USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—A good grass run for pigs will do more in the matter of keeping them well up in growth than anything else.—*Troy Times.*

—Horses at work will be gratified if they are allowed a little green grass once a day. If not convenient to turn on the grass cut it and feed, with a little salt, in the rack.—*Detroit Post.*

—The Cleveland *Leader* says: "There is a rapidly-growing interest in the proposal to form a National Association of Stockmen, and it is believed that before the end of the present year definite steps will have been taken for the formation of a permanent and powerful association of the kind."

—A shying horse can not be considered a safe horse, yet the habit is generally considered of so small a consequence that it does not materially affect the value of a horse. There are but few faults that a driving horse can have that are more liable to do mischief than that of scaring and shying. Although it may take some time time and trouble, such habits should be broken up as soon as possible.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The idea that sorrel denotes a sour condition of the soil, because the sorrel leaf is itself acid, is an old notion long since exploded. Lime and ashes have been recommended to correct this supposed acidity. They will often prevent the sorrel, but they do it by encouraging the growth of clover, which, with a good catch, will usually keep down all annual weeds.—*Albany Journal.*

—A farmer of Cass Township, Huntington County, Pa., wanted to borrow a gun from a neighbor for the purpose of killing some crows in his field of corn which were eating the grain. His neighbor declined to loan the gun, for he thought the crows useful. In order to satisfy his curiosity he shot one of them, opened its craw and found in it twenty-one cut worms and four grains of corn.

—A common fruit and spice cake is made of one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar; beat these to a cream, then add two well-beaten eggs, the whites and yelks beaten together, a large handful of currants, a quarter of a pound of citron cut in small bits, one tea-spoonful each of grated nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, half a cupful of sour milk with a quarter of a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in it and three cupfuls of flour. This cake requires nearly an hour for baking in a moderate oven.—*Exchange.*

The Farm vs. Wall Street.

The recent financial disasters which have overtaken strong establishments and individuals, particularly in the East, but involving to some degree Western interests also, must make the reflective farmer more than ever satisfied with the modest but safe character of his business. These banks and brokers and "speculators" were all reputed to be making large profits, compared with which the moderate returns yielded by capital invested in the farm seemed insignificant. But they had to take large chances also, and now where are they? Money gone, credit gone, in many instances their good names gone, and involved in debts and losses from which nothing but commercial miracles can ever enable any one of them to emerge! There comes to the farmer no grand and sudden fortune; but neither does there come to him those swift and complete financial wrecks which seem sooner or later to overtake nearly every individual who embarks his fortunes and energies in these deceptive and uncertain kinds of business. From the legitimate products of his labor, and from the gradual increase of his capital, employed mainly in his own business, the farmer's fortune is built up little by little, with a knowledge of the value of every dollar and a conscious conviction that it has been honestly earned. It is employed as it is earned in such a manner and invested in such a way that no panics can sweep it away. No exposure of "stupendous dishonesty," in any quarter, involves the safety of his capital, and he loses no sleep from fear of broken banks, misplaced confidences, bankrupt corporations, or worthless or shrinking stocks or bonds.

It seems sometimes, perhaps, as if the moderate returns from agricultural operations were too small: but after all, considering their security, there are no investments that in the end yield so well. Merchants and manufacturers may make money, for a time, faster than the farmer, but sooner or later they are caught too widely extended in some period of stagnation in trade or over-production, and old houses—the pillars of the trade—sink into oblivion; their quickly-acquired fortunes disappearing even more rapidly than they were accumulated, and leaving behind nothing beyond a harvest of bitter memories and blasted hopes. The capitalist seems to do better than the farmer, lending his money at good rates of interest and taking his ease: but sooner or later there comes to him a time when he finds his securities have lost much of their value, or that he has overstepped the bounds of safety and embarked in something which turns his dollars into ashes. On every side men are engaged in ventures and enterprises which bring them a world of care and anxiety, which excite high hopes and are for a time seemingly prosperous; but in turn they all go to the wall. It seems only a question of time.

The farmer alone seems to have security. His gains are small, but they are sure. The vicissitudes of the seasons and the fluctuations of the markets, prosperous times and poor times, speculative periods and periods of depression, may come and go, they can only exert a temporary influence in increasing or diminishing immediate profits; but with prudence and economy these things never attack or destroy the capital which he has invested in his land and its equipment. Times like these should serve to cure the discontent with which farmers sometimes regard their occupation, and admonish them of the advantage of investing and using the accumulating capital on their own farms and in their own business, instead of interesting themselves in outside operations, as many are tempted to do, lending money, getting an interest in trade of one sort or another, or yielding to the delusive promises of speculation. Be content with the farm and its legitimate business, for there is no other industry which will bring, and deserve, so much contentment and happiness, and no other avenue in which the farmer or his sons can hope, in the long run, to do so well. Broad acres and good live stock are banks whose shares never depreciate or fail to pay a dividend. Nobody's account is overdrawn, and nobody's confidence is misplaced or abused. The share-holder in such a bank can pass through life as free from care as falls to the lot of any human being; and, no matter who he meets, need never have occasion to pull down the rim of his hat to conceal the record on his forehead.—*Breeder's Gazette.*

Rabbits as Vineyard Pests.

If there is a pest in the whole catalogue which vineyard men dread and thus far have been unable to combat it is the jack-rabbit. Their devastations are usually confined to young vines, but when green grass grows up they even attack older vines. They are just now promenading, on moon-lit night and early morn, through the outlying vineyards to find out where the most succulent canes grow, and the way they will sweep a field of cuttings, and even two and three-year old vines, would make a stranger think a flock of sheep had been through the vineyards. What vines are not killed outright, are so stunted that the roots are barely able to keep alive. We, in this section, who have exposed vineyards, have tried many remedies and failed. It is almost impossible to entice them with poison, for they have a most delicate sense of taste and smell. To shoot them is impracticable. Last year my men and I killed fifty on a forty-acre tract, and yet there appeared to be no decrease in the number, and I can safely estimate my damages at several hundred dollars. A great many last year applied blood to the vines, but it is expensive and only lasts until the first heavy fog destroys the smell. Some tried scare-crows, and others, more fortunate than their poor neighbors, have been able to build rabbit-tight fences. This is not to be thought of by a man who is putting his scanty earnings into a new piece of land, and is therefore anxious to get the cuttings to growing. This year various experiments have been made in the hills here, and one of them at least has proved so cheap and efficient that I feel it a duty to give it to the vine-growers in other portions of the state, satisfied that I could give them no more valuable information.

About the middle of May I noticed that Mr. Rabbit had begun to nibble the tender leaves on a piece of two acres that had been replanted this year, having last year been bodily destroyed by rabbits. I procured a pound of aloes for fifty cents, and dissolved it in five gallons of water. Then taking a whisk-broom and bucket, I had a Chinaman sprinkle a little on each vine over the whole piece, and then awaited the results. At the end of a week I went over and examined the cuttings, and while the ground was full of rabbit tracks, there was no sign of the vines having been nibbled; but on a piece adjoining there were several vines eaten, and I immediately applied the solution to the entire vineyard, young and old, at a cost of about thirty-seven and one-half cents an acre for aloes and labor. At this date not a vine has been touched since the treatment, although a large new growth has been made, while right across a fourteen-foot turn row between me and my neighbor, they are vigorously at work. I shall make another application soon, and this time shall add a little.

So important has this matter become that the Board of Supervisors of Napa County are now paying a bounty on rabbit scalps.—*Cor. San Francisco Bulletin.*

Farming for Pleasure.

Many persons who are engaged in farming for a livelihood or as a branch of business do not regard it as a very pleasurable occupation. In fact, they complain of their monotonous life and of their lack of the means of enjoyment. Many farmers make their plans to spend the later years of their lives in some town, where they can have more to enjoy than they do on the farm. Men who become rich in cities, however, desire to retire to the country, and very many of them do so. A large proportion of the very wealthy men in this city own and manage farms. Several of them are well versed in every department of agriculture, fruit-growing and stock-raising. The like is true of men of wealth in other cities in the country. Farming is engaged in as a pastime by many people in Great Britain. Indeed, complaints are constantly being made in the English papers by farmers that so much land is being secured by persons of large means, who desire to engage in different branches of husbandry simply for pleasure. They purchase land at prices that those who look upon it as a safe investment for conducting farming operations cannot afford to pay. They also secure the best stock of all kinds, not with a view to profit, but as sources of pleasure. The Englishman of wealth and leisure takes more pleasure at his country seat than in his London mansion. He takes pleasure in being a good farmer, a skillful fruit grower, and a successful stock-breeder. A large number of professional and business men in New York and Philadelphia manage farms as a means for recreation. They spend money on them, not with a view of getting returns in cash, but in happiness. Lawyers, ministers, merchants, and manufacturers spend considerable of their time in farming as a source of pleasure.

Is there any other kind of business in which men engage simply "for the fun of the thing?" Rich men do not engage in mining, manufacturing, or trade simply for pleasure. No one, perhaps, ever heard of a man who had an abundance of this world's goods engaged in running a train of cars, hammering at an anvil, tending a saw-mill, laying brick or quarrying stone for pleasure. They do not think that they can obtain any enjoyment in any of these occupations. They leave them to persons who are obliged to engage in them for the purpose of supporting themselves and their families. They engage in agriculture, horticulture and stock-raising with the expectation of having a good time, and, from their own accounts, are seldom disappointed.—*Chicago Times.*

Quarter Crack.

The presence of a quarter crack is usually an indication of some diseased condition of the foot. In other words, the wall of a perfectly healthy foot seldom cracks. In this case the crack may not have been present when the animal was purchased, but the abnormal condition of the foot certainly was. The treatment is to pare the wall about the crack away in the shape of the letter V, with its base resting upon the coronet and its apex extending downward to the lowest extremity of the crack; also pare that part of the wall that rests upon the shoe about the vicinity of the crack, so that it can not possibly have any bearing. Require him to have a bar shoe; apply a mild blister to the quarter, and, with frequent changing of the shoe, the trouble will gradually grow out. If, however, the foot is so badly diseased as to cause him to become lame without the assistance of the crack, you should blister the entire coronet and turn him to pasture for a couple of months.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Beef Cakes: Chop rare done roast beef very fine; season with salt, pepper and a little chopped onion; mix, make into small cakes and fry in beef drippings.—*N. Y. Times.*

Jay Gould's Homes.

In the midst of all his wealth Gould remains as simple in his habits as ever, and in this point he resembles Napoleon, who could eat even a state dinner in ten minutes. He owns a theater, but who ever saw him at one of its performances? He buys no costly pictures and no $35,000 horses, leaving the one to Vanderbilt and the other to Bonner. His Irvington establishment is his single exception, and of this he sees comparatively little. His yacht seems also to be of but little use, as he has had only one voyage, and was then glad to get back to Wall street. In fact, Gould's personal expenses (food and clothing) are not greater than those of many a clerk on $1,500 a year. His ambition is to wield power and use it in the most selfish and relentless manner. The enemies he has thus made render it necessary for him to have a body guard when he ventures into the street, and Morosini is very useful in this respect. Had he, indeed, been present when Selover assaulted Gould the latter would never have been tossed down the steps that led to the barber's shop. It is not surprising that Gould avoids that spot. Its associations are decidedly unpleasant. Gould generally travels on the L road because the crowd is so great that he escapes notice, and there is less danger of personal violence. Being a little man he slips in easily, takes a seat and hides himself in a newspaper. His favorite resort at home is in a room on the first floor which is fitted up as a railroad studio. Huge maps made for his special use cover the walls, and on these lines of tracks are drawn in red and black, and in this way he studies the best available routes. For instance, when he got control of Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, a line drawn on his map from Scranton to Buffalo showed how naturally the road might be extended, and this project was at once put into operation, thus making a trunk road. Visitors to this room are astonished to find all the important lines in the country, both of rail and telegraph, thus delineated, and to these Gould has devoted hours of close study. The book shelves are laden with railroad reports and laws and decisions on this subject, which form Gould's choicest reading. Consequently in all litigation his lawyers find him a master on the subject. David Dudley Field, indeed, considers Gould equal to himself on railway law, and finds great satisfaction in having such a client. In this room Gould passes all his spare time, which on Sundays is considerable. Gould's establishment at Irvington has very peculiar associations. The original building is by no means new, but its grandeur is such that it holds distinction even in these days of progress. Many years ago William Paulding was a lawyer in this city and made a large fortune, attaining also the dignity of Mayor. Much of his wealth was in real estate on the Hudson, and his two sons, Frederick and Philip, became on his death prominent as rich young men. But they died early and their wealth has been scattered. The former was the grandfather of the play actor, Frederick Paulding, who is now the sole representative of the family. He has retired from the stage on account of ill-health, and now lives in this city. Philip Paulding had an ambition to build the finest dwelling in America. He selected a river front of extended view, and in due time a marble palace attracted the admiration of tourists. Its chief feature was an oriel window of rare beauty, which is still justly admired. Paulding, however, soon sickened of his grand house, which, in fact, he never completely finished, and the admiring tourists would have been surprised had they visited the spot to find the owner a disappointed man living in seclusion in one corner of the building. After his death the estate went into the hands of an executor who embezzled it, and the heirs are now poor. Gould bought the place, which he enlarged and improved at an immense cost, and on his hands it became Lyndhurst, the grandest establishment on the banks of the Hudson.—*New York Cor. Utica Herald.*

John Bright in the House of Commons.

The massive, well set head, the lofty brow, the white hair, the clear blue eye, as Saxon in its expression as the language of the speaker, have immediately arrested the attention of all spectators. Yet, in the House of Commons, the visitor may have failed to recognize immediately the voice and the presence of its greatest orator. Slow, low and distinct in his commencement, he has appeared to be suffering from a nervous hesitation which those who have never heard him previously might doubt whether he would succeed in overcoming. But in five minutes all apprehensions on this score have disappeared. The popular chamber is crowded, for, with the speed of electricity, the news that "Bright is up" has run the round of lobbies, library and smoking-room. Never has there been associated in the same speaker and in the same speech merit so sustained with excellence so rare. Mr. Bright has spoken, no doubt, not infrequently below himself; but when he has spoken at his best, he has been at his best throughout. His eloquence may be compared to the glow of a clear fire steadily burning at a white heat. There is nothing fitful or spasmodic about it. The solemn and the sportive are interwoven as naturally as the serious and comic scenes in one of Shakespere's masterpieces. Mr. Bright has probably coined as many concise and adhesive phrases as Disraeli himself. It is he who invented the words, "fancy franchise," who first employed "the cave of Adullam" as a metaphor for the refuge of the disaffected, and who compared the Adullamites themselves to the Scotch terrier of which it was difficult to say what portion formed the head and what the tail. His humor has always been of the quiet, cutting and sarcastic style. He likened Mr. Disraeli to "the man who was not a Cabinet Minister, but only a mountebank, and who set up a stall and offered the country-people pills that were very good against earthquakes." He likened Lord Derby's professions about reform to "the sort of feast that a Spanish host sets before his guest, consisting of a little meat and great deal of table-cloth." The remark of a peer, when Mr. Bright was once absent from Parliament through illness, that "Providence, in punishment of the manner in which he had abused his talents, had inflicted upon him a disease of the brain," elicited from him on his return to the House of Commons the retort: "It may be so, but in any case it will be some consolation to the friends and the family of the noble lord to know that the disease is one which even Providence could not inflict upon him." Nor could anything be better than his criticism of Sir Charles Abberley, now Lord Norton, when that gentleman had made some statement from which Mr. Bright dissented: "I hope he thought he was speaking the truth; but he is rather a dull man and liable to make blunders."—*T. H. S. Escott, in the Century.*

How Lincoln Was Nominated in 1860.

The second National Republican Convention was called to meet at Chicago on Wednesday, the 16th of May, 1860, and Mr. Seward's friends regarded his nomination for President as certain. The Illinois State Republican Convention met at Decatur a fortnight previous. It was attended by the political friends of Abraham Lincoln, who had written urging them to come, as he thought that if supported by the Illinois delegation he might secure the nomination. Few of them agreed with him, but they worked zealously for him, and elected three delegates-at-large—David Davis, Norman B. Judd and Stephen T. Logan. The other delegate, Orville H. Browning, was a Bates man, but Lincoln approved of his election, saying that Bates would have no show, and that when Browning saw this, he would not only go over to him, but would take some of his friends with him.

Judge Davis had never attended a primary meeting or caucus, much less a convention, but Lincoln prevailed upon him to go to Chicago and conduct his campaign. The Judge arrived on the scene of action the Saturday night previous to the meeting of the convention. He found that the parlors at the hotels had all been engaged, and he had to establish his headquarters in two small connecting rooms in the third story of the Tremont House. The outlook was not encouraging, as the only Lincoln men on the ground were a few of the delegates from Illinois and Indiana. Thurlow Weed had thoroughly organized the Seward cohorts, and the streets were filled with thousands who were shouting the New York war cry. Lincoln's raw levies were scattered far and wide, and left at the mercy of disciplined politicians. They had no organization. They were even without a headquarters. The hotels were packed with the noisy friends of Bates and Seward.

David Davis proved himself a political Carnot, and threw the Railsplitter's flag to the breeze. The raw levies were gathered and disciplined. Night and day was he busy, forming combinations and visiting delegations. Horace Greeley, under the guise of a delegate from Oregon, appeared as the leader of the Bates men, and Thurlow Weed tooted defiance from his Seward bugle. Davis visited both leaders, and was showered with chaff. But his raw levies were not without backing. On Saturday night he telegraphed to the lawyers of the eighth circuit, assuring them that Old Abe's stock was rising, and that its value would be greatly enhanced by the presence of his friends in force. It was an electric shock. The State was aroused. On Monday and Tuesday trains poured into the city overflowing with Lincoln shouters. They were enthusiastic friends, who gladly paid their own way out of love for Lincoln. They massed themselves in the streets, and raised a din that astonished the noisy retainers of Seward. They thronged the corridors of the hotels, and awoke the echoes of the night with their cheers. Hourly their number increased. They poured into the wigwam as soon as the doors were opened, and the very atmosphere of the convention seemed surcharged with their enthusiasm.

The two small rooms on the third floor of the Tremont House were the scene of unwonted activity. Every order was promptly executed. Lawyers acted as messengers and judges watched the cars for belated delegates. Under Davis's guidance the work was thoroughly done. When he entered the city on Saturday night barely fifty weak-kneed delegates stood under the Lincoln flag. On the first ballot the Railsplitter polled 102 votes to 173½ for Seward and forty-eight for Bates. The lanky cohorts in the galleries nearly lifted the roof with their cheers. The second ballot gave Lincoln 181, Seward 184½ and Bates thirty-five. Again the brawny friends of Old Abe roared with delight. The Seward men turned pale, and Thurlow's knees smote together as he saw the writing on the wall. Lincoln was nominated on the next ballot by a vote of 354 to 110½ for Seward, and the whole State of Illinois was thrown into ecstasy. That night Judge Davis went to bed for the first time in six days, having conquered at a total cost, all to'd, of $700.

Judge Davis went to Springfield on the next day and had a long interview with Mr. Lincoln. The candidate offered to refund the $700, but the Judge said that his friends would not hear of it. Mr. Lincoln's friends urged Judge Davis to take the stump in his behalf. He did so, and made most effective speeches. Nor did he relax his exertions until the closing of the polls. Lincoln carried the State by a plurality of 11,946 over Douglas, and a majority of only 4,629 over all the candidates, in a popular vote of 339,693.—*Ben. Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.*

House Front Renovators.

"The New World is very different from the Old," the old man said, as he handed his card to the reporter. Beyond the name it read:

House fronts renovated.
All kinds of stone preserved and made equal to new.

"I have been in the business over forty years," he continued, "and know it thoroughly. In Europe my only orders were to make new buildings old. With chisel, pumice stone, acid and lamp you can convert a new building into a ruin. Only it costs money. To change a Queen Anne house of to-day into one of 150 years old is worth, according to the size, from $1,000 to $6,000. I had an order of that sort years ago near London. I took the job, and finished it to the owner's satisfaction. How did I do it? I cut out the brick work with hammer and chisel, and crumbled the mortar with acid. The stone work I broke up by heating it with a blast from the lamp and then throwing water on it. This breaks the stone into irregular cavities and produces just about the same effect as time does. With acid I ate the woodwork just as I wanted it. Acid is good in this way, as it brings out the grain and makes the wood much handsomer than it would be even when altered by time. There's a house in Seventh avenue, Brooklyn, not more than two years old, where all the cabinetwork, oak, has been treated with acid. It looks now as if it had been there almost a century. But in New York things are just the opposite. Everybody wants his house to look perfectly new. In ten years I have had four orders to make new houses old, and more than 200 to make old ones new. How I do it depends upon the house. If it's a frame building, I make sharp edges wherever there's wear and tear. The doors, windows, and stoop are where most of the work is done. From use the edges get rounded and the paint wears out. If not too much worn, I make new edges and lines on all the mouldings and repaint them. If too much worn, I take out the used-up pieces and put in new ones. Then, in both cases, I put on two or three coats of paint, and the house looks as if it were just built.

"Brick is the hardest job of all. The trouble is, if you paint it, it shows the paint and so shows the age. Renovators, as we call ourselves, don't agree at all upon brick houses. Some paint and line a front, some wash and then oil it, and some wash and then go over it with what they call soluble glass. I think the secret depends upon the kind of brick used. With some brick boiled oil makes it look like a first-class new Philadelphia front; with others it would make it as dark as if it were fifty years old. There's another kind of brick, made at Haverstraw, I think, which oil ruins. But if you go over it with soluble glass and wash it down with acid, it's as new and fresh as can be.

"With marble, limestone, and these fancy-colored sandstones, a scrubbing-brush, water and sand are all you should use. The stone gets discolored from the dust and smoke flying about, but the color is merely on the outside, and a good scrubbing takes it all away. Brown-stone is a puzzler. Sometimes it is cut with the grain, and then it splits off in flakes; sometimes across the grain, and then it wears into irregular hollows. The best way is across the grain. Take the houses in Fifth avenue, near Fifteenth street, and you'll hardly see a single perfect stone on the whole front. On the other hand, the newer houses, and especially Vanderbilt's, are made of stone cut across the grain, and they'll last for years. The trouble is chiefly with the frost. The stone is porous, and absorbs a good deal of water. A cold night comes on and the water freezes. If there's enough water in a piece, it either loosens or splits a layer, and the next thaw knocks it down. Of course the best treatment is to soak the stone with something that will keep the water out. Raw oil, boiled oil, soluble glass and acid and glycerine have all been used, but I think soluble glass is the best. You see, all the oils gum, and after a time allow water to soak in, but glass never gums, and stays where you put it for years. I'd make a contract to keep a brown-stone front for a lifetime if I were allowed to give it three coats of glass acid. The only object on is that it's a little more expensive than boiled oil. With some limestones that are porous the dirt and smoke get way into the pores. A scrubbing won't do the work then, and you must eat away a thin layer with acid. It makes no difference what acid you use so far as eating the stone away is concerned, vitriol, muriatic acid, or aquafortis. But I think muriatic is the best, because, besides attacking the stone, it also bleaches perfectly white many things vitriol won't touch.

"Granite is hard to renovate, but then it's not often used in building. It's not a simple stone, but a mixture, and its chief constituent, feldspar, weathers more rapidly than the rest. The only way to renovate granite is with the chisel and pumice stone. Of course, you can keep it by varnishing it with soluble glass, but very few people take the trouble to do that. Soluble glass isn't used so much here as in Europe. It's a mixture of silica and soda, or potash. You put it on like a regular paint and then wash it over with acid. The acid combines with the alkali and flows off with the water, leaving a thin deposit of silica upon the surface and in the pores of the stone. At first it is soft like gum, but it hardens, and in a month makes a thick, tough and hard varnish.

"Renovation becomes harder every year. People have become tired of old styles and have rushed into all sorts of building material. Terra cotta, asphalted brick and Ohio stone are now largely used, where twenty years ago they were unknown. In the old days I could renovate a front for five cents a foot. A three-story brick house, fifty feet high and twenty wide, would cost about fifty dollars. Nowadays, what with carving and relief work, stone and metal, it runs up to ten and twelve cents a foot. For example: I got last week two hundred dollars for a house on Grammercy Park. I don't like this increased use of metal. Zinc and iron are the curse of modern architecture. Beside their gradual rusting, they produce electric action, and so increase decomposition ten times over. Then iron, as it rusts, makes a reddish-brown crust that soaks into everything. I can take out these stains to a certain extent with acid, but I can never make the stone as good as new.

"Is there much renovation? There are at least twenty men in the trade, and we've got all we want to do. A renovated house will bring a thousand dollars more when it's sold, and, as renovation seldom costs more than $500, you can see where the profit come in."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Villainous Shave.

There is no European quarter in Kioto, the capital of the Mikados. On the night of our arrival we went to a barber-shop for a shave, and the excitement at our appearance increased in intensity. The crowd blocked up the narrow street, the first line flattening their noses against the window, and steaming it with their breath. Inside the shop there was a reflex of the excitement. The barber himself, though pale, was collected in a manner, and gave me only one gash. But his whole family were ranged in a group in the kitchen which opened into the shop. The assistants stood around, from time to time handing unnecessary articles to the operator. The most hopeless case was the small boy, whose duty it was to stand by and hand paper, combs, brush, towel, or whatever might be needed by the barber. He stood at the elbow of the chair whilst I was being shaved, with his face half a foot from mine, his lips slightly parted, and a pair of great brown eyes unnaturally distended, fixed upon my face. I fancy he was in a condition of modified catalepsy. At any rate, he neither moved nor spoke whilst the barber rasped me.

It was the most villainous shave I ever suffered. A dinner-knife would have been for the purpose a luxurious article compared with the razor. I besought the barber to let me off, but without avail. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he would not limit its duration by any voluntary act. We had brought Ito, our guide, with us, a necessary precaution; otherwise before we could have made our protest understood we might have had a few bald places artistically arranged on our heads, and perhaps our eyebrows shaved off in the manner of the Japanese. After much haranguing, Ito induced the man to let me go to the manifest disappointment of the crowd, who were only consoled by seeing the young gentleman from Glasgow take the chair. Finally the barber charged one and eightpence for his fiendish work, which, considering we had left the United States, seemed dear for a shave. The price to a native would have been twopence halfpenny at most, and he would, in addition, have had his ears and nostrils shaved and his hair brushed and oiled.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

English Bulls.

Of bulls in the sense of blunders pure and simple, I have heard as good specimens in England as I ever heard in Ireland. Take, for instance, the three following:

An English peer, when speaking some years ago in the House of Lords on the necessity of passing some coercion bill for Ireland, and reproaching the Government of that day for their delaying to do so, observed that "this delay might be very convenient for the ministers, but that it was not quite so convenient for those Irish landlords who were meanwhile being frequently murdered."

An English clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider "the deplorable condition of thirty thousand Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial."

Another English clergyman, waxing sarcastic in the pulpit over the enormities of the age, exclaimed: "And these things, my brethren, are done in the so-called nineteenth century."

Here are three prize bulls, and all of them of pure English breed—not a drop of "Hirish" blood in one of them.—*London Spectator.*

In the Shade.

Hon. R. C. Payne, City Alderman, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, writes: "I have been a great sufferer with rheumatism for years and have tried every known remedy, including galvanic batteries and Turkish Baths. Finally I tried St. Jacobs Oil the great pain-cure and can positively say it gave me instantaneous relief. It puts all other remedies in the shade."

An Ohio newspaper speaks of a man being bruised by the "emphatic gesture of a mule."—*Chicago Tribune.*

CURE OF CHRONIC COSTIVENESS.

BULLY BUENO MILLS, ARIZONA TER., January 24, 1883.

For the last two years I have been greatly troubled with costiveness, often ten or twelve days elapsing without any movement of my bowels. I have tried many remedies, but none with success, until I used your VEGETABLE PILLS—taking three pills and increasing one each night until I took nine, then decreasing one each night. Since then my bowels have continued regular each day, and my headache, sour stomach and general lassitude have left me, and I feel like another man —which is entirely owing to your pills—and I would not be without them in this new country. A. M. HEATH.

Impurity of Blood, however generated, is always present in the body when pain is felt; it spreads and ferments wherever a weak spot or low vitality exists.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the one great and unfailing remedy, because they take hold and expel only what is hurtful; so when sick, have pain, dizziness, rheumatism, colds, or costiveness, take from three to five, and if they do not operate in four hours or so, take three or four more. They cleanse the bowels and circulation from all impurities of the blood, and often save life. BRANDRETH'S PILLS preserve the vigor of youth, and for a long period keep off the debility of age.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, with plain printed directions for use.

THE fly period has arrived. Compositors should bear this in mind and closely observe.

Lots of People

get bilious, have heavy headaches, mouth foul, yellow eyes, &c., all the direct result of impure blood which can be thoroughly cleansed, renewed and enriched with Kidney-Wort. It acts at the same time on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels and has more real virtue in a package than can be found in any other remedy for the same class of diseases.

You have no right to pick a photographer's pocket, even if he has pict-ures.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

merits the sanction accorded by physicians. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50c.

MANY a young lady has had an arrow escape from the string of a bad beau.

THE surprising success of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the several diseases peculiar to women forcibly illustrates the importance of her beneficent discovery and the fact that she knows how to make the most of it.—*Dr. Haskell.*

NEVER laugh at a man with a pug nose; you never know what may turn up.

DURING the season for mosquitoes and other stinging insects, and of poisoned plants, if your skin is impure, a bite will swell and fester unless you apply Papillon Skin Cure. A single application will neutralize the poison.

FOR a man celebrated for his patience Job used to boil over a good deal.

☞Keep in the Fashion. The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. They are warranted. 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

THERE is always something of a haze around our military academies.

"$10,000 would not purchase from me what Swift's Specific has done for me. It cured me of Rheumatism caused by malaria."
ARCHIE THOMAS, Springfield, Tenn.

THE short, hacking cough, which leads to Consumption, is cured by Piso's Cure.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, July 8, 1884.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$5 30	@	6 00
Native Heifers	4 25	@	4 75
Native Cows	2 50	@	4 30
Butchers' Steers	4 12	@	5 00
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 10	@	5 12½
Light	5 00	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 1	1 02	@	1 03
No. 2	75	@	75½
No. 3	62	@	63½
CORN—No. 2	40	@	41½
OATS—No. 2	25	@	27
RYE—No. 2	40	@	45
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	2 35	@	2 40
HAY—Car lots, bright	7 00	@	7 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	16	@	18
CHEESE—Kansas, new	11	@	12
EGGS—Choice	10	@	11
PORK—Hams	11	@	12
Shoulders	7½	@	8½
Sides	9¼	@	9½
LARD	9	@	10
WOOL—Missouri, unwashed	15	@	18
POTATOES—Per bushel	45	@	48
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	6 50	@	6 80
Butchers' Steers	5 25	@	5 90
HOGS—Good to choice	4 80	@	5 10
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 50	@	3 50
FLOUR—XXX to choice	3 75	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	99½	@	1 00
No. 3	87	@	89½
CORN—No. 2 mixed	48	@	48½
OATS—No. 2	27	@	28
RYE—No. 2	50	@	57
PORK	15 00	@	15 50
COTTON—Middling	10	@	11½
TOBACCO—New Lugs	4 40	@	4 75
Medium new leaf	6 25	@	5 75
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Good shipping	5 10	@	7 00
HOGS—Good to choice	5 40	@	5 60
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 50	@	3 50
FLOUR—Common to choice	5 00	@	6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	82½	@	83½
No. 3	85½	@	85½
No. 2 Spring	83½	@	84
CORN—No. 2	51½	@	52½
OATS—No. 2	31¼	@	31½
RYE	60	@	63
PORK—New Mess	16 00	@	17 50
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Exports	6 00	@	7 40
HOGS—Good to choice	4 90	@	5 30
COTTON—Middling	10½	@	10½
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 50	@	6 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	96	@	97½
No. 2 Spring	1 05	@	1 06
CORN—No. 2	60	@	61½
OATS—Western mixed	36	@	37
PORK—Standard Mess	15 50	@	16 62½

Higher Prices for Butter.

All dairymen who use Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color, agree that it increases the value of butter several cents a pound. It is pure and harmless, convenient for instant use, has no taste or odor, and gives a clear, golden richness to the butter. It is the very best butter color obtainable, and is not expensive. In every State in the Union the demand for it is increasing.

FRIGHTFUL Crash—a printing office towel.—*The Judge.*

PAPILLON Catarrh Cure is recommended by members of the Hay Fever Association of New England.

THE parson at the wedding is the right man in the rite place.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

PAPILLON

"AFTER SUFFERING FOUR YEARS,"

I have used the Papillon Skin Cure for my ulcerated sore leg. It has entirely healed and is free from pain. I have recommended it to several persons here, and they are trying it. I will take great pleasure in recommending it, for I can safely do so. I suffered with my leg four years, and tried a great number of remedies that gave me no relief. Your medicine cured me. I cheerfully give you permission to write a testimonial just to suit yourself.

Thanking you for such a medicine, I am,
MRS. M. LARUE.
Covington, Ky., April 5, 1884.

"A CASE OF ECZEMA."

I have been afflicted for about three years with Eczema. I think I had a good doctor; he did all he could for me, until he was baffled; he could do nothing more and gave me up. I have tried many ointments which did me no good. I have used your Papillon Skin Cure for four months; used four bottles and am nearly cured. I give you perfect liberty to publish this if it will help any one else. I have recommended it to all my friends. Another bottle will completely cure me. With many thanks,
JULIA CALLOW,
15 Grant Street, Cleveland, O.

P WITH P

MAY mean "Poisoned with Potash." This is the case with hundreds who have been unwise enough to take Sarsaparillas, Potash mixtures, etc., until digestion is almost fatally impaired. Swift's Specific is a vegetable remedy, and restores the system to health and builds up the waste made by these poisons.

"I was suffering with Blood Poison and treated several months with Mercury and Potash, only to make me worse. The Potash took away my appetite, and gave me dyspepsia, and both gave me rheumatism. I then took Sarsaparillas, etc. All these Sarsaparilla mixtures have Potash in them. This made me worse, as it drove the poison farther into my system. A friend insisted I should take Swift's Specific, and it cured me of the Blood Poison, drove the Mercury and Potash out of my system, and to-day I am as well as I ever was." GEO. O. WELLMAN, Jr., Salem, Mass.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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A.N.K.—D. No. 9

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