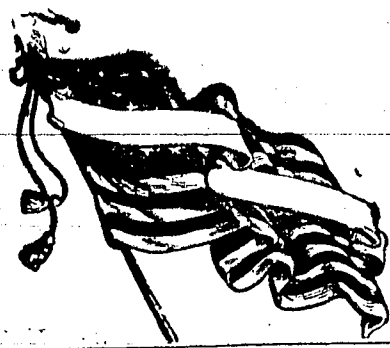


# South-Jersey

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.



# Republican

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. 19, No. 40.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, October 1, 1881.

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**Gospel, Quiver & Garner Hymns**  
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Thankful for past favors a continuance is respectfully solicited.  
**WM. D. PACKER.**

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for this style of PHILADELPHIA SINGER. Equal to any Singer in the market. Remember, we send it to be examined before you pay for it. This is the same as the other companies retail for \$50. All Machines warranted for 5 years. Send for Illustrated Circular and Testimonials. Address **CHARLES A. WOOD & CO.,** 17 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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### Speaks for Itself.

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Your Patronage Solicited.

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It has given decidedly the

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fine boots also.

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We deliver goods to all reasonable distances in town on the afternoons of Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Parties will greatly oblige us by having their orders in early on day of delivery.

### The Nation's Dead.

[The following is the address presented by Dr. H. E. Bowles, at Union Hall, on Monday afternoon, published by request of the audience, expressed by a unanimous vote.]

There are times, when sorrow for a great public calamity makes all the world kin. Differences are forgotten, and on one common level men bow their heads in grief. The deepest chords of human sympathy are touched, and in solemn harmony of action, give expression to sorrow and condolence. But never, in the history of our Nation, or of civilization, has there been greater or more universal expression of sorrow,

love, and sympathy, than at the unnatural and untimely taking off of our Chief Magistrate, James A. Garfield, at the closing of the 4th month of his popular administration, in which he had already reached a fame, attained but by few of his illustrious predecessors, excepting only the lamented Lincoln.

The history of the crime need not be repeated, of the dastardly, cowardly assassin, who stealthily approached his victim from behind—as the President was about to depart from the Capital of the Nation, on a trip of pleasure and recreation, in which his wife was to join him,—with feelings of perfect security, in company with his friend and chief counsellor, the base wretch sends the missile on its errand of death, and strikes him down. The tale is too horrible, too inhuman to be repeated. The wound was fatal. There was no earthly power that could have saved him. But he lingered over eleven weeks, with life ebbing slowly and surely away, and yielded up his spirit, when his strong constitution could no longer resist the encroachments of death. This and his strong tenacity to life, prolonged his days and weeks of suffering and the untold anguish of his family, and of the Nation. His life went out in a halo of glory. To-day what remains of his mortality is committed to the grave, but his memory is cherished in the hearts of the people of the whole Nation.

After weeks of dread, fear, suspense, and hope deferred, all hearts beating in unison and sympathy with that of the great Chief Magistrate, the electric writers announced to the uttermost parts of the earth, the dreaded and mournful sentence, "The President is Dead." His work was unfinished—hardly begun—but the Nation's suspense was ended, and its Chief was sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle, No sound can awake him to glory again."

As all know he was taken to Long Branch to be rid of the malarial influence that surrounded and filled the White House. The death damp was then on his brow; and though surrounded by his dearest loved ones, personal friends, and eminent medical counsel, there was none could save his life. He bore his suffering, calmly, patiently, and with Christian fortitude, and sank to sleep as "sinks the setting sun behind the darkened west."

From boy to man he paved his way to high and noble attainments; and through his manhood, his progress, in every department of life in which he walked, was upward and onward. From canal boy to student, from student to teacher, from teacher to the head of an institution of learning; then Soldier, Statesman, President, in successive steps of gradation, so rapidly—like the meteor spark—the Nation and the world looked on in wonder, and broke out in praises of his brilliant achievements. Yet he wore his laurels of subordinate and Chief with becoming modesty, grace and dignity. In the crowning moments of his greatest achievement he was shot down by the assassin's bullet, and breathed his last breath on the shore of old Ocean, with its endless and resistless surge and roar—emblem of life's ceaseless struggle—and his life went out, and his great soul was wafted to the endless shore of eternity. It seems as if there had been an unseen purpose in his having been taken to that lovely place by the sea, to look out upon the vast expanse of waters,—drink in the wonder and glory thereof, and then, like a vessel

leaving its strand, and going out upon its surface on some pleasant voyage, is lost to sight, but is wafted on to its destination; so our loved and honored President left the strands of time, to be wafted on to a higher, nobler place, in the better life awaiting him. His history however, is only one of which our country has had many, where the actors were their own architects, and their work that of skilled masters, and who are noble examples for our youth to study.

While every citizen would gladly have borne a share of our President's suffering, could it have been possible, if that would have saved his life, they could not. The sympathy, hopes, and prayers of a great people were all they could offer. These he had in profusion. If these could have saved his precious life, it would have been saved. All that medical skill and science could offer (and it was much) was given, and all failed. The noble, loving, faithful,

trusting wife buoyed up his waning life, but in vain. She now mourns the loss of the great and good husband, father, friend. She has the sympathies of the whole civilized world, and the nation mourns the loss of a great and good man, statesman, and President. The tears of every true man and woman flow with hers. He belonged to the nation.

He was dear to the nation's heart. The great voice of the people now goes out in moans of sorrow and grief. The badge of mourning is everywhere, and a gloom hangs over the country. From every land, from every clime, words of sympathy have come. From the Orient—the land of Brahma and Budha, Mohammed and Confucius—are borne kind words, expressions of grief and condolence. The crowned heads of Europe have done honor to themselves and exalted the cause of humanity, in mourning with those who mourn, and have done honor to our late President and our nation, in causing a display of the badges of mourning, and other tributes of respect. We may now reasonably join in singing "God save our noble Queen," for the kindly words and true womanly manner in which she has expressed sorrow and sympathy with the widow and fatherless, and the kind utterance accompanied with the touching tribute of respect, the wreath of flowers, with the inscription: "Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield. An expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American nation." It shows that there is a bond of common brotherhood and sisterhood, and would almost make us believe the time is approaching "When man to man shall brothers be." Nothing so manifests the higher and better nature of man or woman as the expression of sympathy in grief and affliction, and a desire to assuage the pangs of another's sorrow and anguish.

"There is a voice which sorrow hears,  
When heaven's angels weep the galling chain,  
'Tis Heaven that whispers, dry thy tears,  
The pure in heart shall meet again."

### Our Musical Association.

The time is near for the annual meeting of the Hammonton Musical Association. It has been in existence two years. In that time, under the able direction of Mr. W. R. Seely, great benefit has been derived from the training and practice which its members have had. It has shown, conclusively, that the musical talent of Hammonton is abundant and of good quality; and those who paid strict attention to the training have made great improvement in quality of tone, in control of the voice, in modulation, infonation, and in other characteristics that go to make a good vocalist. These are important, and so strongly have they been made manifest that it is considered advisable that the Association should continue.

At the meeting on Tuesday evening last it was decided that the Association be called to meet on Tuesday evening next, at 7:30 sharp, at Union Hall, for the election of officers and such other business as may be necessary to transact. It is hoped there will be a full attendance. After the business is con-

cluded, a short time will be occupied in singing. For this purpose, let all bring their music. Since the Association adjourned their meetings, last Spring, some of its officers and efficient members have left Hammonton, not to return. Their counsel and aid we shall greatly miss, but we trust we have equally good material left, upon which to draw for assistance. Let there be a very large turn-out, Tuesday evening. Come prepared to keep up the vigor and vitality of the Association, imbued with the thought that such an organization is a necessity to every Church in the town. Good church singing is a great essential in every church service. Every musician understands that sacred music is the most difficult to sing, if sung as it should be. There is no better place to practice such music than in the meetings of this Association. Hence every church singer, and every frequenter of the church, should feel an interest in the Association and render such assistance to the organization as he can.

The Association has attained an enviable reputation for good work, and has been a credit to our town and its people. Let us use our utmost endeavor to support it, and give it an impetus for better work and greater achievements.

H. E. BOWLES,  
President of the Association.

### S. H. D. Hoffman,

#### ATTORNEY AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC

and COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.

May's Landing, New Jersey.

### D. C. HERBERT,

Somewhat widely and favorably known as the Popular Boot and Shoe

Man of this section,

announces

### FALL ARRIVALS

—OF—

### Actual Bargains

worthy of inspection.

His best hold is

### BOOTS & SHOES!

And he has a complete stock of

NEW GOODS,

which will be sold at the lowest

cash prices

### WHAT HE CLAIMS:

Best Materials,

Latest Styles,

Superior Finish,

Perfect Fits,

AND Popular Prices.

NEW WORK AND REPAIRING,

done with Neatness and

Dispatch.

### Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 7, 1881.

|                            | A.M. | Acc.  | M'd   | Acc.  | Sund'y |
|----------------------------|------|-------|-------|-------|--------|
| Philadelphia.....          | 8:00 | 8:00  | 8:00  | 8:00  | 8:00   |
| Oakland.....               | 4:45 | 8:20  | 8:20  | 8:20  | 8:20   |
| Cedar Brook.....           | 4:57 | 8:27  | 8:27  | 8:27  | 8:27   |
| Williamstown Junction..... | 5:58 | 9:06  | 9:06  | 9:06  | 9:06   |
| Winlow.....                | 6:12 | 9:12  | 9:12  | 9:12  | 9:12   |
| Hammoncton.....            | 6:31 | 9:30  | 9:30  | 9:30  | 9:30   |
| Da Costa.....              | 7:02 | 9:29  | 9:29  | 9:29  | 9:29   |
| Elwood.....                | 7:43 | 9:41  | 9:41  | 9:41  | 9:41   |
| Egg Harbor.....            | 8:09 | 9:51  | 9:51  | 9:51  | 9:51   |
| Pleasantville.....         | 8:55 | 10:16 | 10:16 | 10:16 | 10:16  |
| Atlantic City, Ar.....     | 9:15 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30  |

|                            | Acc. | M'd   | Acc.  | Sund'y |
|----------------------------|------|-------|-------|--------|
| Atlantic City.....         | 6:00 | 10:45 | 10:45 | 10:45  |
| Pleasantville.....         | 6:15 | 11:10 | 11:10 | 11:10  |
| Egg Harbor.....            | 6:33 | 11:47 | 11:47 | 11:47  |
| Elwood.....                | 6:48 | 12:16 | 12:16 | 12:16  |
| Da Costa.....              | 6:58 | 12:26 | 12:26 | 12:26  |
| Hammoncton.....            | 7:02 | 12:30 | 12:30 | 12:30  |
| Winlow.....                | 7:12 | 12:55 | 12:55 | 12:55  |
| Cedar Brook.....           | 7:23 | 1:16  | 1:16  | 1:16   |
| Williamstown Junction..... | 7:30 | 1:26  | 1:26  | 1:26   |
| Oakland.....               | 8:03 | 2:20  | 2:20  | 2:20   |
| Philadelphia.....          | 8:10 | 2:40  | 2:40  | 2:40   |

The express leaves Atlantic City at 7:00 A. M. Pleasantville 7:14; Hammonton, 7:52; arrives at Philadelphia at 9:00. Returning leaves the city at 9:00 P. M., arrives at Hammonton at 5:38; Philadelphia 5:47; Atlantic City 6:00.

### STARTLING DISCOVERY!

**LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.**  
A victim of youthful imprudence causing premature decay, nervous debility, lost manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.



## Southern France.

The sunny south seems to commence in earnest when the traveler has crossed the Rhone, and a winter of snows, Lyons is often visited by fogs. But as the morning expresses itself, after leaving the spacious station of Perrache, you are soon wafted out of the gloom into a most brilliant sunshine, and by and by, begin to experience a sunny heat. Gliding along "By the swift rushing of the arrowy Rhone," you pass at one moment under towering heights, and look out in pleased wonder on fantastic-like rocks, and "needles" and caves, and at another emerge on to the skirts of a wide-spreading plain, bounded by rocky mountains most picturesque in their outline. Now begin the olive-vines, (vineyards have become familiar to you,) eye since Dijon was approached,) and here and there are orchards of mulberry-trees, acacias, and cypresses, and hedges of tall reeds, from twelve to twenty feet high, take the place of the rather wearisome poplars, and the shumak-tree, with late autumnal tints, (we speak of the beginning of November), gives an occasional dash of delicious warm coloring to the landscape. Huge gourd-like ripening in the fields, in some of which are espied, now and again, droves of the leanest imaginable pigs, rivaling greylhounds in their proportions, and far-out-skin-and-boneing the traditional Irish porkers. By and by, a perspiring farmer is seen moving his hay—in November—fancy! And the strongest-looking, long light-railled carts, drawn by mules, with picturesque three-horned collars, and bits of color about the harness, are seen going along the roads. Rose hedges, in an abundance of bloom, adorn the railway stations, at which, by the way, one is offered huge bunches of green grapes for a few sous, and a bottle of red wine for a few more. Everything begins to assume the air of luxury.

Of Avignon and its palaces, once the abode of the popes, we shall say nothing. Nor shall we attempt to describe Marseilles. For the traveler will not pause here, but will transfer himself and his worldly goods to another carriage on the other side of the station, and in a few minutes he will again emerge in an easterly direction. After winding about for two hours and a half, amidst mountains and hills, and watching the glorious tints of a southern sunset gradually fading from the sky, until they are replaced by a glorious starlight he comes to a halt for a few minutes at the Toulon station. In another half-hour "Hyerres" is called out, and the sight of a regular array of large hotel omnibuses, cushioned with velvet, and lit with colored lamps, attests the vicinity of a place of "fashionable resort." If the visitor will select the "bus of the Hotel des D'Or," half an hour later he is sure to find himself ensconced most comfortably. When he wakes next morning, he will look out upon an enchanting foreground of palm-trees, weeping willows, eucalyptuses, and candelars, with a mid-distance of olive-trees, from among which, peep the tiled roofs of sunny-looking cream-colored houses with here and there a row of dark cupresses. In the background, on the one side, is the Mediterranean, some three miles away, and the "Islands of Gold;" while on the other, in a northerly direction, rise rocky mountains with the belated outlines.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## Tin Toys.

Wolverhampton claims to have the monopoly of the tin toy manufacturing trade not only throughout England, but, with the exception of a few French and German firms, throughout Europe, and it is even believed that this monopoly pretty much extends to the United States also. As may be well imagined, it is an industry of long standing. Wolverhampton having been the productive centre for seventy years. Birmingham has earned for itself the title of "the toy-shop of the world," but, although attempts have been made now and again to establish the tin-toy branch there, it is understood that they have met with little success. One reason for this may perhaps be that the trade is one which demands a considerable amount of skill on the part of the operatives, and that they require to be trained up to this particular class of manufacture. Consequently, the supply of such labor is very limited, and Wolverhampton has taken care to keep it as much as possible in that town alone. Although a good business is carried on on home

account, the great bulk of it is done with foreigners. Great numbers of toys are constantly sent to Australia and New Zealand, the Cape, the United States, some portions of South America, India, and to the European continent. Indeed, it would be difficult to mention a country of any importance where European habits prevail to which consignments are not made. The competition of the French and Germans is not regarded as a matter of much importance, since their goods are of a rude, rough sort, when contrasted with those for which Wolverhampton has gained a world-wide reputation. These latter are of a most attractive description. They are light, finished in excellent style, and are painted in bright colors, and in the way which almost approaches the artistic. The tastes of the individual markets are carefully consulted, since toys which will suit one part of the world are not in fashion in another part, and so on. Prominent places among the articles are occupied by representations of the infantry and cavalry of nearly all nationalities, passenger and goods trains, with their attendant engines of English, Continental, and American type, carts and carriages of all descriptions, English and foreign, horses, cattle, and other animals. The goods are made principally out of tin plates, of which large quantities are consumed. The business in such times as those lately passed through requires a large amount of capital, since the keeping of the work people together involves very heavy stocking, for it must not be supposed that tin toy industry, any more than other branches of business, is unaffected by waves of depression. At such times children, like their seniors, have, I suppose, to be content with fewer luxuries. Until about a month ago the operatives for nearly a twelve-month were employed only four days a week, and at one period the stocks in the warehouses might have been reckoned at thousands of pounds sterling. Of late, however, trade has shown improvement, the stock is now reduced to hundreds of pounds' worth, and the operatives are making full time. The increased demand is chiefly seen in the Australian and Cape Trade. This industry is carried on by Sidney Cartwright, whose works are situated upon the Dudley Road.—*Ironmonger (London).*

## Our Scrap Book.

John Hunnell opened a barroom at Evansville, Ind., and one of his first and heaviest drinkers was his youthful brother Tom. This grieved John, and he refused to sell any more whiskey to Tom; but Tom resented this prohibition, and shot John dead behind his bar.

An angry wife chased her tripping husband was on at Monmouth, Wis., late one night, but lost sight of him, and went home alone. He was next morning found drowned in a deep well, into the unguarded mouth of which he had fallen in his hasty flight.

Daniel Jones, an aged bank President at Watertown, Wis., and Charles Wood, an equally aged manufacturer, have both been regarded in their community as pattern men. Nevertheless, he had a desperate fight over the discounting of a note, and Mr. Jones ground, on the one side, is the Mediterranean, some three miles away, and the "Islands of Gold;" while on the other, in a northerly direction, rise rocky mountains with the belated outlines.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

The Philadelphia American says: "Capt. Bill drove a stage from Morgantown, West Virginia, to Untontown, and as he arrived at the latter place one of his horses dropped dead. He was blamed for driving so fast, and solemnly declared that his horse died at Brownfield, nine miles back," but, said Capt. Bill, "I didn't let him fall till I got in town."

When a Chicago newspaper man gets "fired out" and strikes a job on a provincial paper he just throws himself. Just listen to this heading from an Iowa paper:

The Lurid Lightning Leaps Down From Its Lofly Lair and Lays Low the Living.

Fourteen Feet the Fierce Flashings of the Fatal Fluid.

Among the scientific and mechanical novelties of recent note, mention may be made of a method for ascertaining the depth of the sea by means of glass tubes, closed below by a plug, and provided above with a capillary orifice. The tube, being full of air, is lowered into the sea, when the air becomes compressed and water trickles in, the quantity of water admitted furnishing the datum or evidence from which the depth may be calculated.

A country post master in South Carolina recently sent a long petition to

the Department, praying to be relieved from Sunday work. He regretted, that his objections did not arise from laziness or aversion to the work itself, but that his religious scruples forbade any kind of labor on the Sabbath. He was informed by the Department, that he only remedy lay in a resignation of his office, and since then nothing has been heard from him.

In cases of confirmed baldness the new remedy proposed is to remove the scalp, bit by bit, and substitute, by skin grafting, pieces of healthy scalp, taken from the heads of young persons. The success which has heretofore attended operations of this nature in cases of scalp wounds gives a promising outlook for this new mode of curing baldness; and perhaps the day is not far distant when the shining heads of our venerable fathers will bloom with the flowing locks of youth.

## A Mighty Sheep Ranch.

John W. Bookwalter, of Ohio, and His Twenty Thousand Acres in Nebraska.—The ranch is the princely possession of John W. Bookwalter, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio. It is located on Mission creek, Pawnee county, Nebraska, fifteen miles from the Kansas border, and embraces 20,000 of the choicest acres of the best part of the great food belt of the continent, which lies between the fortieth and forty-second parallels. Ten miles from its western boundary is the Otter Reservation, where still linger a handful of this old breed of the Dakotas, and who will, in October next, tumble their tepees and take the trail for the Indian Territory. A well-wooded stream called the Arteketa, runs through the ranch.

The mansion house of the ranch is one of those patent structures, built in sections and transported all ready to be put up. It is an affair of eight, not large, but comfortable rooms, which by no means limit the hospitality of the master of the house, which is something noteworthy and unparalleled.

The Bookwalter ranch is devoted to sheep raising, the flocks numbering 13,000 sheep, cared for on seven ranches located in different parts of the estate, each in charge of a herder. Cattle and no sheep are indigenous to the far West, and so the sheep ranchers have adapted their physiology to the cattle men. They have herds, the shepherds are herders, and their sheep fold corral.

At each of the seven ranches which dot the Arteketa Ranch is a flock of 1500 sheep in charge of a herder. Six sheds, each one hundred feet long, and erected to shelter the flock from the winter storms, and a corral is provided in which to shelter the sheep at night. The herder has a pony and saddle and a sheep dog, and a comfortable one-room house provided with the requisites for his simple housekeeping. In the morning, always mounted, he takes his flocks afield to the grazing ground, lariat his sturdy little Indian pony, and watches after his sheep.

At nightfall the peculiar cry of the herder and the sharp bark of the collie float over the prairie like "bunch" calls, and the flocks are gathered in for the corral. Here the sheep soon settle into a quiet, unbroken flock until morning. Occasionally a wolf gets into the fold. The first intimation of trouble is the bleat of the stricken lamb and the quick tramping of 60,000 sharp little hoofs. The shepherds and herders, whose vigilance should have kept out the intruder, crouch, expel him, and the flock sink at once into quiet.

The herder is a veteran of the bushwhacking type, clad in checked-wool shirt and trousers, high boots and broad sombrero. He is paid \$25 per month, and finds his own food, black coffee, and a bed of straw. He is a rough, but a good man. At Arteketa, as the flocks increase the herder has a flock intrusted to him on a different basis. He receives no wages, but half the increase is his, and half the clip of wool and he is provided with horse, dog, house and sheds. One of the pets at Arteketa is a highbred Scotch sheep dog, Peggy. She takes out the mansion-house flock to the grazing ground in the morning, and comes in to report its safety at noon. At 6 o'clock she goes out and "bunches" the sheep, and leads the last one in the corral. She was never trained to these duties, but is a born herder, inheriting from her mother in the superior art of the sheep rancher. He naturally knows a few points about sheep. His wife was Miss Wade of Minnesota, a lady not yet thirty, who at the age of twenty-three was at the head of the schools of the Argentine Federation. Both possess brilliant social qualities that, far from

being lost in the frontier, make the Mansion House at Arteketa a place of pilgrimage for friend and stranger whom the fame of it has reached.—*Chicaguer's Gazette.*

### An Old Violin.

Mr. William H. Dennett, of this city, has in his possession a violin that has been handed down from his great-grandfather, so that it has delighted five generations. Originally there were two of these instruments, but, what became of the other is a mystery. This one was lately sent to Mr. Grover, of Boston, by Mr. Dennett, with the request that if the violin was worth repairing he would repair it, as he thought a great deal of it. Mr. Grover answered saying that he should repair it with the greatest care, that he thought it a real Gasparo di Salo, and that it ought to be put in an art museum. The violin of Mr. Dennett bears the mark attributed to those of Salo's make. It is a violin of the old, old, short finger-board, in quarters of an inch, and is made of a fine, old, dark wood, and has been taken out since it was worn smooth and thin, but wood from the old Chaucery Street Church in Boston, has been substituted that is known to be very old. The shape of the instrument is pleasing, and the head is that of a sphinx. The back varnish is of a more attractive color than the belly, but that of the latter is not displeasing. Its tone is superb, rich and resonant, but Mr. Grover says it will be a year before it will attain perfection in that respect, when the wood inserted will have identified itself with the main body of the instrument.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

## Siftings.

It has been definitely settled at last that the reason why the pig's tail curls is because it's steyed when it is young.

Being asked how he liked the performance of a certain dramatic club, an auditor replied that he should hardly call it a club, but rather a collection of "stickers."

Never make fun of a man, climbing a ladder with a bucket of mortar on his head. That man may yet be a Concord philosopher, he is, at least, a sublime character.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses; she had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on his last foot."

Elder sister: "Well Norman, can you tell me what garden Adam and Eve were put?" Young Hephzibah (who has lately visited Hephzibah's Park) "Let's see—why, the 'Logical Gardens.'"

Sculptor: "I delight in modelling your face, Brown! There's such immense variety in it." (Brown begins to smile pleasantly.) "One side of the face is so utterly unlike the other, you know." (Brown's smile extended to the wrong side of his mouth.)

## Clips.

The lap of luxury.—When the cat gets at the cream.

The fillet of the field "roll not, neither do they spin," if they have their blow out just the same.

Mr. Partington said lately of a gentleman that he laughed so heartily that she feared he'd burst his jocular vein.

"I take my tea this mornin'," said a colored preacher, "from dat pot'ion ob de scripture whar de Postol Paul plants his pistol to de Fesians."

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended her "treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as her treasurer.

A Troy lawyer asked a woman on the witness stand her age, and she promptly replied: "Old enough to have sold milk for you to drink when I was a baby, and I haven't got my pay yet."

"What is the first thing to be done in case of fire?" asked Professor Stearns. "See the insurance company!" promptly answered a boy at the foot of the class, whose father had been burned out once or twice.

"We don't want any ice this season," said a rich citizen of New Haven to an ice-man. "Some of my own and of my wife's relations are staying with us, and a coolness has sprung up between them that beats any ice-house."

A middle-aged old woman was sneezing at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant and said: "I declare a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it!" "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

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LOBSTER CUTLETS.—Take a thinned lobster, mince it finely, and mix with a little fresh butter, salt, pepper and cayenne according to taste; a blade or two of mace, and a dessert spoonful of anchovy sauce. Add one egg, and a little flour, or, if you have it ready, a small quantity of cold boiled potato mashed. Divide the mixture into small crescent-shaped cutlets, brush them over with egg, dip them into bread crumbs and fry them a light brown color. If eaten cold they should be garnished with parsley or arranged around a dish, the centre space being filled with water-cresses or small salad; or, if served hot, with melted butter and anchovy sauce.

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## True Sentiment.

Knowledge and piety burn and brighten with an undivided flame. Religion and science are continually interpreting one another, while every day the material universe is unfolding a more spiritual significance and indicating its subservience to a spiritual end.

Beware of losing hope. Hope alone is the light by which we sad-featured dwellers among Christian tombs can find our way—the twilight, for it is but a twilight of Christian expectation. Nay, there are smiles on men's faces, and gladness in their eyes, and mirth too in their voices, despite their sadness and their strict lives; and all because of hope. Hope is the wine of the beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak: Hope reconciles to life; hope makes death pleasant; hope tastes and smells of heaven; hope clasps the cross; hope heaves onward for the crown; hope justifies; hope sanctifies; hope feeds faith; hope nurtures charity; hope breeds good works; hope concentrates hearts; and purifies the fleshy temples of the spirit; hope interprets the sacraments; hope saves souls.

Till morning dawned I was tossed on a buoyant but unquiet sea, where billows of trouble rolled under surges of joy. I thought sometimes I saw beyond its wild waves a shore sweet as the hills of Bashan; and now and then a freshening zale, awakened by hope, bow my spirit triumphantly toward the bourne. But I could not reach it even in fancy—a counteracting breeze blew off land, and continually drove me back. Sense would resist delirium, judgment would warn passion.—*Jane Ayre.*

By soft showers and sunlight fed, Nature's art director, Pink and white and royal red, A world of blushing roses. Wandering at one's own sweet will, They paint the dullest places, Or lean across the window sill—With love-compelling faces. Such a grace about them clings, Such an air of grace, Such a sweet and wayward things, That these wild and wayward things, As they bloom, are loved and sung.

Bloom, O roses, rank and sweet! May no worm or snake you hurt! June is only half complete Till the sunbeams wake you.

Regrets. And when in other climes we meet Some tale or tale enchanting, Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet, And nought but love is wanting; We think how great has been our bliss If heaven had but said 'd'ye will. To live and die in scenes like this, As travelers oft look back at eve, When eastward darkly going, Or lean across the window sill, We turn to catch one ending ray Of joy that's left behind us.

Tom Moore.

### Odds and Ends.

On an average, a dozen mining companies are incorporated every day in New York State.

Skilled engineers are said to be wanted on the railroads; but there's 'killed brakemen enough on all of them.

Nineteen apple pies of ordinary size in half an hour was the achievement of the victor in a Louisville eating match.

Augusta, Ga., has now in operation 175,000 spindles in her cotton mills, representing an investment of \$5,000,000.

A Hartford beggar, ostensibly deaf and dumb, inadvertently spoke in answer to a sudden question, and has been sent to jail for six months.

The right of bicycle riders to use sidewalk is to be tested legally at Wakefield, Mass., where a stalwart pedestrian pushed a bicycle out of his way, throwing the rider on a pile of stones.

"I saw a big boy and a little fellow quarreling over some marbles to-day," said John. "Did you?" asked his father. "I hope you interfered to stop their quarrel." "Yes, yes," said John. "I took the little fellow's part."

An Eastern paper is responsible for the startling avowal that a Chinaman

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## Last Longings.

"The wind is from the North, you say?  
Oh, but my dear, then, how  
And let me feel the current play  
Against my burning brow!  
For what are those little signs and  
To our that early graves  
The roaring of the Northern pines,  
The breath of Northern waves!"

Edified by fell disease to roam  
In lingid illness was she,  
A dying girl, who thus for home  
Yearned by the Southern sea,  
With pitying looks, they bore her to  
The plantain-shaded shore,  
The white heron, in accents low,  
She ceased not to outpour.

"These purple-mantled vales are fair,  
With bayonet soft between,  
And black-winged fables here and there  
To vivify the green.  
But oh, to mark our eagles wheel  
Over rugged steps again,  
The torrent's bounding pulse to feel  
A-stirring through the glen!"

"Rich are these towers on every side,  
With song thrilled through and through,  
The mock birds' gift is undenied,  
I hear the corn-crows' hum,  
But, amid the meadow-voiced  
And butters to drink  
The sparkling glass of every sort,  
Led by the hobnob!"

"The North—the dear, home-breathing  
North—  
With life this breeze seems filled!  
The cloaking words came freshly forth,  
And then for eyes were stilled,  
Though o'er the lips a smile yet played,  
Light as the wavelets' foam—  
Deep in the Arab heart is laid  
This principle of Home!"

The desert Arab's saddened grows  
When severed from his sands,  
The Jew's heart's native snows  
Still craves his favored land,  
And still within the longing breast  
That whispering fountain flows,  
As though to hush of final rest  
To him of hallowed memory.

## A Desperate Move.

Slowly the sun sank behind the  
dark grim old mountain that stood out  
so hoary and sullen, like a frowning  
giant that had been placed on a never  
ceasing guard over the sandy valley  
lying so quietly at its feet; and yet a  
little cabin nestled as cooily to its  
second breast as a tiny nest to the  
rough rack of a mighty tree.

A strange, rough place for a girl's  
presence, this little cabin perched  
among the clouds like an eagle's nest;  
yet from the little, rough door lightly  
stepped a girl, fair and sweet as a rosebud,  
half unclothed, with the dew clinging  
to its pink and white bosom.

A little maiden, with lissom, sway-  
ing form, and waves of yellow hair  
rippling back from a face as fair and  
white as the petals of a lily, with  
great purple eyes, with a golden  
light in them as of the sun shining  
through a dusky ether—this is  
Pearl Wilder.

A winsome smile dimpled around  
her lips as she ran lightly down the  
rugged slope from the cabin to the  
"lawn of rock"—the level top of a  
little mountain spur that jutted out  
into the valley as though to lave its  
base in the foaming, rock-fretted wa-  
ters of the Humboldt river, that was  
barely the width of a narrow trail.

The sun was slowly dying in the  
west that was flushing with opal tints,  
while the sky seemed like a great  
golden palace, with the dash of wild  
birds' wings against the windows.  
Pearl adjusted a glass that she had  
brought with her and gazed long and  
earnestly toward the east. At last a  
shade of disappointment and some-  
thing akin to anxiety clouded her face.  
"Why does he not come?" she asked  
herself, thoughtfully. "He promised  
to be in sight at sunset and he never  
broke his word to me yet. God grant  
that nothing of it has overtaken him."  
Again she bent her straining gaze  
toward the east. One thought alone  
ruled mind and heart, yet nothing  
within reach escaped her senses. She  
heard the dash of waters; she saw the  
shadows sweep up the slopes, and far  
overhead she watched the circling  
eagles.

"Ah-h!"

It was a long drawn breath of ag-  
onized surprise, for, far away on the  
yellow sands of the valley she could  
now see a horseman urging his steed  
to the utmost, and close—oh, close—  
behind thundered a horde of Indian  
riders.

The glass dropped from Pearl's  
nervous hands. There was no use  
for it now—it seemed as if that fixed  
gaze might have pierced the very  
clouds of heaven, and laid the agony  
of her soul at His feet.

"That hideous chief who has sworn  
that he will die the death of the tor-  
ment stake with his own hands, in pursuit!"  
gasped Pearl, and a wild cry burst  
from her white lips. "Oh, Father in  
heaven, save him!"

Nearer and nearer they draw. On

and on tore the strong young horse;  
but though it seemed as if he might  
have left the night-birds behind in  
their flight, he could not shake off  
those pursuers, following like hounds  
on a scent.

"Gaining, gaining! Is there nothing  
that can be done to save him or must  
he perish before my eyes?" gasped the  
maiden in her last extremity of hu-  
man fear.

A black mist swam before her eyes,  
and everything whirled about her;  
her limbs became powerless and she  
sank upon her knees, with clasped  
hands stretched toward the east, whose  
soft tints served to bring out in bold  
relief the dark human and animal fig-  
ures that were drawing nearer every  
instant.

But out of her exceeding weakness a  
sudden strength came—strength  
that raised her from the rock, and  
bore her, as with a winged creature's  
speed, up the rocky slope to the cabin.

How or whence she was to obtain  
help, she did not ask herself; and if  
she had she would have received no  
answer.

Far away on the mountain side, her  
father was delving for glittering, shin-  
ing ore but there was not a moment to  
waste in an attempt to reach and in-  
form him of her lover's peril. He  
must come through her frail hands, if  
it came at all.

Through the cabin and out into the  
little workshop, wherein was collected  
a strange mixture of odds and ends,  
the distracted maiden flew. A loaded  
rifle stood in one corner of the room,  
and as Pearl put out her hand to seize  
it, a long, red ray of dying sunset  
glinted through a large crevice in the  
wall of the workshop and striking the  
surface of a little object far above  
harm's way on a rudely fashioned  
little shelf, glanced and flickered  
nervily.

It caught Pearl's eye, and an inspi-  
ration seized her with all the quick-  
ness of thought. Taking the little ob-  
ject carefully from the shelf, and car-  
rying it as tenderly as a mother might  
bear her sleeping babe, Pearl turned  
and fled from the cabin workshop;  
whispering to herself:

"It is a desperate move. It may  
save him, and it may not—But, at  
least, he shall not suffer the horror of  
the torture stake."

Down on the sandy plain, Hugh  
Osgood rode as for his life. He knew  
that the Indians were gaining upon  
him, and also that it was impossible  
to reach the little "lawn of rock" by  
means of the narrow trail that led up  
the mountain side, for the Indians  
would be there almost as soon as him-  
self, and the attempt would not save  
him and only be the means of harm  
to Pearl, his beautiful one.

"She is watching—kneeling on the  
cliff!" he said, huskily. "Oh if she  
would only go back to the cabin, she  
might be safe, for these scalp-hunters  
would never see that little horse,  
so like in color to the mountain side.  
Ah, she is gone—is gone now. Good-  
bye, my darling—forever and aye!"

And he encouraged his brave horse  
in the hopeless fight, with a voice in  
which was a passing tremor, as he  
saw the slender white robed figure on  
the mountain side disappear.

If the horse had understood the ur-  
gent necessity there was for doing his  
best, he could not have responded more  
galantly, and for some minutes he was  
clearly leaving his pursuers behind.  
One mile more of that flying dash  
would have exhausted all his powers,  
and Hugh Osgood knew it.

Gradually the breath of the splen-  
did creature became more rapid and  
labored, and Hugh could feel that his  
mighty leaps had lost their electricity,  
and were being made with increasing  
effort, while the muscles in the ani-  
mal's quivering limbs stood out like  
whipcords.

With a long, tireless gallop the pur-  
suer came on and were rapidly recov-  
ering the ground they had lost, as was  
evident to Hugh, for the yells became  
each moment more distinct, while his  
horse every instant grew weaker and  
weaker.

But every thought of his own danger  
was swept from his mind as he saw  
Pearl rush from out of the cabin door  
and run down the slope to the table  
rock.

"Pearl, my life, God help you?"  
groaned Osgood in despair, as he  
watched her.

Nearer and nearer the edge of the  
bluff, her golden hair floating behind  
her like shadowy wings, her eyes  
burning with a strange, desperate glow—  
and then she paused a moment in so  
startling a pose that she might have  
been a being from another world, sud-  
denly transfixed by a sight or sound unknown to  
others, or a cloud مانند hesitating  
in an earthly flight.

Osgood was near the cliff now, and  
he could see Pearl very plainly. She  
held her hands out, clasping in them  
a small object whose nature he could  
not determine.

"And now he heard her dear voice,  
like a faint echo from the Cave of  
Winds:  
"Faster! faster!"  
An idea fastened itself upon him as  
he heard these words and noticed how  
carefully Pearl held the little burden  
in her hands.

He struck his horse violently with  
the spurs and the poor creature, rally-  
ing all his energies, plunged forward.  
Up the base of the cliff he staggered,  
and a little beyond, and then—stopped  
shivered and fell.

At the same instant the clatter of  
the pursuers' hoofs indicated that they  
were just entering the rocky trail that  
lay between the Humboldt river and  
the base of the cliff on whose sum-  
mit stood Pearl.

The knowledge of what was to come  
caused Hugh Osgood to crouch close  
to his head horse, with a noise in his  
ear like the rushing of a whirlwind,  
and every nerve strung like that of  
one who is expecting the fell destroyer.

And then—a crash as though the  
rock-rimmed mountain, towering above  
him, had been riven from its base and  
had fallen on his prostrate form, bury-  
ing him in the ruins.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed a sturdy  
man of thirty-nine or thereabouts,  
clad in a red shirt, a belt and a pair of  
high boots that neatly concealed his  
buckskin "pants." "That noise sounds  
as if there was something terribly  
going on here, you'd better hurry  
up and find out what it means."

He did "hurry up," for instead of  
following the trail, he slid down the  
smooth surface of the rock, up which  
neither man nor beast could have  
climbed, to a point on the mountain  
side from which he could see his home.  
"It's right there," he said cheerily—  
"right where I left it; and—Heavens!  
What's this?"

His quick eye had caught sight of a  
little white mass, lying on the level  
surface of the cliff; and that sight, to-  
gether with the explosion he had  
heard, caused Ben Wilder's mind to  
leap instantly at a horrifying con-  
clusion.

How he ever reached the cliff he  
never could tell—it seemed as though  
only a bird or a mountain sheep could  
have passed over that course; and yet  
he accomplished it with a speed that  
was marvelous, and in an instant he  
was holding his unconscious child in  
his arms.

"Pearl, Pearl! My child—oh, my  
child!"

At this agonized cry there was a  
slight sign of returning consciousness,  
and soon Pearl opened her eyes and  
stared vacantly up into her father's  
face.

"Pearl, don't you know me?" said  
her father, gently smothering the hair  
away from her brow.

The wild and distant look became  
softened and subdued, and Pearl an-  
swered:

"Why, yes, father dear. But what  
has happened? Oh, father!"

The last words were uttered in a  
shriek. Memory has returned and  
brought with it an agony almost too  
great to be endured. Pearl threw up  
her hands.

"Father, father!" she breathed in a  
hoarse, unnatural whisper, "if you  
love your poor child go to the foot of  
the cliff and see—and see if you can  
find Hugh!"

"But Pearl—"

"Don't wait for words, father, but  
go—go now!" exclaimed Pearl, franti-  
cally, and pushing him with her frail  
hands away from her, while her face  
became as pale as death and her lips  
of a cold, purple hue.

Deeply puzzled, Wilder left his  
daughter and descended the trail.  
When he reached the base of the cliff  
he gave a low whistle, expressive of  
the greatest surprise.

"Well, well, well! If this don't beat  
all! Great Scott! It looks as if a sus-  
sage machine had busted, and no  
mistake."

Here a figure painfully crawling  
toward him drew his attention away  
from the scene of devastation.

"Hugh Osgood!" exclaimed Wilder,  
in greater astonishment than ever,  
"What is the matter, man, and what  
has happened?"

"Help me up the cliff, captain, and  
then I will tell you," said Osgood, in  
broken, disjointed tones.

Wilder half led, half carried the  
other up the trail, and at the top they  
were met by Pearl with outstretched  
hands.

"Oh, Hugh! Thank God!"  
And the tense strain on her nerves  
gave way and she burst into a flood  
of tears.

Somehow, Wilder got the excited  
borders into the cabin, and when calm-  
ness returned from from them the  
story of Pearl's desperate move in the  
game whose stake was Hugh Osgood's  
life.

"Oh, father, 'twas such a little  
thing!" shuddered Pearl—"only a  
little can of nitro-glycerine, but its  
use has imprinted the stain of blood  
on my hands!" and a look of horror  
came into her eyes.

"Nonsense, child!" exclaimed her  
father energetically. "An Indian's soul  
ain't worth as much as a midge's eye-  
ball. You have done an noble act in  
helping us pioneers get rid of such  
blasted nuisances. Isn't it so Osgood?"

And Hugh's answer brought a happy  
look back into the fair sweet face.

## Chinese Pirates.

The towns contain a due amount of  
fame cheats, but the bold, hectoring  
highwayman, the truculent sea-robber,  
must be sought elsewhere. All along  
the Blue and Yellow River are found  
retail buccannery, who hawk at a  
profit, these poor rogues do not as-  
pire to a ship of their own; they come  
padding out of muddy creeks in the  
smallest of sampans, ill-armed, ill-  
clad, but plentifully smeared with fish-  
oil. If confronted, they fly; if grasped by  
the crews of the fourth-class junk,  
which they select as prize, they slip  
like so many eels through the hands  
that grasp them, and their swimming  
makes amends for their lax courage.  
Seldom any visitor results fol-  
low one of these attacks. If the fresh-  
water pirates prove victorious they are  
mild conquerors, and only too eager to  
be on shore again with their booty of  
rice and corn, stray garments, odd frag-  
ments of chain, bits of copper and  
brass, and a few scraps of silk. They  
are usually ripped from the poop and  
cabin, and perhaps the glorious tri-  
umph of a few rattling strings of cash.  
The dollars and silver bars are gener-  
ally too well hidden to be detected by  
such hurried searches; food rather than  
fortune, is the object of the foray;  
and, except in rare cases of remarkable  
temptation, no life is attempted and  
no torture resorted to. With these  
amphibious, petty-larceny rogues the  
magistrates deal mildly, according to  
the traditions of Chinese justice.  
Three hundred strokes of the bamboo  
may be endured by the human frame.  
Four sleepless weeks in the "cangue,"  
or bamboo pillory, may fall to madden  
a stolid, unimaginable coolie. A few  
minor tortures need only be added to  
these two first-named inflictions, and  
the culprit is said to have been most  
tenderly dealt with. Pilferers in a  
fair, or in the streets of a town, are  
considered as still more venial offend-  
ers. A vigorous bastinado and a week  
in the stocks is the usual reward in  
such trivial cases. Petty assaults are  
as leniently disposed of, but fire-raising  
is a sin of deepest dye; and the mal-  
icious piercing of a neighbor's  
dike, to let in a devastating flood, is  
punished with extreme rigor. Mur-  
der and treasonable practices, whole-  
sale piracy, and armed brigandage, all  
cry aloud for death, more or less slow  
and painful, and paricide evokes the  
sternest chastisement of the Chinese,  
as it once did of the Roman law.

## Remarkable Eyes.

Miraculous Recovery of Sight—One Eye a  
Telescope, the Other a Microscope.

Last winter a gentleman living near  
Litchfield took his daughter, sixteen  
years of age, on a sleigh ride. The  
day was cold, but very sunny. On  
their return the girl complained of her  
eyes. The voice grew worse, and, at  
last, the girl was kept in a dark  
room, and there remained with no ray  
of light until a few days ago, when she  
experienced a peculiar sensation which  
she describes as follows: "It seemed  
as if my eyes were running out, or part  
of them. Putting my hand up to my  
eyes I could feel something coming  
out over my lower eyelids which I  
took hold of and pulled out. It gave  
me some pain to do so, but almost im-  
mediately my eyes felt better. Instead  
of a smarting sensation when I wink-  
ed they felt cool and natural, and it  
was a pleasure to wink them. Then  
came the thought, 'Why, my eyes are  
better, and I believe I could bear the  
light,' which thought was so impressed  
upon my mind that I was determined  
to try. Hesitatingly I opened the  
upper of my eyes, when a joy I found  
I was able to bear the light as well as I  
ever could. The feeling that came

over me at the moment that I found  
out that I could once more leave the  
dark, dismal room and see the glorious  
sunlight again was so overpowering  
that I gave one scream for joy and  
then fainted away." Six months ago  
the girl's eyes were straight and natu-  
ral; now the girl is cross-eyed, but  
she pays no attention to that. She sees  
things just the same as she always did,  
but let her close her right eye and look  
out of only her left eye and she can see  
a distance of eight or ten miles, and  
distinguish things as well as an ordi-  
nary person can only sixty rods away.  
She is able to look clear to the lake, a  
distance of three and a half miles, and  
identify any one, describing their dress  
even. The distant hills are brought  
close to her, and she can see the farm-  
ers getting in their hay, even counting  
the number of heaps, which, in an air-  
line are seven miles from her. To test  
her a field glass was used, and her  
sight would far outreach any object  
that could be seen with the glass. If  
she closes her left eye and looks out of  
the right then she can not see any-  
thing except close to her but that eye  
is a perfect microscope. She is able to  
distinguish things that the natural eye  
cannot see. The point of a needle  
looks as blunt as a crowbar, and it is  
wonderful to hear her describe the  
beautiful colors of the flies and other  
insects. To her the hairs on a person's  
head look as large as darning needles,  
and in the finest piece of linen she can  
count the threads as easily as one can  
count bean poles. The moment she  
opens both eyes they assume the cross-  
eyed expression or shape, and then  
she sees again the same as any other  
person. It is the intention of her  
father to take her to New York as no  
distant day to let some of the cele-  
brated physicians see this wonderful ph-  
enomena. The girl herself is a very  
bright, pretty girl, but very timid.

## Fashion.

Waterted heels are revived.  
French skirts are not stylish.  
Young ladies in London now carry  
cans.

All police bonnets have short, broad  
straps.

Fine French hosiery comes in clus-  
ter-strips.

Silk gloves are considered the fash-  
ionable glove.

Small shoulder capes are made en-  
tirely of jet.

Puffed sleeves are the rage for sum-  
mer costumes.

"Lucifer" red is the latest shade of  
that bright color.

"Minerva's Eye" is a beautiful new  
shade of blue.

Very little jewelry is worn with  
white costumes.

Necklets of beads are becoming very  
fashionable.

Walking jackets never go entirely  
out of fashion.

Crimson shades are in favor for  
library windows.

All young women wear short, un-  
trained skirts on all occasions.

Trained skirts are worn only by  
married and matronly women.

Putty and tan are the favorite colors  
for kid gloves.

Bright gold color, not to say yellow,  
is one of the most popular shades in  
dress.

A novelty is the real India silk in  
old-time tints and texture.

Shirred sleeves with tiny armhole  
puffs are seen on muslin dresses.

Bayadere stripes have the run of  
fashionable favor at present.

"One knocked at his beloved's door,  
and a voice from within said: 'Who is  
there?' He answered: 'It is I.' Then  
the voice said: 'This house will not  
hold me and thee.' And the door re-  
mained shut. Then went the lover  
into the desert and fasted and prayed  
in solitude. And after a year he re-  
turned and knocked again at the door.  
And again the voice asked: 'Who is  
there?' And he said: 'It is myself.'  
And immediately the door was opened  
to him."

The Anti-Monddity is one of the  
oldest and most valuable of the chari-  
table societies of London. Subscribers  
are given tickets to beggars and they  
are relieved if deserving. The beg-  
ging letter department is a special fea-  
ture of the institution. The records  
includes a copious collection of such  
letters carefully indexed. The com-  
pany has a venerable officer of mar-  
velous memory, who is a perfect refer-  
ence in the insidious begging letter writer,  
having "spotted" hundreds of them.

## Agricultural.

Prof. Riley says that ketose oil is a  
sure death to insects in all stages, and  
the only substance with which we may  
hope to destroy their eggs.

A Denver paper says that enough al-  
falfa has been sold in that State this  
year to seed 10,000 acres which next  
year will give an increase of 80,000 tons  
of hay worth \$1,250,000, estimating the  
yield at six tons an acre. On some  
farms near Denver it has produced  
eight and nine tons.

Let every farmer who is not able to  
fence a large pasture, get a few boards,  
build a few rods of portable fence and  
make a small enclosure for his hogs  
and move it around as circumstances  
require. It will make pork raising  
more profitable than to keep hogs con-  
fined in pens all the time.

In cultivating sweet potatoes, it is a  
mistake to cut the vines short, as this  
will check the growth of the tuber;  
but they should be prevented from root-  
ing outside the hill. To prevent this  
pull them up several times at the joints  
during the season. This plan will give  
potatoes, if the land is of the right  
quality and well cultivated.

They have imported milk in England  
as well as in this country. It is stated  
in a late English journal that about  
forty cases of scarlet fever had recently  
occurred simultaneously near Kewick,  
which were distinctly traced to the  
milk from a certain dairy from which  
all the parties bought their milk. One  
family escaped by boiling the milk.

In Algeria a deep steam cultivation  
is considered by the French agricul-  
turists as the equivalent of half an  
irrigation. The ground is a sort of  
sponge, and absorbs the heavy dews to  
such an extent that it withstands the  
parching sun, and each night renews  
the moisture, while the shallow-plowed  
soil is effectually dried early in the  
season.

The kinds of grass suited for per-  
manent pasture depends upon the kind of  
soil. Indeed, it is hardly worth while  
to try to seed down permanently any  
but moist soils. For these the follow-  
ing kinds of grass are best suited:  
Red-top, five pounds per acre; creeping  
bent, five pounds; meadow spear-grass,  
four pounds; fowl meadow-grass, four  
pounds; red fescue, five pounds;  
meadow fescue, three pounds; tall  
fescue, five pounds; meadow oat-grass,  
four pounds; crested dog's tail, three  
pounds; timothy, three pounds.

The average results of experiment,  
and theory, so to speak, makes fifty-  
seven pounds of Indian corn equal  
to one hundred pounds of hay, or  
1140 pounds of corn to the ton of  
hay. But it must be remembered that  
the nutritive effects of food upon an  
animal are varied by many causes, and  
also that the comparison of foods is  
affected by the object sought, as fat,  
growth, labor, milk, etc. The above is  
the relative amount of nutritive mat-  
ter in corn and hay, as determined by  
experiment and theory.

The following is a well-tested receipt  
for chicken cholera. At the first symp-  
toms discontinue the use of the drink-  
ing water half a teaspoonful of alum  
and the same of copperas; at the same  
time give daily in the soft feed a little  
sharp sand at the rate of one teaspoon-  
ful to a fowl. In severe cases give at  
once by hand a piece of alum and a  
piece of copperas, each the size of a  
pea, mixed in a dough, with one tea-  
spoonful of sugar and a little meal and  
water. Continue the medicated water  
and sand feed until all signs of dis-  
ease disappear.

The best rule for salting butter is to  
salt to suit the taste of the consumer.  
There is no use in applying any par-  
ticular amount of salt for the purpose  
of preserving it, because the very  
lightest salting is always more than  
sufficient for all the effects salt can have  
as a preservative of butter. Generally  
one ounce of salt to sixteen ounces of  
butter, and so to be used in a measure  
of salt, the flavor of salt being less  
objectionable than a wrong or  
faulty taste in butter. But if the flavor  
is very fine and full it will not be de-  
sirable to hide it, but on the contrary  
to give it more prominence, hence less  
salt, say one ounce to twenty of butter,  
will give a better effect.—Prof. Arnold.

Bushes and briars may be cut to the  
best advantage while they are growing,  
as at this time it will give them a check,  
while cutting when dormant or when  
the leaves are off rather tends to cause  
sprouting with increased vigor. It is  
better to cut or grub them as they are  
approaching the completion of the  
growth for the season, when they have  
nearly expended their vigor. If done  
quite early in the summer they may have  
power to sprout again. A close reple-  
tion of the grubbing will be likely soon

to end them. Weeds are destroyed most  
easily and effectually as soon as they  
reach the surface of the ground, or  
better before they come up, by repeated  
stirring of the surface. The labor is  
greatly increased if they get a foot  
high; and on an account should they  
ever be permitted to get so high.

Drainage and Ornamental Planting.

One of the first and most important  
considerations connected with orna-  
mental planting is thorough drainage of  
the soil. Few people are aware of the  
importance of this operation, and  
many gardens and grounds which have  
been planted at considerable expense,  
afford little or no satisfaction in conse-  
quence of lack of attention to this im-  
portant work. Plants should under-  
stand that trees and plants cannot  
thrive in undrained soil, unless it is  
naturally dry, which is rarely the case.  
There are many potent reasons for  
drainage; if properly considered would  
induce planters to devote the neces-  
sary time and thought to the subject.  
I will refer to some of them briefly.

Experience has taught those who  
have planted extensively and observed  
closely, that all trees and plants thrive  
best in dry, deep porous soil. The roots  
of such trees strike deeper, the stems  
grow stronger, and the young wood  
ripens up perfectly before the cold sea-  
son sets in. It is of the greatest con-  
sequence that the young growth should  
ripen well, for if it does not a severe  
winter is certain to kill it back, as it  
does generally, if not always, with  
trees and plants growing in undrained  
or wet land. Disappointed planters  
sometimes tell us that the trees and  
shrubs which they purchased, and  
which in our catalogues are represented  
to be perfectly hardy, have been win-  
ter killed, and they ask us how we can  
account for it. An examination of the  
case most always shows that imperfect  
drainage is the cause. The hardest  
trees and shrubs will not root well in  
wet soil, and to fight they may live  
for a while, but get sooner or  
later. Conifers and half hardy trees  
particularly cannot endure such treat-  
ment, and a dry summer or a severe  
winter quickly puts an end to their  
existence.

Deep drainage, while it carries off the  
superfluous moisture, so injurious to  
its results, has also the effect to render  
the soil warm, friable and porous, al-  
lowing it to be worked more thorough-  
ly and preventing injury from drought.  
Cultivators have learned that when  
drained, deeply worked land, resists  
the drought remarkably by absorbing  
all moisture in the air. Great losses  
are thus averted.

Many are deterred from draining on  
account of the expense. Good tile  
drains, sunk three to four feet in the  
ground, and about twenty feet apart,  
with a good fall and proper outlet, can  
be made at a moderate expense. Even  
though the outlay seems quite consider-  
able at first, it is nothing compared  
with the losses and disappointments  
which may result from undrained land.  
After draining, the soil should be well  
ploughed and stirred to the depth of  
eighteen inches, and properly enriched.  
If the drains work well we may look  
forward to good results from the plant-  
ings.—W. C. Barry.

## Splendid Works of Roman En- gineers.

Modern engineers are apt to com-  
pare with their railways; it is not  
quite certain that this boast is strictly  
correct; the roads and bridges, and  
acqueducts of the Romans, will by  
any be considered as greater works  
than the railways. What modern en-  
gineer or architect, or both combined,  
has brought the branch of a river from  
a rocky gorge in the hills forty miles  
off, where the water is generally clear  
and never fails, to supply London  
with water, as the architects and engi-  
neers did to supply Rome? This water  
was conveyed in a stone pipe five feet  
high and two feet wide, by a gradual,  
gentle descent, sometimes on the top of a  
lofty bank by the side of the river  
Anio (from which the water was  
taken) when its course was sufficiently  
direct from east to west; but at inter-  
vals the line of the river had to be  
considerably to the north or south  
around the base of a hill, and in these  
places the engineers pierced their pipe  
through the foot of the hill, sometimes  
for two or three miles, until it met the  
bed of the river again; then, when  
they had arrived at the foot of the  
hills on the level ground called the  
Campus Romanus, in which Rome  
stands, and through which the Tiber  
winds its course, they carry their stone  
pipe, called a siphon (because it was at

first subterranean) upon a magnifi-  
cent arch five miles long, as they lay  
in height according to the level of the  
ground, gradually emerging from the  
hill on a level at last, and then arising  
sometimes gradually, sometimes sud-  
denly, to a height of forty or fifty feet,  
where they had to cross the small  
streams that run across the country.  
And this aqueduct was built either of  
stone or faced with stone almost  
throughout. The siphon of Claudius  
is carried on an arcade of cut stone;  
that of Nero, which is on the top of  
that of Claudius, is faced with the  
beautiful brickwork of his time, the  
finest brick work that has ever been  
made. The celebrated aqueduct-bridge  
called the Pont du Gard, in the south  
of France, is a Roman work of the  
third and fourth century, with a car-  
riage road by the side of it, as was  
the case with the aqueduct-bridges. When  
the English engineer-architects, have  
supplied London with water as abun-  
dantly as Rome was supplied in the  
second or third centuries, and can  
show as fine brickwork as that of  
Nero they may pretend to rival the  
engineer-architects of ancient Rome,  
but not before.

## Religious.

THE BLEST ONE AT HOME.  
THESE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.  
A Song for the School Children.  
(The melody of the "Old Folks at  
Home" tune, but the words are  
not so meritorious. The following is a  
new version—the old tune in a new dress.)  
Away on the banks of his bright river,  
Far, far away—  
There will my heart be turning ever,  
There will the blest ones stay;  
All through this vale of sorrow,  
Still longing for the dawn of morrow,  
And for the blest ones at home.

CHORUS.  
All without is dark and dreary;  
Everywhere is gloom;  
Out brothers, how the heart grows weary,  
Sighing for the blest ones at home.  
Through all earth's thorny paths I've wan-  
dered,  
In youth's gay morning,  
How many precious hours I've squandered,  
How many merited scorned;  
When seeking sin's delusive pleasure,  
Wretched was I;  
But now my heart has found a treasure,  
There with the blest ones on high.

CHORUS.  
All the earth is dark and dreary,  
Everywhere is gloom;  
Out brothers, how the heart grows weary,  
Sighing for the blest ones at home.  
All earthly distinctions vanish  
before the face of the soul. The barriers  
of caste, the insignia of rank, divide  
to nothing in the spiritual estimate of  
man. No inequality can destroy the  
relationship, the essential likeness be-  
tween us.

Paul at the Tomb of Virgil.  
(By Rev. Tryon Edwards, D.D.)  
When the apostle Paul, after appeal-  
ing from Agrippa to Cæsar, was sent  
to Rome, the vessel which carried  
him, was, as we are told, in the twen-  
ty-eighth chapter of Acts, detained at  
Puteoli for seven days. And there is  
an old tradition—exceedingly touching  
as well as beautiful—that while delay-  
ed there the Apostle went up to the  
tomb of Virgil, and, as he stood by it,  
wept at the thought that the great  
poet had died without the knowledge  
of Christ! Dean Stanley, in his ser-  
mon on *Christian Missions*, afterwards  
giving how Christianity seeks to reach  
the purer, nobler, and better, alludes  
to Paul's deep sympathy with this  
aim, and then remarks: "It was a fine  
touch in the ancient Latin hymn,  
which describes how, when he landed  
at Puteoli, he turned aside to the tomb  
of Virgil, and thought how much he  
might have made of that noble soul if  
he had but found him still on the  
earth."

The verse thus alluded to is in the  
Latin as follows:  
Ad Maroniam mausoleum,  
Ductus, fudit super eum,  
The rorem lacrymarum;  
Quoniam, cum hic secessum,  
Sibi vivum invenisset,  
Postuma maxime!

The condensed paraphrase of the  
Latin source admits a literal transla-  
tion of its touching thought, but a free  
paraphrase may perhaps give the Eng-  
lish reader some idea of the original:

On his way to Nero's court,  
When by storms detained in port,  
At the tomb where Virgil slept,  
Paul, in thoughtful sadness, wept;  
Wish, that he of world-wide fame,  
Should have died ere Jesus came!  
In his musings, unexpressed,  
That that I had found thee living  
In the light the Cross is giving;  
Could have seen thee, from above,  
Taught to know a Saviour's love.  
Then, in love to Christ Supreme,  
Thine had been a nobler theme,  
And thy harp, in tones like mine,  
Down the ages called His praise!"

Thoughtful and sad, Paul from the hill went  
down,  
To Rome—to prison—to a Heavenly crown!

## The East River Bridge.

The following dimensions of the va-  
rious parts of the bridge will prove of  
interest:

Length of river span, 1595 feet 6 in-  
ches.  
Length of each land span, 930 feet.  
Length of Brooklyn approach, 971  
feet.  
Length of New York approach, 1562  
feet.  
Total length of bridge, 5089 feet.  
Width of bridge, 88 feet.  
Number of cables, four.  
Diameter of each cable, 15 1/2 inches.  
Length of each single wire in cables,  
3578 feet 6 inches.  
Ultimate strength of each cable, 12,  
200 tons.  
Weight of wire, 12 feet per pound.  
Each cable contains 5296 parallel  
(not twisted) galvanized steel, oil-coat-  
ed wires, closely wrapped to a solid  
cylinder 15 1/2 inches in diameter.  
Size of towers at high water level,  
1455 feet.  
Size of tower at roof course, 1385 1/2  
feet.  
Total height of towers above high  
water, 278 feet.  
Clear height of bridge in centre of  
river span above high water, 135 feet.  
Height of floor at towers above high  
water, 119 feet 3 inches.  
Height of towers above roadway, 159  
feet.  
New York tower contains 46,945  
cubic yards masonry.  
Brooklyn tower contains 38,214 cubic  
yards masonry.  
New York caisson weighs 7000 tons.  
Weight of concrete filling, 8000 tons.  
Size of anchorages at base, 129x119  
feet.  
Size of anchorages at top, 117x104  
feet.  
Height of anchorages, 89 feet from  
road level.  
Weight of each anchor plate, 53 tons.  
First wire run across May 29th 1877.  
When the great work will be com-  
pleted we cannot definitely state.

## Flesh and Fat Producers.

The *American Agriculturist* makes  
up from the published analysis of the  
most eminent agricultural chemists the  
following table exhibiting the relative  
nutritive value of different feeds. It  
corresponds strictly with the experi-  
ence of many noted English feeders,  
and is probably the most trustworthy  
information yet collected in so com-  
pact a form:

|                       | Flesh. | Fat. |
|-----------------------|--------|------|
| Turnips               | 1      | 5    |
| Ruta bagas            | 1      | 7    |
| Carrots               | 1      | 7    |
| Mangel and kohlrabi   | 2      | 8    |
| Straw                 | 3      | 16   |
| Potatoes              | 2      | 17   |
| Brewers' grain        | 54     | 18   |
| Wheat and barley      | 12     | 67   |
| Dried brewers' grain  | 45     | 70   |
| Earth nut cake        | 20     | 40   |
| Beans (English field) | 22     | 40   |
| Linseed               | 22     | 52   |
| Rice meal             |        |      |



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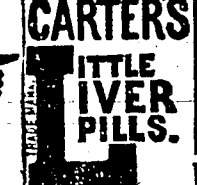
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