GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

—Singular to relate, but fact, nevertheless, there is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron, Moore, Sir Philip Sidney, or Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough or Nelson; not one of Strafford, Ormond, or Clarendon; not one of Addison, Swift, or Johnson; not one of Walpole, Bolingbroke, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan, or Canning; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton, or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon, or Macaulay; not one of Hogarth, or Sir Joshua Reynolds; not one of David Garrick, John Kemble, or Edmund Kean.

—A Nashville man was awakened the other other night by a pain in his stomach and thinking that the cholera was at hand he clutched for a bottle of camphor which he kept on the table, ready for instant use, and commenced to apply it with vigorous rubbing to his abdomen. He experienced immediate relief but was considerably surprised at not perceiving the strong scent of camphor. Suspecting that he might have made a mistake he lighted the gas and made an inspection which resulted in the highly satisfactory discovery that instead of camphor he had used a bottle of ink.

—The recent dashing to death of the aeronaut La Mountain at Ionia, Mich., recalls the fact that three years ago another aeronaut, also called La Mountain, perished in a nearly similar manner, and not a hundred miles from the same place. This was in 1870, at South Bend, Ind.; an impatient crowd cast him off before he was quite ready, with the valve rope tied several feet above his head; the balloon shot into a cloud of mist and sleet, which froze the valve-board fast. The intrepid voyager climbed the net-work and tore open the balloon with his teeth. The balloon collapsed and fell, and the aeronaut was frightfully mangled.

—For the annihilation of gophers and wood-chucks, we have dogs, and feline vigilance is a healthy restraint upon inordinate musciopian multiplication, but the fecund cockroach has no natural enemy among domestic animals. How more than priceless would be a microscopic terrier, with the ability and the disposition to invade the strongholds of these detested insects, and visit upon them condign mastication their crimes deserve.

—A queerly mixed entertainment was recently given at a London theatre. Gounod, the composer, who never played publicly in his life, made his debut as a pianist, Wilkie Collins, no elocutionist at all, recited a story, Mdlle Desclee, the great dramatic actress, played the organ, and Hiller, the pianist, gave a fantasa in the double-bass. Ristori on the tight rope and Baglioni as a prima dona, would have capped the ridiculous climax.

—They say that when the news of his mother's death reached the shah at Berlin, he sent home the three shahesses and declared that the royal grief should be postponed until his return to Persia, which reminds Kate Field of the Yankee woman who, upon being told at dinner of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Just wait until I've done eating, and I'll show you some tall crying."

—The daughter of an English earl, only 17 years old, made a very successful debut as Juliet, in London, recently under the name of Edith Gray. Her father made a will leaving her a large fortune, but omitted to sign it, so she has been penniless and homeless all her life. A retired actress took charge of her, and superintended her education for the stage.

—The will of a Kentuckian, which was made before his marriage, and gave all his property to the lady who afterward became his wife, has been successfully contested by his legal heirs, it being held that the marriage acted as a revocation, and that the widow is entitled to only one third.

—A Virginia railroad runs what is called a grasswidowers' train out of Richmond every Saturday evening, stopping at all the summer resorts on the line and returning, Monday morning, in good time for the gentlemen to begin the business of the week.

—Several passengers, on the lower Mississippi, were attracted by the alligators basking in the sunshine. "Are they amphibious, captain?" asked a looker-on. "Amphibious, h—l!" answered the emphatic officer; "they'll eat a hog in a minute."

—The freeman doesn't gravitate very violently toward labor. Some colored vagrants, recently arrested in Georgia were offered their choice of 12 months in jail or 12 months indenture to work, and they unhesitatingly chose the former.

—And now some scientists are claiming that, instead of being cold, the moon is in reality redhot, so much so that no living thing known to our world could exist there. Th is also knocks the green cheese theory.

—J. E. James, a San Francisco surveyor, backed by heavy capitalists, is making a thorough survey of the Colorado deserts, east of San Diego, with a view of ascertaining the practicability of reclaiming vast tracts of land.

—Josh Billings says that "The lion and the lamb may possibly sumtime lay down in this world together for a fu minutes, but when the lion kums to get up the lamb will be missing."

—Figueras is at Eanx-Bonnes, France, being treated for an affection of the larnyx, produced by straining his voice while he was president of the Spanish assembly.

—A San Francisco paper calls for a war of extermination against sea lions, alleging that these unsightly, predaceous and voracious beasts destroy vast numbers of fish.

—A ship is about to leave San Francisco with the design of applying the diving bell to pearl fishing off the western coast of Mexico. Great results are expected.

—The shah didn't fancy the empress of Germany at all, and his last words to William on leaving Berlin were, "I advise you to get rid of that old Augusta.

—A Kentucky paper, in announcing a Sunday-school picnic, "truly hopes that our citizens will, for once, leave their bowie-knives and revolvers at home."

—A Florida paper has ascertained that a healthy alligator can eat seven negro children in one forenoon, and not display any symptoms of disquiet.

—Man is the only creature endowed with laughter. Is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?—*Lord Grenville.*

—Cincinnati wants to swap off her big policemen for men who can chase a theif three blocks without having to sit down to rest.

—The wallsof Constantinople, though built 1500 years ago, are still perfect. Originally there were 43 gates; now only seven exist.

—Saloons are closed on Sunday at Long Branch, but bar-keepers make professional calls at private rooms, if desired.

—St. Augustine, Fla., will celebrate her next anniversary with a bull fight, in honor of her Spanish founders.

—They do things differently in China. There, if a young man just hits his father, off goes his head.

—Mark Twain modestly denies that he is the man alluded to in the line, "Mark the perfect man."

—The New York World favors compulsory washing of the Italian minstrels and boot-blacks.

—Hog cholera has appeared in Illinois, and the people are in great alarm.

—Letters will be delivered and collected hourly in New York, hereafter.

Two licences to sell opium were recently sold in Honolulu for $28,000.

—Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, is insane.

—An Illinois wind-mill has run 181 days without a full stop.

—Pere Hyacinthe will revisit this country next spring.

—Mammoth cave is offered for sale at half a million.

THE PUZZELED DUTCHMAN.

I'm a proken-hearted Deutsher,
Vat's villed mit grief and shame;
I dells you vot der drouble ish;
I doesn't know my name.

You dinks dis very funny, eh!
Ven you der story hear,
You vill not vonder den so much.
It was so shtrange and queer.

Mein moder had two little twins,
Dey vas me and mine brother;
Ve lookt so very much alike,
No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von ov der boys vas "Yawcup,"
And "Hans" der oder's name,
But den it make no tifferent,
Ve both got called der same.

Vell! von ov us got tead;
Yaw, Mynheer, dat ish so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcup,
Mein modder she ton't know.

And so I am in droubles,
I gan't git droo mine head,
Vedder I am Hans oto kifing,
Or Yawcup vot ish tead!

Summer Fallowing.

Weeds rob the farmer of a greater proportion of the proper results of his labor than all the insect depredators or all the injurious droughts or floods of rain to which he is subject. They crowd and decrease his crops, reduce the fertility of his soil, occupy his most valuable time, and all this without any prospect of their ever being brought under control or destroyed. Year after year they seed and reproduce themselves. This is the result of our present system. It is plain that now, if ever, something should be done to bring this never-ending and ruinous war to a close. There is no recourse but summer fallowing. If the question is considered in the light of dollars and cents, it would be found that it is better to devote one year to the bare tillage of a field, and to raise four successive good crops, than to raise five poor crops. The element of time spent need not enter into the calculation, for more labor is expended in four or five years now in fighting weeds than would be occupied in the cultivation of one fallow and four clean crops. Not only is the ground rendered cleaner by fallowing, but the soil is improved and deepened. That bugbear to most farmers, deep tillage and turning up the subsoil, is here met and vanquished. A summer fallow rightly conducted will enable the plow to penetrate several inches further than it has ever before done, and bring up fresh soil without injury. Generally a fallow will come after the corn or oat crop. Then the stubble deeply is plowed in the fall, and left as rough as possible during the winter subject to the frosts. In the spring it will be mellow, and weeds will sprout. As soon as corn is planted, or in June, the weeds will have started. It should then be plowed and harrowed before the droughts of summer have baked the soil. Another crop of weeds will then start, and in a week a heavy harrow should be passed over the field. This will destroy the crop and start a new one, and thus the process must be repeated without permitting a weed to get beyond its seed leaves, when they are easily killed. Should a fallow become green, it is insufficiently worked. This repeated tillage will so mellow and reduce the soil that no dry weather can interfere with the plowing for a wheat crop to be done in August, and the seed will go into the soil in such a condition that the roots can strike so deeply and the plants make such a growth that no ordinary winter can heave them out. The grass seed at the same time will have but small chance to fail of a catch. Thus a foundation will have been laid for a good wheat crop, to be followed by a good grass crop, a good sod, and as must neccessarially follow, a good corn crop, on clean soil and easily cultivated. There are thousands of farms in the state of New York or Pennsylvania alone on which wheat or barley must give place to the less valuable crops, rye or oats, solely because the soil is not sufficiently prepared. On these farms, as well as on any other thus conditioned, these poorer crops may be changed for the more valuable ones by one well conducted summer fallow, and a basis laid for a permanent increase in the valve of the land.

Feed for Producing Milk.

The Practical Farmer says: "It is well settled in the opinion of all our best dairymen, that bran greatly promotes the milk secretion in cows, and it is fed almost universally. About equally mixed with corn-meal is the usual proportion. The mixture seems to promote both quality and quantity of milk. From several sources we hear that buckwheat bran is a great milk producer, and it is now being used considerably among our Chester county dairymen, in about the same proportions as the other." Thomas Gawthrop, near West Grove, Chester county, also by repeated trials with his own cows, has fully satisfied himself that they do as well with corn and cob-meal and bran as with pure corn-meal and bran. The amount of nutriment in corn-cobs is so very small that this result will have to be explained on the supposition of the ground cob, acting to promote digestion by distending the stomach. The presence of bulky material being necessary to promote distension and fill up the stomach of ruminating animals before perfect digestion can be accomplished is frequently lost sight of. Hungarian grass is also found for milch cows to be rather superior to the ordinary run of hay. The last year or two Hungarian grass has loomed up wonderfully in the estimation of our dairy farmers, and a large scope of land will be sowed with it the coming season. It matures for cutting in about sixty days, and produces two to four tons per acre, the latter, of course, on good soils. Three pecks to the acre is the usual allowance of seed. There is a good hay market is convenient this substitution of Hungarian grass for common hay in home feeding will be a clear additional source of profit.

Talleyrand and the Garrick.

When the Garrick club was formed in 1831, Talleyrand was French minister at the court of St. James, and took much interest in its inauguration. Though then seventy-six, the "voluptuous hypocrite," as one of his detractors not unhappily calls him, had as keen a relish for entertaining society as most younger men. He was born lame, and his logs were fastened to his trunk by an iron apparatus, on which ever and anon he was accustomed to strike with a huge cane. One who met him every day for several months describes him to me as having piercing gray eyes peering through shaggy eyebrows, his face marked with deep stains partly covered by a shock of extraordinary hair, partly by an enormous white cravat which supported a large protruding lip. His pulse, which rolled a stream of enormous volume, intermitted at every sixth beat. This he used to boast of as a rest of nature, enabling him to do with little sleep. "Nature, he said, sleeps and recruits herself a ten times during every minute." His habits seemed to warrant the truth of this. He would sit at play till three in the morning, return home, go to bed at four, and at seven send for his secretary to write despatches. For fear of apoplexy, he always slept sitting upright. Talleyrand's great power lay undoubtedly in his impassibility. He would listen for hours, even to inferior men, without uttering a word, and out of all he heard make up those webs in which his opponents would get entangled.

—They settle domestic difficulties in Kansas City sensibly, without the aid of the law. At least, one such difficulty was settled a few days since. A policeman heard the rumpus, he ran in and found husband and wife engaged in a lively fight. He flourished his club and shouted for peace, when the woman replied: "I'd have been glad to see ye five minutes ago, when he had my neck across the stove-hearth, but I'm all right now, I've shut one of his eyes and am popping the other!" And she "popped" it before the officer could stop her.

—A Sioux chief, after following a surveying party on the northern Pacific for some days, mildly reniarked that they might go on, for he'd be d—d if he'd freeze to death for what hair there was in that crowd.

TRUTH, like light, travels only in straight lines.

A Question for Mr. Darwin.

[Henry Ward Beecher in the New York Ledger.]

They who study plants, who search for botanical specimens, have no special need of leisure; but they who would study birds must needs be quiet. Much striving puts an end to observation. In a ramble one may start new kinds of birds, may search for their nests, may learn something; but only they who live among birds get at their little ways, their characteristic traits, and distinguish one kind from another by their minute habits. A house well surrounded by trees and shrubs, with half-covered porch, or windows opening into coverts to which birds love to resort, furnishes an admirable point of study.

The old farm cottage which I summer in has just the right attributes. In front are maples and elms; on the sides, magnolias, birches and spruces; and laced in between, all kinds of shrubbery, with now and then a mulberry tree, a cherry tree, and, at a stone's cast, an orchard of cherries. Once this hill was almost bare of birds; but the news has gone forth that here a bountiful bird table is always spread, fresh meat under the sod, infinite insects in the air, delicious worms, in great variety, upon the tress, besides strawberries, cherries, plums, pears, apples, in their seasons, and afterward grain and seeds of grass, for all inclined to a farinaceous diet.

And so it has come to pass that parents have told it to their children, and children have told it to their confidential companions, until the commonwealth of birds is well established and popular. We can walk nowhere without scaring a bird on its nest, in an evergreen or dogwood tree, where foolish birds will continue to build, though the scythe, the cat, and man's foot every year destroy so many hopes.

Near a front corner of the cottage is a cherry tree, which is kept partly for its shade, but largely as a resort for birds. Sitting at a window, or on the snug porch in front, one may spend the hours happily in watching the busy creatures coming to market. Birds do not fly in and out of this tree, as in other trees. They have an instinct of prudence, or a germ of moral sense, which teaches them that their act may be deemed by unfeathered creatures as petit larceny.

Birds seldom sing in a tree when they are feeding. They glide in like a shadow. They do not chatter. A dozen robins may be making havoc of cherries right over your head, and you will not know it. This silence and stealth are amusing to one who watches. A bold robin is tugging away at an unwilling cherry, but he makes no noise. If he detaches one and it slips, you may hear it patter on the ground, but nothing more. After a time he flies into another tree, and looks out to see if the coast is clear. Then quietly he descends under the tree, and devours the fruit which he has beaten off, or he beats in to pulp, and carries it off to his home folks.

A catbird is more nimble than his cousin robin, and may be seen beating off a cherry, and then, quick as light, he intercepts its fall, and bears it off gracefully to his trencher in a neighboring tree. Small birds can not master a cherry, pit and all, as large birds do. Probably they are "too fillin'." Sparrows, linnets, and other small fry, pick the meat off and leave the stone cleaned bare on the stem. When the fruit is abundant, birds seem seldom to quarrel with each other, and all kinds consort together in amity, though they have nothing to do with each other anywhere else. So that my cherry tree, like a grand hotel, brings every variety of guest together, only to feed and go apart again.

Hunger, that makes small birds peaceful while feeding, stirs up dogs and cats to all manner of growling and clawing. It is said that when wild animals are driven together by some freshet or flood, they are harmless. In close contiguity will be found bears, rabbits, deer, catamounts, wolves, etc., that exhibit a profound respect for those rights of hospitality belonging to a common community. But in peaceful times all predatory beasts refuse to eat together, or keep good neighborhood. Are not birds lower on the scale than mammals? Yet they have better manners, are more civilized. How is that, Mr. Darwin? Or is it only the seed-eating and fruit-loving birds that are peaceful at their meals.

A Creditable Corn Crop.

Mr. Wm. M. Large, near Newton, Bucks county, Penn., raised last year on one acre 104 bushels and thirty quarts of shelled corn. He recently detailed his treatment of the crops at a meeting of the Bucks county agricultural society, reported in Bucks county Intelligencer, and to those desiring to do likewise the particulars may be of service. The land was a timothy sod, sandy loam, mowed twice since being in wheat, and limed for wheat. Manured the wheat after sowing at intervals during the winter following, up to March, when there was a heavy coat upon it—but he omits to state how much, which is a chronic weakness of most farmers. Began plowing May 1st; depth five inches; was careful not to turn up any subsoil. Every evening he rolled the land plowed during the day. Next he pulverized thoroughly with a Kelsey harrow; marked out one way, four feet apart; planted one grain every fifteen or eighteen inches; planted May 8th and 9th. After sprouting, cultivated once, then plowed from the row with a Phifer plow; cultivated again, then plowed once more, reversing the furrow, and cultivated next a third time, and leveled the two furrows made by the plow. Went over the field twice after that to hoe and weed by hand. Had seventy-three shocks on the acre, measured. Yield of whole field (size not stated) over one hundred bushels per acre. As an additional experiment he planted twenty rows at one end of the field in hills, four feet each way, with four stalks per hill, fertilizing with hen manure and ashes. Result: more ears by count, but less grain in measure than where planted in drills without manure in hill, as detailed above; difference about three quarts per shock, which evidently was nearly seven bushels per acre.

Coal as an Industrial Agent.

THE importance of coal as an agent in advancing our industrial interests is admirably set forth by the secretary of the West Yorkshire association of miners when he says: "A man who is a good, strong, practical miner in some of our thick seams will, by an extra effort, produce five tons of coal in a day, and what will these five tons do? In the first place, they will realize for himself 62 cents per ton for getting them; secondly, they will bring to his master nearly $12.50 in profits. Then if we take them to the factory door, they will turn the engine, and find one day's employment for over 2000 factory operatives, whose average wages at 75 cents each, amounting in the aggregate to about $1500, will be distributed into every channel of trade, besides realizing to the owners of the factory $1000 more in profits. Then, probably, they may be the means of producing from 6000 to 7000 yards of calico or other fabric, which may be used to the warmth and comfort of 2000 people, and this may be done from the work of one miner by one day's hard work."

—"Waukeen" has been heard from. A Cincinnati paper tells us that Joaquin Miller no longer soils his coat collars with his long hair; he wears it in a wad on the top of his head. He has also discarded high top boots for dress parties."

—A milk-pitcher thrown by his wife at a Nelson street man, on Monday noon, missed the aim, and ruined a handsome frame which enclosed the words, "God bless our home."

—Henceforth, every man who enters the British army may, if he will, learn a trade, the choice being left to him; and thus, at the same time that he is subjecting to himself to discipline, and acquiring habits of obedience, he may become an artificer, skillful or not, according to his capabilities. This will go far to remove that enforced idleness which is the curse of a soldier's life in the times of peace.

—An observant of the world remarkt that when a young widow resumes tights corsets it is to show her admirers that she is so-laced.

—"Why is blind man's buff like sympathy? Because it's a feller feeling for a feller crittur. Another feller says the same would apply to the tow-headed boy who scratches his head.

—An observant of the world remarkt that when a young widow resumes tights corsets it is to show her admirers that she is so-laced.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Wash the tomatoes and press them through a fine sieve to six quarts of juice and pulp; add the same quantity of best vinegar; then set it over the fire to boil. When it begins to thicken, add of pimento, cloves and pepper each half an ounce, cinnamon a quarter of an ounce, and two nutmegs finely grated. Boil to the consistency of thin mush, then add four tablespoonfuls of salt, and take it out of the vessel. When cold, bottle and cork tight. Boil in brass or bell metal kettle, or tin-lined vessel. This can't be beat.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—The following is a receipt for making blackberry wine, says an exchange paper, and the best of the kind we have ever tasted. It is from a man who practices what he preaches, and makes it a success. When the berries are brought from the field, run through an ordinary cider-mill and press the pumace as in making cider, only be careful to line the tubs of the cider-mill with burlaps or some other goods of that kind, to prevent the pumace from wasting under pressure of the screw and running into the juices. After the juice has been thoroughly pressed out, strain it into a clean cask, through a piece of course flannel, measuring the juice, after which add three pounds good dry sugar to each gallon of the juice; place the cask in a cellar, or some cool place, with a piece of thin muslin over the bung. It should remain in this place four or five months; then draw off into another clean cask, with as little agitation as possible, and after it has stood for two or three weeks longer, it is ready for use, and may be bottled and sealed, or may remain in the cask with the bung closed.

BUTTER CHURNING MADE EASY.—Strain the milk shallow; the more surface the more cream, hence large pans are best. Keep it in a room free from jars; do not churn it in the room; keep it at an even temperature; it must have light and air; it is much like the rest of us, and spoils for the want of good pure air; but it is averse to draughts. Watch it if you want good, sweet butter, and skim just when the milk is thoroughly thick and loppered. If you skim sooner, you will lose some cream; if later, there will be spots on it or mould, and your butter will not keep. After skimming the cream into your cream pail, stir all together with a case knife or spoon; a knife is best, as it manipulates the particles against the sides of the pail more thoroughly. This process takes but a moment, and if you do it each time that you skim, when you come to churn, if your milk is at proper temperature, your butter will come in less than ten minutes, as the particles are already half-churned. When churned, take it up and work moderately. Don't put a drop of water on; it injures the flavor. Salt with good dairy salt, Ashton's best. If you use barrel salt, or that from the small bags, your butter will taste of it, and will not keep. Let it stand a few hours and then work again, pressing the butter milk out, all possible. Do not work too much, as it will be salvy. When your crock is full, for market, wet a cloth in cold water and lay over the top and cover that with salt; tie a paper over all. For packing, cover with weak brine. Keep the crock in a dry, cool place, which is ventilated. Do not put it where anything smells, for butter and cream are great absorbents, and take on the slightest odor. This advice is for the present emergencies; but there is coming a millennium, when no milk will be converted into butter direct. It is now done. The only reason of its non-adoption to universal use is the great power required. Who will devise and invent machinery for this purpose? No greater benefaction could occur to the overburdened housewife than the saving of this incessant manipulation of milk to make it ready for the churn. The washing and wiping, scalding and sunning of milk-pans, the skimming of milk, all of which steals so much time. Then the butter which would result! A product delicious and sweet enough for the gods! Not butter from cream, which, in its best estate, must have stood long enough to sour, and often goes over to the region of mold before the busy housekeeper gets to it, but sweet milk butter.

Railroad Statistics.

The Business for the Past Year.

[From Poor's Manual.]

The total cost of the railroads, the operations of which are given for the past year, as shown by the preceding table, is $3,159,423,057, made up of $1,647,844,113, of capital stock, and $1,511,578,944 of various forms of indebtedness, chiefly of bonds maturing at distant periods. The capital stock amounted to 52.15 per cent., and the debt to 47.85 per cent. of the total cost. The cost of these roads per mile was $55,116. The gross earnings for the year were $473,241,055, of which $132,369,270, or 28 per cent., was received for the transportation of passengers, and $340,931,785, or 72 per cent, for the transportation of freight, including under this head the small amount received from "miscellaneous sources." The receipts per mile were $8,256. The ratio of earnings to population was $31.76 per head. The operating expenses for the year were $307,486,682, or 65 per cent. of the gross receipts, leaving $165,754,373, or 35 per cent. as net earnings. The percentage of gross receipts to the total cost of the roads was 15 per cent.; of net earnings 5.2 per cent. The amount paid in dividends was 64,418,151, or 3.91 per cent. of the aggregate capital stock. The balance of net earnings, $101,336,222, was equal to 6.70 per cent. on the aggregate indebtedness of the roads. The dividends in New England were 6.64, in the middle states 7.09, in the western 2.83, in the southern 1.5.

The earnings from the transportation of freight were nearly three-fourths of the gross amount. The ratio of freight to passenger earnings is constantly increasing, a most favorable feature, as it indicates a very rapid development of the industries of the country. The total number of tons transported the past year will probably exceed 200,000,000. The tonage for the New England states exceeded 16,633,800 tons, or 3660 tons to the mile. The tonage in the middle states equalled 93,400,000 tons, or 8,041 tons per mile. The tonage for both groups equalled 110,033,800 tons, or 6790 to the mile. The immense tonage for the middle states is due largely to the anthracite coal trade of Pennsylvania. With regard to the future increase of receipts, it is probable that they will double themselves in the next ten years, that is to say, in 1881 their receipts will reach $1,000,000,000. The total mileage of the railroads in the United States has more than doubled since 1863. It is fair to presume that the ratio of increase in receipts has been one-half greater than in mileage. The earnings therefore for 1863 may be fairly estimated at $190,000,000, against $437,241,055 for 1872, showing an increase in ten years of $280,000,000, or $28,000,000 annually. Further comparisons are shown by these tables:

Groups.	Mileage.	Cost.	Per mile.
New England states,	4,574	$230,699,794	$50,418
Middle states,	11,617	922,700,774	79,427
Western states,	28,778	1,472,625,222	50,550
Southern states,	10,986	401,913,267	36,575
Pacific states,	1,368	131,573,950	96,300
United States,	57,323	$3,159,423,057	$55,116
Great Britain,	15,376	$2,673,400,535	$178,720

Gaoups.	Earn'gs.	Earn'gs p. mile.	Per cent. of cost.	Per cent. of net to cost.	Earnings per head of population.
New England states	$48,519,835	$10,636	21.10	6.26	$13.53
Middle states,	103,205,793	13,565	18.30	7.46	19.88
West'n states,	193,826,252	6,735	13.10	4.57	13.76
South states,	47,788,539	4,350	11.80	4.19	4.31
Pacific states,	13,900,727	10,161	10.56	6.00	17.00
United States,	$473,241,055	$8,256	15.00	5.20	$11.76
Great Britain,	$244,463,900	$15,900	8.48	4.65	$7.70

A Year without Summer.

The summer season of 1816 was probably the coldest ever known in this country. January was so mild that fires were scarcely necessary. February was but little colder. The first part of March was boisterous, the latter part mild. The Ohio river was so high that a great many farms were overflowed. May was breezy and frosty. Buds of all kinds froze. Corn was repeatedly planted and as often killed. June was frosty and snowy; almost every green thing was killed, that is, through the northern states. Snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont, and three inches in Central New York and in Ohio, and the Lower Mississippi was so high that the streets of New Orleans and vicinity were traversed by boats. On the 5th of July ice formed, generally of the thickness of window-glass, and all the corn, except in a few favored situations in the west, and some hill farms of the eastern states, and close to the ocean, was destroyed. August was still more cheerless; ice formed half an inch thick; most of the leaves that had made out to open on the trees were frozen, and a large portion of the corn that had survived was cut up for fodder, while a part of it rotted. There was no seed corn, and that which was planted in 1817 had been grown in 1815, and it sold for $4 to $5 a bushel. The first part of September was quite pleasant, the latter half cold, and ice formed almost every night. October, "the same subject continued." November was cold; enough snow fell to make good sleighing. At last, December was as mild and pleasant as June should have been. Of course great suffering followed; corn for bread sold for from $3 to $4 a bushel; but wheat and rye were exceedingly scarce, little or no wheat was grown, and flour sold at Philadelphia at $13 a barrel, and as even then England had been getting grain from America, wheat there was $3 a bushel. Every family was put upon short allowance, and some suffered for want of food. Only a few potatoes had been grown, most of which were saved for seed. The best crop was hay, but the quality was poor. Cattle, however, suffered but little, as the winter was comparatively mild; milk and a little butter were the chief dependence. Children born in the first part of 1817 were frail, and so cross that many of them cried night and day, month after month, and those which survived were ever afterward sensitive to cold. In the west most of the settlements were new, food was so deficient that winter-green leaves and berries and birch bark were eaten with relish, and delicate women hunted in moist places for spearmint, while boiled greens were a great luxury. A cow with a calf was almost a salvation to a family, and her products, with eggs and maple sugar and molasses, of which much was made, formed the principal food for several months. So soon as corn was in the milk it was boiled, or rasped to make samp, and this was the first green food eaten by many for a long time. Wheat bread almost entirely disappeared, owing to scarcity of seed, and it was several years before it could be had, except in short-cake on extraordinary occasions. Meanwhile money was so scarce that every cent was saved to pay taxes, although they were extremely light. Only a few could buy store goods of any kind, and it was so impossible to purchase school-books that in many cases children learned their letters printed by hand on scraps of paper. The only articles which brought money were dried peaches, black salts or potash, and beeswax. We have heard a farmer state that he carried a half a bushel of wheat on his shoulders 14 miles to a store to buy a cheap jack-knife, and when the merchant told him that jack-knives were too good property to exchange for wheat, he poured it out in the street. Some families sprinkled their food with ashes in place of salt. However, the summer of 1817 was warm and favorable, and all kinds of crops were abundant. Such is a brief account of that cold summer in the year which long was called "eighteen hunr dred and froze to death."—*Tribune.*

AN ACT OF JUSTICE.—Doubting castle was a sad stumbling block in the path of Bunyan's Christian, though it couldn't bar his way to truth. We can sympathize with the pilgrim, for doubt always besets us when we are asked to believe anything particularly extraordinary. Consequently, when we heard, some eighteen months ago, that a physician in California had compounded, from the juices and extracts of certain herbs found there, a medicine that cured almost every variety of blood disease, we were incredulous. Since then we have had opportunities of testing the accuracy of the report, and are free to admit that our doubts have vanished. Seeing what we have seen, knowing what we know, it is impossible for us to question the remedial properties of Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters. That this famous vegetable tonic, alterative, and antiseptic is a specific for dyspepsia, liver complaint, chronic constipation, fever and ague, bilious intermittents, scrofulous taint in the blood, incipient consumption, local and general debility, rheumatism, sick headache, and diseases of the kidneys, seems to be a matter beyond the pale of controversy, a fixed fact in medical history. The statements of friends, in whose veracity and intelligence we have full confidence, corroborated by our own personal observation, compel us to admit the surpassing merits of the preparation.

BLACKBERRY JAM.—To six quarts of ripe blackberries add three pounds of brown sugar, mash altogether with a spoon. Put it in kettle and boil two hours, stirring frequently. Spice to suit the taste. When cool put it into a jar, covered with brandied paper, and seal, and it will keep two years.

—Joaquin Miller has accepted the challenge to ride to the hounds against a noted English sportsman. He says he will break the Englishman's neck if he can find country rough enough.

—A Massachusetts postmistress has resigned her office, as a matter of honesty, because she cannot find time to read all the postal-cards and attend to her other duties beside.

PAIN! PAIN!! PAIN!!!

WHERE IS THY RELIEVER?

Readers, you will find it in that Favorite Home Remedy

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.

It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant consolation and indispensable friend of the missionary and traveler, on sea and land, and no one should travel on our lakes and rivers without it.

Its Merits are Unsurpassed.

If you are suffering from INTERNAL PAIN, twenty to thirty drops in a little water will almost instantly cure you. Cramps are a nothing equal to it. In a few moments it cures

Colic, Cramps, Spasms, Heart-burn, Diarrhœ, Dysentery, Flux, Wind in the Bowels, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.

Strongest Proof of Intrinsic Merit.

DEAR SIRS—I ought to have acknowledged long ago the box of Pain Killer you had the goodness to send me last year. Its coming was most providential. I believe hundreds of lives were saved, under God, by it. The cholera appeared here soon after we received it. We resorted at once to the Pain Killer, using it as directed for cholera. A list was kept of all to whom the Pain Killer was given, and our native assistants assured us that eight out of every ten to whom it was prescribed, recovered. Oil power to cure instantly is various other diseases. It has proved an incalculable blessing to multitudes of poor people throughout all this region. The native preachers are never willing to go out on their excursions without a supply of the Pain Killer. It gives them favor in the eyes of the people, and access to families and localities by whom otherwise they would be very indifferently received.

Believe me, dear sirs, gratefy and faithfy yours,
J. M. JOHNSON,
Missionary at Swatow, China.

A FAMILY FRIEND!!

No family should be without PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER. It can be given to the infant for the colic and to the adult for rheumatism. There is scarcely a di-ease to which it may not be beneficially applied. It contains no laudanum or deleterious drug, but may be used for the various ailments of mankind.

Cures Cholera, When all other Remedies Fail.

It gives instant relief from aching teeth.

In sections of the country where

FEVER AND AGUE

Prevails, there is no remedy held in greater esteem.

25c. Directions accompany each bottle.

Price, 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by all medicine dealers generally.

For sale by all Nashville, Memphis, Louisville and other southern druggists.

To MAKE TOMATO FIGS.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in order to remove the skins; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before, then boil and skim again. After a third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between each layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of nasal passages, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, acrid, thick, and tenacious mucous, purulent, mucopurulent, bloody, putrid, offensive, etc. In others a dryness, dry, watery, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear throat, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, tickling cough, etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. No disease is more common or less understood by physicians. The proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay $500 reward for a case of catarrh which he cannot cure. Sold by druggists at 50 cents. 649.

King of the Blood.

CANCEROUS TUMORS.—Case.—It is with pleasure I write, on behalf of my mother, who has been taking your medicine, King of the Blood, for a tumor, and can say she is most entirely cured. She has taken four bottles of the medicine. The tumor was as large as a goose egg when she commenced. It is now only about the size of a grain of corn, and rapidly disappearing. She has doctored hundreds of dollars away without benefit, until using your medicine, for which we shall always be thankful, and can recommend the King of the Blood to any one needing it. My mother's name is Sarah Dulin.

Yours respectfully,
SARAH MCMINIS, Kenton, Ohio.

Write for circulars to D. Ransom, Son & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ALL articles we think that are packed and sold *Full Weight* should have the patronage of consumers, also of dealers. We are glad to notice in the article of SOAP that PROCTER & GAMBLE'S EXTRA OLIVE SOAP is always packed actual weight.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. Be certain to get the *Juniper Tar Soap*, made by us, as there are many imitations made with common tar which are worthless.—*Com.*

WE copy the following from an exchange, which is important, if true—Chronic diarrhœa of long standing, also dysentery, and all similar complaints common at this season of the year, can be cured by the use, internally, of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. We know whereof we affirm.

FOR fifteen years I have suffered from disordered liver; but since I used one package of Simmons' Liver Regulator, to this day, which is now several years, I have been a sound man. Maj. A. F. Woolley, Kingston, Pennsylvania.

—A 19-year old chambermaid in a Chicago hotel has gone to prison for stealing articles to the value of $1500 from the guests.

THE cathartics used and approved by the physicians comprising the various medical associations of this state are now compounded and sold under the name of Parsons' Purgative Pills.

The Wear and Tear of Life.

The cares, anxieties and misfortunes of life have as much to do with shortening it as disease. They are in fact the source of many ailments and physical disabilities. Nervous weakness, dyspepsia, affections of the liver, disturbances of the bowles, headaches, hypochondria and monomania are among these distressing fruits. It is, therefore, of great importance that persons whose minds are oppressed with heavy business responsibilities, or harassed by family troubles, or excited by speculation, or perplexed by a multiplicity of enterprises, or in any way overtaxed or overworked, should keep up their stamina by the daily use of a wholesome tonic. Thousands of persons thus circumstanced are enabled to bear up against the difficulties in which they are involved, and to retain their strength, health and mental clearness by the regular use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases which are prone to attack the body when debilitated and broken down by over-much brain work, or exhausting physical labor, are kept at bay by the resistant power with which this incomparable tonic endows the nervous system and the vital organs. At this season, when the heat is evaporating the elements of strength from every pore, an invigorant is absolutely essential to the safety and comfort of the public, and is required even by the more robust if they desire to keep their athletic capabilities in status quo. Hence a course of Hostetter's Bitters is particularly useful at this period of the year as a defence against the invisible disease afloat in a sultry atmosphere. It is the most potent of all preventive medicines, and for all complaints which affect the stomach, the liver and the bowels, and interfere with the perfect digestion and assimilation of food it is the standard remedy.

BEST AND OLDEST FAMILY MEDICINE.—*Simmons's Liver Invigorator*—a purely vegetable cathartic and Tonic—for dyspepsia, constipation, debility, sick headache, bilious attacks, and all derangements of liver, stomach and bowels. Ask your druggist for it. Beware of imitations.

THE annoyance and disagreeableness of pimples and blotches on the skin, may be gotten rid of by using Dr.