The Worthington Advance.

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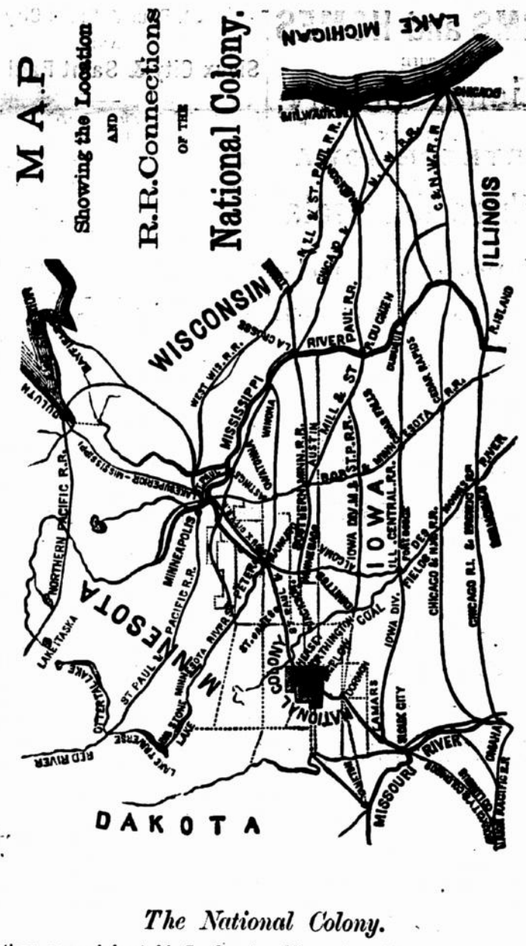
150,000 Acres of Land for Sale on Long Time and Small Payments, by the

THE NATIONAL COLONY



The National Colony.

The national colony is located in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises twelve townships of land in Nobles county, Minnesota, and three and one half townships in Osceola county, Iowa, the land being undulating prairie, watered by streams and lakes, and having a soil of sandy loam from two to four feet in depth. There are twenty townships of land in Nobles county, and it is admitted on all hands that this county lies in the very heart of what is called the "CREAM OF THE PRAIRIES." Southwestern Minnesota, by general consent, long since took the name of the "GARDEN OF THE STATE."

Lakes.

There are some fifty lakes, great and small, in Nobles county. The principal ones are Lakes Okabena, Ocheeda, Indian Lake, and Graham Lakes. Within a radius of eight miles of Worthington there are over twenty-four miles of lake front.

Stock Growing.

The numerous lakes and the luxuriant grasses of this region adapt it to stock-growing in an eminent degree, and a number of settlers are arranging to engage in stock-growing, dairying and cheese-making. The dry winters and fine climate are exceedingly favorable to the health of all kinds of stock. Beef cattle grown here can be delivered in Chicago for less money than by stock-growers living within twenty miles of that city. Two cheese factories now in operation in the county.

Railroads.

Two railroads now in operation to Worthington. The Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad runs in a southwesterly direction across Nobles county, keeping the people in daily communication with both St. Paul, distant 177 miles, and Sioux City, distant 92 miles. The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad extends westward to Lu Verne and will soon be completed to Sioux Falls. Preparations are now making to extend the Southern Minnesota to Worthington within the next year. Another proposed road is a narrow-gauge coal road to the Iowa coal fields, which will, in due time, no doubt be built. Another road is projected from Sioux City to Worthington by way of the Rock River Valley. The Southern Minnesota Company contemplates building a branch northwest from Worthington to Pipestone county.

Towns and Villages.

There are three villages in the county, all of which are railroad stations, viz: Worthington, Bigelow and Hersey.

Worthington

Is the county seat, and is a thriving town, drawing trade from nine of the surrounding counties. It is situated on West Okabena Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, having a circumference of about six miles, and presenting upon its shores many elevated sites for residences. It furnishes sand, gravel, boulders, ice and water in abundance for the town, to say nothing of boating, fishing, gunning, etc. The business of the town is represented by over twenty stores, five hotels, several lumber yards, fuel yards, meet markets, livery stables, etc., and one large steam flouring mill and two weekly newspapers. The professions are represented by three physicians, two dentists, and four lawyers. There are five church organizations in the place, viz.: Union Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians both have neat church edifices, and the Methodists own the large building known as Methodist Block, containing Miller Hall, in which they hold services. The various societies are represented by a Masonic Lodge, a Good Templar Lodge, and a Post of the Grand Army.

Worthington has a good graded school, with three departments, on the Independent District plan. A fine School Building has been erected.

In culture and character, the people of Worthington are admitted to be far superior to those of frontier towns generally. The temperance feature of the Colony, which excludes the liquor traffic, has attracted the better class and excluded the more vicious class of settlers. We know of no place in the west where an investment in town lots will pay better

BIGELOW is a thriving village located sixty-two miles south-west of Worthington near the Iowa line. It is a railroad station and contains several stores, shops, warehouses, etc., and a cheese factory in successful operation.

HERSEY is another railroad station and village located about eight miles north-east of Worthington. It contains a postoffice, hardware store, lumber yard, hotel, etc., and is located in a beautiful and fertile region, and has a promising future before it.

Temperance and Education.

The National Colony is founded upon a temperance and educational basis. These features entered into the original plan of Dr. A. P. Miller and Professor R. F. Humiston, the founders, and were among the chief inducements which brought to this locality the intelligent class of people, who have located here. No intoxicating beverages are sold in the county. The town charter of Worthington prohibits the liquor traffic. The educational interests of the town and county are in the hands of advanced men, who appreciate the importance of superior educational facilities and who will have them whatever they may cost. A few years hence will witness the establishment of the Worthington Seminary upon a permanent basis. There are now about fifty school districts organized in the county.

Climate.

The climate of Southwestern Minnesota is probably its chief attraction. The atmosphere is dry and is almost a specific for all pulmonary and bronchial affections. Consumption and ague are unknown here, and the exhilerating air gives energy to constitutions which would succumb in a more humid climate. The abounding good health and energy of the people are a source of constant remark and congratulation.

Advantages.

The advantages of this region are briefly summarized as follows: Fertile soil, convenient markets, and healthful climate; superior mail, railroad, school, church and other privileges; and no ague, no consumption, no liquor traffic, no desperadoes, no Indians.

The National Colony is a community founded, like any other community, upon legitimate and recognized business and social principles, without any communism or any peculiar feature other than the exclusion of the liquor traffic.

In addition to the advantages above named, every settler upon these lands has all the benefits arising from the location here of the NATIONAL COLONY and of the constant active and efficient work of that organization, of which Miller, Humiston & Co. are the proprietors and managers.

Settlers upon these lands will be transported from Chicago, and intermediate stations, at greatly reduced rates.

Descriptive Pamphlets, containing full information in regard to the Colony lands, will be sent free to any one applying personally or by letter to

MILLER, HUMISTON & CO., Worthington, Minn.

ALLEN GIBSON, National Colony Agent, 106 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.

Or F. C. TAYLOR, 184 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

The sweetest sound heard through our earthly home,
The brightest ray that gleams from Heaven's dome,
The loveliest flower that e'er took Earth's breast rose,
The purest flame that, quivering, gleams and glows,
Are found alone where kneels a mother mild,
With heart uplifted, praying for her child.
Because it is to mortal eyes unseen,
Ye call it foolishness, a childish dream.
In vain; ye cannot rob me of that though,
That legend, with such Heavenly sweetness fraught,
That blessed angles have for ages smiled
To see a mother praying for her child.

PRINCE BOLTIKOFF.

There are posts more important, perhaps, than Fort Needham on the South Coast, but it is at all times so strictly garrisoned that the integrity of the Empire might depend upon its tenure. I was once its garrison—I, Randal de Loutherberg Carruthers, Lieutenant in her Majesty's Royal Regiment of Fencibles—that is to say, I, with a handful of soldiers, held it against all comers. My men were better off than I was, for they took it in turn to mount guard upon the honeycombed ordnance and the tumble-down gates of the fortress. They had employment, I had none. I bathed, breakfasted, and walked upon the shore; to eat, drink, sleep, and smoke made up the sum total of my diversions. But that I was gifted with powers of progression, I might have been an oyster.

One day as usual I strolled upon the beach. The season was springtime, the sky bright, the sea like a mirror. Nothing ever broke the stillness that reigned around Fort Needham; it lay off the highroad, no one came to it: even the fishing boats avoided the bay, because of the shoal water. With my glass I swept the horizon, now and again examining the sea gulls or a far off sail.

What is that black thing bobbing up and down in the water? A hen coop or a whale? or a new rock shot up suddenly from beneath the waves?

No, it is a boat of some sort very low in the water, not unlike a raft, and there is a figure on it, a man paddling. He is making for the shore; slowly and surely he approaches. Closer and closer. His face is plainly visible now, and his breast through his open shirt. He handles his little oar with skill and vigor—nearer and nearer he comes. At length—grate, squeeze, thud, his raft has run aground, and he jumps onto the shingle.

The stranger's first act was to throw himself upon his knees and exclaim fervently in French, "Thank God! safe at last!"

Then he rose and came to greet me with the bow of a finished courtier. He was in rags, he wore only a dilapidated shirt of coarse calico, and a pair of tattered trousers reaching just beyond his knees, made apparently from an old gray blanket; yet, in spite of all, he seemed a gentleman. His manner was perfect, the English in which he addressed me, though tinged with a foreign accent, pure, and in intonation decidedly well bred.

"This is a sorry plight in which I find myself, Monsieur. I am a waif cast up by the sea. I have been shipwrecked. I never dreamt I should reach land alive!"

"Shipwrecked, I asked. "When? Where? How?"

"Yesterday I was on board my own yacht, the Feodorowna—I am Prince Boltikoff—you know my name, perhaps," seeing that I bowed at this introduction of himself. "No? I am a Russian. I was en route for Cowes. Last night the yacht lay becalmed off the needles. I was in my berth—half reading half dozing, when—crack!—something crashed into the side of the yacht. I jumped from bed and rushed as I was, on deck. It was a collision. Death stared us one and all in the face. I snatched up the first garments I could find—you see them," he pointed, smiling, to his rags—"and jumped overboard. I am a good swimmer. At dawn I was still afloat. Then I got together a few floating spars from the wreck, and made that little raft—good friend it has done its duty," —and as he spoke he pushed it back into the tide—"Adieu; go, mon ami, go."

"May I ask," continued the stranger, as soon as the raft had drifted away, "May I ask where I am? Would you have the extreme complaisance to direct me to the nearest town?"

"This is Fort Needham," said I. Yarchester is the nearest town—some dozen miles distant."

So far! I am hardly in walking trim, I fear, but I must make shift to push on."

"Impossible. I cannot permit it. You need rest, food. My quarters are close at hand. I am the commandant of the fort——"

"You are then an English officer! I might have guessed it! You are all generous as you are brave. I was with Menschikoff in Sebastopol, and I learnt to respect you then."

"If you are yourself a soldier, Prince, it is the more incumbent upon me being your host."

With this, I led the way to the fort. The admission of such a tatterdemalion rather surprised the decorous sentry, but my servant, who was called in to assist at the Prince's toilet, soon spread the real story through the barracks.

A bath, my razors, and a complete rig-out of my clothes, made a wonderful change in the Prince's appearance He was evidently a person of the highest distinction,—not exactly handsome, his smoothly-shaven face was too sallow, and his cheek bones too high, but he had good features and dark penetrating eyes. He made the mistake, also of wearing his hair too short; it was clipped so short that his head looked like a round shot.

Your clothes fit me to the marvel, monsier M. Carruthers. It would not be indiscreet to ask your tailor's name! He is an artist."

I was flattered, and replied readily: "Mr. Schneider will be glad to get an order from you, Prince."

"He shall have it. His cut is superb."

Then he sat down to lunch. The Prince, although aristocratic to the finger-tips, had the most plebeian appetite: within a few minutes he had cleared the table.

"I have not tasted food for twenty-four hours," he said apologetically.

After lunch I produced cigars. He looked at the tobacco ravenously.

"It is my passion. I did not think I could have existed so long without it."

He lay back in an arm-chair and smoked half a dozen cigars, one after the other, apparently with the most intense gratification. Meanwhile we talked. The Prince was a most agreeable companion; his experience were varied; he had traveled far and wide, had seen many cities, and knew men's manners. It was delightful to listen to him. But he was far too well-bred to monopolize the conversation. He also could listen, and did so with courteous unflagging interest as I enlarged upon the subjects I had most at heart; he even led me on to talk quite familiarly and freely of my regiment; my comrades; my life and prospects—everything, in short, which interested me.

In this way the hours passed, till suddenly the Prince jumped up.

"You have been most good, M. Carruthers. I can never repay your kindness. But now the day is advancing, I must be moving on."

"Pray do not think of it. You will surely stay and dine? To-morrow or next day will be time enough to travel; by then you will be refreshed and recruited in strength."

"I hardly dare take advantage of your good nature. I know not what to say. But your pleasant society draws me towards you; I will stay. Suffer me only to write a few letters. I must communicate with the Russian Embassy; I should send to my bankers, and to my London hotel for clothes and necessities."

I sat him down at once to my writing-desk, a piece of portable barrack furniture limited in dimensions, very much littered with old letters, books, and stray papers,; tradesmen's bills, an army list, Bradshaw, officials' reports and returns, some in my own handwriting and bearing my signature. But from among these I cleared sufficient space, and left the Prince to write his letters alone.

It was quite an hour before I returned. He started rather as I re-entered the room, but explained that his recent narrow escape had shaken his nerves. He had been busy: several letters were lying on the table, their addresses uppermost, and, for the life of me, I could not help seeing that one was to a Secretary of the Russian Embassy, another to some one at Claridge's Hotel, a third to Messrs. Coutts; of a fourth I read only a part. It looked like "Jemmy Haw——Seven Di——" But the moment my somewhat surprised and curious eyes had read thus far, the Prince took up all his correspondence, and rose to greet me with a pleasant smile.

"There! So much for business. This contretemps will alter all my plans. But what matter? I am still alive. Shall we take a breath of air?"

Outside, after a few turns upon the shore, he said:

"Is your post-office far. We might drop these in as we pass."

I said I sent an orderly with the letter-bag as far as Silverburn, the nearest village and rail station, three miles or so. He would start in an hour.

"Now confess—you are sending on purpose? I shall be truly grieved to derange you. Your soldier would hate me. What say you, shall we walk to the post-office ourselves? I should like it, and it would do you good, too; you are lazy, mon Lieutenant, you will grow fat. Say then, shall we walk to Silverburn?

I excused myself. The fact was I wished to stay at the fort to attend to household affairs. I did not often entertain a prince, and I was somewhat anxious about the dinner which was being prepared by my experienced soldier cook.

"You will not? You are wrong. You should walk more. It is excellent exercise. I find the benefit, and need it much always, as now. But I see you will not be pursuaded. Au revoir then—till——?"

"Dinner at half-past 6. That will give us a nice long evening."

"Yes; a nice long evening," he repeated after me in a strange, mocking tone. If he had not been a Prince I might have considered his conduct rude.

We parted. He walked on at a very brisk pace; I returned slowly to the fort.

For the next few hours I was busy superintending the operations in the kitchen, assisting to lay the table, drawing wine, and making ready for the feast. About 6 p. m. I dressed in mess uniform to do honor to my foreign guest, and walked down the road to meet him on his return.

He had had three hours to do the journey there and back, but half-past 6 came, and with it no Prince. Seven—still he did not appear.

What had happened? He must have lost his way. It was quite dark, and rather cold. At half-past 7 I sent off two non-commissioned officers in search of him; at 8 I went myself, and, growing more and more concerned, walked on to Silverburn.

Yes; a person answering to the description of the Prince had been seen there. He had taken the train to Yarchester. An extraordinary proceeding; still it accounted for his absence; so, somewhat relieved, I went home, dined by myself, and went to bed.

I slept late next morning. It was close on 10 when I was roused by a familiar voice in the outer room.

"What, Randal! Still in bed!"

It was Bob Finch, a brother Lieutenant from headquarters.

"You are to return at once to the regiment," he said. "I have come to relieve you."

"Hurrah!"

"Steady, boy, steady. Read this. Don't sing out too soon."

It was an official letter from the Adjutant, desiring me to hand over my detachment, and report myself forthwith at headquarters—under arrest.

"Bless me. What's up?"

"The Colonel's furious. He declares he'll prefer charges, and have you tried by court-martial."

"But why, man! why?"

"What on earth induced you to give that sharper letters of introduction to the regiment? Where, in heaven's name, did you pick him up?"

"The Prince——?"

"Of Darkness. He made nice fools of us all."

I told Bob Finch the story of the raft, at which he laughed a little, adding soon:

"But it's no joke, Randal. He was asked to mess on the strength of your letter to Greycliffe."

"I gave him none.'

'He produced one—on paper with your monogram, and in your writing."

"A forgery."

"But how could he have done that?'

"I left him alone here for an hour or more to write letters. There was one for Messrs. Coutts, and another for somebody 'offski,' and"——for Seven Dials, of course, but I would not confess to this.

"Well, he dined at mess, en bourgeois. He was traveling and had left his mails at another stage; after dinner he got us to baccarat, which he played to a nicety. We were cleaned out, every one of us. The Prince, however, promised us our revenge. Only the same night—it could have been no one else—he broke into the mess house, stole three dozen silver forks, a heap of tea spoons, several snuff boxes, one or two racing cups—in fact, all the light, portable articles on which he could lay his hands."

I was utterly ashamed of myself for being so easily imposed upon, and was preparing, in pain and humiliation, to proceed to headquarters, when my sargent came in and said two Warders had arrived from Talkham Convict Prison; would I see them?

One came in.

"Might I make so bold as to claim your assistance, Sir? We have been in pursuit of a convict who escaped from our establishment the day before yesterday."

He produced a large placard headed with the Royal arms. Under them, in flaming capitals, were the words:

"Convict just escaped! Five pounds reward!"

Then followed the description:

"Thomas Twoshoes, alias Polish Ned, alias the Swaggering Sumph, alias Harry Highflyer; complexion sallow, dark eyes, high cheek bones, black hair. Speaks with a foreign accent. Was dressed in trousers of patched blanketing and an old check shirt."

"Well, what can I do?" I asked, a little nervously. Was I suspected of complicity? Doubtless I had laid myself open to the charge of aiding and abetting in the convict's escape. "If I can assist you in your search——"

"That isn't necessary, sir, for we've caught him."

"Caught him!" cried both Finch and myself in a breath.

"He is outside, in the custody of Assistant-Warden Tightlock. We captured him seven miles the other side of Yarchester. A boy saw him about daylight hiding behind a hedge changing his shirt—that he had on was marked with a Broad Arrow. We were informed, gave chase, and, after a sharp tussle, teok him. Will you allow me to lodge him in your guard room till the prison van arrives?"

I consented, and went out with Finch to see the culprit, who was handcuffed and still in my clothes.

"Well, Prince," I began.

"Pardon me." he said, gravely. "I am incog.; traveling under the name Twoshoes. My equerry here, Mr. Tightlock, will explain."

"Always was a rum'un to patter. Flash as you like, and artful," said Mr. Tightlock.

"How he got away was marvelous; like magic," said the senior Warder. "He was here to-day——"

"And will be gone again to-morrow," put in the incorrigible rogue. "But, while I have the opportunity, allow me to thank M. Carruthers for his generous hospitality; and perhaps you, sir," he went on to Bob Finch, "will convey to your brother officers an invitation to visit me at Talkham? The place is rough, but I am compelled to make it my residence for the present, and if any care to come over I shall be happy to give them their revenge."

"And the mess plate, Twoshoes?"

"Made into white soap hours ago."

"Melted down, that is," remarked Tightlock, by way of explanation.

And that was all we ever heard of it.

Our Scant Wheat Crop.

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.

There can no longer be a question that the wheat crop in the Northwestern States for the year 1876 is very scant. It was at first natural to doubt whether so general a failure in a district comprising 200,000 square miles could be possible. Bnt facts come from time to time to the public eye which show a scantiness in the yield of wheat unprecendented in the history of the Northwestern States. A farmer writing to us from Buffailo county, in Northwestern Wisconsen, says: "I threshed the grain from fifteen "acres, and got seventy-one bushels. The harvest was so poor that it was hardly worth while to cut it. The most of the farmers did not get more than one-fourth, some one-third, and a very few of them got one-half a crop."

Farm and Garden.

A Practical Test of Milk.

As a simple and practical test for the condition and quality of milk, the Country Gentleman gives the following:

"A series of small cups are arranged in a water-bath or receptacle, so that the contents of the vats may be heated either by steam or water. As the milk comes to the factory, a given quantity is taken from each patron's can, and heated in these cups until a temperature of about ninety degrees Fahrenheit is reached. At this temperature it is found, by practicle experiment, that the smell of garlic, putridity, fever or disease of the udder will each unmistakably manifest itself by developing the peculiar odor which characterizes each of these impurities. If the milk shows no signs of being unsound or in bad condition, but is suspected of being skimmed or diluted with water, the sample of each cup is coagulated by adding renet, the curd compressed to expel the whey, and the curd then weighed. By knowing the standard weighed of the curd of a given quantity of milk, and comparing it with the sample tested, the variation shows the amount of water which has been added, or to what extent it has been skimmed, and the percentage may be deducted from such patron's milk.

Barn Cellars.

A barn without a cellar is only half a barn; and the farmer who don't feel the need of a cellar under his barn, or whose system of farming does not require it, is not more than half a farmer. To be sure he can grow some roots and put them in pits to which he can resort day after day, through winter, in snow and rain. We have seen farmers do this, and some manage in this way for years, but it is no way to do. It is better and cheaper to have a good barn cellar, frost-proof, and ample in dimensions to contain rutabagas, sugar-beets and pumpkins for the cows the winter through. Many a farmer can date the beginning of his prosperity in business to the building of a barn cellar. When he has a place to store roots he will grow roots, and the feeding of roots in some way starts things a-going on the farm in the right course. Animals grow faster, grain is saved, hay is saved, the coarse provndeer is worked up and all made into manure. Why, the quantity of the latter is doubled. Crops are better, things brighten up, money is plentier—simply because there is more to exchange for it, and more to turn off all the while—all this coming naturally from having a barn cellar. There are other advantages which a good cellar under a barn brings, which need not be referred to here. Cellars may be built in winter, under barns already up.

New Large Japanese Radish.

A new variety of radish, the seeds of which were forwarded from Japan by Dr. Genou, has been introduced into the French market under the name of Raphanus acantiformis, and is pronounced an acquisition of value. In color it is milk-white, with a tinge of yellow, and it is firm, transparent, and juicy, and of delicate flavor, while the skin is thin and peels off easily. In Japan, where it is cultivated under the name of Daicon, it frequently attains a length of 35 inches, with a corresponding thickness; and it is used in a great variety of forms as food, and is frequently fed to cattle on account of its great yield. At Lyons it has been grown 48 inches long and 12 inches thick. It is sowed in July and August, and requires for its full development a loose, well-manured soil, and frequent watering in September.

The Lawn.

The lawn is the chief element of beauty in all places, wheter large or small; if cut up by needless paths or by too many flower beds, its effect is frittered away, and it looks like a mere appendage to the paths and beds, rather than the ground-work in which these are made.—The lawn is expected to last many years, and the work must be thorough. The ground should be drained, if need be, leveled, or graded, and prepared better than for any field crop: then sow red-top, Kentucky Blue grass, or in light soils, Rhode Island Bent. with a pint of white clover to the bushel, if desired, using from three bushels to the acre, on rich land, to five bushels on poorer soil. In small yards it is better to lay sods, if a good turf can be had; and in large lawns lay a margin of turf along the walks and roads, and around any beds made in the lawn.

Smilax as a Window Plant.

The Myrsiphyllum asparigoides, commonly known as smilax, is one of the prettiest climbing plants with which I am acquainted. There are no large or showy leaves or gaudy colored flowers to attract attention, but everything about the plant, from its long, slender, grass-like stem, to its small, delicate, fragrant, white flowers, are the very perfection of grace and neatness. The roots, being small, require but little soil or pot-room, and the vines shoot up rapidly, clinging to any slight support given in the form of twine, wire, or trellis. Plants are easily produced from seed, or they can be had very cheaply of almost any florist. I do not think the merits of this neat little climbing plant are as fully appreciated as they deserve by those who take delight in cultivating window plants, as it is especially adapted to that purpose. While a majority of plants of a similar habit become large coarse and cumbersome when fully developed, the smilax never reaches such a stage, but is always light and graceful, no matter how strong and vigorous the growth. It is extensively cultivated by our florists, the gentler sex being their principal customers, for Smilax enters largely into "little nothings" which add so much to the grace and beauty of the final touches of a lady's toilet. Although the vine appears to be very delicate and fragile. it is quite the reverse, for the stems are almost as tough as iron wire, and the leaves remain fresh, without wilting, a long time after the twigs are separated from the parent plant, even in a warm and dry atmosphere, hence the special adaptibility to the purpose named.

How Much Meal to Feed.

A villager wants to know how much meal it is profitable to give a new milch cow, per day,—meal at 75c a bushel and hay at $15 a ton. The Vermont Farmer answers the query as follows: The only man who can answer that question with any degree of accuracy is the one who takes care of the cow. His information upon the subject to be obatined by varying the feed and noting the effect. There is a wide difference in the capacity of cows for assimilating food, and as great a variation in the power to convert it into butter. Some cows never pay for their keeping, be it what it may. It may be stated as a rule, that it pays to feed milch cows meal with liberality, especially so if both hay and meal are bought. Much depends on the quality of the hay. Early cut June grass hay will make as much milk as a fair quality of timothy hay and two or three quarts of meal a day. From two to four quarts per day, of meal, is probably as much as an ordinary cow will pay for. It is better economy and more healthful for the cow, and we believe for those who use the milk as food, to give mixed ration. Say wheat bran, four or six parts; corn meal two parts, and linseed meal one part, by measure, and feed the cow as much of that as she shows herself able to pay for, whether it four or eight quarts.

Sweet Oil.

A physician says that sweet oil is not only an antidote to the bite of the rattlesnake, but "will cure poison of any kind, both on man or beast. The patient must take a spoonful of it internaliy, and bathe the wound, for a cure. To cure a horse it takes eight times as much as for a man. One of the most extreme cases of snake bites occurred eleven years ago. It had been of thirty days standing, and the patient had been given up by his physicians. I gave him a spoonful of the oil, which effected a cure. It will cure bloat in cattle caused by fresh clover. It will cure the stings of bees, spiders, or other insects, and persons who have been poisoned by a low, running vine called ivy."

Infected Clothes.—A correspondent of Manchester Guardian warns readers of the danger of ordering clothes from tailors whose workmen work at their homes, where contagious disease may be raging. Recently a friend ordered a suit of clothes from a Manchester tailor, and soon after he had begun to wear them symptoms of scarlet fever appeared. He found that the journeyman who had made up his clothes had scarlet fever in his house at the time.

Treatment of Burns.—In the treatment of burns in the Charity Hospital, New York, when of a superficial character, a preparation consisting of two parts of collodion and one of olive oil has been found to be very efficacious. When the burn is of an extensive character, gasoline proves of decided benefit. The advantage of gasoline is that it is of the right consistence, and does not become rancid.

Advancing Price of Wheat.

The farmers of the northwest may have raised a small crop of wheat in 1876, but they are likely to obtain a round price for the same. Their expectations were moderate, because of the previous depression, and yet they are already more than realized. Cash wheat No. 2 has advanced since its lowest point in July, 26 cents per bushel. Even the present large advance fails to bring out the reserve wheat, so it is believed that the farmers are holding it under the conviction that $1.25 is a moderate price, considering the scantiness of the crop. The same class of operators hold that wheat must advance whether there is war or no war in Europe, as in the spring of 1877 there will be no wheat left in the country.

IMPERFECT PAGE