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Temperance.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you allow me a little space to express a few thoughts—not upon the post office question, nor upon the road surveys,—we think quite enough has been said upon those topics, at least for the present. There is another question, in comparison with which all purely local issues are insignificant. It is evident there is a want of understanding and harmony of view and action among professed temperance men. It must also be evident to all that without harmony of action the progress of temperance work must be slow.

One of the prominent things considered by those who have most to do in securing legislative action favoring prohibition, is—Do the people demand it? Does the sentiment of the people, as expressed at the ballot-box, favor it?

We all know, taking the election last fall as a criterion from which to judge the temperance sentiment of the people, an unprejudiced jury would be in doubt regarding the wishes of the people. Legislators often say (and with a good deal of propriety)—We are ready to execute the wishes of the people when we understand what they are. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. Some are more influenced by the mighty dollar than by the wishes of the people. Such men do not remain in office very long. Unity of action is certainly a very important thing in forming public opinion. Why are not temperance men united in action? Simply because they view things differently. One class think they can accomplish more for the temperance cause by retaining their connection with the old political parties. Another class think these parties are not in sympathy with what they desire accomplished. Is not this a fair statement of the case? The careful adherents to party say the Independents (so-called) make a grievous mistake in striking off on an independent line. They say these men should have remained in the beaten track, and fight the monster Intemperance there. Let us look at that a little. If intemperance is a great crime—perpetrating first to the victim himself, inasmuch as he is destroying himself and also robbing others of their liberty and happiness, and robbing the country at large of its resources,—the question is, should this cause at once by independent action, or wait for the old parties to do it, when they exhibit so much apathy and indifference in regard to it. It seems to me the object and purpose of the Independent temperance men is not properly understood. Some construe their action as aiming directly at the destruction of the different political parties. This is certainly a great mistake. It would afford no great pleasure to join hands with all true Republicans in laboring for the suppression of the liquor business. But if they persist in favoring the rum power, by placing men in office whose interests are identical with that power, I say, emphatically, I must halt! and I think I voice the conclusions of a multitude when I say it. We have been called "sore-heads," "disappointed office-seekers," "aspirants for notoriety," and in various ways have our motives been misconstrued. Some say this matter of temperance will come along in its proper order, hence moderation; and were it not for a few independent spirits who are giving the matter thought, and thought leads to action. Then comes the cry of fanaticism, and like epithets.

The opinion is often properly expressed that you cannot legislate successfully in advance of public sentiment. How is public sentiment aroused and made operative? One word answers that question. Agitation. The political parties are profoundly apathetic in regard to the great matter of prohibition. What will arouse them? Each one is jealous of the others, and at under the dominion of ruff, and money dictates. Let this vexed question arise, and were it not for some who thus in a principle than they do of party, and by the independent expression of thought agitate the public mind, this Rip Van Winkle slumber would continue until

our fair land is deluged by intemperance. The motto of every true temperance man should be—Speedy and entire emancipation from the power of rum, and unitedly engaging in the work of prohibition. Crimes far less threatening to the public welfare are prohibited,—profanity, Sabbath-breaking, and stealing are forbidden,—but this liquor business must be let alone. Why? because it is less a crime? Nay, nay! What was said of American slavery is true of the rum business,—it is the sum of all villainies!

I hope better counsels will prevail, hereafter. Instead of the motto—Anything to kill the Independents, let us unite in a more honorable enterprise—for the overthrow of the rum power.

ALPHA.

From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 10, 1883.

The chances are now that the Senate will conclude its tariff bill this week, and the general impression seems to be that that will be the end of it. No doubt but the Senate will, when the House bill reaches it, if it ever goes, substitute the tariff provisions of the Senate bill for those of the House bill, which, of course, will be non-concurred in by the House. A conference committee will be appointed and the whole question reopened, which means the defeat of any tariff reform by the Forty-seventh Congress.

General Sherman says, regarding the recent capture of Capt. Payne and his followers by the military, that they will probably be taken to Fort Reno for a few days and then marched to Fort Smith, where they will be turned over to the civil authorities, as has been done before. General Sherman is of the opinion that there should be a more severe punishment inflicted upon these depredators; according to the law as it now stands it is impossible.

The appointment of 281 clerks in the Pension Office made last August for six months expired this month. Their appointment depended upon the record made in the office during this probationary period. Of this number 250 will be reappointed, leaving only 31 of the entire number to be dropped. This percentage is considered very small, considering the number of appointments made, and the record of clerical efficiency is regarded as very gratifying. The 31 vacancies thus made will be filled by the nominations of those who recommended the appointment of the clerks that were dropped.

General W. B. Hazen, chief signal officer, in reply to charges against him, and attacks upon the signal service, by representative Beltzhoover, of Pennsylvania, and a number of anonymous writers, says the charges have their origin in the resentment of dismissed employees of the service, and are untruthful and slanderous, and the attacks are made for the purpose of bringing about the removal of the weather-service to the Interior Department. Gen. Hazen then gives, briefly, some of the results why such a removal should not be made, and, in conclusion, says that if Congress wishes to know all the details of the administration of the bureau, it can appoint an investigating committee, to which every possible opportunity and facility will be given.

The Lord lieutenant of Ireland evidently intends to protect his own precious person if it takes all the force of the British government. Upon his arrival in Dublin, on Wednesday he was escorted from the depot by a troop of hussars, and almost surrounded by detectives. He can sympathize with his brother autocrat, the czar of all the Russias.

The money value of female beauty has just been rated at \$150 by a Philadelphia jury. The "prize beauty," whom Forepaugh paraded at the head of his circus procession sued him for \$10,000. The jury, after taking all night to consider the subject, returned a verdict for \$150 damages. The beauty which parades itself least is most highly valued in this country.

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 E. F. HANNING,
 River St., Duckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

"Last March I was unable to walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles, I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and thank your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world."
 JAMES MAYNARD,
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About Women.

Something that will interest and amuse. The most possible secret between two married people should be those which are confined to either one of them by others. While some people, who call themselves worldly-wise, will laugh at the idea of such perfect confidence as this implies, others still, especially the newly married, will be shocked that I should suggest the keeping of any kind of secret by either wife or husband from the other. I am not prepared to say that these last are not the wiser of the two. Only, in that case, when any confidence is professed to either husband or wife, the recipient of it should make his or her position clearly understood.

Possibly there is a certain hardness toward old friends in requiring them, either to dispense with the sympathy we have been wont to give them, or else to submit their weakness and trial to the cold judgment, the cynical consideration of a man or a woman who has for them no tender toleration born of loving intimacy. Yet it would be better to refuse ever to listen to another confidence while the world stands thus, to receive a secret to keep when its custody would be a wound to one whose happiness should be our first object. Some wives and some husbands are large-minded enough and free enough to jealously not to be troubled by the knowledge that a confidence has been bestowed in which they cannot share, and then there can be no harm in such a confidence.

But no personal secret can fitly belong to one only of the two people of whom love and law have made one flesh. The very ideal of marriage had been realized by that old judge, who had knelt for so many years to say a last prayer at night beside his wife, and when at last she had left him, his lips were dumb and without her he could not even open his heart to God.

One frequent cause of trouble in married life is a want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, thoughtless girl, who has been used to taking no more thought as to how she should be clothed than the lilies of the field. He begins by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint, so long as he can help it, at care in trifling expenses—he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disapprobation and self-denial. And she, who would have been willing enough in the sweet eagerness to please her English love, to give up any whims or fancies of her own whatever, falls into habits of careless extravagance, and feels herself injured when, at last, a restraint has been perfect openness in the beginning.

"We have just so much money to spend this summer. Now, shall we arrange matters thus or thus?" was a question I heard a very young husband ask his still younger bride not long ago; and all the womanhood in her answered to this demand upon it, and her help in planning and counseling proved not a thing to be despised, though hitherto she had "fled upon the roses and lilies among the lilies of life." I am not speaking of marriages that are no marriages—where Venus has wedded Vulcan—because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two true hearts have set out together, for love's sake, to learn the lessons of life and live together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "The rosebud garden of girls," if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help make her small sacrifices for the general good. Try her and you will see.

But if you fail to tell her just how much you love, and just what portion of it can be properly spent, and what portion should be saved for the nest-egg in which her interest is not less than your own, then you cannot justly blame her if she is careless and self-indulgent, and wishes to-day to want to-morrow. There are thousands of little courtesies, also, that should not be lost sight of in the cruel candor of marriage. The secret of a great social success is to wound no one's self-love. The same secret will go far toward making marriage happy. Many a woman who would consider it an unpardonable rudeness not to listen with an air of interest to what a mere acquaintance is saying, will have no less scruple in showing her husband that his talk wearies her.

Of course, the best thing is when talk does not weary—when two people are so unified in taste that whatever interests one is of equal interest to the other, but this cannot always be the case, even in a happy marriage; and it is not better worth while to take the small trouble of paying courteous attention to the one who depends on you for his daily happiness than even to bestow this courtesy on the acquaintance, whom it is a transient pleasure to know. —Louise Chandler Moulton, in Our Continent.

Scraps.

A three year old little girl at Rochester, N. Y., was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with, "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added, "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma too!"

A Boston type-maker, who occasionally dumps old type into his melting kettle, has several times been scared half out of his wits by violent explosions in the molten fluid, and now, after investigation into the cause thereof, he requests the printers of New England not to buy any more pistol cartridges into their old type.

A celebrated vocalist, whose demeanour and acting were as awkward and ungainly as his voice was beautiful, sang one day to Charles Barnister: "Do you know what made my voice so melodious?" "No," replied Barnister. "Why, then, when I was fifteen, I swallowed by accident some train oil." "I don't think," rejoined Barnister, "it would have done you any harm if, at the same time, you had swallowed a dancing master."

"Why, Franky, I never knew you before to ask for preserves a second time." Franky didn't say much, but his little brother Tommy, who was innocent of the ways of old boys, spoke up, with a guileless smile on his pure, little face, and said: "That's because Franky lost the key he made to open the pantry. That's why he never used to want much preserves at the supper table. He used to get all he wanted before supper, but now he can't open the pantry." After Franky's father had administered the proper corrective, and the stricken youth was left alone in the shed to repent of his crime, Tommy remarked to himself, as he sat down to study his Sunday school lesson: "I expect poor Franky is sorry he didn't give me some of them preserves when I asked him for them. He will know better the next time."

Convicts at Dartmoor Prison, in England, make skeleton keys out of the bones of their meat. Nothing could be more appropriate. Their escape by this means reminds us of one of those skeleton leaves.

To get up a dinner of great variety, cooks should be allowed a wide range. Men who have money to loan take the greatest possible interest in their business. A gentleman had his picture taken recently; cost him \$200, and still he is not happy. A fellow took it out of the hall when the latch was up. The reason that esthetes so admire the story is that he can stand for hours on one leg and look as though he didn't know anything and didn't want to. It is an undeniable fact that nearly all centenarians are poor and have been poor all their lives. If you wish to live to a good old age, young men, never advertise.

Pious Reflections.

"Bear ye one another's burdens," was the solemn admonition of Him who sublimely bore the burdens of the entire world. Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell ever there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities. Our lives should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening, or like the spring, aglow with promise, and like autumn, rich with golden sheaves when good words and deed shall ripened on the field. "Let love be without dissimulation." Let your profession of it be sincere and not hypocritical. Do not wear a mask, pretending to be one thing, while you are another. "Love not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

Men may not appreciate your labors, nor reward you for your toil, but you may rest assured that labor faithfully performed, with an eye to the divine glory, shall not fall of its reward. If it is not rewarded here, it will be hereafter. Then be patient; labor on; do your duty, and leave the result with God.

There are two sides to a question, but, where our feelings are concerned, we are apt to look at but one, and that the one that justifies us. We forget that there also is a right to their opinions, and they view the matter in an entirely different light. It is well to consider both sides before deciding what is right.

They say that I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crows' feet on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as before. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house I live in. But I am young, younger than I ever was before.

THE LABOR OF LOVE.—A century ago, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden until one day the sun's light striking through a slated window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when a brief hour it was thus illumined, crowds came—and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling hand might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this marvelous face which he had wrought—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in early manhood. And when the architect and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face they said: "This is the greatest work of all! Love wrought this!" In the great cathedral of the ages—the temple being builded for a habitation of God we shall learn some time that love's work is the grandest of all.

How to Spoil a Husband.

Stare at him. Find fault with him. Keep an untidy house. Humour him half to death. Boss him out of his boots. Always have the last word. Be extra cross on wash-day! Quarrel with him over trifles. Never have meals ready in time. Run bills without his knowledge. Vow vengeance on all his relations. Let him sew the buttons on his shirts. Pay no attention to household expenses. Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet. Tell him as plainly as possible that you married him for a living. Raise a row if he dares to love pleasantly to an old lady friend. Provide any sort of pick-up meals for him when you don't expect strangers. Get every thing the woman next door gets whether you can afford it or not. Tell him the children inherit all their mean traits of character from his side of the family. Let it out sometimes when you are vexed that you wished you had married some other fellow that you used to go with. Give him to understand as soon as possible after the honeymoon that kissing is well enough for spooney lovers, but that for married folks it is very silly. —Christian Advocate.

A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a person as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it's a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy happiness!"

"Do not put articles which have held milk into hot water," says a domestic receipt. Is this an admonition not to drop the baby into the wash boiler?

In a Russian Prison.

In the cells of the upper and middle tiers are put the least compromised criminals. All the cells are of the same size—ten feet long, seven feet broad and twelve feet high. The doors have each two openings—one large enough for the daily food and drink to be put in through it and the other of smaller size, to serve as spy hole for the jailers. The doors are also each fastened with two padlocks—the key of one being in the jailer's custody, while that of the other remains in charge of the commandant of the fortress. The dish from which the prisoner eats is pushed through grooves cut in a plate of iron which projects from the interior of the door, at the height of about four feet from the floor. The dish cannot, therefore, be removed by the prisoner, who must take his food standing against the door and this with a spoon which is attached to the plate. The drinking water is put into a sort of jug hinged to the door. When the prisoner wishes a drink he must get down upon his knees and turn the vessel upon its hinges or pivots. Food is supplied at eleven o'clock in the morning and six in the evening, and ordinarily consists of oatmeal gruel and a quarter of a kilogram of meat, besides this there is a daily allowance of a kilogram of rye bread.

The prisoner's bed consists of a plank, six by three, with a straw mattress, a sheet so strong and coarse that it is impossible to tear it, and a covering of felt—all of which articles are taken away during the day. The dress consists of a gray woolen jacket quite short and tight-fitting; short pants of the same color, and long felt boots. For women the jacket is supplied, and a gray shirt added. The prisoners must get up at six o'clock and go to bed again at eight. It has been ascertained, by means of these secret observations which are constantly taken through the peepholes, that, as a general rule, the prisoners spend their long hours from their rising until their breakfast in pacing to and fro in their cells, and after this they are wont to remain quiet for an hour or so, only to give way next to an "excess of desolate despair which their pitiable situation may well inspire."

A Medical Opinion of the Electric Light. Before the electric light becomes, as it must soon become, the common illuminating agent of the period, says the Lancet, a determined effort should be made to devise some mode of mitigating its peculiarly unpleasant intensity. The vibratile impulse of the electric force is obviously stronger than the delicate terminal elements of the optic nerve in the retina can bear without injury. We are wont to apply the adjectives "hard" and "soft" to light, and their significance makes them peculiarly appropriate. The electric light is so hard; it needs to be softened. The waves of motion are too short, and the outstroke—as to say—joins the instroke at too acute an angle. This might readily be obviated by employing suitable material for globes, and shades, but perhaps the best plan would be to break up and scatter the rays of light by reflection. If a small convex reflector were placed immediately below the light in the protecting globe, and one of larger dimensions above it, so as to secure a double reflection with ultimate divergence downward and outward, the effect would be to cause the "rays" of light to fall obliquely on all objects within the immediate area of illumination. This would, perhaps, obviate the need of colored glasses, which the promoters of the electric light seem to dislike. Certainly there is a considerable sacrifice of power in the use of the opaline globe—so much, indeed, that some of the districts lighted by electricity displayed any obvious superiority over gas. Something must be done, for, as it is, the electric light is "trying to the eyes," which means that it is in danger of injuring them, and, already, there is reason to believe, mischief has been wrought by its use. For true comfort there is nothing like the light given by the old-fashioned pure wax candle.

FRUIT PUDDING.—Three pints of milk, eight Boston crackers split and buttered, six eggs beaten light, two cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one pound of stoned raisins, quarter of a pound of currants. Boil the milk, and then add sugar, eggs and flavoring. Butter a pudding dish, put in a layer of crackers and molasses with a little of the custard. Then add a layer of fruit, and do this till all is in the dish. Pour over the rest of the custard and bake in a slow oven. Brown at the last, and eat hot with or without sauce.

TRIPPE CURRY.—Boil two pounds of tripe and cut it into strips; peel two large onions and cut them into square pieces, and put the onions into a stew pan with three tablespoonful of butter. Let it stew till brown, stirring well and mixing a tablespoonful of curry powder. Now add one pint of milk and the cut-up tripe. Let all stew for an hour, skimming it well. Serve in a deep dish with boiled rice also to eat with it. An East-India-curry powder is made thus: Pound very fine in a mortar six ounces of coriander seed, three-fourths of an ounce of cayenne, one and one-half ounces of fennel seed, one ounce cummin seed and three ounces of turmeric. These articles can be brought at a druggist's. Pound fine; sift through fine muslin; spread on a dish and dry before the fire for three hours, stirring frequently. Keep this in a bottle with a glass stopper.

FLORIDA GRAPE FRUIT.—This fruit is refreshing and wholesome, especially for a bilious temperament. Its flavor is sub-acid, but its juicy pulp is inclosed in a tough white membrane of intensely bitter taste; when this membrane is removed the fruit is delicious. It has become the fashion to use it as a salad. The fruit is placed on the table whole (one is enough for a party of four or six), cut in quarters and served as natural. When not used as a salad, cut the skin in sections and peel it off, separate the sections as you would those of an orange, and holding them between the ends, break it open from the centre, discarding the pulp; tear this out of the bitter white membrane which covers the sections, carefully removing every part of it; keep the pulp as unbroken as possible and put it into a deep dish with a plentiful sprinkling of fine white sugar. Let it stand three or four hours, or over night, and then use the fruit.

OUR RECIPE FOR MAKING SAUER-KRAUT.—The best we ever ate was made ourselves for many years, and for a considerable time with our own hands, and always from Savoy cabbage. It was manufactured in this wise: In the first place let your "stand," holding round a half barrel to a barrel, be thoroughly scalded out; the cutter, the tub and the stamper also well scalded. Take off all the outer leaves of the cabbage, halve them, remove the heart and proceed with the cutting. Lay some clean leaves at the bottom of the stand, sprinkle with a handful of salt, fill in half a bushel of cut cabbage, stamp gently until the juice just makes its appearance, then add another handful of salt, and so on until the stand is full. Cover over with cabbage leaves, place top on a clean board fitting the space pretty well, and on top of that a stone weighing twelve or fifteen pounds. Stand away in a cool place, and when hard freezing comes on remove to the cellar. It will be ready for use in from four to six weeks. The cabbage should be cut tolerably coarse. The Savoy variety makes the best article, and it is only half as productive as the drum-head and flat Dutch.

The Real Profit Overlooked. A Baltimore man who bought him a farm two or three years ago was recently approached by a friend who had some money to invest, and who asked: "Can I buy a pretty fair farm for \$15,000?" "Yes, about that figure."

Recent Legal Decisions.

STREETS—RAILWAY TRACK—DAMAGES TO LOT-OWNERS.—The owner of lots on a street in Denver, upon which he had erected a hotel and dwelling-houses, sued the Union Pacific Railroad Company to recover damages for the injury to his property by the laying of its track in the street. This track was put down 18 1/2 feet from the pavement and above the level of the street, so wagons could not freely pass to and from the houses. The company set up as its defense that the track had been laid by virtue of an ordinance which granted it the right of way through the street. The plaintiff recovered a judgment for \$1500 in this case—Mullandin vs. Union Pacific Railroad Company—United States Circuit Court, Colorado. Judge Hallett, in the opinion, said: "The right and interest of the plaintiff in the street in front of his property is secured to him by section 16 of the Bill of rights of the State Constitution, which declares 'that private property shall not be taken or damaged for public or private use without just compensation.' It has been said that property cannot be 'taken' within the meaning of that provision except by an appropriation of the land itself, but no such limitation is applicable to the clause relating to damages.—The beneficial use of plaintiff's estate embraces the right of ingress and egress, which cannot be withdrawn or obstructed without substantial damage to it. The use of the street is therefore a right of property in plaintiff, which, if not 'taken,' is certainly 'damaged,' within the meaning of the Constitution, by the act of defendant in building its road through that street."

PATENT—ARTICLE NOT MARKED—VERBAL NOTICE.—A compound which had been patented, but upon which there was no notice of that fact, was prepared by another person, and the patentee sued for an infringement. The defendant relied upon the absence of the patent-mark as his defense. On the trial of the case—New York Pharmaceutical Association vs. Tilden, in the United States Circuit Court, S. D., of New York—the complainant was allowed to prove the verbal notice of the issuing of the patent was given to the defendant, who continued thereafter to make, use and sell the compound. Judge Wallace, in giving the complainant a decree said: "The statute, Section 4900—United States Revised Statutes, declares that no damages can be recovered in a suit for the infringement of a patented article when the stamp is not on it, except upon proof that notice of the infringement was given, and there was a continued making, using and vending of the article. It has never been decided in any reported case brought to my attention, whether the notice contemplated by the statute is a written notice, or whether a verbal notice is sufficient. This statute requires proof that the defendant was duly notified, and then continued to infringe, and therein differs from the statutes which have been the subject of judicial construction upon the method of notice. Not only does it not require, in terms, 'notice to be given,' but it does not relate to a notice in the course of legal proceedings; therefore, as the functions is not doubted, and it is strangely illogical to assert that the State is powerless to compel the doing of the acts for which the corporation was created. The quashing of the motion was a novel proceeding. Such a section is taken by the Courts in disposing of writs of process, not in deciding applications to obtain them, and the right of the Attorney General to open and close the argument, he being the moving party, is not to be questioned."—Phila. Record.

It was election time, and little Glynn heard so much talk about men who were running for office. One day, his mother, noticing him run from one place to another, asked, "What are you playing now, Glynn?" He replied, "Oh, I am not playing at all, I am running for office."

Experiments recently made in Europe, with a view to ascertaining the best method of preserving manure, show that manure allowed to accumulate under cattle three months or more in specially constructed deep stalls was found in every case, as compared with that of ordinary manure heaps, in the more workable condition, and the useful ingredients were present in greater proportions.

Restful Reflections. Wanted to know—what interest views pay distance for lending him emphysema. "I have not loved lightly," as the man said who married a three-hundred-pound widow. "None-but—the-brave-deserve-the-fair"—and none but the brave can live with some of them. A greedy man should wear a plaid waist-coat, so as always to keep a check on his stomach. It is easy to break into an old man's house, because his gait is feeble, and his locks are few. The fellow who slept under "the cover of night" complains that he came very near freezing. A crusty old bachelor says he thinks it is woman, and not her wrongs, that ought to be redressed.

Why are poultry the most profitable stock to keep? Because for every grain they give a peck. The way to make time pass quickly—raise a row and get knocked into the middle of next week. "What moral lesson does a weather-cock on a church steeple continually inculcate? 'Tis vain to aspire. We frequently hear of a fight of steps; but we have never yet been able to discover where they fly to. An extraordinary surgical operation was lately performed, which killed the patient. The physician is doing well. A provident, and yet improvident man—the baker; he kneads much, but sells everything he kneads himself. An old Greenland seaman said he could really believe that crocodiles shed tears, for he had often seen whales blubber. It is said that short, dumpy people are more humorous than long, lank folks, on the ground that brevity is the soul of wit. "Somebody, in describing a beautiful lady, says she has 'a face that a painter might dwell upon.' Rather a broad face that! A pawnbroker having joined a temperance society, it was remarked that there need be no fear of his not keeping the pledge. What is the difference between a man paralyzed with fear and a leopard's tail? One is rooted to the spot, and the other is spotted to the root. It wasn't such a bad notion on the part of a Glover who hung up in his shop the following placard: "Ten thousand hands wanted immediately." The man who always leaves church before service is out, in speaking of an "ancient" single lady, said she was "heartily and wonderfully mad." "I had rather not take a horn with you," said the toper to the mad bull; but the bull insisted on treating him to two, and the toper got quite high. One or the other: It is always "put up or shut up" with the umbrella. Important discovery: It is now reported that a North Carolina man has discovered a meerschaum pipe mine.

A bad shot: "I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "and you are probably the worst shot in America." A marine disaster: "Yes," said the captain of the ocean steamship, we had a very expensive trip this time. Very little sea-sickness; passengers ate frightfully. Exceptional prove the rule: Professor — "If you attempt to squeeze any solid body it will always resist pressure." Class smiles and cites examples of exceptions which prove the rule. Notable case of stupidity: A restaurant sign on Washington street reads: "A cup of coffee two and five cents." Why this is not condensed to "a cup of coffee seven cents" is queer. "I pass," the Greek; Greek pronunciation: Benevolent professor (repeating)—"Now, then, Epipass." Somnolent Soph (remembering last night's studies)—"I make it next." (He goes it alone before the faculty). A matter of multiplication: Teacher — "Why, how stupid you are, to be sure! Can't multiply eighty-eight by twenty-five? I'll wager that Charles can do it in less than no time." Pupil—"I shouldn't be surprised. They say that fools multiply very rapidly now days." The nice prayer rug: "Now, pa dear, you must give me \$75, because I want that prayer rug right away," said

The Bible in Japan.

Recent letters from the agent of the American Bible Society in Japan convey intelligence which is indicative of the rapid progress of Christianity in that empire. It is to the effect that a number of Japanese Christians had presented a formal and earnest appeal for the allowance an active part in the work of translating the Old Testament. They speak of the translation of the Bible as a great work and far-reaching in its consequences; of the blessings which had come to them through the New Testament, which had been already published and widely circulated; of the severe evils which would ensue if the remaining work was not wisely done, and of the want of uniformity and style which would be sure to mark a translation which was produced by the labors of many different scholars working apart. They therefore submit a plan, the substance of which is as follows: 1. That the whole work be given to one translating committee instead of the different books to individual translators. 2. That the committee be composed of eight members, four of whom shall be foreigners and four Japanese. 3. That the Japanese members be chosen by Japanese Christians. 4. That the foreigners and Japanese members have equal rights in voting. 5. That means be furnished to enable the members to devote their whole time to the work. When it is remembered that it is only a few years since Christians were permitted even to enter Japan, such action as this is truly astonishing, and must awaken the most profound gratitude.

Queer German Decisions. The highest court of Germany decided a queer case in a queer manner. A butcher's wife obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion. He appealed, declaring that she had driven him from home by injurious and defamatory expressions, and was, therefore, the really guilty party. The court, however, nonsuited him, and held that, since "both parties belonged to the lower classes, where such expressions were common, there was nothing defamatory in them." A Berlin saloon-keeper entertained some guests after the legal hour for closing. A policeman appeared among the comers, when the publican exclaimed: "Gentlemen, the policeman got in through the window." The officer brought him up for defaming him in the discharge of his duty, but the policeman was acquitted. "The intention of ridiculing the officer was clear," said the judge, but the expression itself was not wisely chosen. For since it would have been the duty of the policeman to come in through the window, instead of through the back door, as he actually did, it had had no other means of ingress, the charge of the publican, though false, was not defamatory.

"Width av the Dure." "I want a piece av a board sawed off, planed on the outside," said Mr. Donlevy. "We'd a few friends at the house last night to a christening, and the lower panel av the dure got kicked out in the merriment." "How wide do you want the piece cut? asked the carpenter." "The width av the dure, av course," replied Mr. Donlevy. "And how wide is the door?" "Well, it's as wide as a chair is long, list. Ye kin just lave a chair across it, an' it's as though it wur mashed fur it." "But all chairs are not the same size," said the carpenter. "Aw, thunder and tuff! yer thicker-headed nor a railroad spike; the chair comes up jist even wid the grip av the windy jill." "But how high is the sill?" asked Mr. Chips. "Both the badgering tongue o' ye," growled Mr. Donlevy. "It's only the wideness av me hand barrin' the thumb-higher than the rain water barrel that stands outside, an' if ye can't make it from that ye can't have the job, and I'll take it to some carpenter that understands his business and knows the measure av a dure in his hand without makin' a catchise av himself. Saw can ye cut the piece av the size av that, ye wadker-headed wood-butcher ye, av sellin' it to find a man av your kind that has jist the same ye wur born wid?" And he had to go find one.

The Danger of Using Arsenic for the Complexion. It is necessary to raise a warning cry against a most mischievous statement which has recently been circulated, and has already done harm, to the effect that "arsenic in small doses is good for the complexion." It is not difficult to imagine the danger women will incur to preserve or improve their "good looks." No more ingenious device for recommending a drug can be hit upon than that which the authors of this most baneful prescription of "arsenic for the complexion" have adopted. Suffice it to recall the fact that for many years past chemists and sanitarians have been laboring to discover means of eliminating the arsenical salts from the coloring matter of wall papers and certain dyes once largely used for certain articles of clothing. It is most unfortunate that this hopelessly antagonistic recommendation of arsenic to improve the complexion should have found its way into print. Those who employ the drug as advised—and there are many either already using it or contemplating the rash act—will do so at their peril. So far as they are able, however, it will be the duty of medical men to warn the public against this pernicious practice, which is only too likely to be carried on secretly. It is not without reason that we speak thus pointedly, and urge practitioners to be on the qui vive in anomalous or obscure cases.

The Blood-Stanching Weed. During the French expedition to Mexico General Martroy was informed by a native that a plant grew in his district which was largely used in the domestic surgery of the Mexicans, and he advised the General to try in a stock of it for use in the French camp. It goes by the name of "the blood-stanching weed"—the exact word being not been placed on record. This plant has been the property, when applied after being chewed or crushed, of almost instantly arresting the flow of blood from a wound. General Martroy brought home some specimens of this plant to France, and cultivated it in his garden at Versailles, where it has thriven exceedingly ever since, blossoms every year and produces a sort of fruit. Meanwhile its transplantation to European soil has not robbed it of the quality for which it was originally recommended to its introducer. Its recognized botanical name is *Tridactylon creta*. Although it is quite the reverse of an ornamental plant, and is not distinguished by any beauty of shape or color in its flowers, it fully deserves, if we may trust our informant, to be widely cultivated on account of its rare medical value. The practicability of its acclimatization is now placed beyond all doubt. Its effect in stanching bleeding is said to surpass all means hitherto applied to this purpose, and it is in any case to be procured cheaply and easily. Experiments have been made with it in Vienna, and the *New York Press*, of that city, advises its regular cultivation for medical use.

Wigs Coming into Fashion Use. A wig-maker talked me into a secret the other day. It was becoming fashionable, he said, for women to wear wigs. Wigs are not worn to cover baldness or because, even the hair is thin, but to save trouble and as a precaution against accident. A woman who has straight hair is just now out of fashion as far as head-gears. She must crimp her hair and paste it into little waves and puffs around her forehead and down the sides of her head. This requires great care and becomes burdensome after a time. Besides, hair that is not inclined to curl at all is apt to defy crimping pins and pomade and straighten out at an inopportune moment. The wig-maker, therefore, had come to the rescue of women so unfortunate as to have rebellious hair. He makes wigs that may be worn on the front of the head, between the line of the forehead and the crown. The false hair is crimped and never straightens out.

The Flood. Some people here are growing because of continued rains, which with business and pleasure. These should read of the fortifications in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, etc. As an example, the portions of Cincinnati are under water, thousands among the poorer classes homeless and destitute of food; the hospitals, and all sorts of buildings have been washed away; many lives have been lost; millions of dollars worth of property destroyed. Not a railroad is able to run to Toledo. The same is true of many smaller towns in the West. On Wednesday night the floods were not a thing, and to what the danger and loss of life will finally amount no human being can predict. It is heart-rending to read the details. In the presence of such calamity, our highest trials and disasters should not be heeded.

Probably you know that the city of Philadelphia, N. J., has been visited by a flood, including four years' water. The water was 150 feet high, and the estimated value was \$12,000,000. It is proposed to give each landholder a new city bond for fifty per cent of his claim, payable in five years, up to forty, at four per cent interest. If you have any old bonds of that city, correspond with Louis Fitzgerald, New York City.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me to state that the object of the surveys of Egg Harbor and Main Roads is to re-establish the line to which the properties on either side of each of these roads, for some distance, are tied as starting-points. These being great base lines, the importance of their correct determination is apparent. Had two permanent monuments been placed in each, at visible distances, at the time of original survey, the work of re-survey would have been easy. The monuments ordered by Council have been placed in Egg Harbor Road, at points between the County line and G. W. Pressey's south-west corner, which, as adjacent owners say, was fixed by one of Judge Byrnes' surveys, and kept under their eyes ever since. The middle point between Tilton and DePuy, as before reported, places the north-east corner of Tilton's store one and a-half feet in the road. While putting down the monument, Squire Heatwell voluntarily stated that he helped dig the cellar under Tilton's store, and knew that the above corner was then put eighteen inches into the road. I have no doubt Squire Heatwell, as an early settler, would be willing to give Council any further information he may have on this much vexed question.

On any sunny afternoon, when a reflector can be seen from Pressey's corner, it is easy to show that said corner, our monument in the middle of the road on the brow of Willard's hill, and a point one and a-half rods westerly of the stone placed on the side of the road in the county line are in range, and that the line running northward from Pressey's or southward from Willard's hill, passes not over two feet westward of the chimney-top on the Porter house, standing in the line of said road, just south-east of Thirteenth Street. P. H. Brown, 2. S. If a committee of citizens, anywhere from ten to one hundred, wish to see the line verified, and will express that desire, they shall be gratified.

Texas has now 6000 miles of railway completed. Burt Pressey, Captain of the Hammononton "American" Star's bicycle club, will participate in the bicycle exhibition at Springfield, Mass., on the 22nd. The disfiguring eruptions on the face, the sunken eye, the pallid complexion, indicate that there is something wrong going on within. Expel the lurking foe to health. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was designed for that purpose; and does it. Thirty millions of dollars are annually paid over the bars of Chicago for drinks. The United States spend \$600,000,000 a year for their alcoholic drinks. It is estimated that more than 200,000 people are engaged in selling that amount of poison.

THE MAN WHO SANG "I would not live away," was troubled with nearly all the great variety of diseases which begin in derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver and did not take the papers to find out that Swayer's Pills had everything in the market for restoring in man lost vitality. He was cured in a few days, and better than that, he did not pay a cent for Swayer's Pills. Remember 26 cents or 6 boxes for \$1.

GO TO PACKER'S AT THE Old Stand, The Hammononton Bakery. Where the usual variety of choice bread, rolls, cakes, pies, and confections, so well attested to, in quantity and quality, by a critical and discriminating New England public. Also for this special occasion may be found a full, complete and varied assortment of choice confections. Comprising mixtures, caramels, chocolate creams, bonbons, lozenges, etc. Also a great variety of penny goods for the little folks. Also apples, oranges, figs, golden and common, plums, raisins, nuts, lemons, currants, etc.

Thanking the public for the liberal share of patronage so generously bestowed, we hope, by strict attention to business and fair dealing to merit a future continuance of the same. W. D. PACKER. CHARLES HITNEY, CIVIL ENGINEER, And Land Surveyor. Residence: Hammononton, N. J.

Special from February 1883 Private Office of Mr. John Wanamaker Six Paragraphs to Out-of-town Customers. City residents are in the store, every day and know what is going on. This is to give some of the same information to those who are not in town every day.

- No. 1. Reductions are made since stock-taking, in Linens, Ladies' Dresses and Coats, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hosiery, Little Boys' Clothing.
- No. 2. 56 pieces of the same Black Silks that a few weeks ago were good at \$1.35; open this month at One Dollar per yard.
- No. 3. Muslins have been lowered in price—almost all the makes.
- No. 4. The Dress Goods part of our business complements, in addition to the Eleven counters, two more of 140 feet. This Spring's Stock will be the best we have ever shown.
- No. 5. We are enlarging the Store by adding another on the Chestnut Street front.
- No. 6. In answer to many inquiries as to the size of the Store: Its floors and galleries now occupied cover Nine acres; the highest number of people employed is 3,292. It is the largest Store in the United States.

We send Samples and Goods by Mail. Address, John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

FRANK P. CALE THE NEW BUTCHER. DEALS IN ALL KINDS OF MEAT. His wagon will be found on the streets near the station every day except Thursdays. Will make a circuit of the town every Thursday and Saturday.

Joe THOMPSON. S. D. HOFFMAN. Thompson & Hoffman, Attorneys-at-Law, Masters in Chancery, Notaries Public, Commissioners of Deeds, Supreme Court Commissioners. City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

Charles Hunt, SHOEMAKER. Solicits orders for Repairing or New Work. Leave Orders at Carpenter's store, or at my residence, Thirteenth Street, near First Road, Hammononton.

WISS people are always on the lookout for means to increase their earnings and to improve their quality. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us in our own line. Any one can do the work profitably in the first place. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address: HENSON & Co., Portland, Maine. \$100 will be given for any case of "Female Weakness or Inability" which "Ladies' Tonic" does not cure. This is a long life offer, made by express, and is not to be repeated.

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Sale for Taxes of 1881. Town of Hammononton. Returns of taxes left on unimproved, and unencumbered land on loan funded by persons not the lawful proprietors, who are unable to pay taxes, and of real estate, in the town of Hammononton, County of Atlantic for the year 1881.

Table with columns: Name, Block No., lot, Acres, Tax. Includes names like Abbott, J. R., Ballinger, J. H., Barstow, J. M., Darbyshire, Wm., Evans, David, Front, Matthew, Glasco, Estabrook, McCormick, Edw., Miller, Abraham, Papp, Charles, Vineland, Cranby, Walker, Mrs. S.

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LADIES' TONIC. The Great Female Remedy. Women's Medical Institute, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A. For Leucorrhoea, or Whites, Inflammation of the Womb, Irregularity, Prolapsus or Falling of the Uterus, Hemorrhage, Spitting of Blood, Headache, Kidney Complaints, Barrenness, Painful Menstruation, and all other ailments of the Female System. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is sold by all Druggists.

GARDNER & SHINN, INSURANCE AGENTS. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. References: Policy holders in the Atlantic City Press.

FOUND AT LAST. PRESSEY IMPROVED Common-Sense Incubator. Hatches seventy-five to ninety per cent, in the hands of an amateur. Now is the time to send in your orders, which will be filed and filled in regular order.

Boots, - Shoes, - and - Rubbers. E. H. Carpenter's, Hammononton, N. J. Boots, - Shoes, - and - Rubbers.

Landreth's Extra Early Peas. The original as well as the best. Landreth's Beans Watermelon. Landreth's Earliest cabbage. Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac.

The Republican. LOCAL MISCELLANY.

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THE DAYS GONE BY.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! The apples in the orchard and the pathway through the rose...

Agricultural and Statistical.

Selection of a Farm.

There are many things to be considered in the selection of a farm. To the rich gentleman who wishes to retire from the noise and tumult of city life...

Montreal dealer ships tomatoes to England.

A Montreal dealer ships tomatoes to England, where they bring good prices. The taste for tomatoes has been acquired...

The Journal of Agriculture says that refrigerator meat in the Eastern markets is not only causing the railroad people to sweat under the collar...

London purple is better adapted to fighting the canker worm on apple trees than is Paris green. It dissolves in water...

It is a severe calamity to any agricultural country not to be the producer of its own wool.

It is a severe calamity to any agricultural country not to be the producer of its own wool. In the United States, Saxony or Silesia can produce no wools.

To cure warts on cows' legs.

To cure warts on cows' legs Mr. H. G. Abbott, of Maine, recommends to saturate them three times a week with kerosene oil...

A Fort Smith (Ark.) oil mill furnishes bagging and ties and gins cotton.

A Fort Smith (Ark.) oil mill furnishes bagging and ties and gins cotton, taking the seed alone as compensation. A very few years since cotton seed came very near being considered worthless...

The cow population of the United States is 12,611,348.

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which sympathy, goodness and intelligence prevails. With a good farm of proper size, healthfully located, abundantly supplied with water, good neighbors, and a handy market...

Nearly one-third of all the sugar sold on the English market is beet sugar.

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There has been an increase in the importation of butter and butterine into the United Kingdom.

There has been an increase in the importation of butter and butterine into the United Kingdom, and a decrease in the importations of cheese. Across the water the Shorthorn editor of the Field insinuates that Shorthorn blood was the element that increased the size of the polled cattle.

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Mr. W. H. Francis, of Frankfort, Mich., realized \$145 for the first three crops from ten Hale's Early peach trees, which are still in thrifty condition. In the last ten years Lancaster county, Pa., has produced 142,000,000 pounds of tobacco...

It has been ascertained that the Granby (Conn.) creamery that takes ten quarts of milk to make an inch of cream.

It has been ascertained that the Granby (Conn.) creamery that takes ten quarts of milk to make an inch of cream, and an inch of cream makes a pound of butter. An order was recently given to a Boston dealer for fifty cans of skim milk to be used in the manufacture of a wash for the extermination of insects on the orange trees in Florida.

A Montreal dealer ships tomatoes to England.

A Montreal dealer ships tomatoes to England, where they bring good prices. The taste for tomatoes has been acquired, but the Edgish climate will always be too cold for them to ripen.

The Journal of Agriculture says that refrigerator meat in the Eastern markets is not only causing the railroad people to sweat under the collar.

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Dear as corn has been it well pays to feed it moderately to cows giving milk.

Dear as corn has been it well pays to feed it moderately to cows giving milk. Butter is proportionably as dear as corn, and a feed of the latter affects the butter product...

in an exchange, are that the animals fight less, are never fly-blown around the horns, are more conveniently sheared, and what is of greater importance, keep easier and grow larger.

The branding of cattle as now practiced in the West is pronounced by the *Sheep and Leather Reporter* to be a crime. That there is much unnecessary cruelty and much wanton destruction of hides in the way this work is generally done is beyond question.

An Iowa correspondent of the *German Town Telegraph* makes his granary distasteful to rats by daubing all the angles on the outside of the building with hot pine-tar for the width of three or four inches, and also any seam or crack where a rat or mouse can stand to gnaw.

The following are the measurements of three intestinal tubes of sheep which were lately examined: Lamb, Southdown, 6 months old, 74 feet 9 inches; old ewe, Southdown, 100 feet 8 inches; old Leicester ram, 117 feet 8 inches, when the intestines are pulled out from the mesentery.

On a cranberry farm at Hyannis, Mass., \$40,000 worth of cranberries have been sold this season, and \$7000 paid to pickers at the rate of from one to two cents per quart. Picking affords busy work during the time so occupied, and, after the crop is gathered the gleaners often secure large quantities of the fruit.

A new white potato, called the Duke of Albany, is becoming very popular in England. It is a sprout of the Beauty of Helicon. Most of our American potatoes do well if taken to England; but the rule does not work both ways, as American farmers who have planted imported seed have found to their cost.

The Boston *Cultivator* says that the flowers of raspberries, where this fruit is largely grown, are ruining the honey product of the neighborhood. A few raspberries do most of the harm, being like this food, but no honey being like this food, but no honey being like this food, but no honey being like this food...

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A writer in the *Fruit Recorder* makes the statement that one of the neighbors planted some cabbage plants among his corn where the corn missed, and the butterflies did not find them. He has therefore come to the conclusion that if the cabbage patch were in the middle of the cornfield the butterflies would not find them, as they fly low and like plain sailing.

When pigs do not thrive and try to eat gravel or earth it is a symptom of indigestion. They are probably overfed. Reduce their food one-half. Give two pigs half a pint of sweet oil or linseed oil in the food daily for two or three days, and as they recover gradually give them a little dry corn in addition to their other food. Some charcoal would be of service, and may be given frequently.

The valuation of sheep made in the highlands of Scotland has reached a point which even old flockmasters are not seen surpassed. Sellers are often astonished at the prices they receive, while buyers are paying prices at which they would have been appalled a year ago. This is especially true of desirable breeding stock, while the boom extends through all grades of decent mutton sheep.

In dipping up wool the fleece should be put in so as to be comparatively loose, light and easy to inspect and handle. Lay the fleece on the table, turn in the head, tail and flanks, and roll it up, commencing at the tail end. The with two strings to keep the roll in place, and then one about the ends. The strings can be laid in grooves saved into the folding platform, so that the fleece can be tied quickly.

The greater part of the soil of England has been under cultivation for a thousand years, and yet the land is richer and the crops more prolific than they were a thousand years ago. Why, then, should so many thousands of acres in many sections of this country have become so greatly deteriorated in productivity? Careless and unskilled culture must necessarily be the answer.

It is a well-known fact that trees along highways, trees in towns and cities, trees in groves amidst agricultural regions render the atmosphere purer. They, by their foliage, absorb harmful gases, which would otherwise be breathed by the inhabitants of the densely populated cities, thereby modifying diseases, lessening the dangers of epidemics, and in all ways improving the healthfulness of communities.

A variety of tobacco has lately come into use which is called "hybrid" tobacco. It is a cross between seed-tobacco and Havana, and produces leaves of smallish size but of excellent quality. The plants are set out nearer together in the field than is usual with seed-leaf varieties, and in that way the yield of the hybrid falls little if any below that of the seed-leaf. The usual distance for setting the plants is about 16 inches in the row, and the rows 3 feet apart.

Regarding the Crescent strawberry, Mr. E. Engle, of Beaver county, Pa., says he finds it larger and handsomer than the Wilson, and escapes the spring frosts better than any other variety. One reason why some growers condemn it is because they allow the plants to run freely on, cover the bed with a dense growth of leaves. When subject to hill culture it becomes a different fruit, varying from pistillate to staminate in blossom, according to soil and culture.

"It takes close observation and constant study to make a practical and intelligent bee-keeper." Good advice, as far as it goes. One must be fortified with a good stock of resolutions and that kind of pluck which doesn't easily succumb to adverse circumstances, even if quite often repeated. Bee-keeping has been reduced to a science; and after all, the asperities of winter and other things which often try the bee-keeper's tact render the business somewhat precarious one.

Science and Invention.

Facts About Mother of Pearls. This beautiful metal, which is so much used in many kinds of artistic productions, is chiefly obtained from the pearl oysters (*Margarina margaritifera*) which are found in the Gulf of California, at Panama and Colima, at Caylon and Madagascar, at the Swan river in Manilla, and at the Society Islands. The black lipped muscles from Manilla bring the best prices. The Society Islands produce the silver-lipped muscles, and Panama the so-called "Bullacks." The peculiar and varied tints and colors exhibited by mother-of-pearl are due to the structure of the surface, which is covered by innumerable fine plates—often several thousands to the inch—which break up the rays of light falling on it, and reflect it in all different tints.

The square or angular pieces are saved out with a small saw, the piece being held in the hand or clamped in a vise. Buttons and similar round pieces are cut with a crown saw attached to a spindle. All the tools employed in working mother-of-pearl must be kept continually moist to prevent their sticking fast. The pieces are generally shaped on a polishing stone, the rim of which must be ribbed to avoid daubing and smearing. The stone, of course, must be kept wet while in use; a weak soapuds water better than water alone. When the pieces have been brought to the proper shape on the stone, they are then polished with pumice and water. In many cases it is well to shape the piece of pumice so as to fit the form of the article to be polished, and then the latter can be fastened to a handle and rotated in a lathe.

It is afterward polished with finely powdered pumice on a cork or wet rag, while the final polishing is done with English tripoli, moistened with dilute sulphuric acid. The acid brings out the structure of the pearl very beautifully. In many articles it is necessary to use emery before the tripoli is applied, and then emery oil instead of acid. Knife and razor handles have the holes bored in them after they are cut in the proper shape, and are then tightly riveted together, polished on the stone, and finished as before described.

In many workshops the polishing is performed on wheels covered with a wet cloth which holds the polishing material. For common work some substituted chalk or Spanish white is substituted for the English tripoli. Mother-of-pearl is frequently etched like copper. The design is put on with anaphyl varnish, which protects the parts that are to be etched, and the varnish is then put in nitric acid. When the exposed portions have been sufficiently corroded by the acid the article is rinsed with water and the varnish dissolved off with turpentine or benzole. Thin pieces of pearl which are to have the same shape are glued together and all cut and bored at once like a single piece, and afterward separated by putting them in hot water. In ordinary inland work of mother-of-pearl, scales or very thin pieces of pearl are fastened on iron or some foundation, usually made of papier mache, with Japanese varnish. The plate is first cleaned and dried, then coated with varnish; when the latter is nearly dry cut pieces of mother-of-pearl are pressed into the varnish by the artist so as to adhere to it. The plate is then baked in an oven until the varnish hardens, when a second coating is put over the entire article, which is then polished again.

Sometimes an ounce of prevention is worse than a pound of disease. One day last week the children came running in, shrieking that a big hawk was circling over the poultry yard. Old Farmer Thibodeau dropped his paper, caught his trusty gun from the rack, and charged for the poultry yard. He ran right over a bean stand just the other side of the cypress bush, and was stung in thirty places before he jumped over the fence of the poultry yard, alighting upon the old black hen that was brooding thirteen chicks, breaking her neck and mashing five hapless "weetles." The gun caught in the fence as he jumped, and went off, killing a young turkey, and filling the Durham heifer in the meadow nearly full of buckshot; while the hawk, alone calm and self-possessed in the midst of the tumult and confusion, sailed gracefully away with the one spring chicken he had, along intended to levy on.

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Health Hints.

PAINLESS CURE FOR WARTS.—Drop a little vinegar on the wart and cover it immediately with cooking soda or saleratus; put on as much soda as you can pile on, and let it remain ten minutes. Repeat several times a day, and in three days the wart will be gone. A good remedy for corns also.

WOMEN'S HEALTH.—Eminent medical authority is given for the statement that the chances for life for men are, on the whole, better in this country than in England, and the same would doubtless prove true as regards the women were like comparative statistics available. On the subject of diet, it is asserted that, among the lower and middle classes of the larger New England cities, the diet could hardly be worse, and is a most potent and prevalent source of ill-health. People fill themselves with "unassimilable abominations," shatter their nervous system by excessive tea-drinking, and dyspepsia with its attendants is the result. Nevertheless, the outlook is not less encouraging than twenty-five years ago.

RESPECT THE BODY.—A writer in the *Health and Home* has some sensible ideas on the subject of bodily health. He says: "Respect the body. Give it what it requires, and no more. Don't pierce its ears, strain its eyes, or pinch its feet; don't roast it by a hot fire all day, and smother it under heavy bed covering at night; don't put it in a cold draft on slight occasions, and don't nurse or pet it to death; don't dose it with doctors' stuffs, and, above all, don't turn it into a wire cask of a chimney. Let it be 'warranted not to smoke,' from the time your manhood takes possession. Respect the body; don't overwork, overrest, or overlove it, and never debase it, but be able to lay down when you are done with it a well worn, but not amissed thing. Meantime treat it at least as you would your pet horse, or hound, and, my word for it, though it will not jump to China at a bound, you'll find it a most excellent thing to have—especially in the country."

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'TIS EVER THUS.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, when hope hath built a tower. Like that of Eden, wreathed around with every thornless flower. To dwell therein securely—so the fond heart would trust, A whirlwind from the desert comes, and all is lost.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, that when the poor heart clings With all its finest tendril, with all its flex-ible string, The lovely thing it cleaveth to so fondly and so fast Is struck to earth by lightning or shattered by the blast.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with sounds too sweet for earth. Seraphic tones that float away, borne heavenward in their birth. The golden shell is broken, the silver chord is mute. The sweet bells are all silent, and hushed the lovely lute.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus with all that best below. The dearer, the livelier, are always first to go. The bird that sang the sweetest, the vine that crowned the rock, the flower of the glory of the garden, the flower of the flock.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus with beams of that look too bright and beautiful for such a world as this. One moment's ray about us their angel glories play. Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all has passed away.

The Lost Bridgroom. In a rugged and mountainous district of Wales is situated a mining village, noted for this little story which the miners tell to their children. Years ago in the little village of...

The owner of the mine listened attentively. As the old man ceased he restlessly exclaimed: "To the mine? To the mine!" Soon the three miners issued forth, bearing between them the body of the young man. With a feeling of irrefragable horror they laid him down upon the green sward. His clothes were old and indicated a style worn years and years ago; all were, however, in a perfect state of preservation. He seemed dressed as though for a fête. In his hand he held a box. It contained a gold chain, chain and medallion. Time had blackened these little pledges which the stranger had doubtless intended for some village maiden.

They were about to raise the body and bear it away for burial, when old Amy was seen approaching. They made way for her, and those near at hand were struck by the singular expression of her face. Her eyes sparkled with new life, and her steps usually so feeble, seemed almost to have gained the elasticity of youth. Waving them aside with an imposing dignity, she advanced directly toward the dead man. Kneeling, she parted the dark hair on his brow and murmured, in a tone of inexpressible love and tenderness, his name—"Alick!"

At once all was clear. In an instant the old people present recognized the companion of their youth. Again she spoke: "Alick, friend of my childhood, my husband, I knew that we would meet again on earth."

As she ceased speaking, her head drooped lower and lower, until it sunk upon her breast, as if in prayer. At length the young men advanced to remove the body. Gently the woman raised the figure of the former woman. Seeing that she made no resistance, they bent over her, and found that she, too, was dead. Her long, loving vigil was shot out to meet the dusky on-coming horn. There was a blow, then a cry of horror, and, as the knife fell ringing to the earth, a rattlesnake crawled slowly away, and the Unconquered, with his now nerveless hand outstretched and

before she was called away from earth. This belief afforded her comfort, and the neighbors, while they did not share the conviction, humored her in the thought, and spoke regretfully of the sad changes that sorrow had wrought in her fresh young face.

Forty years were gone, and but for the sad wistful face of old Amy, and the whispered stories of the peasantry, the unaccountable disappearance of Alick would have been forgotten. But the tale told in an under breath by many a heart was by an evil spirit, with whom he had held compact. Many even went so far as to say that his soul haunted the old cottage, and had been seen during stormy nights in the mountain. Amy indeed asserted that she often heard his voice calling her, and the light that burned away from nightfall until dawn—in her case—told that her heart ever kept vigil over his fate.

The old cottage continued to be thought haunted by ghostly visitors, and because of this superstition none would occupy it. It gradually fell into decay. The women of the village rarely passed the dead miner's house without offering a prayer for the restless soul. The old mines having been worked, it was at length determined that new excavations should be opened. Amid the operations a subterranean murmur was heard mingling with the sound of the pick. Suddenly a walling cry rent the air, and the earth seemed to tremble. Those above rushed in terror to the mouth of the pit, and the most fearless were about to descend, when the call-bell was rung violently. Every rope was at once put in use, while the miners were white and trembling with intense fear.

To every inquiry they accorded the most disconnected replies; such as "a man," "a demon," "a miracle!" At length from one old man they garnered that they had worked steadily to a small obstruction at last—asturdy blow was made, and the dividing wall had given way; that when the cloud of dust had passed from before their astonished eyes they saw a young man; that he was lying upon a rocky bed; he seemed to be sleeping; that his cheeks looked fresh and fair, and that his lips were still red. Instead of approaching him they had fled in fright, filled with the belief that it was an evil spirit in human guise that they beheld.

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The Rattlesnake Saved His Life.

Game there was none. We could not break camp now with our weak men upon our hands, and it only remained for some one to attempt the desperate journey across the San Juan range, by way of the Devil's Pass, to Animas, and return with food or a rescuing party. Failing of that, spring-time would find our cabin inhabited by corpses.

We drew lots among ourselves, therefore, we well men to decide who should undertake this perilous trip, and the risk fell upon me. It was best, perhaps, that it should have been so, for of all the party I best knew the trail. Without waste of words or time, I prepared myself for the journey, and, thoroughly armed, early one morning, before the pale moon had fallen behind the western mountains, I bade good-by to my comrades and started. Turning my back upon the camp, I settled my course by a star, and at a brisk pace steered southward. All day I continued on the trail, ever with a watchful eye for falling signs—for I believed our old enemies still in the vicinity—but all day unaccompanied, and at last, weary and worn, as the chill shadows began to creep across the great white plain be-

hind me, I saw looming up in front the San Juan range, gashed with a narrow gorge—the Devil's Pass. Once through that horrible gorge—for it was little else—and the road to Animas would be comparatively easy. My spirits rose hopefully.

As darkness came fairly down, I found myself just at the mouth of the canyon which led up to the pass, and deeming it a most sheltered place for a camping spot, I soon gathered a heap of dead limbs beneath an overhanging rock where the snow had not yet melted, and built a roaring fire, which warmed and cheered me, and prepared for the night. I felt little fear, for the narrow, frosty canyon walls would hide the light of my fire from all the plain country. The only disturbance which I might look for would be the howling of the wolves, who threatened, but dared not attack me; and I cared not for them.

With these comforting reflections, therefore, I ate a hearty supper, drank a little melted snow water, lit my pipe and rolled myself in my blanket, crowded close to the rock wall behind me, now well warmed by my fire. And, so, in the flickering light, protected on all sides, I gave myself unhesitatingly up to slumber.

How long I slept I cannot say. It was deep in the night when I woke with a sudden chill. It was as if some one had touched me with a cold and clammy hand, and even before I was well awake my frontiersman's caution returned, and I opened my eyes slowly, and didn't move.

The fire was all but out, and the ghastly light from its dying embers touched the snow and rocks and trees about with a strange color like thick blood. The air was growing chill and still, too, except for the cry of a coyote far up the canyon wall opposite, who whined and barked incessantly.

There was something almost oppressive about the silence to me, when suddenly, from just beyond my smouldering fire the sound of a step started me, and before I had time even to move there was bending over me a hideous, painted face—the face of a savage. And in his hand, already creeping toward my heart, was his heavy scapular-knife!

To describe my sensations is impossible. Some terrible spell seemed to bind me. Not only was I facing a danger which meant instant death, but I was unable to move, even in the attempt to save myself. It was as if I were fascinated.

I tried to reason with myself. This was but a single enemy—if I should spring upon him I might kill him and so be free; but although the reasoning was all right, the action I was unable to bring about, and all the time the terrible knife drew nearer. The redskin knew that I was awake, and that I saw him, but he gazed over my helplessness and delayed his fatal blow.

At last, however, I saw the gleam of his eye, the tightening of his muscles, and knew that in an instant more he would be over, when a sudden harsh, metallic rattle sounded, as if it were in my very bones. I felt something glide from my side—a long, scaly, snaky body shot out to meet the dusky on-coming horn. There was a blow, then a cry of horror, and, as the knife fell ringing to the earth, a rattlesnake crawled slowly away, and the Unconquered, with his now nerveless hand outstretched and

