rapidly done also, and when well done, does not need repeating every year.

**Remedial.**  
The increased cultivation of small fruit, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, currants and grapes is the most gratifying in dication of agricultural progress. Excepting currants, all of these are of comparatively recent date in the gardens of farmers, and all are yet too little grown.

At a recent meeting of the Wisconsin Cane Growers' Association Miss Ida Rust provided enough candy from sorghum syrup to give to every member a taste. The candy was pronounced excellent; it was at least free from glucose, and therefore sweeter than most candy sold from the stores.

English millers are alarmed at the increasing proportions of American wheat that is floured before being exported. The practice of English millers has long been to buy our wheat, which is dryer than their own, and mix both together before grinding. English wheat is often too damp for use alone.

The high price of eggs is in part due to cold weather, which freezes the water and thus makes drink inaccessible. In ordinary barnyards a thaw will set fowls to laying, and a sudden freeze will stop most of them. But if watered morning and night with warm water or sour milk egg production will be greatly increased.

George Geddes says that the cheapest and best water trough is a second-hand potash kettle, such as can be bought very cheaply near salt works. They last indefinitely, and are of such shape that farm freezing in then can never burst the kettle. The slight rust which is often found on old kettles is beneficial to most stock.

Fowls do not like to scratch in their own manure. Advantage may be taken of this fact to keep them from scratching up seeds sown in the garden. If the droppings of the hen most are scattered over freshly planted beds the fowls will scratch elsewhere. The rains and cultivation will soon carry the fertility given by the manure where roots can reach it.

Western corn growers persist in planting corn after corn. The result is that they have bred a worm which eats the roots and which lives in the ground from year to year. As it is not migratory its existence depends on having corn planted on the same field in succession. Good husbandry, which demands rotation of crops, will therefore rid farmers of this pest.

The cold winter has either destroyed or made inaccessible the food which wild animals usually live on during severe weather. The result is that foxes and other wild animals retire from the deep recesses of the forest, and invade farmers' barnyards. Some kinds of animals that have been supposed to be entirely destroyed in the neighborhood have been killed in various places this winter.

Prof. E. M. Shelton's experiment at the Kansas Agricultural College farm to test the value of comfort to fattening stock reports that during one week recently the five pigs exposed to the cold weather made, getting all the corn they would eat, a total of only six hundred pounds, while the same number, originally of equal size, kept in warm

benefit to it, and also to the owner. For this reason "warmth" in winter and coolness in hot weather are always important, in addition to all the good food needed. The question should always be, not how little can be fed, but how much at a profit, and also, how much less food, when the animal can be made thoroughly comfortable, by proper shelter and care, aside from food.

Rye is an excellent feed for pigs and horses, when mixed with corn ground on the cob. The cob mixture acts as a diuretic, and the juices of the stomach act on it better than when fed alone. Rye meal is also excellent to put on cut feed, as when wet it sticks, and horses or beef cattle eat their coarse stuff better at that account. When rye is ground and fed in this way, it is a guarantee against being made into whisky.

Even if scraping a fruit tree does not do it much good directly, the habit of care and observation by the owner will be good for him. Every man should know the condition of his trees, and in giving attention of this sort, he will find out much that otherwise would be unlearned. But scraping will do good. It dislodges and destroys many insects whose business is to destroy the tree or its fruit, and it greatly improves their appearance. The work is rapidly done also, and when well done, does not need repeating every year.

**Remedial.**  
The increased cultivation of small fruit, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, currants and grapes is the most gratifying in dication of agricultural progress. Excepting currants, all of these are of comparatively recent date in the gardens of farmers, and all are yet too little grown.

At a recent meeting of the Wisconsin Cane Growers' Association Miss Ida Rust provided enough candy from sorghum syrup to give to every member a taste. The candy was pronounced excellent; it was at least free from glucose, and therefore sweeter than most candy sold from the stores.

English millers are alarmed at the increasing proportions of American wheat that is floured before being exported. The practice of English millers has long been to buy our wheat, which is dryer than their own, and mix both together before grinding. English wheat is often too damp for use alone.

The high price of eggs is in part due to cold weather, which freezes the water and thus makes drink inaccessible. In ordinary barnyards a thaw will set fowls to laying, and a sudden freeze will stop most of them. But if watered morning and night with warm water or sour milk egg production will be greatly increased.

George Geddes says that the cheapest and best water trough is a second-hand potash kettle, such as can be bought very cheaply near salt works. They last indefinitely, and are of such shape that farm freezing in then can never burst the kettle. The slight rust which is often found on old kettles is beneficial to most stock.

Fowls do not like to scratch in their own manure. Advantage may be taken of this fact to keep them from scratching up seeds sown in the garden. If the droppings of the hen most are scattered over freshly planted beds the fowls will scratch elsewhere. The rains and cultivation will soon carry the fertility given by the manure where roots can reach it.

Western corn growers persist in planting corn after corn. The result is that they have bred a worm which eats the roots and which lives in the ground from year to year. As it is not migratory its existence depends on having corn planted on the same field in succession. Good husbandry, which demands rotation of crops, will therefore rid farmers of this pest.

The cold winter has either destroyed or made inaccessible the food which wild animals usually live on during severe weather. The result is that foxes and other wild animals retire from the deep recesses of the forest, and invade farmers' barnyards. Some kinds of animals that have been supposed to be entirely destroyed in the neighborhood have been killed in various places this winter.

Prof. E. M. Shelton's experiment at the Kansas Agricultural College farm to test the value of comfort to fattening stock reports that during one week recently the five pigs exposed to the cold weather made, getting all the corn they would eat, a total of only six hundred pounds, while the same number, originally of equal size, kept in warm

benefit to it, and also to the owner. For this reason "warmth" in winter and coolness in hot weather are always important, in addition to all the good food needed. The question should always be, not how little can be fed, but how much at a profit, and also, how much less food, when the animal can be made thoroughly comfortable, by proper shelter and care, aside from food.

Rye is an excellent feed for pigs and horses, when mixed with corn ground on the cob. The cob mixture acts as a diuretic, and the juices of the stomach act on it better than when fed alone. Rye meal is also excellent to put on cut feed, as when wet it sticks, and horses or beef cattle eat their coarse stuff better at that account. When rye is ground and fed in this way, it is a guarantee against being made into whisky.

Even if scraping a fruit tree does not do it much good directly, the habit of care and observation by the owner will be good for him. Every man should know the condition of his trees, and in giving attention of this sort, he will find out much that otherwise would be unlearned. But scraping will do good. It dislodges and destroys many insects whose business is to destroy the tree or its fruit, and it greatly improves their appearance. The work is rapidly done also, and when well done, does not need repeating every year.

**Remedial.**  
The increased cultivation of small fruit, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, currants and grapes is the most gratifying in dication of agricultural progress. Excepting currants, all of these are of comparatively recent date in the gardens of farmers, and all are yet too little grown.

At a recent meeting of the Wisconsin Cane Growers' Association Miss Ida Rust provided enough candy from sorghum syrup to give to every member a taste. The candy was pronounced excellent; it was at least free from glucose, and therefore sweeter than most candy sold from the stores.

English millers are alarmed at the increasing proportions of American wheat that is floured before being exported. The practice of English millers has long been to buy our wheat, which is dryer than their own, and mix both together before grinding. English wheat is often too damp for use alone.

The high price of eggs is in part due to cold weather, which freezes the water and thus makes drink inaccessible. In ordinary barnyards a thaw will set fowls to laying, and a sudden freeze will stop most of them. But if watered morning and night with warm water or sour milk egg production will be greatly increased.

George Geddes says that the cheapest and best water trough is a second-hand potash kettle, such as can be bought very cheaply near salt works. They last indefinitely, and are of such shape that farm freezing in then can never burst the kettle. The slight rust which is often found on old kettles is beneficial to most stock.

Fowls do not like to scratch in their own manure. Advantage may be taken of this fact to keep them from scratching up seeds sown in the garden. If the droppings of the hen most are scattered over freshly planted beds the fowls will scratch elsewhere. The rains and cultivation will soon carry the fertility given by the manure where roots can reach it.

Western corn growers persist in planting corn after corn. The result is that they have bred a worm which eats the roots and which lives in the ground from year to year. As it is not migratory its existence depends on having corn planted on the same field in succession. Good husbandry, which demands rotation of crops, will therefore rid farmers of this pest.

The cold winter has either destroyed or made inaccessible the food which wild animals usually live on during severe weather. The result is that foxes and other wild animals retire from the deep recesses of the forest, and invade farmers' barnyards. Some kinds of animals that have been supposed to be entirely destroyed in the neighborhood have been killed in various places this winter.

Prof. E. M. Shelton's experiment at the Kansas Agricultural College farm to test the value of comfort to fattening stock reports that during one week recently the five pigs exposed to the cold weather made, getting all the corn they would eat, a total of only six hundred pounds, while the same number, originally of equal size, kept in warm

## Kitchen Concocts.

**CELERY SAUCE.**—Slew one pint of cut celery slowly in one pint of water, till perfectly tender, skin it out carefully, make a drawn butter sauce with the water, add the celery, and serve.

**SALAD OF SOUR ORANGES.**—Slice half a dozen of sour oranges; remove the seeds without breaking the slices; arrange them neatly on a salad dish or salad bowl; dress them lightly with cayenne pepper; pour over them three tablespoonfuls of salad oil and serve the salad with game or poultry.

When, as is often the case, it is found impossible to mash turnips so that they are free from lumps and are smooth, do not attempt to serve them in this way; it is much better to acknowledge defeat, and send them to the table in slices, if the turnips are large, and in halves or quarters if small. Put a lump of butter and a little pepper and salt on each piece.

**GRAHAM PUDDING.**—Mix well together one-half a coffee cup of molasses, one-quarter of a cup of butter, one egg, one-half a cup of milk, one-half a teaspoon of pure soda, one and a half cups of good graham flour, one small teaspoon of raisins, spices to taste. Steam four hours and serve with any sauce that may be preferred. This makes a showy as well as light and wholesome dessert, and has the merit of simplicity and cheapness.

**GLAZED TURNIPS.**—Peel a quart of small, even-sized turnips, boil them just under in salted boiling water, and drain them on dry towel; put into a frying pan just large enough to hold them, a teaspoonful of each of butter and sugar, and let them melt together; then put in the turnips, set the pan over the fire, and shake it occasionally until they are light brown; keep them hot without burning, to serve on the dish with tenderloin.

**The Site of Rome.**  
The site chosen for the building of Rome was that long expanse of undulating ground, lying on the banks of the Tiber, to which the name of the Campagna has been given. The seven hills, of which we hear so much, are projections of the table land as it advances towards the river; and after the enlargement of the city walls by Aurelian, these projections were considerably more than seven.

The Campagna extends along the central portion of the western shore of Italy for about ninety miles, with an average breadth of twenty-seven miles. On the right, looking towards the south, are the waters of the Mediterranean; on the left rises the lower chain of the Apennines, beyond which stretches the main ridge of these mountains, which divide Italy into two nearly equal parts.

Travellers who visit the Campagna de Roma at the present day, obtain a wide extent of open country, partly marsh-land, partly pasture, partly cultivated ground, which in the hot days of summer is yellow or gray with the universal aridity, but in the winter or early spring presents a scene of exquisite beauty, green with the rich grasses of a fertile earth, and brilliant with the wild flowers which are natural to that region. At whatever period of the year the explorer sees much more than the productions of the soil, or the shattered effects of atmosphere. In the immediate vicinity of Rome, he sees the wrecks and ruins of that Imperial system which had there its seat and centre. The remains of magnificent buildings, shattered towers, broken arches, and the crumbling temples of forsaken gods, and the gigantic aqueducts which carried water to the great city start out of the marshes, or the uncultivated fields, like the bones of a departed greatness. In some places the luxuriant vegetation of a Southern climate has taken these relics back into the embrace of nature, in others they rise bare and forlorn, above the pitiless waste. There is no such impressive scene elsewhere; no scene at once so grand, so mournful, so full of varied interest, so pregnant with profound morals, so dowered with weight and continuity of life.

It has been well remarked that, in comparison with Rome, all other cities are provincial. No other locality is so uniformly and permanently great; so great both in the ancient and modern world, and in great in intellect, and in far reaching authority. The history of Rome is for many ages the history of all that portion of the world which mainly excited the interest of intelligent and thoughtful men.

**What is in Writing only Admissible.**  
A real estate suit was last month decided which illustrates the necessity of having every detail of a real estate or other bargain fully set forth in the written contract. A piece of property was ordered sold for \$72,176. The buyer asked that the \$175 be thrown off. The agent complied with his request, and sold the property for \$72,000, and the \$175 was to have come out of his commission, and not out of the seller.

This the seller understood, and consequently, as far as she was concerned, the sale was made at \$72,175. But in consequence of a heavy deduction asked for by the buyer for a right to the use of an alley which the seller erroneously thought her lot possessed, and some complications of a State title, the seller refused to

