HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

RICE PUDDING.—One cup of rice, which should be soaked over night in enough water to cover it; six eggs, one cup white sugar, five quarts sweet milk. Bake two hours, stirring often till nearly done; flavor with nutmeg.

TOMATO LILY.—Take one peck green tomatoes, cut them in slices and sprinkle with salt; put them in a jar and press them tight; let them remain over night. Next morning drain through a colander; add to them twelve onions, sliced, one and a half ounces black pepper, a teaspoon of red pepper, one ounce mustard, one-fourth pound mustard seed, one pound of brown sugar, one ounce cloves, one ounce of allspice. Put in a kettle, cover them with good vinegar, and boil till tender.

GINGER CAKE, PLAIN AND GOOD.—Into two quarts of flour rub well a teaspoonful of soda, and when well mixed, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; then either powdered cloves or ginger to taste cut fine. To one teacupful of butter, or lard and butter mixed, add two teacupfuls of molasses. If too stiff, add a little more molasses; if too soft, add flour until of the proper consistency to roll out. Cut in round cakes, and bake in a quick oven. Cloves and no ginger make a delightful cake.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—Grape stones are said to be a better substitute for coffee than chickory is. When roasted and ground, they are said to possess an aroma very much like that of East India coffee, and the beverage obtained therefrom is about the same as coffee in taste, though inferior in quality. The beverage furnished by many of the restaurants is very far from being "about the same as coffee in taste," and it is probable that a decided improvement could be made on the present article by the use of grape stone.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST.—Wet the spot with cold water and place the cloth in the sunshine. Then mix equal quantities of cream tartar and table salt, and sprinkle the mixture upon it until the dampness has absorbed a great deal, then lay on enough to hide the spot. Wet the spot with cold water every half hour, and, if the stain is then seen, cover it again with the cream tartar and salt. Keep it in the sunshine, and continue these applications till the stain is gone—if recently contracted, two or three applications will remove it.

COFFEE WITH BRICK.—Chiccory is said to contain properties positively injurious to the health. Yet ground coffee, as sold by grocers, is often adulterated with the substance, and many persons insist that it improves the flavor of the coffee. We are informed, in a recent work on coffee, that the coffee dealer adulterates his coffee with chiccory to increase his profits; the chiccory dealer adulterates his chiccory with Venetian red to please the eye of the coffee dealer; and lastly, the Venetian red manufacturer grinds up his color with brick-dust, that by its greater cheapness, and the variety of shades he offers, he may secure the patronage of the trade in chiccory.

WATERING HOUSE-PLANTS.—The English Garden is inclined to dispute the rule that water should be given in moderately small quantities, and supplied frequently. If the causes of failure where plants are cultivated in windows are minutely investigated, the dribbling system of watering would be found to be the principal cause. A plant ought not to be watered until it is in a fit condition to receive a liberal supply of that element, having previously secured a good drainage, in order that all superabundant water may be quickly carried off. Those who are constant dribbling a moderately small quantity of water upon their plants will not have them in a flourishing condition for any length of time. This must be obvious to all, for it is quite evident that the moderately small quantity of water frequently given would keep the surface of the soil moist, while at the same time, from the effects of good drainage, which is essential to the well-being of all plants in an artificial state, all the lower roots would perish for want of water, and the plant would become sickly and eventually die.

HARDENING STEEL TOOLS, ETC.—The following secret, unpatented composition, suggested by the chemist Knlicke, has been employed with success at Saarbrucken for restoring burnt steel to its primitive condition, and as it affords a peculiar hard metal, it is also used for tempering steel tools that are too soft, or may become so by use, as chisels, saw-blades, etc. Although rather expensive, it is really an economical treatment where large numbers of steel tools are used. Burned steel heated to a cherry red, and forged somewhat on an anvil, is plunged into a well-mixed doughy mass, in a box near by, composed of tartaric acid, 6 ounces; rape oil, 30 ounces; charcoal powder, 2 ounces; bone black, 8 ounces; beef tallow, 10 ounces; yellow prussiate of potash, 5 ounces, and burned hartshorn, 3 ounces, and is then completely cooled in water. Steel tools are similarly treated. Small articles of cast-iron, such as wheel-boxes, axle-bearings, etc., may be successfully case-hardened by being plunged red hot into a mixture of 10 buckets of urine, 5 pounds of whitening, and 4 pounds of salt.

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.—A beefsteak is always best broiled; but the following method is recommended when broiling is not convenient: The frying pan being wiped dry, place it upon the stove to become hot. In the mean time pepper and salt the steak, then lay it on the hot, dry pan and instantly cover as tightly as possible. When the raw flesh touches the heated pan, of course it seethes and adheres to it, but in a few seconds it becomes loosened and juicy. Every half-minute turn the steak, but be careful to keep it as much as possible under cover. When nearly done lay a small piece of butter upon it, and if you want much gravy add a table-spoonful of strong coffee. This makes the most delicious, delicately broiled steak, full of juice, yet retaining all the healthy, beefy flavor that any John Bull could require. The same method may be applied to mutton chops or ham, only they require more cooking to prevent them from being rare. An excellent gravy may be made by adding a little cream, thickened by a pinch of flour, into which, when off the fire and partially cool, stir the yolk of an egg well beaten.

THE SHEEP BUSINESS IN NEW MEXICO. Armijo & Baca of Albuquerque, New Mexico, who are the largest sheep-raisers in America, own a flock of over half a million, and use a pasture of 300 miles square. The family have been in the business of raising sheep and sending them east for several generations. The industry in New Mexico is immense. The family claims nearly two million head of sheep. The animals are herded in flocks numbering about 3,000 each, and room in the open air, they ear round, with shepherds and dogs to look out for them. The Indians take a thousand of them occasionally for food, but never to slaughter them wantonly, and a few hundred head are not missed. The animals clip only about two pounds to the fleece, but the wool is fine. Mr. Armijo is now driving great herds of these sheep to Colorado, and he says that the territory and Kansas can hereafter supply the world with mutton and wool, if they will. The wool business in New Mexico has proved very profitable in some cases. A man, for example, bought of Armijo & Baca 4,500 sheep for $2 each, three years ago, for which he now has to show 20,000, worth $40,000, to say nothing of the profits on wool, meantime.

ACTION OF LIGHT ON MILK.—Direct sunlight very soon spoils milk or cream by premature souring and decomposition. The effect of indirect or reflected light has been but little observed. It nevertheless exerts an active influence, not only upon milk and cream, but upon butter and cheese while curing. The general effect upon milk and cream is to hasten the action of the latic yeast, and then the formation of alcohol, and after that to hurry up purification, and these changes are occasioned by the influence of reflected light the same as direct sunlight, only in a feebler degree. The first effect, however, of a small quantity of reflected light—a quantity that would just enable one with good eyes to read ordinary print—is to highten the color of cream during an exposure of thirty-six or forty-eight hours. As soon as the quantity of light allowed to fall upon milk is increased beyond the small amount named, its influence is soon manifested upon the cream; causing it to become sour and stale, lose color and flavor, and if the light is strong its surface is soon covered with mold and pimples, where the same milk standing in a more shaded position will be all right. The conclusion is that too much light is doubtless often the cause of faulty butter; and even after it is manufactured, butter, like cream, will soon fade if expcsed to the light, even though it may be covered with brine.

VALUE OF MANURES.—The economies of the manure heap are very little understood among farmers generally. They are all aware of the importance of having plentiful stores of fertilizing material, but few know how to make the most of the capital they possess. A New York farmer, after puzzling over the problem for a number of years, declares that the following method of procedeure had doubled his manurial resources: Select an elevated position in some field where the manure is to be used, and, with the aid of the plow and shovel, make a long, narrow trench, say 6 or 7 inches deep and 2 or 3 feet wide; throw the dirt out on the upper side of the trench. This trench may be made at any time, but one such must always be prepared just before winter, say in the early part of November. Next, in cleaning the stables, always shovel immediately into the car or wagon and haul at once to the trench, where it may be dropped in a manner most convenient for covering. Then cover the manure as soon as possible with earth taken from either side of the trench, until the manure is covered with twice its bulk of earth. The drier the earth and the more pulverized, the better. Let the earth cover all the manure as effectually as possible, to arrest all the gasses arising from decomposing manure. The main principle of this process is the well-known quality which earth possesses of "fixing" or holding and retaining gasses, a property now applied beneficially in earth closets, etc. The earth retains these gasses, which are the vital fertilizing properties, until the plant root comes in contact with it. This fertilizing earth is very durable, as "nothing is lost"—indeed, its effects have been plainly visible on the spot where it had been spread, 29 years before.

The Latest Triumph of Legerdemain.

"Prof." Hartz is executing "a box trick" before large New York audiences, that is a triumph of the necromancer's art and beats anything yet done by the spirit performers. We quote the story of it from the Tribune: The professor steps forward, carrying a thick green rug probably ten feet square. The semi-circular stage was covered with a heavy Brussels carpet, and at the back between the pillars were hung crimson curtains. The professor said that he had heard it alleged that he had a confederate underneath the stage, and to show that this was not true spread the rug upon the carpet, after satisfying the spectators that it was uncut. An unpainted box, about 12 feet long and 17 inches deep and wide, was then carried upon the stage and put down in the center of the rug. It had a turn-over lid, fastened at the back with three common iron hinges, and two stout iron hasps fitted to two strong staples in the front of the box. A few air-holes had been bored through the top and sides. The box had been put together with clinched nails, the ends being bound with sheet-iron. Three gentlemen from the audience stepped upon the stage at the professor's request, and having given the box a thorough examination, bound it round and round in expert fashion, tying a multiplicity of curious knots at every possible place. Even the rope-handles were made use of, and the hasps, after being placed over the staples, were securely fastened by taking a turn through the latter. A narrow red ribbon was tied tightly about the first knot and sealed with sealing wax. A canvas cover in the shape of a Roman cross was placed around the box, and the committee bound this around with another rope, sealing the knot as in the other case. The professor's assistant, a full-grown man, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and submitted to have a long tight-fitting sack of thin muslin drawn over his head and body. Then, lying upon the box on his back, he drew in his legs so as to enable the professor to get a good grip on the open end. One of the committee tied this tightly with his own handkerchief, and it was further secured by another piece of ribbon, which was sealed. Three common screens were then placed around the box, and the professor and his other assistant and the committee stepped aside. This was at 9:30 exactly. Two minutes later a rapping was heard, the screens were removed, and the muslin sack was seen lying empty upon the box. All the seals were unbroken. The committee undid the ropes and lifted the lid of the box, and the man who had been tied up in the sack stepped out, looking none the worse, except for a flushed face, of his close quarters. The professor had in vain offered $1000 to any one who could take it out without breaking the seal, cutting the material, or ripping the seams. He disclaims any spiritualistic aid. It is certainly a much more wonderful "illusion" than any which spiritualists have heretofore produced, and is far more difficult of performance, apparently, than the cabinet trick of the Davenport brothers.

Measuring Corn.

The foundation of all the various rules for measuring corn in bulk rests upon the following simple principles: 1. The height, length, and width, multiplied together give the cubic contents of any solid, or if it is a hollow structure its cubical capacity. If these dimensions are in feet or inches, the contents found are respectively cubic feet or inches. 2. Two heaped bushels of ears will make a struck bushel of shelled corn. 3. The cubic foot contains 5,728 cubic inches, a struck bushel 2,150 cubic inches, and a heaped bushel 2,750 cubic inches. From these data almost any person can deduce rules for measuring a crib of corn. Thus a rule in common use, viz., take cubic feet found and divide by twelve, gives a barrel of corn—five bushels to a barrel, a measure universal in the south—is founded upon the fact that a little less than two and one-half cubic feet of ears make one bushel of shelled corn (4,300 cubic inches of ears make 2,150 of shelled grain). It is a very safe method, considering that there is a vast difference in the yield of various kinds of corn, to reduce the contents of the crib to heaped bushels, and then shell one of these bushels and weigh the product. It is an easy matter then to arrive at the value of a crib of corn within a very small fraction.

—The Etruscan museum of Florence has lately been enriched by the acquisition of a beautiful marble sarcophagus, found in a tomb at Tarquini, in the Mareme, the sides of which are frescoed in the highest style of Grecian art, with a battle of Amazons and kindred subjects. Some of the heads are wonderfully fine in expression and the horses and general action most vividly spirited. The museum paid 23,000 francs for it. Next to the "Muse of Cortona," it is, perhaps, one of the most precious of modern finds.

—Apropos of a recent police case, in which a woman's life was saved by her having on a large chignon, the Pall Mall Gazette says: "Chignons, instead of being merely sensuous disfigurements, are most valuable as head-protectors; and certainly no married woman in these days, when the chopper and the poker are so often used to adjust domestic differences, should ever be without one."

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

Fading beneath our passing feet,
Strewn upon lawn and lane and street,
Beautiful leaves!
Dyed with the hues of the sunset sky,
Falling in glory so silently,
Beautiful leaves.

Never to freshen another spring,
Never to know what the summer may bring,
Beautiful leaves!
Withered beneath the frost and cold,
Soon to decay in the common mould,
Beautiful leaves!

So will the years that change your tint
Mark upon us their autumnal print,
Beautiful leaves!
So shall we fall from the tree of time,
Fade as ye fade in a wintry clime,
Beautiful leaves!

But when the harvest of life is past,
And we wake in eternal spring at last,
Beautiful leaves!
May He who paints your brilliant hue
Form of our lives a chaplet new
Of beautiful leaves!

AUTHENTICATING A GHOST.

"Do I believe in dreams and ghosts?" That is no way to put it. Do I believe in dreams? Yes? In ghosts? Listen to me!

As long ago as 1859 I was county surveyor of Hooppole county, state of Arkansas. My brother-in-law, Jack Henley, enjoyed the official title and drew the salary; but I used to go along with him on duty to carry the chain and set the stakes. I preferred this part of the business because I could never make the compass work properly; it would always point north for me; and sometimes I wanted to go in other directions. How Jack managed it I never could understand. Jack, by the way, was the most intolerably ugly mortal I ever beheld—except his sister Margaret, my wife, now in heaven, poor thing! There is no sense in such ugliness as Jack's.

One evening Jack came over to my cabin, and we had a little game—played with the full pack. My wife—since dead—retired early, leaving us with the bottle and cigars to have it out. I soon had it out—out of Jack's pocket, every cent of it! And we were both "in a condition." About eleven o'clock we shooks hands a few dozen times, and Jack started for home—returning at variable intervals to shake hands. He lived about a mile away, down the Bullburg road—first house on the left. When he was unmistakably gone I collected such of my faculties as I could lay my mind on, put the room in order, and went to bed. I had no sooner shut my eyes than I dreamed Jack was dead. I saw him, as plainly as possible, stagger down the road till he had passed the little bridge over Possum creek; then the moon coming out suddenly he fell down and died of pure ugliness. I dreamed and redreamed this so many times that it began to worry me; so I got out of bed, dressed, and left the house.

It was a misty kind of night, but there was a moon somewhere behind the fog, and I could see things close at hand with tolerable distinctness. I had gone about a quarter of a mile towards the spot where my dream had "located" Jack's body, when I met him coming my way. He was walking very steadily now, and had the oddest look! It was as if his eyes had nothing behind them—you know how I mean.

"Halloo, Jack!" I exclaimed in profound surprise; "I swear, old man, I dreamed you were dead, and believed it."

"I am," was the reply in a tone of unutterable hollowness that seemed to come from anywhere but his lips; and at the sound of it a chill wind circulated as freely through my hair as if I'd no hat on.

Never having met many dead men I did not quite know what was etiquette; but I have always thought the best thing to do when you don't know what to do is to shake hands; so I proffered my palm. Jack merely stared at me, as if he did not see anything there, and said in the same unearthly tone:

"I can't do it, Bill; it's contrary to the constitution an' by-laws. I should forfeit my leave."

"But, Jack," persisted I, "can't you take any chances for friendship's sake?"

"We never shakes hands," said he; "an' that's enough."

Now I knew exactly how to manage Jack. Before going to bed I had put the black bottle, some cigars, and the coins in the pocket of my coat; and that coat I had on. I pulled out the bottle and held it out.

"Drink!"

Then for the first time this solemn ghost smiled a sweet, sad smile.

I had learned to distinguish Jack's sweet, sad smile from his scowls of wrath, though most people couldn't. Taking the bottle, he drank deeply, and, after carefully returning the cork to its place, put the whole thing under his arm. All this time I could see right through him at any point; and the expression of his face depending largely upon the color and configuration of whatever object happened to be behind it, whenever he moved his head there was a deceitful appearance of a play of emotion upon his features. Once when he got his face between me and a knot-hole in a tree I thought he was going to eat me—so I hastily offered a cigar.

"Smoke?"

"Thanks. Got a light?"

Striking a match on the sole of my boot I gave it him, and he gravely ignited the weed, blowing great banks of smoke. I next produced the cards, asking if we should have a game—"just for pastime," I added, knowing he had no money.

He nodded silently, sat down by the roadside, and spread out his legs like a pair of dividers until they subtended an angle of sixty degrees. I took position between them and we were soon absorbed in the rational delight of "seven-up." Sometimes I won, sometimes he did; but whatever was the result of the game he always ended it by a pull at the bottle, never offering it to me. I thought this mean of Jack, but when I mentioned it he merely remarked, "We never offers anything," and continued his play. But I began to plan vengeance.

Presently Jack began to feel it working in his spectral head. Sometimes he would play as low as the four-spot and claim "high." Once he stood his hand on a queen and seven; and finally, saying something severe about "fellers as would take advantage of a poor ghost," he dropped over upon his unsubstantial back, and emitted a sepulchral snore. I sat still a moment and thought to the following effect:

"This is a mean ghost. It would be rather fine to teach a wholesome lesson to the supernatural. Besides, it is no small distinction to have played seven-up with a resident of another and a warmer world; and some slight evidence of the fact would be acceptable."

I arose and went home. I remembered that standing at the head of my bed were my surveying pins and the mallet with which I drove them in where the ground was stony or frozen. These pins were of iron, about eighteen inches long and pointed at one end. Opening the door I entered quietly so as not to arouse Margaret—since deceased—and selecting a clean, sharp pin returned with it and my mallet to the spot. Jack was sleeping in exactly the same position as at first—the cards scattered about him like autumn leaves, the bottle vacuous and overthrown at his side. I passed my foot through him two or three times to make sure he would not awake, then kneit at his side. His transparent head was lying on a green, even surface of yellow clay, and I could not help remarking his wonderful resemblance to his sister—now no more. I suspended the point of the iron pin above the centre of his chest, holding it with my left hand, and lifting high the mallet in my right with one powerful blow I smote home the spike! There was a sudden struggle, a long sharp scream, and I awoke. There at my knees lay the late Margaret, with the iron transfixing her vitals—pegged rigidly to the bed like a black beetle impaled upon cardboard of an entomologer.

I had seen no ghost—I had not been out of the room. Thank heaven, it was but a dream.

—A man who subscribed $5,000 to a Universalist college at Logansport, Ind., a year or two ago, now says he was crazy, and the trustees have sued him.

The Unconsciousness of Genius.

Conceit does not depend on the relation between a man's true value and his estimate of his value. If so, it would be scarcely possible for some great men to be conceited at all. If Shakespeare, for example, had guessed only one-half of the truth about himself, if he had known that the minutest details of his life and writings were to be discussed in all civilized languages, that his influence would revolutionize foreign literatures, centuries after his death, and that Ben Johnson and Fletcher would appear to his posterity as mere pigmies by his side, he would have been thrown off his balance by sheer astonishment. Such incense would have been too strong for any moral brain. And in this sense it is almost impossible for any man of genius to be conceited. Nobody, however brilliant his promise, can be confident that he will draw one of the stupendous prizes in the vast lottery of life. A young man who should say, I will be a Shakespeare, or a Dante, or a Homer, would either be, or be in the way of becoming, a fool. Genius must so far be unconscious that it can scarcely dare to recognize its own superlative merit, and yet a man may conceivably be overpowered even by a reputation of only a part of his own glory.

In another sense genius must be necessarily more or less unconscious. Newton is supposed to have said that his mathematical excellence was due to nothing but to his having labored more perseveringly than others. And the theory has been packed into a formula that genius is nothing but an infinite capacity for taking trouble. In spite of the great names which may be adduced in behalf of this doctrine, we venture to think that the source of the fallacy is transparent. We will not dwell upon the fact, which is sufficiently obvious, that a capacity for endurance is just as rare and valuable an endowment as the capacity for immediate insight; and that a man, for example, who can keep his mind fixed upon a mathematical problem for many hours together, as Newton is said to have done, has one of the rarest of powers. But the argument is more vitally defective. Newton saw that, by allowing his mind to dwell upon certain problems, they gradually became clear to him, and that the longer he could attend to them the clearer his mind became. In other words, since his success in the mathematical operations varied as the amount of labor bestowed upon them, he assumed that the labor was the one essential element of success. But obviously it does not follow that the same amount of labor from a feeble brain would produce equal effects. The length of time during which a problem was exposed to the action of his intellectual digestion was one condition of his success; but so was the vigor of the digestion for a given time. In short, Newton could compare his own mental operations, and pronounce those to have been most fruitful which were most laborious; but he could not look into the mind of another man, and see by comparison how slow and blundering was his reasoning machinery in comparison with his own.

We are all liable to make mistakes of this kind, in one way or the other. We fancy that a man of genius has accomplished success by a lucky hit, because we cannot at all realize the faculty with which he can at a given moment command all the resources of his mind. And, in revenge, the man of genius attributes to obstinacy or idleness what is the result of good, plain, honest stupidity. Each of us can only have direct experience of the working of one mind; and we naturally assume, till the contrary has been forced upon us, that all other minds are cast in the same mold. Perhaps it would be as well if, for a brief period of his life, everybody was condemned to be a school-master or a crammer, in order that he might more or less fathom the stupendous abysses of human stupidity. Meanwhile it is easy to understand how a Newton or a Pascal, to whom propositions ordinarily reached by long processes of calculation appear to be self-evident truths, may be unconscious of the difference between himself and his fellows. It does not occur to them that men can be so blind as not to see in broad daylight, and it is easy to imagine that they are willfully closing their eyes.—*London Saturday Review.*

The Sun's Crust.

Prof. Charles A. Young caused considerable discussion at the American science association's meeting at Portland, lately, by some unique theories regarding the sun. The eruptions which are continually occurring on its surface render probable the supposition that there is a crust of some kind which retains the imprisoned gases, and through which they force their way in jets, with great violence. According to Prof. Young, this crust may consist of a more or less continuous sheet of descending rain—that is, a downfall of the condensed vapors in those materials which we know, from the spectroscope, exist in the sun. The continuous efflux of the solar heat is equivalent to the supply that would be developed by the condensation, from steam to water, of a layer of about five feet thick over the whole surface of the sun, every minute of time. As this tremendous rain descends, the velocity of the falling drops would be retarded by the resistance of the denser gases underneath; the drops would coalesce into a continuous sheet would be formed; and these sheets would unite and form a sort of bottomless ocean, resting on the compressed vapors beneath, and pierced by innumerable bubbles. It would have an approximately constant depth, because it would turn to vapor at the bottom as rapidly as it grew at the surface; though probably, the thickness of this crust would continually increase at a slow rate, and its whole diameter grow less. In other words, Dr. Young would regard the sun as an enormous bubble, whose walls are steadily thickening and its diameter ever lessening, in proportion to the loss of heat.

The Value of Sewage.

Commenting on the sewage question, and notably with reference to the utilization of the waste soil from Liverpool sewers, a writer in Iron estimates that a town of 100,000 inhabitants produces fertilizing material to the value of $250,000 per annum. In the above mentioned city, it is considered that the sewage, if properly utilized, would be worth fully $750,000 a year. The entire population of Great Britain, with all her colonies, is about 75,000,000 souls, and each person produces annually about two and a half dollars' worth of valuable material. Hence the aggregate amount is valued at $187,500,000, a sum equal to the joints annual yield of the Australian and Californian gold mines. Applying this vast total to agricultural purposes, it would produce fully ten times its value in breadstuffs, beef, milk, butter, and all kinds of vegetable and animal food. The United States contain about 40,000,000 people, and hence $100,000,000 worth of useful substance is yearly wasted; a sum, it is hardly necessary to say, which, if added to the finances of the country, would lessen the chances of future panics and aid materially in paying off the national debt.

SLANG.—In his recently-published diary, Moscheles records an amusing instance of the perplexities which "slang" causes to learners of English. "To-day," he writes, "I was asked at dessert which fruit of those on the table I would prefer. 'Some sneers,' I replied, ingenuously. The company first of all were surprised, and then burst into laughter when they guessed the process by which I had arrived at the expression. I, who at that time had to construct my English laboriously out of dialogue-books and dictionaries, had found that 'not to care a fig' meant 'to sneer at a person,' so when I wanted to ask for figs, fig and sneer I thought were synonymous."

—A sample of the tyranny of man was shown at a woman's rights meeting in Titusville, where a gentleman entered and told his wife, one of the officers of the meeting, to come home quick, "as the baby had the colic." She went.

MARKET REPORTS.

Louisville.

	LIGHT.	HEAVY.
TOBACCO—		
Lugs, common	$ 5 50 @ 6 00	$ 6 00 @
Lugs, good	6 00 @ 6 50	7 00 @ 8 00
Leaf, common	7 50 @ 8 50	8 00 @ 9 50
Leaf, medium	8 50 @ 9 50	9 50 @ 10 50
Leaf, good to fine	10 00 @11 00	10 50 @ 11 50
Leaf, fine	11 00 @12 00	11 50 @ 13 00
WHEAT—Red and Amber	$ 1 30 @	$ 1 40 @ 1 40
CORN—Sacked	60 @	63
OATS	46 @	50
BUTTER—Choice	30 @	33
HAY—Timothy	16 00 @	20 00
GINSENG	1 10 @	1 15
FRUIT—Apples, Green	3 00 @	4 50
Lemons, per box	7 00 @	9 00
Oranges	8 00 @	10 00
PORK—Mess	14 00 @	14 50
LARD	7¾@	8¾
BACON—Clear Sides	7¾@	7¾
CHEESE—Choice	14½@	15
FLOUR—Superfine	4 00 @	4 50
Extra family	6 00 @	6 50
*Fancy	8 00 @	8 75
BEEF CATTLE—Best Grade	4 25 @	4 50
Medium	3 50 @	4 00
Common	1 00 @	2 50
HOGS—Good	3 50 @	3 75
Medium	4 30 @	4 40
SHEEP—Best Grades	4 00 @	4 50
Light	2 50 @	3 00
Common	1 50 @	2 50
WOOL—Tub-washed	40 @	45
Unwashed	25 @	30
WHISKY—Old Bourbon	2 00 @	8 00
Rye	2 50 @	4 50
Scotch and Irish	6 00 @	8 00
POTATOES—Irish, ⅌ bbl	2 00 @	2 75
Sweet	2 00 @	3 00
COTTON—Middling	14½@	15
Good Ordinary	14 @	14½
Inferior	6 @	9

Nashville.

FLOUR—Superfine	5 50 @	6 00
Family	8 00 @	8 50
Fancy	8 50 @	9 75
CORN MEAL—Sacked	62½@	65
CORN	63 @	65
OATS—Loose	40 @	43
Sacked	50 @	55
WHEAT	1 35 @	1 40
HAY—Best	23 00 @	24 00
BRAN	18 00 @	22 00
PEANUTS	75 @	80
BACON—Clear Sides	7 @	7¼
HAMS—Sugar Cured	10 @	10½
LARD	8¾@	9¾
BUTTER	24 @	26
EGGS	22 @	24
GINSENG	95 @	1 05
WOOL—Unwashed	20 @	25
Tub washed	33 @	37
WHISKY—Common	1 00 @	1 25
Robinson County	1 75 @	3 00
Bourbon	1 25 @	5 50
Lincoln County	1 75 @	2 25
HIGHWINES	1 00 @	
COTTON—Inferior	6 @	9
Ordinary	12 @	12¾
Good Ordinary	12¾@	13
Low Middling	13 @	13¼
SEEDS—Clover	6 25 @	6 50
Timothy	2 75 @	3 00
Orchard Grass	1 75 @	2 00
Blue Grass	1 50 @	1 75

New Orleans.

FLOUR—Extra	7 00 @	8 00
Family	8 50 @	9 50
CORN	74 @	75
OATS	65 @	68
HAY	23 00 @	25 00
PORK—Mess	14 00 @	14 50
BACON—Sides	6⅝@	6¾
HAMS	10 @	14
LARD	8⅝@	9¾
SUGAR—Fair to Prime	7¾@	8¾
WHISKY—Louisiana	96 @	98
Cincinnati	1 00 @	1 02
COTTON—Good Ordinary	14½@	15¾
Low Middling	15½@	16

Cincinnati.

FLOUR—Family	6 85 @	7 00
WHEAT	1 43 @	1 45
CORN—Shelled	48 @	50
OATS	35 @	45
PORK—Mess	14 50 @	14 75
HAMS—Sugar cured	7¾@	8¼
BACON—Clear sides	6¾@	7¾

St. Louis.

WHEAT—Red Winter	1 30 @	1 35
CORN—Mixed	40 @	42½
OATS	36 @	37

Augusta, Ga.

WHEAT—White and Amber	— @	1 60
CORN—Mixed	— @	1 05
OATS	— @	63
HAY—Timothy	— @	1 65

Large Legislatures.

In reply to requests from Pennsylvania for information respecting the practical results of large membership in legislative bodies, the governors of New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut have written brief letters, in which they concur in the opinion that it is a great safeguard against bribery and corruption. The New Hampshire house of representatives consists of 360 members. Gov. Straw writes: "There has never been any corruption charged in our house of representatives." Gov. Jewell, of Connecticut, says: "In my opinion, a large number of representatives is a certain guard against corruption;" and he goes on to say: "I am proud to say there never has been any corruption of the legislature. What is true of this, is equally true, I think, of all the New England states." Gov. Converse, of Vermont, writes: "We have often attempted to reduce the number of representatives, but we have always failed. The main ground of failure—and I think so, too—is the security it gives us against corruption. I think to-day the reasoning against lessening the number is stronger than at any prior period in the history of the state. The experience of some of the sister states, for a few years past, I think, has irrevocably established the wisdom of our policy in the minds of the people. I most heartily concur in this opinion, that it prevents fraud and corruption."

Covering for Steam-Pipes.

A new method of covering steam-pipes is applied in the Saarbrucken District, Germany. A coat of thin loam wash is first given to increase the adhesion of the mass. The composition consists of equal parts of loam or clay, free from sand and brickdust, with an addition of cow hair. This is well mixed up and put round the pipe in a hot state. For better securing this coating pieces of board ten inches long are laid along the whole length of the pipes and fastened by thin iron wire. After applying the loam wash again to the dried masses till all the cracks have disappeared, the pipes receive another coating of the mass until they feel quite cool, which will be attained after the mass has been laid on to the thickness of from five to six inches. A coat of linseed oil and cement is finally given. This method answers at present all requirements, the covering being perfectly air-tight and free from cracks. The mass is not hygroscopic, a property making it all the more suitable for pipes in the open air. The cost of the covering per foot of eight-inch pipe is twelve cents.

Lightning CURE.—The prompt relief afforded in numerous cases by the use of Dr. Trask's Magnetic Ointment has not only persuaded people that it contains magnetism, but they call it the lightning cure.

In rheumatism, wandering pains, neuralgia and inflexibility, one application gives instant relief, and continued use will usually accomplish a permanent cure. See advertisement.

—The Greeley (Col.) market is full of buffalo meat, which sells for two and three cents a pound. The Utes and Sioux are very jealous of the white hunters for meddling with an industry which they think belongs more legitimately to them.

A REMEDY

THAT WILL CURE

CONSUMPTION.

Will those who have been LONG AFFLICTED with Consumption take courage.

Please read the following:

COLUMBIA, Henry Co., Ala., March 8, 1873.

Messrs. J. N. HARRIS & Co., Cincinnati, O.

Dear Sirs—I want you to send me six bottles of Allen's Lung Balsam. Since last May I have bought and taken about twenty bottles of the Lung Balsam for a disease of the lungs of thirteen years' standing. Before that time I had bought and used nearly every lung remedy recommended, and your Lung Balsam is the only thing that had given me permanent relief. I believe that it saved my life last spring when I commenced its use. I do not expect anything will cure me entirely, but the Balsam keeps me up so that I can attend to business. It gives me immediate relief, and I am greatly improved in general health.

I remain, gratefully yours,
D. D. POOL.

What better proof of a good remedy for Consumption do you want?

HAYES' STATION, Ala., April 7, 1873.

Messrs. J. N. HARRIS & Co.,

Gents:—I take great pleasure in writing you to say that I received the Allen's Lung Balsam. I used it according to direction, and it has done me great good. It is the best medicine I ever used for coughs and colds, and I know if I follow the directions it will cure my consumption. With these few remarks, I remain, yours truly,
WATSON GRAVES.

The Lung Balsam never fails to do good for those afflicted with a cough.

It is harmless to the most delicate child.

It contains no opium in any form.

It is sold by medicine dealers generally.

CAUTION:

Be not deceived. Call for ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, and take no other.

Directions accompany each bottle.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Cincinnati,
Proprietors.

Sold by all medicine dealers.

BEST AND OLDEST FAMILY MEDICINE.—Sodder's Indian Vegetable Pills, a vegetable Cathartic and Tonic—for dyspepsia, constipation, debility, sick headache, bilious attacks, and all diseases of the stomach, bowels and liver. Ask the your druggist for it. Beware of imitations.

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by all medicine dealers.

THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
AND
FAMILY LINIMENT

Is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz.: Cramps in the limbs and stomach, pain in the stomach, bowels or side, rheumatism in all its forms, bilious colic, neuralgia, cholera, dosentery, colds, flesh wounds, burns, sore throat, spinal complaints, sprains and bruises, chills and fever. For internal and external use.

Its operation is not only to relieve the patient, but entirely removes the cause of the complaint. It penetrates and pervades the whole system, restoring healthy action to all its parts, and quickening the blood.

The Household Panacea is purely Vegetable and all healing.

Prepared by

CURTIS & BROWN,
No. 215 Fulton street, New York.
For sale by all druggists.

CHILDREN OFTEN LOOK PALE AND SICK

from no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS

will destroy worms without injury to the child, being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

CURTIS & BROWN, Proprietors,
No. 215 Fulton street, New York.

Sold by druggists and chemists, and dealers in medicines at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. Requires immediate attention, and should be Checked. If allowed to continue, IRRITATION OF THE LUNGS, A PERMANENT THROAT AFFECTION, OR AN INCURABLE LUNG DISEASE is often the result.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Having a direct influence on the parts, gives immediate relief. For BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, CONSUMPTIVE AND THROAT DISEASES TROCHES are used *always with good success.*

SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS

Will find TROCHES useful in clearing the voice when taken before Singing or Speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs.

Obtain only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," and do not take any of the worthless imitations that may be offered. *Sold everywhere.*

FIFTY RECIPES and a valuable premium free for 25 cts. Address S. HAYNES, Marion, Ky.

$15 PER DAY. 1,000 agents wanted. Send stamp to A. H. BLAIR & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

$25 PER DAY commission or $30 a week salary, and expenses paid agents. Business old and well pay it. Apply now. G. WEBBER & Co., Marion, O.

SECRET of perpetual beauty. New scientific discoveries. Particulars free. Address, Southwestern Agency, Carthage, Missouri.