GENERAL BREVITIES.

THE International Postal Congress has resolved to recommend uniform rates of postage in all the territory embraced by the postal union.

A WRITER in the Alaska *Herald* thinks that in two hundred and fifty years Sitka will be one of the leading ship-building cities in the world. Corner lots are for sale cheap.

WILLIAM B. BALDWIN, Esq., an old resident of New Haven, Conn., died recently at the age of seventy-one. About forty years ago he applied for admission to a certain benevolent association, and a committee of two physicians and three others, appointed to examine him, reported that in their opinion he would die of consumption within a year. His application was accordingly rejected, but he outlived every one of them.

IN dressing for photographs, remember that dark brown, dark green, maroon and dark plaid goods without gloss, will give a rich drab color. Silks of the same color will take considerably lighter. Snuff brown, dark leather, dark drab, scarlet, cherry, dark orange, crimson and slate will also produce a drab color. Violet, blue, purple, magenta and pink will take very light, and should be avoided. The hair should not be very wet or glossy.

THERE recently died in Belgium a lady of fortune, named Mme. Monseur, who had a singular mania for the hoarding of articles of dress. After her death an examination of her effects revealed an unusual state of things. There were mountains of dress goods uncut and bearing the tradesman's price labels, besides hundreds of bonnets, dresses made up, cloaks, shawls, and various specimens of the modiste's art. It is believed that the sale of this accumulation of goods will realize $20,000.

NANTUCKET is an old-fashioned town, and some ancient customs still prevail. On the recent visit of President Grant, as the boat which carried him neared the wharf, the town-crier solemnly proclaimed the fact, in somewhat the following terms: "Hear ye! hear ye! The President of the United States is here, and I call upon you all, as good, loyal citizens, to give him a hearty welcome;" and then followed a round of cheering from nearly every man, woman and child in the town.

LORD SKELMERSDALE, who lately did himself the honor of visiting California, was so delighted with the woods of that country that he ordered a large supply with which to adorn his fine residence in London. The woods of California are something remarkable. When Mayor Fargo, of Buffalo, was building his house, one of the most spacious and elegant in America—indeed, it may be doubted if there is one more superb—he brought quantities of all the finer varieties of California wood for the doors and other woodwork of the establishment, and they are the admiration of all who behold them.

THE Icelandic Millenial has developed the fact that the Icelandic language is wonderfully musical, and that every Icelander sings. The singing in connection with the Millennial ceremonies was said by Dr. Hayes, who was present, to be "superb." An ode was written for the occasion by Matthias Jochumssen, a resident of Reikiavik, and set to music by S. Sveinbjornssen, another Icelander, whose name we mention as a matter of interest, and not because we expect our readers to pronounce it. Nevertheless, Dr. Hayes says, in speaking of the translation of a hymn into our language, "The liquid tones of the Icelandic tongue cannot be reproduced in the harsher English."

A BUXOM, middle-aged country woman went into a store on Hanover street, Boston, the other day, and depositing $4 on the counter, remarked to a clerk, "There, fourteen years ago, 'twill be fifteen this fall, I bought something next door and gave them a dollar bill, but they couldn't give me the change; so they sent a boy into the next shop and he brought me back the change for $5. I took it; but tain't no use, I ain't going to keep it any longer, so there it is all back again." After this singular confession the woman hastily left the store, and the clerk, who was spell-bound with astonishment, did not recover his presence of mind in time to make any inquiries of his strange visitor.

MISS AGNES HOLTZMAN, a young lady, nineteen years of age, and a resident of Pittsburgh, avers that she has been cured of speechlessness through the prayers of the priests at the monastery. She lost her power of speech about six months ago, and having tried a number of doctors without relief, went to the monastery July 26. She says: "On July 26 was my first visit, when the priest gave me some water of Lourdes and some prayers, which I was to continue until my next visit, which was that day two weeks, when the priest gave me the blessing of St. Paul of the Cross and nine days' prayers." On the Saturday following her second visit to the monastery her speech returned, and she has had no trouble since.

Two thousand dollars seem to be a pretty steep price to pay for a rooster, but such we are informed was the amount paid to Ira Batchelder, of the Mount Crawford House, for his black Spanish rooster called Gen. Castelar. The purchaser, Mr. Wm. G. Davis, civil engineer on the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, considers him the best game bird in this country—he being the only one hatched from a dozen of eggs, brought from Matanzas, Cuba. Various bids were made by different parties in this city to secure him; one gentleman in particular, now prominent in the lumber business, offering his entire interest in the largest mill on the line of the road.—*Portland Argus.*

FROM a recent report on "Yellow Fever," we learn that this disease has never "appeared in any climate at the height of twenty-five hundred feet. In the Island of Dominica a hill-top not more than fifteen hundred feet high is always healthy, even when the fever is epidemic at its base. In San Domingo, similar observations have been made. The highest elevation at which yellow fever has occurred in the United States is four hundred and sixty feet, in Arkansas; and the medical men of that country now hold that the stratum of air infected by the poison is heavier than pure air, and therefore sinks, and they recommend that, in unhealthy districts, houses and hospitals should be built on tall piles, so as to be above the fever stratum. But where hills are near, the best remedy will be to carry the patients up to a height of five hundred feet."

A Leaf From the History of a Penitentiary.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* says: A few nights ago a pair of horses were driven up Fairmount avenue at a desperate gait, and from the carriage, which was stopped at the gate of the Eastern Penitentiary, there jumped a gentleman who made all haste to gain an entrance into the gloomy institution. He presently reappeared, bearing in his arms a wasted form, which he deposited with tender care in the carriage, which was then driven away.

The occupants of the carriage were a heart-broken father and his dying son. The latter was committed to the Eastern Penitentiary some two years ago for larceny. His intelligence and amiability soon made him a general favorite. He was, at the time of his commitment, about eighteen years old, a tall, well-formed, handsome young man, without a single trace of the usual characteristics of the criminal. The prison authorities took a special interest in his case, but he was exceedingly reticent as to his history, excepting that he had fallen into bad company. About a year ago he began to show the signs of the insidious complaint, consumption, which numbers many victims in prison.

He slowly wasted away until two or three weeks ago the physician in charge, as he went through the hospital of the institution, stopped a moment before the cot of the patient and said to him, gravely, that if he had anything to say to any person on earth he had better do so without delay, as he had but a short time to live. The remark seemed to impress the poor fellow deeply, for he shortly afterwards asked for paper and pencil, and obtaining them, wrote—"The son whom you have mourned as dead is in the Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia." He signed the brief note and sank back exhausted on his couch.

Being asked relative to the destination of the note he had written, he directed it to be addressed to a lady in a town in Massachusetts, which was complied with. A few days afterward a gentleman applied to one of the prison authorities for permission to see the youth, and when brought into his presence evinced the strongest emotion. He stated that he was the father of the dying boy, and that the latter's mother being at the White Mountains for her health, which is very delicate, he, the father, had opened the note sent from this city, and was very glad he had done so, as the declaration contained in it would surely have killed her. The son had been considered dead for more than two years.

Being wealthy, the parents had given him a good education and designed him for a professional life, but, when about sixteen years of age, his mind became affected by the influence of sensational novels, and he formed an insatiable desire to roam through the Western wilds. He ran away, with the two sons of the Mayor of the town, but was traced to the place they had chosen for a temporary stay, and brought home. The two companions remained at home, but he very soon afterward again ran off, and his parents had since heard nothing of him, except are port that he had been killed, which they believed.

The sight of his boy stretched upon a bed of death within the forbidden walls of a prison, crushed the father's heart; but this only made his importunities the more effectual, and he succeeded in procuring his son's pardon, with which he sped to the prison, and, doubtless, anxious that, even were it the last hour his son should live, it should be spent in pure, free air, he had him carried from the institution as above related. It was his intention, should the son live until he could be conveyed on board a steamship, to have him taken home in that way, otherwise he would let him die at a hotel, and then have the body taken on by rail to the home of his innocent and happy boyhood.

The weight of sorrow that awaited the mother in either case can easily be conceived. Whether the dying young man revived sufficiently to endure the sea trip, or whether he died at the hotel his father brought him to, we did not learn. The narrative is a brief but painful one, and is not without a powerful lesson to youth.

Queer Rains.

An ant rain recently happened in Cambridge, England. The *Chronicle*, a journal of that city, in detailing the circumstances, says that at about six o'clock in the evening, shortly after a rise in temperature had taken place, a shower of ants in countless millions settled in the streets, covering the pavements. The insects were the small winged male ant (*formica fusca*), together with two other varieties, one large without wings, and another of intermediate size with wings. It appears that the creatures must have taken wing or emerged from ground nests; but how far they had traveled, or by what atmospheric phenomenon they were transported, remains an interesting subject for investigation.

It is said that in the early part of this century similar showers occurred in various parts of England and in the Pyrenees, and a few months ago a dense cloud of the insects was seen passing over Cambridge; but there is believed to be no record of an ant rain of such magnitude as this last one.

In examining into this subject of queer rains, we have found a large number of singular cases of downfalls of fish and other animals from the sky, a reference to which will be of interest in the present connection. Showers of fish have been numerous, and are generally explicable by the occurrence of water-spouts, which draw them up into the clouds, whence they are carried by strong gales to the land. In Scotland rains of herrings have frequently occurred, the fish in some instances falling far inland, miles from any body of water. A shower of frogs fell near Toulouse in 1804, and in 1827 an immense number of black insects appeared in the midst of a snow storm at Pakroff, Russia. There is a tradition in Lapland that mice of a particular kind have been known to fall from the clouds. The rat shower of Norway has passed into a historical fact. This was a most extraordinary though perfectly explicable occurrence, since it was traced to a whirlwind, which, overtaking an enormous army of the rodents during their annual journey from a hilly region to the lowlands, whisked them up and deposited them in a field at considerable distance.

Immense showers of dust have repeatedly happened in the South of Europe, covering, in one instance, the entire surface of Italy and Sicily, or about 100,000 square miles. Darwin states that a rain of this kind, which took place in 1824, covered the enormous area of 1,648,000 square miles in Northern Africa. Ehrenberg has found the dust to consist of infusoria. It is of a reddish color, and upwards of 320 distinct organisms have been recognized in it.

Facing Death at His Post.

When the Chicago express train, which left the Grand Central depot at eight o'clock on the morning of the 12th of September, was approaching Cruger's—a station some four miles south of Peekskill—it encountered an accident which a Providential hand alone must have prevented from resulting in a dire catastrophe. The train, composed of a baggage car and some eight or ten crowded passenger coaches, was rushing north at a speed of not less than forty miles per hour, when the ponderous locomotive, after barely clearing the drawbridge located a short distance below Cruger's station, "jumped" the track, dragging with it the tender, while the remainder of the train, fortunately, did not leave the rails. Madly plunging from track to track, tearing up the road-bed, grinding the ties to powder, bending the steel rails as though they were only pieces of ductile wire, and slicing off the flanges as evenly as cheese might be cut with a grocer's knife, the locomotive plowed its way for a distance of about 200 yards and through a tunnel, formed of solid rock, from which it was just emerging when the tender, turning completely over, checked its further progress. Meantime none of the cars had left the track, and most of those on board knew nothing of their perilous position. The shock occasioned by the locomotive first bounding from its proper course threw the fireman off, but he escaped with only a few slight bruises. Thomas Connors, the engineer, and one of the oldest on the road, never left his post, promptly shutting off steam when the engine left the rails and bravely remaining, with his hand on the throttle valve, until the locomotive was brought to a standstill in the manner already described. No cause can be assigned for the accident, as the rails are said to have been in perfect order. There is a tolerably sharp curve at the drawbridge indicated, and deep water on both sides of the track between that place and the tunnel. In short, it was about one of the worst spots on the road where an accident of the kind could have occurred, and it is regarded as almost miraculous that not a solitary life was sacrificed. After a delay of about three hours the road was cleared for passing trains.

His Hard Head Saved Him.

Rockport boasts among its population two colored men named respectively Jack Lee and Willis Pool. Now, these sable heroes of many a sternly contested battle do not seem given to pious meditations, and while the better proportion of the little circle in which these men move were taking part in devotions befitting the Sabbath day, they were seated in the friendly shadows of the bluff overlooking the river, deep in the mysteries of poker with the five cents ante accompaniment. How it all came about our reporter was unable to learn, but there was a sudden, violent dispute, a quick struggle, and then a heavy body struck the huge rocks thirty feet below with a dull thud, and Willis Pool turned away with a shudder. Discovering that he had been observed, he turned and fled. Those below, however, hastening to the spot where the body lay, found that life was not extinct, and a moment later, that, as far as outside signs went, the damage was not fatal. Indeed, Lee was able to regain his feet, and but little difficulty was experienced in getting him to his home. In the fall, the *Journal's* informant insists that Jack's head came in contact with a fair-sized block of sandstone, literally crushing the latter to powder. The fact that his head reached the earth first probably saved the fellow from death; but though this service is fully valued by him, it was not quite sufficient to shield his body from harm. Among the injuries mentioned is a dislocated shoulder, a pretty badly bruised back, and injuries of an internal nature which may yet prove fatal, though the physicians think otherwise.—*Evansville (Ind.) Journal.*

Cockroaches for Dinner.

An enterprising genius in Paris set out one day to get a first-class dinner without paying for it, and he succeeded in this wise: Having procured a quantity of cockroaches, he killed them by immersing them in boiling water, and, with the lifeless remains of his victims tied up in his handkerchief and concealed in his pocket, he sallied forth in quest of a dinner. Entering the Cafe Brebant, he took a seat at a table in the public room, and ordered some soup. The soup was brought in its neat little plated tureen, and the hungry customer proceeded to ladle out a plate full of it which he consumed with much appetite. Having nearly finished his soup, he watched his opportunity, popped one of his cockroaches into the tureen, and then screamed for the waiter. The waiter came, and with speechless indignation the rascal pointed to the defunct insect. "Bring the proprietor!" at last he gasped. "I will complain—I—" "For heaven's sake be silent, sir," whispered the distressed waiter; "you will ruin the reputation of the house. Of course we will charge you nothing for the dish, and if you will only say nothing—" "Ah—well—in that case—but I can eat nothing more here. I am too sick. Good morning." So off went the gentleman, followed by a storm of apologies and regrets from the repentant waiter. He proceeded to the Maison Doree and ordered a dish of fish, which he obtained on the like cheap terms and in the same ingenious manner. The Cafe Anglais supplied him with a roast, the Cafe Riche with fowl and salad, and he wound up his day's campaign with some ice and cakes at the Cafe Neapolitaine, having obtained a first-class dinner without spending a cent. When the waiters of the different cafes began to compare notes, of course the trick was discovered, but it was then too late to punish the adroit swindler.

A Pennsylvania Heiress Elopes With a Colored Servant.

The usually staid, quiet and aristocratic portion of Bucks county, Pa., known as Warminster township, is just now greatly excited over a somewhat strange elopement. It seems that about a year since a fancy colored man, named Joe Palmer, came to Warminster and engaged to Mr. John Thompson as a man-of-all-work. While thus employed it was noticed that he was quite intimate with Miss Annie Thompson, the beautiful, refined and accomplished daughter of his employer. Shortly afterward Palmer was taken ill, and Miss Thompson attended to him until the family prevented it by having him removed elsewhere. But it seems that Miss Thompson's visits were clandestinely continued to him. After his convalescence it is reported that Palmer said he would be even with the Thompsons for sending him away from their residence during his illness. Miss Thompson's father and mother did all they could to prevent any further intimacy between their daughter and Palmer, and she seemingly consented completely to their wishes. But neither they nor the community were prepared for the denouement which has taken place. A day or two since Joe Palmer stated to various persons that he was going West, and was noticed making extensive preparations. About the same time Miss Thompson persuaded her mother to allow a visit to a neighboring township to make some purchases. She went instead to the railroad depot, and, boarding the Philadelphia train, met Palmer at the next station. As the young lady did not return at the time she informed her mother she would, a search was instituted and the truth learned. The terribly distracted parents at once went to Philadelphia, but, although a most persistent search was made, nothing of the couple could be learned further than that Palmer was seen in the neighborhood of the hay-market, at Seventh and Columbia avenue, the day subsequent to the elopement. Miss Thompson is a great heiress, and has always been held in the highest esteem by the people of Warminster. Her parents are heart-broken at her rash act. Further endeavors will be made for her recovery.—*N. Y. Herald.*

How to Make a Good Bed.

Perhaps some housekeepers would like to know how they can make an inexpensive, and at the same time a good and durable bed, or mattress and bolster. I have a bed that will (with good usage) last a lifetime. It is merely a tick, the same as for straw, or husks, with openings in the upper side to insert the hand for stirring, and filled with cut paper. Now, reader, do not throw aside the paper with disgust, but, if for nothing but curiosity, finish the article, it will do you no harm; possibly you may be induced to make one. The work of cutting the paper is not such a long job as you would think. Take any kind of clean paper (except straw paper) and fold it, or roll, so that it can be cut with one clip of the shears, and then cut it; you need not be particular as to the width, although the narrower it is cut the better. These clippings are like little curls or rings of paper, and lie like feathers, and after using the bed they will not grow fine and dusty, but are clean, and can be stirred as light as when first used. I have heard people who have slept on them say "they were the best beds they ever slept on." I prefer them to feathers or common mattresses; hair mattresses are nicer, of course, but few of us farmers' wives can afford to buy them; whereas, the paper bed we can have without cost, except the work, and that the smallest child you have who can use a pair of shears, will help you, and if not kept busy too long at a time, will think it but play. The same material makes nice pillows for lounges, chair cushions, cradle ticks, etc. I have a box to keep waste paper in, which is out of the way, and at the same time handier than the rag-bag; and when it is full, I cut them up into another box and put them into the tick. I use the same ticks that I have used for straw; wash them and sew up the openings, so they are just large enough for the hand to pass through readily; three openings are sufficient.—*Cor. Cincinnati Times.*

A Lady Seventy-one Years Old Blows Out Her Brains.

One of the most lamentable suicides that we have ever been called upon to chronicle took place in Jones county, at a late hour on Monday night. Mrs. Jonathan Holmes, an old lady seventy-one years of age, deliberately blew out her own brains with a shot-gun, producing almost instantaneous death. About midnight her family were alarmed by the report of a gun in her room, and upon going thither found the old lady lying dead upon the floor, with nearly the whole of the upper portion of her head blown off. She seems to have placed the muzzle of the gun against her forehead and pulled the trigger with her foot.

Mrs. Holmes, for the greater portion of her life, lived in comfortable circumstances. She raised a family of children and had a number of grandchildren. She had a great deal of trouble during the latter part of her life, and there is hardly any doubt that the trouble preyed upon her mind until her reason became impaired, and that it was in this mental condition that she committed the awful act. In addition to her other troubles, she has, for some time, been in bad health.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

Don't Allow Talent to Rust.

As by constant friction steel is kept highly polished, so, by constant exercise is talent ever at its brightest. All our powers grow by use. If we neglect to cultivate the habit of observation, we might as well walk through the world blindfolded. We lose our faculty—what the artists call our "touch"—by neglect of practice on other things besides the piano. The man who seldom reads, reads slowly; the woman whose writing is confined to an infrequent letter to some absent child spends more time over that than does a practiced writer over a dozen pages of manuscript. Exercise of possessed talent is absolutely necessary, then, if we would retain our gifts. For example: If our occupation is sedentary, we need plans for walks, rides, and active games to keep our muscles lithe and serviceable. But if our employment gives us enough muscular action, it is not one whit less important to our health of body that we should plan for mental exercise—for employment enough of our memory and our reasoning powers to keep them from rusting. And, in either case, that life must be a dwarfed and unhealthy one that does not provide exercise for our spiritual faculties—for worship, and charity, and patience, and magnanimity. Exercise of soul, mind, and body can alone bring us to the stature of the perfect man.

HOME INTERESTS.

SWEETENING OLD LARD.—Take a small bunch of slippery-elm bark and put it in the lard, and cook one hour.

CREAM PUDDING.—1 pint of milk, 1 pint of flour, 1 teaspoonful of salt; to this add 6 eggs, well beaten, with 3 tablespoonfuls of white sugar and the grated rind of one lemon. Bake in a buttered dish.

LADY FINGERS.—Beat the yelks of 4 eggs with ½ pound of sugar till smooth and light. Whisk the whites of the eggs, and add to these and sift in ½ pound of flour. Make into a smooth paste, and lay on buttered paper in the size and shape the cakes are required. Bake quickly. While hot, press two of the cakes into one on the flat side.

MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Sift carefully through 1 pound of sifted flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of Price's cream baking-powder; whip to a cream ½ pound of butter; then stir into the butter 1 pound of sugar, the yelks of 6 eggs, and about half of the flour; then add 1 cup of sweet milk, the remainder of the flour; lastly the whites of the 6 eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and lemon to flavor. Bake in a slow oven.

RANCID BUTTER MADE SWEET.—Rancid butter can be made as sweet as when first churned, by the following process: To 1 quart of water add 55 drops of the chloride of lime; then wash thoroughly in this mixture 5 pounds of rancid butter. It must remain in the mixture 2 hours. Then wash twice in pure water and once in sweet milk; add salt. This preparation of lime contains nothing injurious.

TRIFLE.—In the bottom of a deep glass bowl place bits of sponge-cake, it matters not how stale, cut into squares or strips; a small piece of preserved citron, also cut into very thin slices, interspersed with the cake. Soak these in a gill of some sort of pleasant sweet wine. Then fill up the bowl to within half an inch of the top with boiled custard, rich and cold. Lastly, heap the bowl up high with whipped syllabub.

SAVORY MUTTON OR VEAL CUTLETS.—Cut up the chops and beat them with the edge of a knife. Beat the yelks of a few eggs and dip the cutlets in them; season them with pepper, salt, nutmeg, and bread-crumbs. Roll them in buttered papers and broil them. Use for sauce some good gravy, a piece of butter, crumbs of bread, capers, anchovies, with some nutmeg and a little vinegar. As soon as they are dressed tear off the papers and set them in the dish with the sauce.

LEMON PUDDING.—1 quart of sweet milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of pounded crackers, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 6 eggs. Grate the yellow rind of 2 large lemons; press out the pulp and juice of three lemons, and strain. Then mix with 6 large tablespoonfuls of white sugar, add this to the milk, mixing well together, turn into a dish lined with puff paste, and bake from 25 to 30 minutes. To be eaten cold, with or without sauce.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—To a large sweet potato weighing 2 pounds allow ½ pound of sugar, ½ pound butter, 1 gill of sweet cream, 1 grated nutmeg, a little lemon peel and 4 eggs; boil the potato until done, mash up fine, and while hot, add the sugar and butter. Set aside to cool while you beat the eggs light, and add the seasoning last. Line the plates with puff paste and pour in the mixture. Bake in a moderate but regularly heated oven.

CARAMEL CANDY.—3 pounds of sugar, ½ pound of butter, 1 pint of cream, 1 pound of Baker's chocolate grated. Boil the cream, sugar and butter together, and stir in the chocolate last. To tell when it is done drop a little in cold water, and if it does not spread, but hardens quickly, take it off the fire. Persons of simple taste prefer less butter, say a quarter of a pound. Pour out thin over dishes greased with butter, the candy to be cut out in small squares before perfectly cold, or else mold in small tins, which should also be greased.

CHEESE FRITTERS.—Slice, thin, ½ dozen large tart apples, and prepare half as many thin slices of nice cheese. Beat up 1 or 2 eggs, according to the quantity required, and season high with salt, mustard and a little pepper. Lay the slices of cheese to soak for a few moments in the mixture, then put each slice between two slices of apples, sandwich style, and dip the whole into the beaten egg, then fry in hot butter like oysters, and serve very hot. These fritters are an addition to any breakfast table.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Take ½ pint of sour milk or buttermilk, ½ pint of molasses, 1 teacup of butter, or salted lard, 1 large teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little hot water, 2 well-beaten eggs, ½ a nutmeg, grated, 1 teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and 1 large spoonful of ground ginger; mix in sifted wheat flour, until it is a thick batter which you can stir easily with a spoon; beat it well together for some time, then pour it an inch deep in square tin pans, buttered; bake half an hour in a quick oven. To ascertain whether it is done, try as it is usual, to test cake. The same gingerbread can be made by omitting the eggs, and using 2 teaspoonfuls of saleratus instead of 1; dissolve it in a teacupful of warm water.

Best Organs on Most Favorable Terms.

Cabinet or Parlor Organs are capital things for peddlers to work with, because very poor ones can be made at half the cost of good ones, and few people are competent to tell the difference from a first examination. Manufacturers print in their catalogues prices which are three or four times as high as the value of such cheap work. Then the peddler starts out and puts them on the people in various ways. He sells at an enormous discount, if he can get cash; takes part trade, if necessary, or leaves the organ awhile on trial, and sells it on long time at "manufacturer's price," exhibiting the catalogue to show that it is such, or even at a discount from this, which he can well afford.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. have recently announced a plan which is likely to interfere with this business. This Company, as is well known, makes only the best work, which, by its uniform excellence, has obtained the highest reputation for their organs. They proved the best, and obtained the highest awards at the recent Vienna and Paris World's Exposition, as they have uniformly done in American Industrial competitions. The fact that these organs are the best in the world is indeed too well established to need further endorsement.

The Company have now added a large new factory to their former extensive works, and design to greatly increase their business. This they propose to do by offering organs for time payments, or for rent with privilege of purchase, at barely sufficient advance on cash prices to afford a reasonable interest for the time. An organ may be hired by the quarter with privilege of purchase at any time in one year or longer. If purchased within the year, the whole cost, including rent paid, is only five to ten per cent. more than if the cash had been paid down at the beginning.

Persons having any idea of purchasing, will be wise to send a note to the Mason & Hamlin Co., at either Boston, New York or Chicago, and obtain their new circulars, before purchasing.

Precautions Against the Heat.

Americans are gradually learning the fact that the heat of their summer should be met by special precautions similar to it not so thorough as those which the English find necessary in India. "Helmets," as the Indian cork or stuffed hats are called, are occasionally seen in New York in summer, and hats with a piece of loose stuff lightly twisted around the crown and some porous material which can be moistened in the crown are by no means uncommon. In fact if only those who have suffered from partial sunstroke were to wear this useful head gear, there would be quite enough of them to attract attention. The London *Lancet* in an article pointing out what precautions may be taken with advantage in England, which has a much cooler climate, says: "The necessary precautions are after all such as common sense would dictate: temperate living, light and loose clothing, proper protection for the head, a cold bath in the morning, and the avoidance of that excitable fussiness as to the heat of the weather which so many people exhibit to the increase of their own and other people's discomfort. Veritable cases of sunstroke do occur in England of course; but the majority of such attacks, especially when fatal, are probably attributable to the combined effects of heat and languor and some pre-existing affection of the circulatory or respiratory organs. A condition which is in reality more allied to fainting than sunstroke may overtake those who encounter heat and fatigue with long intervals of abstinence from food, and the same thing is very apt to follow in those persons who have deranged their digestion and overloaded their systems by a course of dinners." Alcoholic drinks are considered bad, and the *Lancet* truly says that a great desideratum is a really palatable and cool beverage, free from alcohol, and slyly adds that "after dry and hot seasons, when choleraic and febric compaints are likely to occur, many people begin to manifest a hydrophobia without any antecedent bite of a rabid dog, for they are not at all confident as to the quality of any drinking water, even if it were procurable in a fresh, pleasant state, at refreshment rooms.—*Galaxy for October.*

Mid-Ocean Telegraphic Station.

The question is being discussed as to whether measures can be devised to enable steamships, far out to sea, to have telegraphic communication with the shore. This, at first glance, looks visionary; but these are progressive days, and we cannot afford to dismiss any project lightly, at least not until we view it in every shape, and are satisfied that it is wild and fanciful. Two plans are suggested—one to pay out a small and comparatively inexpensive cable by the departing steamer, thus keeping up communication with the sailing port; the other plan has more of system and business principle as its basis, namely, the establishment of cable stations upon the high seas, built upon buoys, at which a steamer may stop and communicate if in distress, give her time, and enable their passengers to communicate with their friends on either shore. This latter plan has, we think, no unfeasible features—certainly it does not look more unpromising to-day than the project of laying the first Atlantic cable did in its day; and the advantages to life and property to be derived from a successful issue of the mid-ocean telegraph are so obvious, that we expect to see great interest evinced in it by the scientists of the world. A never-ending fame awaits the man who accomplishes this task.

NO MORE HEROICS.—The deadly vegetable alkaloids such as Mercury, Strychnine and Prussic Acid cannot cure disease or produce any but the most disastrous results. Perhaps no event has occurred of late years which is so well calculated to disabuse the public mind of a belief in the efficacy of mineral poisons and bleeding as the discovery of Doctor Walker, of California, of certain medicinal herbs, whose healing principles he has extracted and combined in the form of VINEGAR BITTERS. The cures wrought by it seem marvelous. Its action is mild and agreeable, but at the same time rapid and effectual, and being unimpeded by the presence of alcohol or fermented liquor of any description, is attended with results hitherto unachieved by any remedial agent. The cures of Bilious Complaints, Malarious Fever, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Scrofula and all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, attest the paramount excellence of this medicine, and justify us in recommending it.

Interesting to Invalid Ladies.

HARLEMVILLE, Columbia Co., N. Y., July 9, '73.
R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:
Dear Sir—Your favor is just received. I intended to have written to you several weeks since concerning the improvement in my health, which is now very apparent. I have used one bottle of Favorite Prescription with the best results, although I will admit I was somewhat discouraged after its use (for a short time only). I took it under very disadvantageous circumstances—having the supervision of the house and during the season of "house cleaning" I was obliged through the incompetency of help, to do more than I ought, and, of course, suffered dreadfully, lifted when I ought not to have raised my hand, and did all I could to bring "order out of chaos,"—but upon laying aside all cares and continuing the remedy I find after using less than one bottle to be so much benefited that I have discontinued the use, with no return of the symptoms of which I wrote you. I have suffered terribly and what added to my distress was the consciousness of not procuring relief from ordinary sources, at times it seemed about impossible to stand so great was the distress. All of those severe neuralgic pains have disappeared, they were so bad at times I could hardly walk without some external pressure. They seem to have left me like magic, suddenly, and have had no return; all other symptoms have been removed. The severe weakness and faintness have disappeared, and I can go up stairs with comparative ease now. I would have informed you ere this of my improvement, fully appreciated it, but I was fearful it was only transient benefit I was receiving, but I think sufficient time has elapsed to consider the beneficial results permanent. Accept of my best wishes for your future success and your kindness in advising me. Very truly,
MRS. M. NETTIE SNYDER.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.—This medicine is used by construction companies for the benefit of their employees, when engaged in malarial districts. The highest testimonials have been given by contractors and by the Presidents of some of the leading railroads in the South and West. When men are congregated in large numbers in the neighborhood of swamps and rivers, Wilhoft's Tonic will prove a valuable addition to the stock of medicines, and will amply reward the company in the saving of time, labor and money. We recommend it to all. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.

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SOMETHING NICE.—Gentlemen have been troubled for want of a paper collar more closely resembling linen. This is furnished them in the Elmwood Collar. It has a cloth surface that must certainly be linen from the quality, and folded edges that prevent its looking like paper. It is so perfect an imitation of linen that it cannot be detected even on close scrutiny. It is for sale at all gents' furnishing stores, and we would recommend every gentleman to try it.—*Boston Herald.*

PIMPLES, blotches, and other unsightly eruptions of the skin should be gotten rid of as quickly as possible. Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial will remove all such things by purifying the blood.—*Com.*

SOME Parents spend their money for Patent Medicine to cure their children's colds. Some save their money and prevent the colds by buying SILVER TIPPED Shoes, which never wear through at the toe.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The illustrations in the October number are: "Reflection," a very pretty steel-plate; a beautiful colored fashion-plate; a very seasonable wood engraving, entitled "Picking Apples;" an extension-sheet of different fashionable costumes, and other fashion illustrations. The literary contents are of the usual excellence and variety. A beautiful chromo—"The Rescue"—which is a copy of an original oil painting, and pronounced the handsomest chromo ever offered by a publisher to his patrons, is given to each advance-paying subscriber for 1875. Subscription price: One copy one year, $3.00; two copies, $5.00; three, $7.50; four, $10.00; five, and one extra to getter up of club, $14.00; eight, and one extra, $21.00; eleven, and one extra, $27.50; twenty-three, and one extra, $55.00. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ladies Desire What Men Admire.—And this little thing is beauty. What do we say is beautiful? A transparent complexion and a luxurious head of hair. What will produce these? Hagan's Magnolia balm will make any lady of thirty appear but twenty; and Lyon's Kathairon will keep every hair in its place, and make it grow like the April grass. It prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates Dandruff, and is the finest Hair Dressing in the world, and at only half ordinary cost. If you want to get rid of Sallowness, Pimples, Ring-marks, Moth-patches, etc., don't forgot the Magnolia Balm, ladies.

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Founded on a Rock!—The disappointed adventurers who have from time to time attempted to run their worthless potions against PLANTATION BITTERS vow that they cannot understand what foundation there is for its amazing popularity. The explanation is simple enough. The reputation of the world-renowned tonic is founded upon a Rock, the ROCK OF EXPERIENCE.

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