ONLY A TRAMP.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

"He was only a tramp," said the papers
When telling the news of the day,
Of how a poor man was discover'd
Just breathing his last by the way,
And this was the epitaph written,
And scarcely his spirit had fled
Till many around him gathered
To morbidly gaze on the dead.

Messieurs, let us pause and consider
Right here o'er his mortal remains,
A clue we, perchance, may discover,
Rewarding us all for our pains,
From whence he had come, and bound whither,
His birth-place and name to denote.
What's this? Ah, Messieurs, 'tis a letter
Concealed in the breast of his coat.

We'll read—" My dear husband this letter
I write you, hoping 'twill be
Another strong link in love's fetter
That binds you so closely to me;
My heart's dearest throb of affection
I send to you darling, and pray
Kind Heaven for health and protection,
And speedy success on your way.

Our children are peacefully sleeping—
I many times bless them for you,
But Freddie is ailing from weeping
And baby is troublesome too.
Yet cheerfully, darling, I labour
Till you some employment secure,
I'm helped by kind-hearted neighbour
Who feels for the friendless and poor.

This morning our Jennie came sprightly
To kiss me; she whispered me, 'Ma,
Sweet angels converse with me nightly
And give good tidings of pa.''
God favor my little romancer
With virtuous dreams all her life,
Impatiently waiting your answer,
Your faithful, affectionate wife."

Then silently stood each spectator—
Their eyes were o'erflowing with tears.
Their lips—where the name of Creator
Had never been mentioned for years—
Were now breathing prayers full of pity
To God with an earnest desire
For those in far distant city,
Deprived of a husband and sire.

The tale can be told by that letter—
Denied of employment at home,
His starving condition to better
Away o'er the land he did roam.
Repulsed by continued denials
He came to seek rest on this sod.
At last there's an end to his trials,
He rests with a merciful God.

And "only a tramp" said the papers
When telling the news of the day,
Of how a poor man was discovered
Just breathing his last by the way,
And thus was his epitaph written.
And scarcely that letter was read
Till many Samaritans gathered.
To pay the last rites of the dead.
—*Dundalk Paper.*

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

BY DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

I was ever of opinion that the honest man who married, and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single; and I had scarce taken orders a year before I chose my wife, a good natured, notable woman, who could read any English book without much spelling, while for pickling, preserving and cooking none could excel her. We loved each other tenderly, had an elegant house, a good neighborhood, and lived many years in a state of much happiness.

Our children were well formed and healthy, and though we had but six, I considered them a very valuable present made to my country. Our eldest son was named George; our second child, a girl, Olivia; another girl, Sophia; Moses was our next; and after twelve years, we had two sons more, Richard and William. When our visitors would say:

"Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country!"

"Ay, neighbor," she would answer, "they are as heaven made them—handsome enough if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does."

And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads, who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome.

Matrimony was always one of my favorite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness. It was, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended that my eldest son, upon leaving Oxford, fixed his affections upon a neighboring clergyman's daughter, Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Everything was soon happily arranged, but, as Mr. Wilmot was courting his fourth wife, and I always stoutly contended that clergymen should not marry a second time, our controversies on the point began to cool his friendship. The day before the wedding a relation of mine called with sorry news.

"The merchant in town," said he, "in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off to avoid bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound."

This blow soon determied Mr. Wilmot to break off the match, and my family found themselves humbled in the world, without an education to render them callous to its contempt. As we had only £4,000 remaining out of £14,000, I joyfully accepted a small cure of fifteen pounds a year, meaning to increase my salary by farming. My eldest son George having started for London to seek his fortune, we set out soon after for our new home. Stopping the first night at an obscure inn, we found there a poor gentleman, named Burchell, who lacked money to pay his reckoning, having temporarily impoverished himself by his benevolence. I gladly lent him two pounds, and, during part of the next day, he traveled with us, giving me an entertaining account of Sir William Thornhill, the generous and eccentric uncle of our new landlord, and endearing himself to us all by plunging into a rapid stream and rescuing Sophia, who had been thrown from her horse by the force of the current.

Our retreat was in a little neighborhood of frugal farmes. The house of one story, was snugly thatched, and nicely whitewashed inside, and, though the same room served for a parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. We had many simple pleasures to refresh us after our honest industry, and often sat together, when the weather was fine, on a rustic seat overshadowed with hawthorn and honeysuckle.

There, one holiday, a genteel young man approached us with a careless superior air, and soon let us know that he was Squire Thornhill, our landlord. Such is the power of fortune and fine clothes that he was forthwith on the easiest terms with the female part of the family, and readily obtained permission to renew his visits.

My wife thought this meeting a most lucky hit, and declared she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. Observing that Olivia secretly admired the squire, I warned them heartily against disproportioned friendships, but the arrival of a side of venison, with his compliments, dulled the edge of my remonstrance.

That evening poor Mr. Burchell made us a visit, and helped up the next day in the hayfield, assisting Sophia with assiduity; but I had too good an opinion of her understanding to be under any uneasiness from the attentions of a man of broken fortune.

Shortly after, we entertained our landlord at dinner, and though he talked like a flippant free thinker, he made himself highly agreeable to Olivia and her mother, who began to speak exultingly of a match with the squire's family, and defended him with warmth when I declared:

"I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity."

The next morning Mr. Burchell came again, and though he was always cheerful, amiable, and even wise, I began to be displeased with the impression he seemed to be making on Sophia. However, he took himself away when the squire sent word by his chaplain that he intended giving a moonlight ball on the grass before our door. Mr. Thornbill fetched two young ladies of fashion from town; neighbor Flamborough's rosy daughters were brought in, flaunting with red top knots, and we had a very gay time of it, winding up with prayers.

My girls soon began to pitch their thoughts very high, and their pride was not lowered by a fortune-telling gypsy who promised Livy a squire and Sophy a lord!—all for a shilling apiece! Then the two fine ladies from town paid us a visit—Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Skeggs—and though Mr. Burchell turned his back, and cried "Fudge!" at the end of each sentence, we were vastly pleased with their high-life conversation, and my wife struck up a plan of sending our two daughters to town as their companions, at stipends of thirty pounds and twenty five guineas a year. This they very condescendingly approved, only requiring, as a mere form, Mr. Thornhill's recommendation. This he readily gave, and the expedition to town was speedily resolved upon, though Mr. Burchell very presumptuously sought to dissuade us from it.

As we were now rising in the world we determined to sell our old colt, which had no tail, and buy a better one. My son Moses went to the fair with him, in a waistcoat of gosling green, fell into the hands of a prowling sharper, and brought back only a gross of green spectacles! Then I took our other horse, old Blackberry, and sold him myself to a most venerable appearing gentleman, who gave me an order on neighbor Flamborough for five pounds. But when my honest neighbor saw the name—"Ephraim Jenkinson"—he exclaimed:

"The greatest rascal under heaven! This is the very same rogue that sold the spectacles!"

I went home dejected, but found my wife and girls in tears over a greater disappointment, for the two fine ladies, having heard reports of us from some malicious person, had set out for London, leaving us to wonder who could have aspersed our characters thus basely. By chance, however, Mr. Burchell was detected in the villainy of having sent a warning letter to the ladies of Thornhill castle, and, when reproached, he showed such effrontery that I could scarcely govern my passion.

"Ungrateful wretch!" I cried, "begone and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness?"

He smiled and departed with the utmost composure, leaving us astonished and enraged at his assurance.

"Squire Thornhill continued his attentions, but all my wife's art could not bring him to a proposal. At last it was resolved that Olivia should marry, at the end of a month, farmer Williams (who was in easy circumstances, prudent, sincere and openly devoted to her), provided the squire did not meantime declare his intentions. Instead, however, he discontinued his visits and Olivia seemed contented with the change in her fate. Four days before the nuptials, little Dick came running in, crying:

"Oh, papa, she is gone—sister Livy is gone from us forever?"

"Gone, child!"

"Yes, with two gentlemen in a post chaise—and one kissed her—and she cried—but he persuaded her—and she said: "Oh, what will my poor papa do when he knows that I am undone!"

"Now then," cried I, "my children, go and be miserable, for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And, oh, may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his! Thus to rob me of my child!"

"She's an ungrateful creature," said my wife, weeping, "to use us thus."

"Do not talk hardly," said I; "she shall be welcome to this heart, though stained with vices, if I find but repentance."

My suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, but, when I insisted on seeing him, he met me with an open face and seemed amazed at the elopement, protesting on his honor that he was quite a staanger to it. This denial and some other circumstances soon convinced me that the real culprit was no other than Mr. Burchell!" I followed some clews to his flight with my poor daughter, but in vain. Returning sadly homeward, I fell in with a very well dressed gentleman who invited me to sup with him; and talked politics at a great rate; but he proved to be only the butler, and the sudden arrival of his master and mistress put me in great confusion. Just then, who should enter but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly engaged to be married to my son George. She recognized me with joy, and, on hearing my name the old gentleman and lady, her uncle and aunt insisted on my staying for some days.

The next evening we went to see some strolling players act in a barn. When the chief performer appeared and perceived Miss Wilmot and me, he stood speechless. It was my fortunate George! He burst into tears and retired. I conducted Miss Wilmot home, and we soon had my son with us; all his travels had brought him no more fortune than a stick and a wallet; but I fancied that I could discern that Miss Wilmot still looked on him with a favorable eye. Nor was this preference abate by the arrival af Mr. Thornhill, who, I learned had already made her some overtures. He seemed surprised at seeing me, but was very friendly, and procured for George an ensign's commission in one of the regiments going to the West Indies.

Giving my son all I had— my blessing —I took leave of the good family that had entertained me so long; and set out for home. Putting up for the night at a little public house, I chanced to hear the landlady berating some one in the room above.

"Out I say," she cried: "what, you trumpery, to come and take up an honest house without cross or coin to bless yourself with! Come along, I say."

"Oh, madam," cried the stranger, "pity me for one night, and death will soon do the rest!"

I knew the voice of my poor Olivia, flew to her rescue, and caught her in my arms.

"Welcome, my dearest, lost one, to your poor old father's bosom?"

"Oh, you can't forgive me! I know you cannot!"

"Yes, my child, I do. But it surprises me how a man of Mr. Buchell's seeming honor could be guilty of such baseness."

"Papa you labor under a great mistake. Mr. Burchell always warned me against Mr. Thornhill, who"——

"Mr. Thornhill! Can it be?"

"Yes, sir, it was Mr. Thornhill who employed the two ladies, as he called them, who were, in fact, abandoned women, to decoy us up to town. They would have succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell's letter, and I am convinced he was ever our sincerest friend."

"You amaze me! My first suspicions of Mr. Thornhill's baseness were too well grounded."

"Alas, papa, you are but little acquainted with his villainies; he has been married already to six or eight wives more, whom like me, he has deceived and abandoned. So monstrously did he treat me that I left him and fled here, only to be at a distance from the wretch I detested."

The next day I took Olivia home, arriving near midnight, just in time to save my little ones from the flames which devoured our humble cottage before our eyes, leaving us houseless and hungry, but for the charity of our kind neighbors. My arm, too, was severely burned, but I suffered less from that than information I received that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot in a few days. My Olivia's betrayer had ever the assurance to present himself to me, with his usual air of familiarity, and pretend that his conduct toward her had nothing criminal in it.

"Avoid my sight!" cried I. "Were my brave son at home he would not suffer this, but I am old and disabled, and every way undone. I reposed my heart upon thine honor, and have found its baseness. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee— beauty, riches, health and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease and sorrow. Yet, humble as I am, though thou hast my forgivness, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"Depend upon it," returned he, "you shall feel the effect of this insolence."

Nor did he threaten in vain. The next morning his steward demanded my annual rent. I could not pay; so my cattle were sold, and myself was cast into prison, whither I was accompanied by my disconsolate family. Olivia was suffering from a slow fever, and one day in the depression of her spirits she was heard uttering these mournful lines:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom is—to die."

We had now nothing between us and famine, save what my son Moses could earn as a day laborer. Even in this strait I found a friend in a fellow prison-er, that very Ephraim Jenkinson who had got old Blackberry for a worthless draft on neighbor Flamborough. His cunning had not saved him from the jail, but he promised to see what it could do toward relieving me.

Meanwhile my poor Olivia grew worse, became speechless, and then came the sad tidings—she was dead! It was for her sake I defied Squire Thornhill, and now I consented to make submission to him. In vain! He would show no mercy! As if to complete the sum of our miseries, our dearest Sophia was snatched from us, carried off by unknown ruffians? But ill-fortune had still another blow. The prison keeper entered with a man all bloody, wounded and fettered. Horror! It was my George! His regiment had not left England, and hearing of Thornhill's crime he had challenged the villain. Instead of appearing in person, Thornhill sent four domestics to seize him. One he wounded, but the others captured my poor son; as a challenger his life was forfeited!

But let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favor. The next event was the return of Sophia, who had been rescued by our old friend, Mr. Burchell. He received my apologies in the kindest way, and Sophia explained that he had heard her cries and disarmed the ruffian who had seized her, but who had managed to make his escape.

"Mr. Burchell," cried I, "as you have delivered my girl, if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her, obtain her consent, and you have mine."

Without the least reply he ordered dinner, a dozen bottles of wine, and some cordials for me, asserting that, though in a prison, he never felt more disposed to be merry.

At my request Mr. Jenkinson and my son were now admitted. George regarded Mr. Burchell with astonishment, and stood fixed at a respectful distance. Perceiving himself known, our guest assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. After pronouncing severely on the sin of dueling, he admitted such palliation of poor George's fault as induced him to forgive it.

"If there be injury," said he "there shall be redress; and this I may say without boasting, that none have taxed the injustice of Sir Wm. Thornhill."

We now found that our harmless, amusing companion, poor Mr. Burchell, was in reality the uncle of our offending landlord, and a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senators listened with applause. My poor wife and Sophia were overwhelmed, but Sir William reassured them, and at his request, Jenkinson, who had furnished a clue to the abducter of Sophia, was sent with two men to apprehend the rascal.

Before we had well dined, a message was brought from Squire Thornhill, desiring permission to appear and vindicate his innocence, with which request the baronet complied. Being introduced, he gave so smooth a version of his conduct as quite cleared him, if it could be believed. But at the sudden appearance of Jenkinson, with the ruffian who carried off Sophia, he turned pale, and it presently came out that he himself had instigated the abductions with the basest designs.

"Heavens!" cried Sir William; what a viper!"

The unexpected arrived of Miss Arabella Wilmot surprised us next, and it speedily appeared that the squire to win her hand, had persuaded her that George was married and gone to America. The revelation of his baseness revived her passion for my son, who was now released' at Sir William's request, and presently appered in his regimentals whereupon she lost no time in blushingly letting him know that if she could not be his, she would never be another's.

The squire now showed himself the hardy villain, and laying aside shame, insultingly declared that Miss Wilmot's fortune was safely made over to him, and he cared not who won the lady herself; this was too true; but neither George nor Arabella heeded it in the least.

"Let him enjoy our fortune," cried she; "I can now be happy even in indigence."

"And I," cried the squire, with a malicious grin, "shall be very happy with what you despise."

"Hold," cried Jenkinson, "can the squire have this lady's fortune if he be married to another?"

"Undoubtedly he cannot," replied the baronet.

"Well," said Jenkinson, "he is married already; and, if the company restrains their curiosity a few minutes, they shall see his wife."

So saying he darted off, and presently returned with—Olivia!

"Squire," he cried, "this is your lawful wife, and here is the license! You commissioned me to get a false license and a false priest, to deceive this young lady, but I got a true license and a true priest."

A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment. Mr. Thornhill's assurance forsook him, he fell on his knees before his uncle and implored compassion. Sir William promised him a bare competence to support the wants of life, and ordered him to be gone.

All now hastened to salute Olivia, whose death Jenkinson and my wife had thought it necessary to persuade me of, to procure my submission to the squire. Sophia did not seem perfectly satisfied, but Sir William soon relieved her doubts by claiming her as his own "loveliest, most sensible of girls."

The next day there was a joyful double wedding, seasoned with the good news of the recovery of my fortune from my merchant in town, who had been arrested at Antwerp. All my cares were now over; it only remained that my gratitude in prosperity should succeed my former submission in adversity.

How to Make a Lactometer.

Any housekeeper who desires to test the purity of the lacteal fluid furnished daily by the milkman, can furnish herself with an impromptu and, to all purpose, an efficient lactometer in this way. Procure a glass bulb and stem, both hollow; load it with quicksilver, sand or even bird shot, until the instrument will float upright in milk known to be pure. Mark on the stem the point to which it sinks—the surface point. Remove it from the milk and float it in pure water, marking the surface point as before, which will be considerably higher on the stem than the other mark. Now take a narrow slip of paper, capable of being rolled lengthwise, and insert it in the stem of the instrument so that the figures on it will be visible through the glass. Lay off on this—in the direction of its length—a space equal to the distance between the two surface points, numbering the first point 0 and the other 100. Subdivide this space into ten or twenty proportional spaces correspondingly numbered; roll the slip and insert it in the stem until the 0 is at the surface point of the milk, the 100 at that of the water. Your lactometer is now complete. Float it in your milk can every morning, and the depth to which it sinks will register the percentage of dishonest water, if any, the milk contains. Suppose, for example, the instrument sinks till the surface line cuts the figure fifteen. The milk contains fifteen per cent. of added water.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The Jewish Restoration.

A curious rumor is afloat, for which we do not vouch, that the porte, in its eagerness for money, has offered to sell the hereditary pashalic of the holy land to any candidate accepted by the Jews in return for a loan. The transaction would be one of the most singular in history, but it is not beyond the range of possibility. Palestine needs nothing but irrigation and trees, and though the Jews dislike agriculture, fellaheen sufficient might be attracted from Egypt. The restoration of the Jews, with Lord Beaconsfield for first king, would be an incident romantic enough to satisfy even the imagination of the author of "Alroy."—*London Spectator.*

THE chap had legs like a pair of slate-pencils. Small boy yelled to other small boy: "Say, Billy, that feller's got a heap o' courage to risk himself out on such legs as them, this weather." "Why?" "Might freeze, break off, stick in his body and bleed him to death.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Making Good Butter.

The American Grocer gives the following directions:

1. Avoid worrying the cows in any way, or getting them excited.

2. Milk in a clean, well-ventilated place, free from all foul odors, and under shelter in rainy weather, letting the cows stand awhile, to drip and dry off, before beginning to milk.

3. Exclude all filth from milk and strain as fast as milked. If it can be at once strained into the pan for setting, and the straining can be done without entering the milk-room, all the better.

4. The best way is to have the milk-room so arranged that its temperature can be kept uniformly at about sixty degrees, and then to use neither water or ice around the milk Then leave the temperature of the milk to sink gradually to that of the room. The cream will continue to rise as long as the temperature is falling, and more slowly afterwards. It will be up in forty-eight hours. It should be skimmed and kept at the temperature of sixty degrees until it becomes slightly acid, then it is fit to churn. If any other method of setting is adopted, it should not be one that will not keep the milk sweet forty-eight hours, nor one which will not permit the cream to rise in that time. It is more or less injurious, according to circumstances, to have the temperature of the room higher than that of the milk.

5. Never let cream get more than slightly sour before churning, and churning it at about sixty degrees, with a motion equal to that given by thirty or forty strokes to the minute by a dasher covering three-fourths of the lateral space of the churn at the largest point.

6. Before the butter is gathered, and while in lumps about the size of wheat or buckwheat kernels, draw off or strain out the buttermilk, and thoroughly wash the butter with clear, cold water at about fifty-five degrees, but do not pack the butter together. Then sprinkle on, and carefully stir in, still avoiding packing, about one ounce of salt to each pound of butter. Set the butter away in a cool, sweet place, not above sixty degrees, nor below fifty-five degrees, until the next day, when it is ready to work and pack for market.

7. The packing should be done in clean, sweet packages; and if the butter is intended for long keeping, the packages should be air-tight. They can be made so by proper use of the brine.

8. Butter so packed should be kept at a temperature not above sixty degrees, nor below fifty degrees, and in an apartment where there are no foul ordors from vegetables, damp earth, or any other source.

9. The milk of sick cows, or cows in heat, should never be used for dairy purposes, nor milk known to be impure from any cause whatever.

10. If from any accident, neglect, or over-sight, a batch of butter is not perfect, it should not be packed for long keeping, but at once put into the market and sold for consumption while in its best condition. But imperfect butter should never be made to eat.

Some Points About Fat Horses.

A fat horse is a proportionately weak horse. Fat is an oily matter, itself unendowed with life or sensibility, contained in cells, as honey is within the honey-comb, which are vital, and so endowed that they lose the power either of adding to or taking from the quantity of oily matter at any time existing. The use of fat is to fill up crevices in the body, facilitate the movements of parts one upon another, and serve as a sort of internal nutriment, in case the animal should be in a situation where he can not obtain food; but, when it accumulates, instead of facilitating the motions of parts, it clogs and impedes them, and becomes, from its collected amount of freight, a burden to the body. A fat horse is not only unfit to go, but really has a weight within himself to carry which the horse in condition for work has been disencumbered of. A fat horse will not bear the loss of blood the same as a horse in a working state of body; the one will faint from the abstraction of a quantity which the other will stand without being affected. Plumpness, which arises from fatness, is too apt to convey to the eyes of the inexperienced the impression of strength and ability to go to work, whereas it ought, we repeat, be taken as a proof to the contrary. When a buyer enters a dealer's yard to buy a horse, every horse shown him most likely—certainly every horse four or five years old—is fat, and, therefore, not in condition for work. Dealers—by quantities of grain and sometimes by means of poisonous nostrums and by giving their horses only such little walking exercise as serves to keep their legs from swelling—make the horses they have for sale as fat as they can, and for two reasons. First, fat fills up the crevices and conceals any imperfections there may be of outward form. It is the horse dealer's putty; by it, like the coach-maker or the furniture-maker, he makes his article for sale appear more perfect or freer from defect than it really is. Secondly, by it he gives an appearance of size and bulk to the article which passes for sign of strength and ability, but which, as we said before, is in reality a condition of weakness.

Fine Manure vs. Long Manure.

Mr. Ives, a successful New York farmer, says:

I have come to believe from repeated experience in practice, that by applying the manure while in a raw or fresh state, if it is only fine enough to mix well with the soil, it will do the most good that it ever will; though possibly a load might go farther after being fermented and rotted down, for in doing that the weight and bulk is very much reduced. By applying it while comparatively fresh, the process of rotting is done where its goodness is all saved in the soil, like the vegetable matter from a good turf, or a clover crop, or from any vegetable growth plowed under for green manuring. We are told by scientific men that these—the unfermented manure as well as the green vegetable matter—go through a slow process of fermentation while rotting in the soil, so that all their qualities are saved, and I believe that the farmer using cut feed, so that all the material that goes to make the manure heap in fine, would find no advantage in letting it ferment or rot before using it, when with long coarse manure he must of necessity put it through that process to have it short enough to use.

I might also state that the amount of manure I obtain yearly averages about ten loads per head of horses and cattle kept; the horses being kept up through the year, and the cattle six to seven months, besides being taken in every night through the summer. All the manure is kept under shelter, and the horse manure so mixed with that of the cattle,, and trodden down, that it seldom heats before it is drawn out for use. Ten loads to the acre, spread from the wagon as I draw it, is the way I generally use it.

Taking up cattle every night through the summer to augment the manure heap is an excellent practice. Sheep should be managed in the same way. All stock ought to have a dry soft bed to sleep on, or in, such as straw or dry forest leaves will furnish. It is perfect comfort, so far as possible, that yields a maximum of meat, milk or wool from the food consumed.

Farming and the Credit System.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes from southern Kansas:

Bankrupt farmers make bankrupt merchants. We can charge our ill-success at farming to drouth and locusts; that of our merchants to the credit system. One of the great evils of this day and age is the credit system, and the people of this entire western country have cause to mourn that they have yielded to the smooth tongues of machine agents. Debt and interest will always eat holes into the savings of the best of men. An exclusive cash system is always best for all. Farming land, with considerable improvement, is plenty, and very cheap. There are many claims here that can be purchased for less than the government price of land, which is $2.50 per acre. Judging from the present indications, there are many acres that will not be seeded the coming season. Some have abandoned their claims; some have sold at one-half less than their claims have cost; others have not seeds to sow one-half the land fitted for spring crops, while underlying all is the uncertainty of reaping from what they sow. Drouth and locusts, year after year, will soon wear away the hopes and patience of the best of men. Speculation and stock raising seem to be the only source of profit in the country, and these require more capital than is possessed by the average settler.

People who go west and settle under a cloud of locusts, and often where no crop can be grown without artificial irrigation, commit a great mistake. In the south we have a ten-fold better climate, far less fear of insect depredation. We are many miles nearer the sea, with its warm gulf stream, that brings twelve hundred times more water direct from the equator, with a very desirable heat, that flows into the great Mississippi river. Southern agriculture has an equatorial river that never feels a drouth or carries cold water, of inestimable value.

Principles of Breeding.

We often hear people talk as if it were an easy matter to originate a new race of domestic animals by taking a cross between two races of breeds. Not many years ago it was often maintained that we ought to build up an American breed of cattle in this way, by many intelligent farmers, who supposed they knew what they were talking about. It ought always to be kept in mind that races have a fixity of type which is transmitted from parent to offspring, and this offspring so closely resembles the parents, when they both are of the same race, that no one familiar or conversant with that particular race would ever mistake it as belonging to another or different race. And yet the offspring will not once in ten thousand times be precisely like either of the parents. The individual will vary, although at the same time he may be a perfect specimen of the race. No Shorthorn would for a moment dispute the "purity of blood" in Starlight 2d; neither would he dispute it in New Year's Day, El Hakim, or Crusader. These bulls had all and each of them the physical characteristics of the thoroughbred Shorthorn; but at the same time no two of them were precisely alike—they were true to the race, but varied as individuals.

Any two races will be prolific with each other, but a third or new race can not be formed from two old ones or two already in existence; this has been tried repeatedly and never yet succeeded; the progeny will revert to one or both the original types or races. All that can be done in the shape of improvement is to develop aptitudes, and have these become so well developed in a series of generations that they will belong to and become hereditary as transmissible qualities. The hereditary transmission of form is one thing and belongs to race, and the transmission of qualities is quite another thing and belongs to intelligent breeding and care.

The difficulties ought not to discourage us from constant effort for the improvement of our stock, it is true, but they should have the effect to control and guide our experiments into practical channels and to accept some things as settled.—*N. E. Farmer*.

Household Recipes.

PUFF PASTE WITH BEEF SUET.—Where you can not obtain good butter for making paste, the following is an excellent substitute. Skin and chop one pound of kidney beef suet very fine, put it in a mortar and pound it well, moisten with a little oil, until becoming, as it were, one piece, and about the consistency of butter; proceed exactly as in puff paste, using it instead of butter.

PARSNIPS.—Scrape and wash your parsnips, and put them on with just enough water to boil them, and no more; when they are done they should be nearly dry. Then dish them and pour over melted butter and a little salt, or some drawn butter. Or, boil them as directed above, and when done cut them in half, grease the bars of your gridiron, put them on it over some lively coals and brown them.

HOW TO CANDY FRUIT.—When finished in the syrup, put a layer into a new sieve and dip it suddenly into hot water, to take off the syrup that hangs about it; put it into a napkin before the fire to drain, and then do some more in a sieve; have ready sifted, double-refined sugar, which sift over the fruit on all sides till quite white; set it on the shallow end of the sieve in a slightly-warmed oven, and turn it over two or three times; it must not be cooled till dry.

FRICASSEED CHICKEN.—Divide your fowls; wash well and lay in a flat-bottomed vessel with the bone side down; cover evenly with part boiling water and milk; let simmer until tender; skim off the fat that comes to the top; season with salt and white pepper; pile the chicken nicely on the dish, put in the gravy a bunch of parsely; a large minced boiled onion, one blade of mace, a gill of cream, the yolks of two eggs, and a teaspoonful of butter, rubbed to a cream in two tablespoonfuls of flour; let all boil a few minutes; take out the parsley and mace and turn your chicken, which you must have kept hot.

TO COOK AND SERVE A LOIN OF BEEF.—Select a twelve pound loin of beef of good quality, bone, season inside with salt and pepper, roll and tie it firmly with strong string, cook the same way as beef *a la mode*, omitting the calf's feet; when done (it takes at least four hours) drain, pare, glaze and keep it warm till wanted; free the gravy of its grease and reduce with a quart of Espagnole sauce; dress the beef on a layer of brazed red cabbage, garnished around with alternate groups of glazed onions and boiled and glazed beet roots, nicely rounded; pour the same over the garnishing and serve.

MACARONI A L' ITALIENNE.—A correspondent of the New York Times says: Have a pan of boiling water, with a spoonful of salt in it. Put the macaroni in and let it boil until tender, but it must not become a paste; strain dry in a sieve; put into the pan with some white sauce, or any strong stock; a teaspoonful salt, a half teaspoonful pepper and pinch of cayenne; when boiling put in the macaroni. Take hold of the handle of the saucepan and shake it around, but do not stir it. Add to a pound of macaroni a grated quarter of a pound of Parmesan cheese, shake over the fire until well mixed.

An Immense Washing.

A few days ago a lady rooming at a fashionable lodging-house got struck with the bed-quilt mania. She determined to manufacture a bed-quilt for some of the church fairs, to be composed of 6,843 pieces, irrespective of the edging. Full of this sublime feminine conception, she gathered up all the old calico rags that her neighbors were glad to get rid of, and spent a whole day cutting them up into pieces; then about five o'clock she went out to dine. When she returned the rags were gone. The way that woman fretted and worried about those old pieces of patchwork was especially enlivening to the roomers on the same floor. She went to chief of police, called on the mayor, all the aldermen, and bored the head of the fire department almost to death to get some kind of redress. She wanted every room in the house searched. Yesterday afternoon her Chinese wash-boy appeared with a big bundle, which he proceeded to deposit on the floor.

"How muchee, John?"

"Eighty-seven dollar and sixteen bitee."

A shiver went through that woman's frame. The Chinaman unfolded the washing and there were those 6,843 pieces of patchwork and 3,689 ragged edges which had been cut off, all neatly washed, ironed and folded.

Dr. Harris was called to attend the wounded man, and says that the flat-iron wounds on his head will take him off if erysipelas sets in.—*Virginia Chronicle*.

MAJOR POWELL quotes the following proverb from the Indians:

Let a man talk a very long time,
Let a man talk a very long time,
A hole he will bore into a rock.

WHY SUFFER from Cold in the Head? Dr. J. H. McLean's Catarrh Snuff soothes and cures. Infallible for Catarrh and any Sores in the Nose. Trial Boxes 50 cts., by mail. Dr. J. H. McLean, St. Louis.

The Telephone.

The telephone itself is a simple affair, and one which every person acquainted with the electric telegraph would understand at sight. The instrument consists of a powerful, compound, permanent magnet, to the poles of which are attached ordinary coils of insulated wire. In front of the poles, surrounded by these coils of wire, is placed a diaphragm of iron, while a mouth-piece to concentrate the sound upon this diaphragm substantially completes the arrangement. When the human voice causes the sensitive diaphragm to vibrate, electrical undulations are induced in the coils surrounding the magnets precisely in the same manner as the undulations of the air are produced by the voice. These undulations then travel through the wire, and passing through the coils of an instrument of similar construction at a longer or shorter distance, as the case may be, are again transformed into air undulations by the diaphragm of the instrument. It will be borne in mind that the voltaic battery is dispensed with entirely, and all that is needed for transmitting the voice sounds are the instruments and the telegraph wire. In this connection a remarkable peculiarity of the telephone is that a practiced ear is able to distinguish the voices that speak through the instrument. The inventor claims that as any affect produced by electricity over a short wire, can with equal facility be produced over one of 100 or 1,000 miles in length, provided the insulation be good, so can the electric wave of the telephone be perfected to render free and easy the sounds generated by the human voice to any length. In fact, with such advances as the system has made of late, there would seem to be no limit to which it may be put, and the practical advantages likely to result from it. The invention is now in its infancy, but no doubt it will soon astonish the world by what it may be able to do.

It is probable that among the first practical uses to which the telephone will be put will be its use by several of those railroads that have special wires used only for railroad purposes. Next, private banking houses and large manufacturing establishments, etc., will find it advantageous to use the telephone. It is well known that the expense and trouble of batteries and keeping them in order has been one of the main items in the account of telegraphing, and with the present system expert operators are required. Under the system of telephony the cost of constructing the line and putting in the instrument is all, and the affair is permanent so long as the wires and poles shall last. The invention will be wonderfully economical, to say the least, as well as more expeditious and easier to learn to operate than the present system of telegraphy. This invention will not only be a decided improvement, but may exert a powerful influence in breaking up the telegraph monopoly and reducing rates to a lower scale than that now in vogue.

Respecting the adaptation of the invention to long distances the late experiments warrant the belief that it can be made to answer all the purposes of the telegraph either under the ocean or across the land. The artificial resistance employed in the experiment between Boston and Salem, as already hinted, was much greater than an equivalent of the length of the wire between New York and San Francisco or the Atlantic cable. In fact the inventors hope soon to talk through the cable and send their compliments to queen Victoria.—*Graphic*.

The Circulation of the Blood.

Physiology was destined to receive more substantial contributions from Cesalpino than either botany or mineralogy. The circulation of the blood, that is its passage from the right side of the heart across the lungs to the left side, had been known to Galen, who also knew the arteries and veins in their ultimate ramifications communicate with each other across an "anostomosis" of minute vessels in every part of the body. This knowledge was vitiated by the hypothesis that the blood passed from the right side of the heart through the intervening septum of the left, an hypothesis of which Julius Cæsar Arantius, of Bologna, exposed the absurdity. The next and final step in the discovery belongs according to the Italian physiologists to Cesalpino, who in 1569, demonstrated the passage of the blood from the arteries to the veins, across the capilaries throughout the system, and applied the term "circulation" to the perpetual movement of the blood "from the veins to the right side of the heart, from this to the lungs, from the lungs to the left side of the heart, and from this to the arteries." In 1593 he published the "Quistioni Mediche," in which he illustrated the circulation by constricting any limb of the body with a bandage, whereupon the vein swelled in the interspace between its capilliary organ and the ligature, so that when cut with a lancet the black venous blood flowed out; and after it the red arterial blood. "Cesalpino moreover" (says his recent apologist, Dr. Ceradina, of Genoa, to whom I am indebted for many of the above mentioned facts). "recognized that the blood is contained at a higher pressure in the arteries than in the veins, and that in its passage from the former to the latter the capilliary anastemoses interpose a greater or smaller obstacle according to the degree of their dilation. "All these facts," continues Dr. Ceradini, "Cesalpino taught first from the chair of medicine at Pisa, and subsequently at Rome, where he died in 1603. All that was left for Harvey to do was to strengthen Cesalpino's discovery by assigning to the valves (of which Fabricio Di Acquapendente first pointed out the existence) the function of opposing the centrifugal movement of the blood. In fact, Harvey's merit really and only consists in having successfully sustained a struggle against the prejudice and ignorance that impeded the acknowledgement of Cesalpino's discovery."

It is old that, after such proofs of scientific acumen Cesalpino should have written seriously on witchcraft; but such is the fact. Some nuns of Pisa were reputed to be possessed by demons, and the archbishop of the diocese convoked the theologians, philosophers, and physicans of the university to investigate whether the phenomena manifested by the nuns proceeded from natural causes. Cesalpino's contribution to the subject judiciously refrained from denying the existence of evil spirits. He said that these unseen agencies makes use of physical means, diffusing a subtle poison which causes fascination, enchantment, and other signs of demoniacal possession. These phenomena, however, can be cured by physical means like another disease; though, he cautiously adds, religious ministrations will enhance the efficacy of the remedial agent. In this recognition of the church Cesalpino betrays the dread common to Galileo and other contemporary savans, of offending the spiritual authority; and, though he was accused of materialism and atheism by Dr. Samuel Parker, archdeacon of Canterbury, and the French physican, Taurel, he never lost the favor of the Rome Curia. In fact, the cardinal who presided over the press, in allowing him to publish his "De Metallicis," declared the treatise worthy of its author, "*Che fu sempre diligentissimo sequace dei dogmi peripatetiche*" (who was always a very diligent follower of the Aristotelian dogmas). Another point worth noting in Cesalpino's career is the fact that he was past fifty when he began to write, and he was eighty-four when he published his last work, an appendix to his earliest ("The Quistioni Peripateticho"). At that age he died, leaving behind him a world-wide reputation for versatility, sagacity, and learning.

The Inter-Oceanic Canal.

The interest in the long talked of international work is just now being revived throughout our country by the reports recently submitted to the government by the commission which was some three or four years ago appointed to examine as far as might be practicable the different routes across the isthmus, so far as such proposed water routes might be deemed worthy of examination, and make full reports of the result of such commission has known. It now seems that the conclusion that the route via Lake Nicaragua is the one best adapted to the making of a great inter-oceanic passageway across the great land barrier that has so long barred the passage of ships of all nations from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and *visa versa*. This route will have a length of one hundred and eighty one miles from Greytown on the Atlantic side to Bricto on the Pacific side. In this distance there will be a run of fifty-six miles through Lake Nicaragua. The surface of this lake is one hundred and seven feet above the level of either ocean, and the calculation is that it will require ten locks on the Pacific side and ten on the Atlantic side to overcome this elevation. On the Atlantic side the San Juan river will be used to create slack water navigation for a distance of sixty-three miles.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Of the 60,000 Chinese in San Francisco, about seven hundred and fifty attend the evening mission schools. Three hundred have joined churches. Seven hundred are members of christian societies and are studying christian doctrines. Nearly 1,000 regularly attend Sunday-school.

As the result of the interest created in Chicago by Mr. Moody's preaching, the churches of that city are receiving large accessions to their members. On a recent Sunday the first Presbyterian, of which the Rev. A. E. Kittridge is pastor, added to its roll of members one hundred and sixty-one persons. This is but one instance. Churches of other denominations show like signs of prosperity.

The progress of christianity in India receives a fresh illustration in the fact that the Methodist Episcopal church has organized there a second conference, the south Indian. It consists of twenty-four preachers, and takes in both Bombay and Calcutta. The public meetings of the conference, held at Bombay in November, were attended by Hindoos, Parsees, Mohammedans, and christians.

A religious body not much known, but very active, is the church of the seventh-day adventists. They have at Battle Creek, Michigan, a publishing house college, and health reform institution. Another publishing house is located at Oakland, California. In circulating the issues of their press the adventists display an unusual degree of energy.

The question whether the basis of fraternity adopted by the northern and southern joint commissions last summer, and which was so acceptable in the north, would be equally acceptable in the south, is by this time definitely settled. The southern conferences, as they successively meet, express approval with great unanimity. The North Georgia conference declares its "profound gratitude to God for endowing His servants the commissioners with wisdom to formulate the existing sentiments of fraternity in language at once honorable to both churches and acceptable to this conference."

Mr. Lewis E. Jackson, who has for years given close attention to the religious statistics of New York, has compiled the following table: The Baptists of the city number thirty-nine churches and 12,351 communicants; the Congregationalists, five churches and 1206 communicants; the Episcopal Methodists, fifty churches and 10,668 communicants; the Protestant Episcopalians, sixty churches an 16,568 communicants: the Presbyterians, forty churches and 17,994 communicants; the Reformed (Dutch), fourteen churches and 5299 communicants. Missions, and other protestant churches represent about 9000 communicants. There are in New York three hundred and ninety-six protestant churches and missions. The protestant population of the city hardly exceeds 500,000.

The clergy of Prussia have a social duty imposed on them which is peculiar to that kingdom. It is that of reconciliation, if practicable, of parties who contemplate applying to the courts for divorce. Every demand of legal divorce must be preceded by an appeal to this peace tribunal. The law on this subject dates from 1844, and has been a practical success. In the seven old Prussian provinces, which have a population of 17,000,000, there was in 1873 7,325 couples that desired separation; in 1874 there were 7430. In 1873 there were, out of the whole number, 2829 couples reconciled; in 1874, 2688. These reconciliations appear to be mostly permanent; in 1873 only about six hundred couples appeared before clergymen for the second time; in 1874, about five hundred. In every case the parties first appear separately before the clergyman, and afterward together.

Bishop Whipple, in a letter to the Churchman of January 13, complains of our new treaty with the Sioux Indians as a flagrant breach of national faith. Being a member of the Sioux commission, he speaks with authority. The chief points of the new compact are, that, when placed on their reservation, these Indians shall labor or have no government rations, that each one who complies with the necessary conditions shall have a title to his land, and that they shall be governed by the laws of the United States. The bishop charges the last Indian war to our own disregard of our promises. We make treaties only to break them at pleasure. Sitting Bull was not included in the agreements of 1868, but might have been kept peaceful had there not been great blundering. Dr. Whipple, whose whole heart is enlisted for the Indians, thus concludes his story: "The peace policy would have been a perfect success if the system had been reformed. Even without government, without law, without personal protection in property and life, it has done more than was done in any previous period of our history. One thing I beg of all christian men; to pray God to incline the heart of the nation to deal righteously with the scattered remnant of the Indian nations under their charge. I ask brethren in the ministry to preach such a revival as the old prophets preached, 'to undo the bands of wickedness.'

The Struggle for Existence.

The different members of the organic world are so bound together by complex relations that one change usually involves many other changes. We know little, it is true, of the way in which one animal or plant is bound up with others; but we do know that groups the most apparently disconnected are often entirely dependent on other groups. Thus the introduction of goats into St. Helena destroyed a whole flora of forest trees. This was the sentence of death on all the insects, mollusca, and perhaps birds, which found their living on trees. Swine, which ran wild in Mauritius, exterminated the dodo. The same animal is the most mortal foe of venomous serpents.

In many districts the browsing of cattle will prevent the growth of trees. With the trees an end is put to the insects which depend upon the trees, to the birds which feed upon the insects, and to the small mammals which live upon the fruits, seeds, leaves or roots Insects, moreover have the most wonderful influence on the range of mammals. In Paraguay a species of fly destroys new born cattle end horses. Hence neither of these animals run wild in that country, although they abound in the adjacent regions. This leads to a great difference in the vegitation of Paraguay, and through that to a difference in its insects, birds, reptiles, and wild mammals. The extinction of this fly would change the whole face of the country. So in South Africa, in the districts infested by the tsetze fly, no horses, dogs, or cattle can live. Yet it has no effect on asses, zebras, or antelopes.

Mr. Darwin's often quoted case of the cats and clover afford an apt illustration of the points in question. It is known that in England both red clover and wild heartsease are fertilized only by the visits of bumble bees. But bumble bees are largely kept down by field mice, which destroy their combs and nests. Field mice in their turn are kept down by cats. If there were no cats there would be no red clover or wild heartsease. For in that case there would be no check on the field mice, which would multiply so abundantly as to destroy all bumble bees. There would be nothing to fertilize the red clover and [illegible], and the two plants would produce no seed and become extinct.

THERE was an irreverent man at the "Forefathers" dinner in New York who toasted the Puritan mothers, on the ground that they were compelled to endure not only the inconvenience of a rigorous climate and the horrors of savage warfare, but a worse evil, the Pilgrim fathers.

..Surprise is the essence of wit, but somehow when a man is climbing down a ladder, in an awful hurry, and never finds out that one of the rounds is gone until he tries to step on it with both feet, it never seems very funny to him.

THE GOSPEL OF MERIT.

Where there is so much rivalry as in the manufacture of family medicines, he who would succeed must give positive and convincing proof of merit. This is an age of inquiry. People take nothing for granted. They must know the "whys" and "wherefores" before acknowledging the superiority of one article over another. Among the few preparations that have stood the test, those manufactured by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., have for many years been foremost. The truth of any statement made concerning them can be easily ascertained, for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are now prescribed by many physicians in curing obstinate cases of Catarrh and incipient Consumption. The Discovery has no equal in curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchial and Nervous Affections. It allays all irritation of the mucous membrane, aids digestion, and when used with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets readily overcomes torpid liver and Constipation, while the Favorite Prescription has no rival in the field of prepared medicine in curing diseases peculiar to females. If you wish to "know thyself" procure a copy of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," an illustrated book of nearly 1,000 pages, adapted to the wants of everybody. Price $1.50, postage prepaid. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Wheat	1 10	@	1 12½
Corn	59	@	62
Oats	50	@	52
Lard	12½	@	13
Bacon—Clear Sides	9	@	—
Hay—Best	30 00	@	32 00
Whisky—Common	1 00	@	1 15
Robertson County	1 75	@	3 00
Bourbon	5 00	@	5 50
Lincoln County	1 75	@	3 00
Highwines	1 13	@	1 15
Cotton—Ordinary	10	@	10¼
Good Ordinary	12	@	—
Low Middling	11⅛	@	11¾
Seeds—Clover	8 50	@	9 50
German Millet	60	@	65
Missouri Millet	1 75	@	2 00
Hungarian	1 75	@	2 00
Buckwheat, ⅌ bush.	1 75	@	2 00
NEW ORLEANS.			
Flour	$ 6 75	@	8 50
Corn	70	@	—
Oats	48	@	50
Hay	24 00	@	—
Pork	19 50	@	—
Sugar	9½	@	10¼
Molasses	45	@	60
Whisky	1 05	@	1 10
Cotton	12	@	12⅝
LOUISVILLE.			
Flour	$ 5 25	@	8 75
Wheat—Red and Amber	1 35	@	1 50
Corn—Sacked	43	@	45
Oats	37	@	40
Hay—Timothy	9 00	@	10 00
Pork—Mess	17 50	@	18 00
Lard	13	@	12¾
Bacon—Clear sides	10	@	10¼
Wool	33	@	35
Potatoes—Irish, ⅌ bbl	1 60	@	1 65
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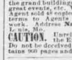

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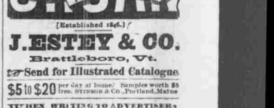

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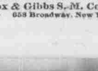

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