

TO CORRESPONDENTS. All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name and address, and necessarily for publication, but no evidence of any kind on the part of the writer. Write only in giving names and dates, to have all letters or figures plain and distinct.

Baby Mine.
You're a baby mine,
Baby mine, baby mine,
For how long I can not say,
Baby mine, baby mine,
He's bound to come home sick,
With his lips by far too thick
To say any thing but (ho),
Baby mine, baby mine.

He's a queer compound of clay,
Baby mine, baby mine,
That had of yours, I say,
Baby mine, baby mine,
When I ask with fearful eye,
Where he's been, my heart beats high
As he answers, "What d'ye say?"
Baby mine, baby mine.

If you ever prove to be,
Baby mine, baby mine,
So vile a wretch as he,
Baby mine, baby mine,
I'll "ring" you through your nose,
Paint you green from head to toe,
Then I'll paw you for old clothes,
Baby mine, baby mine.

Come close to me and stay,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Listen what your dad will say,
Baby mine, baby mine,
He's trying to unlock the door,
Now he's through and on the floor;
Gracious me, just hear him snore!
Baby mine, baby mine.

We can't leave him in that lump,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Take his nose and see him jump,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Over this I'll throw a screen,
But if again he drunk is seen,
I'll "paralyze" his machine,
Baby mine, baby mine.

The Two Wishers.
Out in the street, this winter's day,
A brassy man is shoveling snow,
Steadily there he works away,
With muscular arms and face aglow,
Glad to earn a pittance for pay,
Shoveling off the snow.

Unto eyes that can only see
The tangible outward, here is one
Who suffers the stings of poverty,
Who works through from sun to sun,
Whose shackled hours are never free,
Whose work is never done.

For ragged he is, and scantily clad,
And one would be willing to hazard the guess
That meat and bread are not to be had
By him and his piteousness;
For all his life he has toiled through
The drifts of want and distress.

Yet a keener vision might detect
Some priceless things which belong to him:
Muscles of iron, a form erect,
An eye that is never glazed or dim,
And the rich, hot blood of perfect health
Coursing through his body and limb.

Now, across the street from the shoveler
A stately mansion, built of stone,
And there, in the window, with folded hands
A pale-faced man looks out alone—
Looks out at the laborer over the way,
At the snow his shovels has thrown.

Exotic plants in the window bloom,
Shut in by curtains of finest lace,
And scattered about the spacious room
Are all things which betwixt the place;
A poor man might subsist a year
On the cost of that serene vase.

Resting a moment, the shoveler sees
The face in the window across the street,
And he thinks: "I could live like that at
my ease,
With nothing to do and plenty to eat,
With money and servants and all at command,
Then surely would life be sweet!"

And the wealthy sighs as he turns again
To the work unfinished that waits his
hands;
But his sigh is echoed in sharper pain
By him who has called it forth, who stands
Watching the laborer, while he thinks:
"Houses and money and lands—
All that I have of power or wealth—
I would freely give if I could but know
The rarer riches of strength and health;
Yes, all on the laborer there I bestow,
If I like him, could go out in the street,
And shovel off the snow!"

THE CONVICT'S SISTER.
"I have told you there is a secret in my life I can share with no one. Let me go my way and you yours, for we could never be happy with a cloud of mystery between us."
"In other words, you refuse me!"
There was a quick resentment in Alfred Graves's tones, for the refusal of the woman he loved to be his wife was a blow at once to his heart and his vanity. He was not a concealed man, but when he offered his hand to his sister's governess he certainly did not expect a refusal. There had been many meetings before he spoke, and in some of them he had thought Hester Stretton's face betrayed her love for him, in spite of the cold manner that was habitual to her.

Scarcely a man to measure his own merits by the length of his purse, Alfred Graves could not quite forget that he was owner of a fine estate in the country, several houses in town and five thousand a year, while Hester Stretton was his sister's governess. She had come to Mrs. Evans from a female seminary, with letters of introduction; had proved herself trustworthy with the children; and no one had any desire to pry into her private affairs during the whole of the first two years.

Mrs. Evans considered her a treasure, and the children were much attached to her and progressed rapidly.
Then Alfred came back from abroad, and his sister, offering him the hospital of her house at Guildford, suddenly made several discoveries. First, she found out that although the family had thought and spoken of her brother as an old bachelor, after all, at 40 he looked younger than some men under 30. Next that Hester Stretton, though she was reserved, was wonderfully fair, and could converse with Alfred long after the topics were quite beyond the elder lady's comprehension.

The old, old story progressed, day after day, and she could find no good reason for sending Hester away, and surely Alfred was not to be turned away from her house. Mrs. Evans was constantly devising schemes for shutting Hester in the school-room, for sending her long errands and employing her time in needlework. But if Alfred was to enter into the school-room and staring his nephews and

nieces recite long poems while he made pencil sketches of Hester's profile; if he would join her just as she was about the long errands, and was selected as a desire to read in the very room where the needlework was in progress, what could a prudent sister do more?

It was some comfort that the "infatuation" of Mrs. Evans mentally termed it, was all on one side; that the pale face never flushed at his coming or the soft, dark orbs wooed him to her side. But Mrs. Evans could not believe it possible for Alfred to offer his hand and fortune to any woman, and be rejected. So she fretted secretly, while Alfred wooed patiently, till on the summer morning when he found Hester in the garden, for a wonder, free from the attendance of a juvenile Evans, and made his declaration in explicit terms.

And without one flush on her white cheeks—if possible, even paler than usual, Miss Stretton had told him there was a secret in her life that kept her outside the ranks of happy married women. Still he pleaded, still she owned it was no crime or fault of her own that separated them; and again he urged his suit only to meet the repetition of her declaration.

"In other words, you refuse me," he said, with angry emphasis.
"The color flushed then over Hester's face, for there was kept pain as well as resentment in Alfred's tone. For the first time she touched his arm, lifting her soft, dark orbs to his own. There was a thrill in her voice as she said, steadily but in low tones, "Because I love you, Alfred. If I had no affection for you I would put my hand in yours and share your wealth, for my life of drudgery is a weary burden to me. But I love you, and so I bid you go from me and seek to forget me in a happier smile."

Something in her tone and face awed her lover from any demonstration of pleasure at her frank confession. He frowned the little white hand she had placed upon his arm and said: "Confound it in me, then. Tell me your secret, or if you will, keep it, and rest assured I will never try to surprise it."
"I can not. Nothing but death can free me, and your life is too useful, too noble, to be spent in waiting for me. Forget me, Alfred."

She was gone before he could say more, and he knew her decision was final. Mrs. Evans's delight at her brother's escape was certainly tempered by indignation that Hester had dared refuse him.
"Whom on earth did she expect to marry?" the matron thought.

But Hester, pondering over it all, accepted the pain as one more sorrow in her shadowed life, and made no moan, looked for no sympathy.
It was hard to see the face that had been ever full of sympathy and tenderness turned coldly away; hard to hear the children wonder why Uncle Alfred never came to see them any more; but the routine of duty filled each day, and there was a certain soon of release from the monotony of teaching.

October was midway on her golden-tinged journey across the earth when Mrs. Evans was called upon to find a new governess. In vain she scolded and even wept. Hester gave no reason, but she must go.
It was not to spy upon her movements that Alfred, finding the governess leaving the house, followed her in the train that took her to London. It was only in his deep, unshaken affection, the fear for her future, the anxiety to be sure all was to be well with her in her new life.

She did not dream she was watched as she took a cab, and followed still, drove to a small house on the outskirts of Kentish Town, where an elderly woman met her at the door and led her in, weeping bitterly.
That was all Alfred saw; but the face of the weeping woman was Hester's face, should years of sorrow and tears set their seal upon it.

Restless and curious, in spite of himself, Alfred lounged into a refreshment place near the little house and called for something to eat. Close beside him two officers of police (inspectors they seemed) were discussing some provisions, and Alfred heard one say, "So Stretton's time is up! He came out of the Penitentiary yesterday."
"According to my idea," was the reply, "he ought not to have been there at all. He never did it—never!"
"He was wild, though."

"Yes; got on a spree too often, and was in bad company, but never had any more head in that bank robbery than you or I."
"Got five years for it," said the other, "and he's come out to-day. He's over at his mother's there," jerking his thumb in the direction of the little house, "and won't last a week—consumption."

This was the secret, then! A brother in Pentonville model prison, innocent or guilty, a convicted felon! Alfred shuddered as he thought of the fair, stately woman he loved, with her pure, proud nature, daily tortured by the secret of her brother's crime. He had a vague recollection of reading the trial of some bank robber, where the name of Stretton occurred, but it was only a hazy memory at best.

Hester was with her mother in a home, even if a poor one, with crises for its inmate, and he had no right to intrude upon her grief. So he stooped before him, paid his bill and went out into the street again. It was quite dark, and he gave up any idea of returning to Guildford that night, finding his way to the West End and a hotel.

Three days passed before he heard again of Hester's brother, and then the public journals told the story. He was dead. Only 36, the papers said; but there had come comfort at the last hour. Two of the gang who had been engaged in the bank robbery had made a sworn statement exonerating him from any guilty part in it. In so far as he was under the influence of liquor, was in bad company and was led by them, he was

guilty. But he was innocent because he was purposely kept ignorant of their intentions, and had no knowledge that he was in a bank vault until the hands of the officers of justice were upon him there.

Five weary prison years, disease, finally death, had paid the penalty of a youth of reckless living; but the stain of actual crime was lifted from his memory, and the journals that had chronicled his trial and sentence gave publicity to his innocence and his desecration.

It was no shame to Alfred's manhood that his eyes were misty as he read the obituary of the wretched life, touched keenly by the closing words, "A widowed mother and sister were with Stretton when he died."
Alfred could easily picture the fair, pale face, bending over the sufferer's pillow, and the low, tender voice comforting him, though his hand had brought desolation into her own life.

In the chamber of death, where the still face upon the pillow was peaceful in its last sleep, Hester and her mother kept watch together.
They had suffered most in the five years that their lives had been separated, for the widow had been matron in a large hospital, while Hester worked as governess in Mrs. Evans's family. Before her brother's death there had been a home, happy and united; but afterwards poverty drove them upon the world.

"Mother," Hester said, softly, "I have saved something in these long years, and we will settle ourselves here and try to earn a living together."
"Yes, dear. I took the house furnished for a month, thinking if Oliver came home willing to work for an honest living, we should get on somehow. I had saved a little, too, Hester, for him, and he will not need it."
"Hush! You must not weep now. Remember how happily he died, mother, the stain lifted from his memory, his heart at peace. He was ready to go, mother. My poor brother!"
Softly the tender lips pressed the dead man's forehead before Hester led her mother away from the room. They had not crossed the narrow passage to the parlor when the door-bell rang, and Hester opened the door, to face Alfred Graves.

Before she could speak he entered, closing the door behind him and advancing to the widow, who stood inside the little parlor.

"Mrs. Stretton," he said, lifting his hat, "I have just heard of your sorrow, and I have come to ask you to let me aid you in any way where a gentleman's services may be required. I am the brother of Mrs. Evans."
"You are very kind," the widow faltered. "We—as you say—our trouble—"
And here the tears stifled utterance and she could only turn from him and weep.

Hester lifted her eyes appealingly, to meet Alfred's fixed upon her face.
"There is no longer a secret between us, Hester," he said in a low tone. "Will you not give me the right of a loving son to comfort your mother?"
"You know all," she said, surprised, "and you are here!"
"I do," he answered, gravely; "and knowing your noble reason for once refusing me, I am here to ask again the question I asked one summer morning not long ago. Even as I loved you then, I love you now. Hester, will you be my wife?"

And she, loving him tenderly, with the secret of her life revealed, the crime wiped out by death, put her hand in his and let his lips press the seal of betrothal on her own.

To the world Hester's secret is a secret still. Society does not connect the tall, stately bride of Alfred Graves with the obscure convict who came from prison only to die; and even Mrs. Evans was never told of any mystery or sorrow resting upon the life of her former governess, or the quiet widow, who shares the Graves's mansion and finds a peaceful haven in her daughter's love and the respectful attentions of a man who fills a son's place to her.—English Magazine.

Compound Interest.
The simple interest of 1 cent at 6 per cent per annum from the commencement of the Christian era to the close of the year 1868, would be but the trifling sum of a little over \$15; but if the same principal, at the same rate and time, had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would require the enormous number of \$4,840,000,000,000 of globes of solid gold, each equal to the globe in magnitude, to pay the interest; and if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth, estimated at 1,000,000,000, every man, woman and child would receive 84,840 golden worlds for an inheritance.

Were all these globes placed side by side in a direct line it would take lightning itself, which can girdle the earth in the wink of an eye, 78,000 years to travel from end to end. And if a Parrot gun were discharged at one extremity, while a man was stationed at the other—light traveling 192,000 miles in a second; the initial velocity of a cannon ball being 1,500 feet per second, and sound moving through the atmosphere 1,120 feet in a second—he would see the flash after waiting 119,000 years; the ball would reach him in 74,000,000,000 years; but he would not hear the report till the end of 1,000,000,000 of centuries. Again, if all these masses of gold were fused into one prodigious ball, having the sun for its center, would reach out into space in all directions 1,732,000 miles, almost reaching the orbit of Hercules and Uranus. And if the interest were continued till the end of the present century it would entirely fill up the solar system and even encroach 500,000,000 miles on the domains of the void beyond the planet Neptune, whose orbit, at the distance of 2,850,000,000 miles from the sun, encircles our whole system of worlds.

Gary's Magnetic Motor.
With an ordinary horseshoe magnet, a bit of red iron, and a common tin can, a practical inventor, who has been pondering over the power lying dormant in the magnet, now demonstrates as his discovery a fact of the utmost importance in magnetic science, which has hitherto escaped the observation of both scientists and practical electricians, namely, the existence of a neutral line in the magnetic field—a line where the polarity of an induced magnet ceases, and beyond which it changes.

With equally simple appliances he shows the practical utilization of this discovery in such a way as to produce a magnetic motor, thus opening up a bewildering prospect of the possibilities before us in revolutionizing the present methods of motive power through the substitution of a wonderfully cheap and safe agent. By his achievement Mr. Wesley W. Gary has quite upset the theories of magnetic philosophy hitherto prevailing, and lifted magnetism out from among the static forces whose science has placed it, to the position of a dynamic power. The Gary Magnetic Motor, the result of Mr. Gary's long years of study, is, in a word, a simple contrivance which furnishes its own power, and will run until worn out by the force of friction, coming dangerously near to that fatal boggy, perpetual motion.

At Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, Mr. Gary made his first practical demonstration, and allowed his discovery to be examined and the fact published. He had long been satisfied, from his experiments, that if he could devise a "cut-off," the means of neutralizing the attractive power of a stationary magnet on another raised above it and adjusted on a pivot, unlike poles opposite, and so arrange this cut-off as to work automatically, he could produce motion in a balanced magnet. To this end he persistently experimented, and it was only about four years ago that he made the discovery, the key to his problem, which is the basis of his present motor, and upsets our philosophy. In experimenting one day with a piece of soft iron upon a magnet, he made the discovery of the neutral line and the change of polarity, not then recognizing its significance, being absorbed entirely by the discovery of the neutral line opened up to him. Here was the point for his cut-off. For a while he experimented entirely with batteries, but in September, 1874, he succeeded in obtaining a movement independent of the battery. In June, the following year, Mr. Gary exhibited this continuous movement to a number of gentlemen, protecting himself by covering the cut-off with copper so as to disguise the real material used, and prevent any one from robbing him of his discovery. The publication in the local newspapers of the performance of the little machine, which was copied far and wide, excited much interest. But the inventor was by no means satisfied. He had succeeded in securing a continuous motion but not a practical motor. He had invented a unique playing but not a machine that would do man's work. So he made further experiments in one direction and another, using for a long time the battery; and it was not until after he moved to Boston (which was about two years ago) that he was convinced that the points in the change of polarity, with which he was so little impressed when he first hit upon them along with his discovery of the neutral line, were the true ones to work upon. Thereafter his progress was most rapid, and in a little while he had constructed working models, not only to his own satisfaction, but to that of those experts who had the fairness to give a critical and thorough examination, clearly demonstrating his power, as they had never before secured, from self-feeding and self-acting machines. His claim, as he formally puts it, is this: "I have discovered that a straight piece of iron placed across the poles of a magnet and near to their end, changes its polarity while in the magnetic field and before it comes in contact with the magnet, the fact being, however, that actual contact is guarded against. The conditions are that the thickness of the iron must be proportioned to the power of the magnet, and that the neutral line, or line of change in the polarity of the iron, is nearer or more distant from the magnet according to the power of the latter and the thickness of the former. My whole discovery is based upon this change of polarity in the iron with or without a battery." Power can be increased to any extent, or diminished, by the addition or withdrawal of magnets.

Mr. Gary is forty-one years old, having been born in 1837. During the years devoted to working out his problem he has sustained himself by the proceeds from the sale of a few useful inventions made from time to time when he was forced to turn aside from his experiments to raise funds. From the sale of one of these inventions—a simple thing—he realized something like ten thousand dollars.—E. M. Bacon, in Harper's Magazine for March.

Sallye's Snake-antidote is the Longview Insane Asylum, in Cincinnati. She deems it necessary, in the performance of her duties, to strike the patients with her fists. She is now suffering from the consequence of her zealous enforcement of discipline. A dejected old woman would not obey an order, and Sallye struck her on the head. The old woman's skull and the blow were hard, while Sallye's fist was soft, and her hand was badly sprained. She has the sympathy of all the attendants.

Company which still is admitted in the public schools of Boston, subject to the rule that it shall always consist of blows on the head with a rattan. Superintendent Elliot advocates further restriction, so that whippings shall never be inflicted while the teacher is in a passion. "There should be," he says, "an interval between the offense and the chastisement at least as long as that between two sessions." But imagine the torturing suspense in which the pupil would be placed.

NEVER GIVE UP.—A young man, who says he has done others, is cost little and can never harm. Price, 25 cents.

Quicken'd Consciences.
A correspondent of the Nashville American repeats the following story which was told him by a Georgian who witnessed the scene described.
Georgia has a stringent pistol law. The penalty is forfeiture of the pistol and a fine of \$50, and, at the discretion of the Court, imprisonment for 30 days. A short time after the law went into effect, Judge Lester was holding court in one of the mountain counties of North Georgia, and, right in the midst of the trial of a case, he asked the attorneys to suspend a few moments, and told the Sheriff to lock the Court-house door and let no man pass out without permission from him. Then said the Judge in his firm, decided way: "Gentlemen, I saw a pistol on a man in this room a few moments ago, and I can not reconcile it to my sense of duty as a peace officer to let such a violation of the law go unnoticed. It may be that it is my duty to go before the Grand Jury and indict him, but if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol on a fine of \$1 down here, I will let him off this time, otherwise I will go before the Grand Jury and testify against him."

The Judge paused, and an attorney who was sitting down just before the stand got up, slipped his hand in his hip-pocket, drew out a neat ivory-handled Smith & Wesson six-shooter, and laid it down before the Judge.
"This is all right," remarked the Judge, "but you are not the man that I saw with the pistol."
At this another attorney, sitting immediately in front of the Judge, got up and drawing out a small Colt's revolver, laid it and a \$1 bill upon the stand.
"This is right again," said the Judge, "but you are not the man I speak of."
Thereupon a large man just outside of the bar walked around, ran his hand into his bosom and drawing out a huge old army pistol, laid it and \$1 on the stand.

"I declare," exclaimed the Judge, "if this don't beat all; you have done right, my friend, but you are not the man that I saw with the pistol."
This process went on until 19 pistols and \$19 were lying on the Judge's stand. Then there was a pause, and it appeared as if the crowd were pretty well dispersed; at least, if there were any more pistols in the house their owners did not seem disposed to give them up.

"Gentlemen," resumed the Judge, "here are 19 persons who have acted like men in this business, but the man I saw with the pistol has not come up yet, and now," continued he, pulling out his watch and looking toward the far side of the Court-house, "I will give him one minute to accept my proposition, and if he does not do it in that time, I will point him out to the Sheriff and order him to take him into custody."

Immediately two men from the back part of the house began to move toward the Judge's stand. Once they stopped and looked at each other, and then, coming slowly forward, laid down their pistols and their dollars. As they turned to leave, the Judge said: "This man with the black whiskers is the one I saw with the pistol."

Then Judge Lester gave a short lecture upon the cowardly, foolish and wicked habit of carrying concealed weapons, and assured his audience that in the future the law would be strictly enforced. The Court proceeded with its regular business, and it is needless to add that in that county the habit of carrying pistols was broken up.

The Chowchilla Rangers are a law and order society composed of wealthy landowners in Mariposa County, Cal., who seem to mean business about as seriously as any organization of that character in the country. A man named Ross having chosen imprisonment for life as his punishment, the Sheriff of the county, fearing an attempt to lynch the prisoner, secretly led him out of the Court-house by a rear passage, handcuffed him to a powerful horse, and mounting an equally good animal himself, started off with him on a gallop over a road covered with six feet of snow. A half hour later the Chowchilla men were on their track. They gained on them until within a shooting distance, and then began firing. A turn in the mountain alone saved the fugitives. Reaching a town, the Sheriff changed horses, and was barely off again with his prisoner before the Rangers arrived. They, too, changed horses, and kept up the pursuit until the prisoner was safely lodged in a secure jail in Merced. So determined were the Chowchilla in their pursuit, and so fully resolved to face any result, that many of them made their wills before setting out on the chase.

Not long ago a Florida paper told a story of the charming of an alligator by a rattlesnake. The latter upon discovering the former attracted attention by sounding an alarm. The alligator turned his head several times as if he wanted to get away, but as often faced the snake, again. "Towards the end of half an hour," says the paper, "with fixed eyes the alligator moved slowly toward his terrible enemy, still without striking distance, when the snake curled himself more compactly and struck the alligator. For a moment the alligator shook tremendously, and then, as if by magic, made a semi-circle backwards and brought his tail down upon the would-be assassin with fatal result." On several occasions, captured alligators and rattlesnakes have been put in an enclosure to fight for the benefit of spectators, and in a majority of cases the snake has been victorious, having succeeded in striking his fangs into the alligator's open mouth.

GINKGO-BREAD.—1 cup of molasses, a tablespoonful of butter, 1 cup of boiling water, flour to make a stiff batter, a tablespoonful of ginger.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
HAW OMELET.—Chop up one pound of cold boiled ham; add to it 4 eggs, well beaten, with a little salt and pepper; then place in a pan a small piece of butter, and then turn in the eggs and ham, and brown.
PINE-APPLE CUSTARD.—1 can of pine-apple cut fine, 2 cups of sugar, 2 cups of milk, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of butter; beat the eggs, then stir in the butter, sugar and milk, add the pine-apple, then bake in a moderate oven. This will make 2 pies.
SWEET Pudding.—1 teaspoon molasses, 1 cup of sugar, 1 of chopped meat, 1 of sweet milk, 1 of raisins chopped, 2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful of allspice, 1 teaspoonful soda; bake or boil. Sauce.
ROLL JELLY CAKE.—2 eggs, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoonful cream-tartar, 1 teaspoonful soda, pinch of salt. Make 2 cakes, spread this on tins. As soon as done spread on jelly, and roll up immediately. This will not break in rolling unless there is too much flour in it.
BREAD-FRIED CAKES.—Take any bits of bread you may have left after meals; soak them in milk, or milk and water, until perfectly soft; mash fine; add two eggs, pinch of soda, salt to taste, and enough flour to make them fry nicely; drop the spoonfuls into hot butter or lard. These are inexpensive and good, and a better way to use dry bread than in puddings.
GRAHAM PANCAKES.—Wholesome and most palatable pancakes may be made as follows: Using one-half wheat flour and one-half graham; mix with sour, or buttermilk and soda (small teaspoon of soda to 1 quart of milk); add a pinch of salt, and, if desired, 1 egg; have the batter a little thinner than when wheat flour is used alone; bake immediately on a hot griddle.
DUTCH CAKES.—Set a sponge same as for bread—using about 2 pounds of flour and a cup of yeast for the purpose—at night; the next morning add 4 eggs, 1 pound white sugar, about 4 pound fresh butter, cinnamon, and a few raisins; then add enough milk—sufficient to form a thick batter. Pour this mixture into tins; let them rise, and bake in a moderate oven. This will be sufficient for two large cakes.
FRIED CHICKEN.—In the first place, be sure that it is a genuine spring chicken, young, fresh and tender. Prepare and carve as for stewing; then sprinkle with salt, and let it stand 20 minutes before cooking. Place 2 tablespoonfuls of fresh, sweet butter in a spider on top of the stove, and let it gradually melt, but not burn; beat 2 or 3 eggs thoroughly, then dip each piece into flour, then in steam; cover closely, to keep in the heat; cook slowly, and as long as you can without turning; when both sides are nicely browned, and well done, again salt slightly, and serve hot.
USES OF STALE BREAD.—Dressing for Meat.—Crumb it fine; turn hot broiler over it; season, add butter and a well beaten egg, or more, according to quality. Bread Pudding.—Soak 2 hours in sweet milk, then beat eggs, sugar, and spices, and bake. Or sometimes add fruit. Biscuits.—Soak overnight in sour milk; wash fine with the hand; mix in the basin for breakfast, adding salt, lard, and soda. They are better than without the stale bread. Pancakes or Gems.—Soak overnight in sour milk; add well beaten eggs, flour, corn-meal, or graham bread, to make a batter; add soda and salt, and bake on a griddle or in gem-pans. Crumb fine and put them in the next omelet you make. Toast your bread. Set a pan of milk on the stove, but do not remove the cream from it; add butter and salt; dip the bread in this, and send to the table for supper or tea.

BASHFUL LOVER (to his sweetheart).
Alfred, miss, I want to see your father. I've an important matter to propose to him. Young lady (considerately)—"I'm sorry papa is not at home, but couldn't you propose to me just as well?" He did, and with perfect success.

WHAT color are the people of Afghanistan? The Afghan-tan color. This was tanned by the Lowell Courier.

Palatable, Powerful, Antiperiodic and Tonic.—All the necessities of a great popular remedy are combined in Clifford's Peppermint. As a tonic in debilitated states of system, this remedy stands pre-eminently at the head. Yet it is more than usually understood by that term, for no other preparation known exercises an eradicated power over intermitting diseases, at all comparable with it. As it is probable that, in the intervals of the paroxysms of these diseases, a train of morbid action is going out of our sight, so it is equally probable that this remedy produces in the same system an action equally mysterious, which supercedes that of the malarial fever, and accomplishes the restoration of the patient.

J. C. RICHMOND, Prop'r.,
For sale by all Druggists. St. Louis.

The Crowding Discovery.
All the "phases" of this phrenic age are supposed in practical hands to be mastered, by the discovery of Allan's Anti-Fat, the great and only known remedy for obesity, or corpulence. It produces no weakness or other unpleasant or injurious effect, its action being simply confined to dissolving the carbonaceous, or fat-producing elements of the food. Sold by Druggists.

ELLWOOD, Kan., July 13th, 1878.
BUREAU MINNERS Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Gentlemen—Allan's Anti-Fat reduced me seven pounds in one week.
Yours respectfully,
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