TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have all letters or figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

A SURMISE.

BY LOUISA BUSHNELL.

Our moral day breaks from the great unseen,
Whither once more it darkly vanisheth;
Two shadowy goals with faltering steps between—
O, tell me, which is life, and which is death?

Nor is this but an idle questioning;
For every step must cross some dark surprise,
Since life and death are what the moments bring,
And we would know them through their strange disguise.

Joys we shall have that blossomed in the shade,
And griefs that out of sweetest dreams awoke;
Doubts that grow clear, and certainties that fade;
A weary crown, a light and easy yoke.

Wrongs we shall see made servants of the right;
The noblest victories won by those that fail;
Great hearts that triumph, failing in the fight;
Death hand to hand with life, behind the veil!

Thus evermore we must our pathway thread,
'Mid lights that beckon, shadows that dismay;
Till the bewildered heart so strangely led,
Wonders if life or death shall win the day.

As one might wonder, waking from a swoon,
And seeing the far horizon half alight—
Is it the morning broadening to the noon?
Or is it evening sinking into night?

Or as one standing on the silent shore
If it be ebb or flow can scarcely guess;
Whether the lesser flowing to the more,
Or but the greater lapsing to the less.

O shrouded mystery! the baffled soul,
Long coasting round thy solemn boundaries,
Divines the rounded brightness of the whole,
That first must wane upon these mortal skies.

The tide, when it lays bare the lonely strand,
But lifts more high the great mid-deeps of sea;
Does death work life? Does losing fill the hand?
Does darkness feed the light that is to be?

O, then it is no longer life and death,
But life and life, in ever-circling light
Then ebb and flow of fortune or of breath
Are equal tides that lift us to our height!

—*Atlantic for June.*

THE WEDDING BONNET.

"Miss Marland are you busy?" and a comely looking woman, receiving no response to her rap, opened the door and looked in upon her guest, who was seated near the open fire-place in an attitude of deep thought.

"Busy, no not at all," was the reply, and a lady somewhere in her twenties arose to receive her hostess.

"I'm sorry to trouble you Miss Marland, but dear heart," she said hastily as she gazed upon the tear stained face and glistening lashes, "I'm afraid you've your own troubles. Have you had bad news from your sick sister?"

"No news of any kind Mrs. Carver. This rainy, dreary weather depresses me strangely, and I have been recalling painful events which had better be forgotten. But excuse me," and the lady turned her fair pale face and darkly blue eyes upon her hostess. "Can I serve you in any way? if so I shall be delighted."

"Well, I don't know, you see this was my wedding bonnet, I've had it fourteen, yes t'will be fifteen years this coming thanksgivin', and its most as good as new now. It's funny to think of, but James bought it after we were married," and the good woman laughed a cheery, rippling laugh. "James used to say I looked better in it than any bonnet he ever see me wear and so I thought, mebbe the mil'ner in the village could make a hat out of it for me. In course I could buy a new one outright, but I've a sort o' hankerin' for this that I wore when I was so happy, a sort o' tender feelin', just as I have for the little babe I bore but never seen, and yet long for; and I thought too, mebbe the sight of this bonnet would call to Jamie's mind those old days, for someways, he seem to 've got tired of me; no, not that exactly, but p'raps you've noticed his likin' for that girl he brought here," and she glanced with a flushed guilty look into the face of her listener.

A motion of assent was the only reply.

"The Lord only knows where he got her. You see he got a letter that made him feel bad, but he said 'twas business, and went off for a week, and brought this girl home with him, as he said, to help me. James used to say I was the prettiest girl goin'; and I'm sure he worked hard to get me, but I'm only an old shoe now," and the sad, pathetic voice gave way, and torrents of tears welled up from her overladened heart and coursed down her face.

Agnes Marland was silent and perplexed in the presence of this woman's grief. What could she, a comparative stranger, say to soothe the wounded pride and aching heart of the wife who believed herself defrauded of her husband's affection and confidence. Yet in her heart she believed the wife mistaken, and stealing softly to the side of the weeping woman, she said gently:

"Dear Mrs. Carver, you do yourself injustice, and as I firmly believe, your husband a great wrong. I have, it is true, observed Mr. Carver's partiality for the friendless girl, but it is like himself, undisguised and frank. Did you not tell me your youngest brother's wife was your husband's daughter?"

"Yes, but what of that Miss Marland?"

"Not anything just now, but if you have any ribbon or lace that you can look up, I can make, I think, a neat, becoming hat, and let the wedding bonnet rest from its labors."

"Mother, mother," called a twelve year old Susie from the kitchen, and Mrs. Carver hastened to reply to the summons, pausing at the door to ask "if that black lace veil would be any 'count." "Just the thing," was the reply, "an' I observed a bunch of lace in the kitchen we shall need."

Left alone, Agnes Marland descended the stairs in pursuit of her host, whom she readily found, and after a short consultation, went back to her room well pleased with the result of the conference.

Mrs. Carver soon joined her guest, with a quantity of ribbons and laces, which Miss Marland assorted, then said:

"Now please take that low sewing chair, and make yourself comfortable, and then tell me the history of that bonnet."

"And so you think I'm unjust to Jamie, and that I'm mistaken. Well, I hope I am, but when I've told you how one hired girl made my life, and my two brothers so miserable, you will see why I'm afraid of them. But Jennie is a good girl to work, there's no two ways about that: but one thing sure, she wasn't raised in these parts. The first day, I told her to go to the cellar-way and bring me a spider that hung there. She looked at me sort o' queer like, but started. I got tired waiting on her, and hollered 'Jennie hurry up with that spider.' 'I can't find any spider,' said she, so I went, and laws sakes, what do you spose the girl was lookin' for? Why, sure as you live t'was one of them nasty Jonny-long-legs. But there, that a'int what you asked, but I'll try to tell you.

Last summer there was two young ladies coming here to board, but couldn't stand it to eat with the family, as they said there was no silver forks, napkins or finger glasses. For my part I didn't know that the table was the place for napkins, and we have heaps of glasses, but mebbe they're not finger glasses. Then when you came, I saw you did not want to shame us, and when once you forgot and used your fork, in a minute you took up your knife again, and I said to myself God bless her, she's a lady, and 'fore she goes away I'll ask her about them things."

"I will gladly explain anything in my power, but at present I am anxious for the story."

"Ah, well there's no gittin' 'round it as I see. You mind that old yellow house on brother Tom's palce, well that was the house I was born and lived in, till I came here. My father was a thrifty, forehanded farmer, my mother was 'lowed to be the neatest woman in the township, with a kind word and pleasant smile for everybody.

When I was fifteen she died, and in less than a twelve month my poor, deluded father married our hired girl. God forgive me for accusing her, but to this day I can't help thinking that she poisoned my mother. Then she was so mindful and tender to father, waited on and petted him like a baby, and the upshot was he married her.

From that time the old place was'nt home. While mother lived it was that cosy and cheery that everybody liked to come there, as our doctor said on 'count of its restfulness and sweet home peace. For myself, I could stand it, but 'twas awful hard on father and the boys. Then I asked father to build a house for the two boys and me, thinkin' she would be better to him if we was gone; but father shook his head, and said 'twont do Phemy, t'wont do, and walked away. Soon after that my married brother Dick, came along, and called me out to the fence."

"Phemy, says he, the folks in our deestrict want you to teach school, and I told them you would."

"But Dick," said I, "I don't know enough to teach."

"Not know enough to teach such little shavers, then you must be green, besides I'm the director, and I guess you'll pass."

"But Dick," said I again, "I can't leave the boys here for her to thrash and starve."

"Well, who said you could, the boys are going to live with me, and you can board at our house too, if you want to."

"I begun my school the next week, boardin' round most of the time, and I tell you, I found out then that folks did'nt live like my folks. One place where I boarded was just the meanest, dirtiest hole I was ever in. They asked me to go there, and then tried to scare me out, but I made up my mind to stick it out. One night I got there before the table was set, and the woman said, 'Jen now we have the school-marm, we must be nice and have a table cloth. Go to Tom's bed and bring the sheet.' Jen came back with a black, ragged sheet, and laid it on the table. I washed my face in a milk-pan, and then asked for a towel, and the woman slipped to the table and tore off a piece of the sheet and offered it me; 'much obliged, said I, I'll use my handkerchief,' and that made her raving mad at my big feelings. When I went to bed, I found that my satchel had been opened and a note dropped in. Ceph, their oldest boy, a great big lubberhead, wrote it, and likened me to a great big sunflower, and a mighty nice strawberry, and wanted to marry me. I tell you I was hopping mad; so I dropped the thing on the floor, picked up my satchel, and walked right over to my brother's.

Father made me promise to go home and stay over Sundays, and when I got home that week my father's wife said she had a letter from Ceph Jenkins for me. I told her she might keep it or burn it, as I didn't want it. And then she said I'd better take him. She knew I wanted to get married, and she'd help me git ready, and give me a right smart heap o' bedding. That made me so mad I screamed right out, but then I seemed to hear my mother say "count ten Phemy dear," and I turned away without saying a word.

The next Monday morning Dick took me over to my school, and on the way, spoke uncommon high 'bout a youngish man who'd lived in the neighborhood a couple of years. And then, in a sly sort o' way, asked me what I thought of him. I said that I didn't know James Carver, but I liked his looks."

"He likes your looks too, and asked me if you had any beaux." I told him that Phemy wouldn't look at any of the young fellows 'round here. "Well," says he, "I've a notion to try," and I told him to try ahead. So be ready, Phemy," and Dick gave me a letter. In course I gave him a favorable answer, and in less than a month my father and brother were building this house. But some way it hurt me; it seemed indecent to be in such a hurry, but I knew 'twas cause they were sorry for me, and wanted me to have my own house where I could have my brothers with me. James went to Ohio to tend to some business, and I kept on with my school, happy as a cricket most o' the time, 'cause somebody loved me. When James got back my school was out, and the house was finished and furnished all ready for our wedding. One night when we were out riding James said he had something to tell me that he was afraid to. "Then the sooner told the better," I said, with a laugh, but still he hesitated.

"Is it sumthin' you're 'shamed of?"

He got white as a corpse then, and set his jaws together jest like a bull-dog, and said, "Not as I know of, but Phemy I've deceived you."

That scared me, and I said, holding my heart as I spoke, "be you a married man James Carver, for God's sake tell me?"

"No, but I am a widower. Now don't be angry Phemy dear," and he tried to put his arm around me, but I shook it off. "Why did'nt you tell me this before Mr. Carver; I wont take any woman's leavin's, and then not to trust me either, and the big tears plashed down upon my hands."

"Dick told me if I wanted to get you I mus'nt tell you, and you know how I did want to get you, but Phemy I wish now I'd told you, for I've felt all the time t'was mean."

I was awful mad, but I did'nt say anything more, but choked down the ugly, mad words. I knew I loved him if he was a widower and so I'd make the best of it.

Just then a man stopped us. "I was goin' over to your house said he, to see if I could get you to teach our school." James, to save me I 'spose, said "no, Phemy wont take it," then I spoke up, "yes, I'll take the school and begin Monday," and so I did, but that was awful up-hill work. James went back to Ohio, and I kept on the best I could, passin' every day the new house waitin' for its mistress, until in the middle of the term I was taken with brain fever, and when I came to, I was lyin' in my room down stairs, and James was standin' by me, and a pretty girl of ten was bathing my hot hands. I aint agoin' to tell what was said or done, but we were married in a few days, as James wanted to take care of me, and the girl was his daughter Clara. James went to town one day, when I was able to sit up, and brought back this bonnet and some new clothes, as he said, for his bride. Soon after, father came to live with us, and got a divorce from that woman; while I was so sick, and father was with me, she had been living a shameful way, and so he gave her money and things and she left the country. Tom married Clara two or three years ago, and they live happy as pet mice.

When we were married I felt real sore at James havin' some one to love besides me, and 'cause I wanted him to forget his first wife, I made him promise not to bring any of her relatives here, and I must say he has kept his word."

Agnes Marland was enlightened at last, but said nothing on the subject. "I am much obliged Mrs. Carver, for your story, and now please permit me to arrange your hair as you must wear it with this bonnet. There, that will do," she added a few minutes later, "and now please go and put on your garnet dress. May I get it myself?" A pretty garnet soon enclosed the good woman, and then Miss Marland added a linen set clasped with garnets.

"These you will wear in remembrance of me, if you please, and Mrs. Carver, a gentleman requested me to say he wished to see you in the parlor immediately."

"To see me, law, who was it Miss Marland?"

"You forget that I am a stranger here Mrs. Carver; when you return you may tell me who it is."

Truly, dress produces a wondrous change; the careworn faded woman of thirty-two had disappeared, and the handsome, well-dressed one, who half an hour later, accompanied by her husband, appeared before Miss Marland smiling and happy, was a very different looking person from the weary, dispirited wife doubtful of her husband's love.

Evidently there had been explanations between the pair, which had resulted in restored confidence and harmony.

"I am much obliged to you for this handsome woman," the farmer said in a triumphant tone, looking at his wife as he spoke.

"I knew you would admire her," was the reply, "and now I wish your judgment in regard to this bonnet, adjusting it as she spoke. There, Mr. Carver, is it not pretty, and is not the face under it as pretty as that which wore the wedding bonnet?"

"Far prettier and far dearer," was the reply of the highly gratified husband, with evident admiration in his eyes.

A short pause ensued, during which the farmer withdrew.

"Miss Marland, James has just told me that Jennie is his niece. Her mother died a short time ago, leaving her child to his protection, and through the miserable promise made to me, he did'nt know what to do. I'm glad he told me, and will use the girl jest as I do my Susie. I'm so 'shamed of myself, but for all that am glad I came to you, for I knew you could help me."

"Say, rather it was the wedding bonnet, for when you spoke of your husband's promise, I felt sure that was the cause of the trouble."

It is said that every family has its skeleton, sometimes more imaginary than real. Happy beyond the power of language to express, is that family whose skeleton is laid, and where father, mother and children dwell together in sweetest concord.

—*Mrs. L. B. Collett in Milwaukee Monthly.*

Endive, Broccoli, and Egg-Plant.

Endive, when the plants have made six to ten leaves, should be transplanted into rows about sixteen inches apart, by two to twelve inches in the row. It is not a plant commonly cultivated in the West except by the German population, and by them it is used as a Winter salad. For this purpose sow the seed from the middle of July to the first of August, transplant as directed, and, when the plants have attained sufficient size in the Autumn, gather the leaves of the plant together in a conical shape, and tie together at the top with strips of bast matting or other soft material, which will cause them to blanch and lose much of their otherwise bitter taste. Before frost sets in take up the plants with a ball of earth and transplant them thickly together in a dry cellar, or set in a trench outside, as for celery, and cover from frost. Treated in this way they make a salad crisp and but slightly bitter, much relished by many persons.

Broccoli is a species of cauliflower and is treated precisely as cabbage except when the curd or head gets the size of the fist, the leaves are broken over it, or drawn together and tied, to preserve the edible part white and tender. It must be used before it begins to run to seed, and while it is yet firm and hard.

Egg-plant is a tropical plant, susceptible to the slightest frost. A strong heat is necessary to germination. The plants should be transplanted into the richest, moist, warm quarter of the garden, at a distance of two and one-half to three feet from each other. The large and beautiful fruit is the edible part, which is cooked when half grown, by being peeled, sliced and fried brown and soft in fresh butter. It is delicate and much sought after by those who have acquired a taste for it.—*Agricultural Paper.*

Divorces.

The numerous divorce cases occurring in America are commonly accepted as evidence of a low condition of morals. But when we find M. Sardou, in his veritable "Uncle Sam," depicting our social iniquity in this direction, the question might naturally arise as to the extent that divorce *ought* to exist in France and other countries of the European Continent. In all lands infidelity is sufficient cause for separation, and yet in Europe society-men scarcely make a pretense of fidelity. The very classes who notoriously practice immorality decry the frequency of divorce in America, and affect to discover in it a rotten state of morals! The truth is, that American women will not accept the position voluntarily held by many of their sex abroad; they demand of their husbands the same faithfulness they yield themselves; and hence with us, where divorce cases are more numerous than in any other country, the relations between man and wife are actually more sacred and more faithfully maintained on both sides than among our censors and critics.

That Fraction.

An ingenious individual with a turn for mathematics has found there is one pig to every one and four-tenths men in the United States. There is nothing singular at all that every man should have a pig, but when four-tenths of a man buys a pig, the event becomes a matter of deep interest to everybody who strives after a higher civilization. The mind instantly pictures this four-tenths of an individual getting home with that pig, and buckling up against fences, and splashing into the mud, and kicking at the animal just enough to miss it and swing off his balance; and while we have a long array of precedents to show that no whole man ever drove a pig in the right direction, we can well believe that four-tenths of a man wrestling with that animal would afford a spectacle that would be nourishing to the last degree. This, of course, is confidential.—*Ex.*

—The castor bean should be planted four feet apart, only one plant being allowed to grow in each hill. The land may be tended precisely like corn, but care must be taken that no weeds be allowed to grow in or between the rows, and good dry rich land should be selected to ensure a crop. When ripe, the pods burst and the seeds are sometimes thrown to a considerable distance, hence the absolute necessity of clean cultivation. The light colored Missouri bean should be planted, since the large variety proper for Southern planting is too late for this latitude. Places must be prepared for drying the crops as fast as gathered. This may be a dry, hard packed yard, or better, platforms under shelter. The crop must not be placed in bulk until absolutely dry, since it is sure to heat and mold. Twenty bushels per acre is a fair crop on ordinary land, but the yield depends much on the length of the season, as the beans continue until killed by frost.

—A memorial against Romish practices in the Church of England, signed by upwards of sixty thousand persons, has been presented to the Archbishops of the Church. The memorialists asked that the Bishops of the Church should exercise their authority for the entire suppression of ceremonies and practices adjudged to be illegal; to protect them and their families in the admission of candidates to holy orders, in the licensing of curates and the distribution of patronage, from the teaching which, when taken in its plain and obvious meaning, is subversive of those truths to which their Protestant Church, as keeper and witness of Holy Writ, had ever borne its faithful testimony. The Archbishops undertook to draw up and circulate a reply, and further promised that everything in their power should be done to prevent infractions of the law.

—Mr. Rutherford, of New York, whose labors in the various departments of astronomical photography have been long recognized at home, has recently been made an "associate" of the Royal Society, England.

—Mr. Alexander Stephen, a Glasgow shipbuilder, has received from the Emperor of Brazil the decoration of a Knight of the order of the Rose.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Mountain Cake.—Two eggs; one cup of sugar; half a cup of butter; half a cup of sweet milk; two cups of flour; one teaspoonful of cream tartar; half a teaspoonful of soda. A little nutmeg and fruit improves it.

—Apple-Jam.—Weigh equal quantities of sugar and good sour apples; pare, core, and chop the apples fine; make a good clear sirup of the sugar; add the apples, juice and grated rind of three lemons, and a few pieces of white ginger. Boil until the apple looks clear and yellow. On no account omit the ginger.

—Short Cake.—One teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in water; add to these ten large tablespoonfuls of sour milk or buttermilk, one heaping tablespoonful of cold lard, flour enough to make a stiff batter; spread it on a flat tin and bake quickly. The same receipt with more flour added makes good biscuit.

—Boiled Custard.—Take two tablespoonsful of cornstarch, one quart of milk, three eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a small piece of butter; heat the milk to nearly boiling, and add the starch dissolved in a part of the milk, then add the eggs, well beaten, with four tablespoonfulls of powdered sugar; let it boil up once or twice, stirring it briskly, and it is done; flavor with lemon or vanilla to your taste.

—Apple Fritters.—This is a favorite dish with many, and often preferred to dumplings. We like them prepared thus: Make a batter, not very stiff, with one quart of milk, three eggs and flour to bring it to a right consistence. Pare and core half a dozen large apples, and chop them to about the size of small peas, and mix them well in the batter. Fry them in lard as you would doughnuts. For trimmings we like powdered white sugar best, though good brown sugar will do.

—Chicken Cholera.—The following prescription we find in the *Southern Cultivator*, and is said to be very efficacious in chicken cholera: Glycerine and water, each a half ounce; carbolic acid, ten drops. When the first symptoms of the disease is apparant give five drops, and repeat at intervals of twelve hours. Usually the second dose effects a cure. A neighbor informed me that cholera was very destructive among his poultry, and at my suggestion he tried the foregoing receipt. He reports that the progress of the disease was promptly arrested, and in almost every case a cure was accomplished.

—To Hull Corn.—Take one quart of strong lye, prepared by pouring warm water upon a peck or more of ashes; add two quarts of boiling water to it, and put in the corn; let it boil until the hulls begin to start, which you can determine by taking out a few kernels and washing them in cold water. Skim out all the corn; rinse it in two or three waters; put it into cold water and let it boil up; turn off that water so as to extract all the lye; fill up with boiling water, and cook for four hours slowly; add salt to your taste; let it boil half an hour more, and serve. It must cook a great while to be palatable. —*Country Gentleman.*

—The Use of Paris Green.—Dr. Le Lanon, of the *Prairie Farmer*, is a decided advocate of the use of Paris green for the destruction of the Colorado potato bug and other destructive insects. He recommends mixing it with water and applying by means of a watering pot or syringe. He says: "The advantages of using this poison in the liquid form are the following: First, it goes farther, and is therefore less expensive; secondly, it can be used in all kinds of weather, at all times of the day, whereas, the powder can be used advantageously only when the vines are wet with rain or dew; but thirdly, the most important advantage of using this poisonous substance in the liquid form is that in this way it is rendered non-volatile, and therefore all danger of inhaling it is removed."

—Top-Dressing Meadows.—In my experience the best results can be obtained by applying the manure on the surface of the meadow as soon as possible after the grass has been cut. If it is cloudy or rainy weather at the time, or soon afterwards, so much the better, as the liquid from the manure will then be carried into the soil, to be taken up by the roots of the grass at the time when they need the stimulus the most, as they receive a severe shock by being laid bare to the action of the sun's rays at a season of the year when the weather is usually the driest. I have noticed that if grass is not cut close to the ground, it will start much sooner. If the manure is applied at the time stated, in a short time it will be covered by a heavy aftermath, furnishing a protection from the heat of autumn, as well as from the frosts of fall and spring.—*Cor. of Exchange.*

East African Slave Dealing.

Most of the slave-dealers are Arabs, who have almost a monopoly of the traffic, and the atrocities of which they are guilty in collecting their merchandise are scarcely credible. Whole districts have been completely depopulated within the last few years, and entire tribes either killed or carried off to the northern slave markets. Dr. Livingstone speaks, in one of his letters, of the vast fertile territory lying between Lake Nyassa and the coast. When he passed through it in 1867 it was well populated, and covered with evidences of industry. In 1869—only two years later—when he went over the same ground, the villages were burned, the country deserted, and what remained of the population was gathered around the shores of Lake Nyassa, where now the slave dealers must go in search of victims. The plan adopted by these dealers is to go into the interior in small parties, well armed, and provided with articles for the barter of slaves—such as beads and cotton cloth. On arriving at the scene of their operations, they incite, and frequently help, the natives of one tribe to make war upon another. Their assistance almost invariably secures victory to the side which they support, and then the captives become their property, by right or by purchase, the price in the latter case being only a few yards of cotton cloth for each slave. In the course of these operations thousands of natives are either killed or die subsequently of their wounds, or of starvation; villages are destroyed and the women and children, especially, carried away as slaves. Having by these and other means obtained a sufficient number of slaves to allow for the heavy losses on the road, the dealers start with them for the coast. The horrors of this long journey of five hundred miles have been fully described by Dr. Livingstone and others. The slaves are marched in gangs, the men with their necks yoked in heavy forked sticks, which at night are fastened to the ground, or lashed together so as to make escape impossible. The women and children are bound with thongs to a long rope. Any attempt to escape or to untie their bonds, any wavering or lagging on the journey, has but one punishment—immediate death. The sick are left behind, and the route of a slave-caravan, from the lake to the sea, can be tracked by the dying and the dead. The Arabs, of course, only value these poor creatures at the price they will fetch in market; and, if they are not likely to pay the cost of conveyance, they a gotten rid of. A large number in consequence die or are murdered on the journey, while the survivors arrive at their destination in a state of the greatest misery and emaciation.

This description, horrible as it is, only relates to their march to the coast; the slaves must still encounter the sea-voyage in dhows to the Zanzibar and other slave-markets. Such is the reckless atrocity of the whole system, that Dr. Livingstone estimates that for every slave landed at Zanzibar at least five have been put to death; and he computes, further, that the East-African trade alone involves a drain upon the interior population of not fewer than one hundred and eighty thousand annually.

Opacity of the Cornea.

There is no defect of the eyes, of horses especially, which is so common, and at the same time so provocative of disputes as to its significance, as opacity of some part of the cornea.

The difficulty of forming a precise opinion of the origin and probable consequences of the affection is mainly due to the circumstance that a variety of causes are in operation at different times to produce it. For example, common inflammation of the membrane which is reflected from the inner part of the eyelids over the front of the eye, (conjunctiva) resulting from a simple cold, will cause opacity sometimes over the entire surface. That special kind of irritation which is called periodic ophthalmia will also cause opacity of the cornea. Again, a blow inflicted by the animal itself during a sudden movement of the head, or an injury from a stick or whip, will also cause opacity more or less extensive. In all these instances the effects produced are as nearly as may be identical, but the ultimate result may be, and often are, very widely distinct. Opacity of cornea, which is due to ordinary cold, as it is termed, may always be looked upon as a trifling affair, productive of only temporary inconvenience; while the same condition induced by a blow is more or less serious, according to the degree of violence which has been used. Sometimes opacity so occasioned remains during life, while in other instances the injury is slight, and the irritation passes off in a few days, leaving a slight cloudiness of the transparent surface, which quickly clears away.

Opacity of cornea which is traceable to the existence of periodic ophthalmia, although in itself no more serious than the same condition induced by other causes, is of importance, as indicating the existence of an affection which in time is almost certain to end in blindness.

Many cases of a doubtful character come under the notice of the practitioner from time to time, and he is often unable to decide to his own satisfaction whether the disease is due to accident or to constitutional derangement and the prominent question before him in such circumstances is as to the effect of the opacity on the animal's soundness.

In considering this question it must always be remembered that "a spot on the eye," the common term for opacity of a portion of the cornea, is always a patent defect, which to some extent affects the animals value; but with this the veterinary surgeon is not particularly concerned. His duty is to protect the purchaser from any probable injury arising out of a present defect, and when the eyes are in question very considerable skill and experience are often required to enable the examiner to determine rightly. It may be taken as a rule that an opaque spot on the cornea is not likely to interfere with the animal's sight at any future time to a greater extent than it does at the time of its discovery; indeed, the probabilities are all in the opposite direction, assuming that the opacity is not a symptom of a previous attack of ophthalmia, and in respect of this the examiner must always accept a certain amount of responsibility.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Consumption.—For the cure of this distressing disease there has been no medicine yet discovered that can show more evidence of real merit than Allen's Lung Balsam. This unequaled expectorant for curing consumption, and all diseases leading to it, such as affections of the throat, lungs, and all diseases of the pulmonary organs, is introduced to the suffering public after its merits for the cure of such diseases have been fully tested by the medical faculty. The Balsam is, consequently, recommended by physicians who have become acquainted with its great success.

Editorial Notices are so common that it is almost impossible for an editor to express his honest opinion of the merits of any article without being suspected of interested motives. This fact, however, shall not deter us from saying what we think of a new addition to the Materia Medica to which our attention has been recently directed. We refer to Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters, a remedy which is making its way into more families just now than all the other advertised medicines put together. Its popularity, as far as we can judge, is not based on empty pretension. There seems to be no question about the potency of its tonic and alterative properties, while it possesses the great negative recommendation of containing neither alcohol nor mineral poison. That it is a specific for Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, and many complaints of nervous origin, we have reason to know; and we are assured on good authority that as a general invigorant, regulating and purifying medicine, it has no equal. It is stated that its ingredients, (obtained from the wilds of California,) are new to the medical world; and its extraordinary effects certainly warrant the conclusion that it is a compound of agents hitherto unknown. If popularity is any criterion, there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the Vinegar Bitters, for the sale of the article is immense and continually increasing.

—King Victor Emanuel's visit to Vienna and Berlin, according to a usually well informed journal in Rome, has for its object the securing of new guarantees for Italy as the Italian government no longer relies upon French sympathy or support

Headache, Languor and Melancholy generally spring from a Disordered Stomach, Costiveness, or a Torpid Liver. Each may be readily removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a few doses of which will be found to stimulate the Liver and Stomach to healthy action, removing all Biliousness, and producing regular evacuations of the bowels.

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If you have Fever and Ague, try Shallenberger's Antidote. You will then know of one remedy that never fails. The cure is immediate.

Robbed of Health.

The richest of us is poor indeed. The summer, pleasant and enjoyable as it is, is very apt to lay us open to this kind of depredation. The high temperature weakens the body and impairs its vitality, and as the strength and energy of the system decline, disease following in the trail of debility, obtains a foothold somewhere in the frame, in the stomach, perhaps, or the liver, or the head, or the bowels, or the nerves. In summer, therefore, it is of great importance to keep the body strong, and all its functions in healthy activity. To promote, or rather to insure this condition of the human machine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the standard tonic of the age, is the one thing needful. As a wholesome invigorant it stands at the head of all medicines of the class to which it belongs. But this is only one of its many valuable properties. Its mild and painless cathartic action, its anti-bilious properties, and the certainty with which it eliminates from the blood and other animal fluids all acrid matter that tends to produce or foster disease, almost entitle this wonderful preventive and curative, to the much abused appellation, a universal medicine. It is so harmless that the most delicate female invalid may take it with safety, yet so powerful that no form of bilious or nervous disease, no phase of indigestion, no case of chronic constipation, no type of intermittent fever, can resist its sanitary operation.

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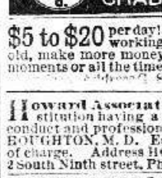

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