

The Bridal Tour.

Young Spriggles and his Amarantha Jane had just been married, and were going upon their bridal tour. They did not know whether upon their return they would board with the old folks or take rooms in a private hotel.

The Best Cow.

A pretty rich thing occurred at the establishment of Simpson not long since. Simpson used to be our milkman, and we attribute to him in a great measure, our loss of confidence in humanity generally, and milkmen in particular.

One morning after Mike had been a month at the place, Simpson, who had made ready to start off with his milk wagon, said to him, "Mike, you may give to the cows some oatmeal this morning, and be sure you give my best milk an extra quantity."

"The best milk, is it, sir?" "Yes; you know the old cow that gives the most milk?" "Bedad! I think I do, sir."

"Well, you may give her four quarts of the mash."

"All right, sir. I'll do that same."

"On the evening of that day, Simpson had occasion to go to the old wooden pump in the yard. He tried the handle but it wouldn't work. The pump seemed to be entirely choked up. Finally, he discovered that all the upper part was loaded with something very nearly resembling oatmeal mash. He called to his man servant.

"Mike," said he, "what's the matter with this pump?"

"The pump, is it, sir?" "Yes. How came this oatmeal mash in here?" "Sure, sir, I put it in myself."

"Stupid blockhead! why did you do that?"

"It was yerself that told me, sir."

"I—told you to put it in here?"

"Indade ye did, sir."

"Why, you thick-headed rascal! what do you mean?"

"Don't be in a passion, master. Didn't ye tell me to give yer best milk an extra quantity of the mash?—and where in all the place, I'd like to know, is the creature that gives so much milk to yer cans as does this old pump?"

The story leaked out, and added greatly to the distrust already entertained by Simpson's customers.

Another Somnambulist.

We protest against somnambulists. Did any one ever hear that one of these unfortunate performed a good action? Usually, their career is one of evil. In proof of this an incident from the South, concerning a newly married couple who declared that their house was entered night after night, silver, clothes, etc., stolen, chloroform administered to the inmates, and a copious supply of light-wood and kerosene found in some portion of the house nearly every morning. Private watchmen were employed to watch the premises, and two young men spent almost every night in walking around the house, resembling two movable armories, but all to no purpose. Five or six times during the night the young married man would suddenly rise up in bed and fire his pistols in rapid succession toward a window, and break the glass into atoms, while his wife would scream at the top of her voice and arouse the neighbors. This state of affairs continued for two or three weeks, at the end of which time several mysterious robberies had been made—no one could tell how the burglar got into the house—and all the glass was shot out of the window, and the blinds were riddled with pistol balls. Investigation proved that the newly married man was the robber and would-be incendiary—also a somnambulist. Do not most ghost stories arise from causes like this?

Wonderful Performance.

Mozart's first experience of a large organ was in the monastery of a little town on the banks of the Danube. He was then only six years old, and in company with his father had left his home in Salzburg and started upon a long course of travel.

Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when Father Mozart had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals, and trod them as though he had never needed to have their management explained.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard the tones and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was amongst them; but never had he played with such power and freedom. They listened; some grew pale; others crossed themselves; till the prior rose up, summoned all his courage, and hastened into the chapel.

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An Unnatural Mother.

"Some cows are so restive and difficult to milk, that the herdsmen have to give them a lick to lick meanwhile. But for this device, not a single drop of milk could be obtained from them. One day a Lama herdsman, who lived in the same house with ourselves, came with a long, disfigured face, to announce that his cow had calmed during the night, and that, unfortunately, the calf was dying. It died in the course of the day. The Lama forthwith skinned the poor beast, and stuffed it with hay. When the operation was complete, the hay-calf had neither feet nor head. The next morning, when the herdsmen issued forth to milk his cows, he had his pail under one arm and the hay-calf under the other. His first proceeding was to put the hay-calf down before the cow. He then turned to milk the cow herself. The mamma at first opened enormous eyes at her beloved infant; by degrees she stooped her head toward it, then snelt at it, sneezed three or four times, and at last proceeded to lick it with the most delightful tenderness. A few days afterward, an absurd incident occurred: By dint of caressing and licking her little calf, the tender parent one fine morning unripped it; the hay issued from within, and the cow, manifesting not the slightest surprise nor agitation, proceeded tranquilly to devour the unexpected provender. The last touch entirely paints the brute. She has recognized her offspring by the smell chiefly, and, never having heard of anatomy, is not surprised when the internal organs are found to consist simply of hay. And why not eat the hay?"

The Extent of the Black Hills.

The Black Hills do not cover an area much longer than one-half of Massachusetts. A line drawn directly through from North to South would not measure more than one hundred miles; another line from East to West would be less than eighty. The sides of that triangle I alluded to do not measure more than forty miles; and the majority of the intervening territory is wooded hills. The best way of entering the Hills, if you ever want to go to the gold fields, my reader, is to come here, to Bear Butte, and follow Custer's trail. It took him a long time to find a way out, and it will take you longer to find a way in, if you attempt it in this region. Another entrance can be made at Inyan Kara, at the Southwest, if you start from the Union Pacific Railroad, and you will find gold almost from the very start. Gypsum will come first, then mica, then the velvet valleys with their golden lining. These two courses are the most feasible, but, of course, trails may possibly be made elsewhere. The extreme Southern ranges, the ranges of the East and Northwest, are almost impassable because of the steep declivities and the abruptness of the foothills.

Ten broken ties of happier years, How often do they seem. To come before our melting gaze, Like a remembered dream.

Independence in Taste.

Discretion is the greater part of valor in every other matter save dress; but in this one particular they deny any authority, and recognize no power but that of downright penury. What tires a woman's soul is not what she has, so much as it is what her neighbor has. So many female fashions are entirely needless that nothing but rivalry could ever bring them before the public. It is not that the Japanese sun-shades are popular or pretty that women are induced to buy them, but because some other woman flaunts one. Each woman is but the echo of the other, so far as dress is concerned, and what one does or has—by reason of her superabundance of money—the others must and will do and have by the exercise of ingenuity, contrivance and planning. And were the secrets of households made bare, more than half the anxiety of the inmates, and all the premature wrinkles in the faces of women would be found to have originated in disappointment in dress. Not that they have not had enough to wear, but that they could not over-shadow others in their elegance of attire.

So long as dress is the criterion by which a woman is judged, and by which all are measured, the rivalry will go on, and the excess of money, time and health be devoted to fashion. This season the variety of goods offered makes it possible for woman to be more individual in taste than heretofore, and in trimmings particularly, unless they are pledged to embroidery. Any amount of taste and ingenuity may be displayed in "finishing off" dresses, and where the combination of two or more kinds of goods is not essential, the flowers and puffs and folds are by no means an impossible performance for even the most uninformed amateur.

A Pump-Room Promenade.

A correspondent from Leamington Spa, England, says: "It is the Pump-room with its colonnade of stately pillars and its troops of languid loungers ogling one another with the critical stare that seems to be the proud privilege of superior breeding. Young swells who are down at the Spa for a holiday flirt amiably with the daughters of invalid papas and devoted mammas who find London unhealthy at the out-of-town season. The sound of revelry is heard; the subscribers to the Pump-room concert, gather at doors of the great hall, and the carriages and footmen begin to multiply in the broad street that runs down in front of the one fashionable resort of the town. No one looks particularly unwell, yet every one bathes in the ill-smelling water and drinks more or less of the disagreeable element, and is made whole in spite of himself. The invalid chairmen are out on dress parade, dragging about with them bearty looking people, who seem to be playing sick for the sake of the ride in these overgrown baby carriages. The hall is moderately filled; the orchestra sets every nerve upon springs, and society exchanges compliments to the bewitching measures of the 'Conspirator's Chorus.' The prima donna sings her aria with conscious art and withdraws smiling, while the hundred-tongued murmurs of criticism fill the rather long intervals in the programme. There is a formal spirit of approval possessing the majority of the auditors; there is a nervous spirit of suspense possessing the artists who are taking stout behind the curtains; there is a cold and worldly spirit of indifference possessing the doorkeepers, and there is no spirit whatever, if appearances may be relied upon, possessing the sole police, who stands in the outer hall like an effigy of himself.

Presently.

Never say you will do presently what your reason or your conscience tells you should be done now. No man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others wisely and well who dealt much in presentities. Look at Nature. She never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look forward. The shining virtues never put off their risings or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments; and eclipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been predetermined by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Procrastination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems; procrastinations in the operation of nature on this earth might result in famine, pestilence, and the blotting out of the human race. Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so too frequently to his own destruction. The drafts drawn by Indolence upon the Future are pretty apt to be dishonored. Make now your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, presently you may be bankrupt, not that you will repent and make atonement presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers and private individuals, that in at least three cases out of five, presently is too late.

A Texas Cattle Farmer.

The correspondence of the Baltimore American gives the following, relative to the "cattle kings" of Texas: "Captain King has an enclosed pasture of 70,000 acres, though he owns 150,000 acres of land in Nueces and Duval Counties. The entire stock held by him at the present time is 59,000 head of cattle, 20,000 head of sheep, and 10,000 head of horses. He overstocked his enclosed pasture to such an extent last Fall that he was compelled to turn a great many out on the range again, although he sent 4,000 head to Kansas, and slaughtered 4,000 head more for his hides and tallow. He disposes annually of about 8,000 head of cattle, either by sale or slaughter, notwithstanding which his stock is always steadily on the increase. He has recently purchased another ranch in Cameron County, on which he has 10,000 head more of cattle, and attached to which are about 10,000 acres of land. He is making extensive experiments in the way of improvement on the stock of the State, having imported for his own use a great many head of the finest specimens of Kentucky cattle to intermix with the native grades." These experiments are praiseworthy, and well merit the approbation of the State.

Young Singlerly.

Young Archibald Singlerly, of German-town, has been unfortunate. He read in one of the papers that "when the boys of Virginia City wish to raise their kites, they tie the strings to a dog's tail and make the animal run." It occurred to young Mr. Singlerly that as this proceeding was conducted upon a rational basis, he would experiment in the same direction. The difficulty encountered by Mr. Singlerly at the outset was that he had an extremely large kite and a mournfully small dog; and the conclusion of the undertaking therefore may be anticipated especially when we intimate that the wind was high. The residents of the neighborhood were surprised to see a dog rushing backward down the street, with considerable velocity, clawing and scratching at the earth for a hold, and emitting ejaculatory howls as if he cherished a secret preference for going in the other direction. And they were even more amazed to perceive that he seemed to be anchored to something in the heavens. But there was not time for investigation. In a moment a cyclone or something of the kind struck the kite, and before Archibald Singlerly could utter a scream, his dog had performed about one third of the journey to the Milky Way. It is supposed that the bird's-eye view enjoyed by that animal must have been magnificent, embracing as it did Mount Airy, Conshohocken, Savannah, St. Petersburg and Pekin, with numerous smaller towns and villages. But the precise amount of felicity obtained by Singlerly's dog while dangling amid the planetary system will perhaps never be ascertained, unless Singlerly meets his victim in a better world. For as the kite came sailing down, the string caught on the vane of a church steeple, became tangled, and held Singlerly's dog in permanent suspense. They tried to blow him loose with shot guns and they succeeded in producing a shower of sausage meat after each discharge; but when the dog had all been shot away, his tail remained pointing due north, and refused to come down. Any one who has a good dog can hear of something to his advantage by applying at Singlerly's. Old Mr. Singlerly would prefer a bob-tailed dog.

Pompeii.

One of the most interesting features of the excavations in this buried city is the discovery of many homely domestic articles of which we have counterparts. It is astonishing how many things in common use now were in use then. Here you will see almost every kitchen utensil, portable cooking stove, jelly-cake and butter-moulds in the imitation of birds and flowers; pots, kettles, crocks, dishes, cups and saucers, spoons, knives and forks, dippers, skimmers, saucers, frying-pans, lamps, lamp-stands, flesh-hooks, braziers for charcoal. In a word, pretty much every kitchen, dining-room or chamber article found in modern use entered into the economy of the daily life of Roman antiquity. All the articles of a lady's toilet, including jewelry of all kinds, gold and silver ornaments, corals and precious stones, were found in houses in Pompeii. Taken from the retail shops were steel-yard, balances, weights, and measures. From a doctor's office was recovered a full set of surgical instruments, including "pulkies" for extracting teeth, and trepans for drilling holes in the skull. There is any number of shoemaker, tailor, carpenter, and blacksmith tools, and, indeed, implements of almost every present mechanical operation. Taken altogether, the collection of articles taken from the dead city is a surprising revelation to every one, showing that the ancients invented and perfected ten thousand implements and articles of common life which we still use with little improvement thereon, and without giving them credit therefor.

Little George's Trouble.

Aunt Libby patted me on the head the other day, and said: "George, my boy, this is the happiest part of your life." I guess Aunt Libby didn't know much. I guess she never worked a week to make a kite, and the first time she went to fly it got the tail hitched in a tall tree, whose owner wouldn't let her climb up to disentangle it. I guess she never broke one of the runners of her sleigh some Saturday afternoon when it was prime coasting. I guess she never had to give her biggest marbles to a great, lubberly boy, because he would thrash her if she didn't. I guess she never had him twitch off her best cap, and toss it into a mud-puddle. I guess she never had to give up her humming-top to quiet the baby, and have the paint all sucked off. I guess she never saved all her pennies a whole winter to buy a trumpet, and then was told she must not blow it, because it would make a noise! No; Aunt Libby don't know much. How could she? She never was a boy!

False Diamonds.

They make diamonds in Paris now with a very near approach to reality. First, it is necessary to dissolve charcoal. Then follow processes requiring crystallization—a mingling of pure water, a little carbonate of sulphur, and certain proportions of liquefied phosphorus. Still, all this may not yield a thoroughly deceptive diamond. Another composition is made from silver sand, very pure potash, minium, calcined borax, and a form of arsenic, varied occasionally by a mixture of strass—a mixture for which an equivalent is paste, and which represents transparent pebbles burnt to powder, white lead, and other similar materials. Sometimes rock-oyster is used, with borax acid from Italy, and nitrate of potash. Of these materials is composed the false diamond, which figures so alluringly in the shop-windows of the Palais Royal. The time and labor devoted to these productions might be much better employed.

GAMBLING was invented by Lydians, when under the pressure of a great famine. To divert themselves from dwelling on their sufferings, they invented dice, balls, tables, etc. It is added that, to bear their calamity the better, they used to play a whole day without intermission, that they might not feel the effects of the want of food. The invention intended as a remedy for hunger, is now a very common cause for that evil. By the bursting of Condils paper mill in the city of Kingston, N. Y., on Saturday evening, eight persons were killed and many more fatally injured. The boiler weighing some five tons, was thrown 600 feet. The excitement was so great that a crowd threatened to lynch the Superintendent.

The Plague of Ants in London.

No little anxiety exists in the neighborhood of London by the plague of ants. Those who are accustomed to look on the ant as an industrious but insignificant creature will probably smile at the idea of its presence even in swarms being a source of serious inconvenience. Without any wish to cause an unnecessary panic, but merely with the view of preparing Londoners for possible contingencies, it may be as well to call attention to the proceedings of an army of ants that some years ago invaded the island of Grenada. The ants on that occasion descended from the hills like torrents, and the plantations as well as every path and road for miles were filled with them. Rats, mice, and reptiles became an easy prey to them, and even the birds, which they attacked whenever they lighted on the ground in search of food, were so harassed as to be at length unable to resist them. Streams of water only opposed a temporary obstacle to their progress; the foremost rushing blindly on certain death and fresh armies instantly following, until a bank was formed of the carcasses of those which were drowned sufficient to dam up the waters and allow the main body to pass over in safety. Even fire was tried without effect. When it was lighted to arrest their route, they rushed into the blaze in such myriads as to extinguish it. To such straits was the unfortunate island reduced by the ants that a reward of £20,000 was offered, but in vain, for an effectual means of destroying them; and it was not until a hurricane in 1870 came and blew them away and destroyed them—being, by the way, almost more mischief than the ants—that Grenada was freed from these terrible destroyers. Happily, in London we have the steam-roller, which should be kept ready for immediate action in the face of the calamity with which we are now threatened.

The Sailor in Church.

A celebrated commodore in the American navy having a few hours to spend in a port where he was unacquainted, concluded on attending a religious meeting, and for this purpose, taking with him his favorite servant, he started for the church. "Now mind," said he to Jack, as they were going in, "don't you say a word. No one speaks there but the minister."

A seat was provided for the commodore, and Jack was invited to take a seat by the deacon. The minister was giving out a hymn, and it fell to the deacon's lot to repeat the hymn for the singers. No stoner had he risen than Jack, plucking the deacon's coat, whispered in his ear: "You'd better be still. I had my orders afore I came here, so you'd better be still."

The deacon proceeded to read, and Jack repeated his admonition, but all to no purpose. He had got out the first two lines and all the members of the meeting were engaged in singing, when the poor tar driven to desperation at seeing the commodore's orders disobeyed, turning to the deacon and rolling up his sleeves, he exclaimed: "You were the beginning of this 'ere row and shiver my timbers if you don't pay for it," and he hammered away, first or one side then on the other, till the whole scene became a powerful illustration of the church militant.

A Puzzle.

A Frenchman, while looking at a number of vessels, exclaimed, "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. To assist him in mastering the intricacies of the English language, he was told that a flock of girls was called a bery, that a bery of wolves is called a pack, but that a pack of cards is never called a bery, though a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, while a host of porpoises is termed a shoal. He was told that a host of oxen is termed a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is termed a covey, and a covey of beauty is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of bullocks is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worship is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a crowd, and a crowd of genteel folks is called the elite. The last word being French, the scholar understood it and asked no more.

A Blunder.

Another fatal blunder by a drug-clerk is reported. A man who had a discussion about family matters with his wife, and came out second best, threatened to commit suicide, and went out to a drug store and asked for twenty-five cents worth of strychnine. The ignorant drug-clerk, instead of putting up poison, gave him some harmless drug in mistake, blunderingly labelled it "strychnine." The man took it home, gulped it down in the presence of his wife, and then threw himself on the lounge to die. His wife, instead of running for a physician and a stomach-pump, waited until she thought he was dead, and then commenced to ride his pockets for his loose change. He was on his feet in an instant, and instead of dying he made it very lively for his better half for about ten minutes; and then he threatened to get a shot-gun and shoot the drug-clerk; and his wife said if he didn't she would. And now discord and such things dwell in that house, all on account of a blundering drug-clerk.

Not a Certain Remedy.

A doctor called on a cholera patient, a German, and prescribed for him. Next day he found the patient better. "Well," said the doctor, "the medicine cured you." "No, sir; I didn't take it." "What did you take?" "I ate sour kroust, and turnip sauce." The doctor, pleased at having learned something, wrote in his memorandum that "sour kroust and turnip sauce are good for the cholera." Next week he called on another cholera patient—an Irishman this time. He prescribed sour kroust and turnip sauce. On the following day he found the Irishman dead. He was learning medical lessons rapidly, so he wrote opposite the old memorandum "sour kroust and turnips are good for a Dutchman but death to an Irishman."

A MODEL STUD FARM.

The *Zeine of Goldsmith Maid and Other Notable Steeds.* [New York Herald-Trenton Item.] One of the most extensive stock farms in the country is located on the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, about one mile and a half east of this city. Mr. H. N. Smith, of New York, is the proprietor, and his general superintendent is F. K. Riddle. The farm covers 365 acres, and within the last two years have been improved to a great extent. Ten years ago the grounds of the Mercer county agricultural society, which form a portion of the farm, were purchased for Mr. Smith, Charles H. Kernan and Budd Doble at his solicitation. The principal reason given for the purchase was that Mr. Smith wanted a home for Goldsmith Maid and other celebrated trotters which he owned. The grounds were his nine months before I saw or set foot in them. Then they contained only a structure which had been used as a grand stand, a row of cattle stalls, a grand stand, and a new country building. Mr. Smith commenced improving the place by tearing down old structures and putting up new ones, and, besides, increased the capacity of the farm by the purchase of additional acres. His object was to make the place one of the finest fashion stock farms in the country. Not until 1873, however, did he begin in earnest the great undertaking. By this time he had on the farm several valuable trotters, and, finding it too expensive to keep them, he spared no expense to accomplish his object. He succeeded so well that the farm is now in a state of high cultivation, contains a splendid one mile track and numerous substantial and costly buildings, as follows: Carriage house and offices, main barn, having twenty box and forty single stalls; colt barn, with twenty-four box stalls; into which forty-eight head of stock can be put; training stable, with fifty box stalls; a barn, with seventeen box stalls; a grand stand, and a new stable barn, the largest in this section of the state; cow barn, another grain barn, barn for farm horses, house for farming implements, dwelling house for Mr. Smith's own family, the superintendent's residence, farm house on the hill, and two or three other houses for the accommodation of those employed on the farm. All these additions and improvements, together with the price of the farm, it is estimated have involved an outlay of over \$100,000. Every modern convenience is connected with the buildings, and there is every precaution made against the destruction of property by fire. An iron tank, capable of holding 3,500 gallons of water, is located on the top of the carriage houses and offices, which, with plenty of hose facilities and a force-pump in the basement, affords ample protection against fire. Besides, there is telephonic communication direct with the Trenton fire department.

There are at present on the 150 head of stock of all sorts, amongst being some of the best horseflesh in the country. There are twenty-one yearling colts and fillies, sixteen 2-year olds, thirteen 3 and thirty-five brood mares, together with the noted stallions Jay Gould, Gen. Knox, Gen. Washington and Socrates.

The whole of the stock is valued by Mr. Smith's superintendent at about \$250,000. Goldsmith Maid has had three foals. One a colt, foaled April 1, 1879, which killed a colt while trying to jump over a fence, in August, 1880. It fractured its shoulder blade and died instantly. The second a colt, was dropped May 15, 1880; and is living and looking well. The third, a filly, was dropped June 24, 1881, is living and doing well. The old Maid is in a good, healthy condition, and looks as if she would live many years yet.

The colts and fillies are exercised nearly every day, and there is one speed day every week, when their mettle is tried on the track. Mr. Smith is now on his way home from Europe, where he has been all summer. He and his family reside here every summer, coming about the 15th of June and returning to New York about the middle of October. In his absence every responsibility is confided to his superintendent, Mr. Riddle, who is quite a young man. He has as his assistants D. Q. Quintin, general manager of the horse department; Dr. Chandler H. Nuttin, superintendent of the breeding and colt-breaking branch; and Charles N. Nuttin, general manager of the farm department and of all constructions and repairs. Twenty-six men are employed in the training stables the year round, and six on the farm.

Mr. Smith contemplates the erection of a stately mansion for himself on the farm very soon, and at present he has every accommodation for his friends, who visit the farm frequently. His love for horseflesh is so great that he has invested his money in this stock and farm simply for the pleasure it afforded him. He has drawn up a strict code of rules for the government of each department, the heads of which he holds to a strict accountability. Any employee who strikes or otherwise ill uses an animal is instantly discharged, and as a consequence every animal is handled so tenderly that it becomes as gentle and manageable as it possible.

Underground Railways in Paris.

A grand system of underground railways is planned in Paris, and seems likely to be carried out. The central station will be in the garden of the Palais Royal, at a depth of seven or eight feet below the surface, and from that point three main lines will diverge toward the great railway stations and the principal suburban points, while a separate railroad will follow the south bank of the Seine. Some such means of communication between the different parts of Paris has become very necessary. Foreigners, who have plenty of time for riding comfortably about the streets, can content themselves well enough with the cheap carriages, which will transport them over the long distance at an expense which seems to them small, and with a sufficient degree of swiftness and punctuality for their purposes; but for the careful and economical French neither time nor money is a thing to be wasted, and swift conveyance, at low rates, is one of the things to which the Parisians have long looked forward. The establishment of the elevated railways in New York excited great interest in France, and a similar line was at one time seriously contemplated in Paris, but as on this side of the ocean, suburban routes seem best to meet the popular demand.

The Gambling Mania.

The spirit of gambling is the greatest evil a farmer has to contend with. Take hops, for instance. That is an extreme case. More men have been ruined by holding their hops for higher prices, when they could have sold at thirty cents a pound, than have been hurt by selling in a season when the market ruled at ten cents per pound. So with wheat. Farmers are always holding out for higher prices, and that is the reason why they are put at a disadvantage when they have to compete with German and other foreign born farmers, who sell whenever they can realize a fair profit. Not until the American farmer rids himself of this gambling mania can he compete on terms of equality with his neighbors abroad.—Horatio Seymour.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

We publish the following poetic tribute to Garfield, as several errors occurred in the original print. **Tread lightly! Tread lightly! Disturb not his sleep!** His eyes are all over and nations now weep; **Speak softly! Speak softly!** For he whom we love **Has gone to the regions of glory above!** **Tread lightly! Tread lightly!** Move gently around. 'Tis a hero who sleeth; oh, breathe not a sound; **The low, muffled drums and the marshalled array** In friendship do gather to bear him away. **Brave Garfield, beloved, thy memory shall** **twine** As we round our hearts as some evergreen **vine;** For sweetly, and gently, thou sank to thy rest, **A spirit by Death called to the blest.** **Tread lightly! Tread lightly!** In silence all keep **His life work is over, let Garfield now** **sleep.** No sound as he lies, tho' bosoms may **well** We pause to ask, and bid him—**FARE-** **WELL!** T. M. NEWSON. **St. Paul, Sept. 22, 1881.**

THE DOCTOR'S BILLS.

Speculations as to the Expenses of the President's Illness. [A gossipy letter to the Troy Times, written a few days before the president's death, thus talks about the payment of the expenses connected with the president's sickness, etc.] The talk yesterday afternoon at Mr. Brown's cottage concerned the question of who was to pay the bills incurred during the president's illness. At the time there were present several members of the president's staff, an army officer, and two newspaper correspondents. It was mentioned that economy was one of the president's objects in dispensing with the services of the three physicians, and Mrs. Edson. "I do not think," said the army man present, whose name I do not feel at liberty to give, as the conversation was of a half private nature, "that economy can be the real reason, unless the president meant to be economical of the nation's money, for most certainly he will not be called upon to pay any of the bills. As president he is the chief officer of the army, and as such entitled to surgical and medical treatment at public expense. It is quite certain that he was shot as the head of the nation, and the nation should take care of him. If he had not been president he would not have incurred Guiteau's animosity. There can be no question as to the alacrity with which congress would pass an appropriation bill paying all the expenses of the unhappy affair." "But," said a listener, "does not the president take the risk of such dangers? If Postmaster General James should be shot down to-morrow by a disappointed applicant for a postoffice, would the government be expected to take care of him?" "Most certainly," was the answer. "The postmaster general and the president do not agree for so much salary to allow themselves to be used as targets during their terms of office. The same of the nation's money is not usual for the man to be turned adrift and allowed to die. Yet the man may have brought on the accident by his own carelessness or want of skill. In the president's case the same argument is stronger. He incurred Guiteau's animosity by doing his duty and refusing to consider the applications for office of a man known to be vicious and incompetent. The country will be only too glad to pay the bill incurred by the president during his illness." The amount of these bills was the next topic discussed, and Secretary Brown, after figuring up for a moment, estimated that the cost of the president's illness would not be far short of \$250,000. The doctors, he thought, with the exception of Barnes and Woodward, who as army surgeons are expected to attend the president as part of their official duties, should receive at least \$100,000, and perhaps much more if the convalescence is a long one, as it is now likely to be. Dr. Reynolds' bill, which, at six hundred dollars a day, would entitle him to \$6,000, Dr. Bliss will probably receive \$25,000. Drs. Hamilton and Agnew's bills will not, it is thought, be more than \$15,000 apiece, unless the case should keep them busy for months longer. It must be remembered that the professional fortunes of all these men are made by their connection with this case, and there is not a surgeon in the country who might not attend the president during and reputation of the thing. "A singular thing," said Mr. Brown, "and one which indicates the feeling of the people in the matter, is that we experience the greatest difficulty in getting bills from any one. Even persons who render services which are usually paid for at once, such as furnishing food, carriages, medicines, instruments, etc., refuse to send in their bills, and I do not know of a single bill yet sent in for services or goods rendered to the president during his illness." It is generally thought that the plan to be followed when congress meets and the president is completely convalescent, will probably be to send a circular to every person who has rendered service to the president, requesting that a bill be sent, and then an appropriation can be made for the whole sum. The president is very scrupulous in wanting everything paid for, and wishes all the articles sent by tradesmen as presents to him at the White house, either to be returned or bought and paid for. "The truth is," said Mr. Brown, speaking of this, "that not one of the articles out of the scores I receive every day is worth anything. On an average I get five or six medical concoctions warranted to cure the president, whatever his condition. There are the patent-furniture men, who send beds, and chairs, and ventilators, and foot-rests without end. Unless they are paid for in advance I refuse to receive them, for the bills for expressage are sometimes formidable. One lunatic sent a full set of articles for a sort of gymnasium at home—trapeze, swinging bars, springboard, etc.—expecting the president to get well by practicing with his devices. 'Here is a queer article I received to-day,' said Mr. Brown, pulling out a sort of an enormous rubber handkerchief, which the article was intended for. 'The man who sends this writes that every man can be his own physician by using the handkerchief, and that no one is washed in need except to throw it into the water and wring it out. It keeps down the wash-bills, you see. The inventor says he hopes the president will use it, because it is the first one made after the patent was granted. If there was any danger of the president's stock of handkerchiefs giving out we might take a rubber handkerchief, but not before.'"

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