THE MILAN EXCHANGE.

VOLUME II. MILAN, GIBSON COUNTY, TENNESSEE, MAY 13, 1875. NUMBER 11.

THE HAPPY VILLAGE.

As often I pass the roadside,
When wearily falls the day,
I turn to look from the hill-top
At the mountains far away.

The red sun through the forests
Throws hither his parting beams,
And far in the quiet valley
The happy village gleams.

There the lamp is lit in the cottage
As the husbandman's labors cease,
And I think that all things are gathered
And folded in twilight peace.

But the sound of merry voices
Is heard in the village street,
While pleased the grandame watches
The play of the little feet.

And at night to many a fireside
The rosy children come;
To tales of the bright-eyed fairies
They listen and are dumb.

There seems it a joy forever
To labor and to learn,
For love with an eye of magic
Is patient to discern.

And the father blesses the mother,
And the children bless the sire,
And the cheer and joy of the hearthstone
Is as light from an altar fire.

Oh, flowers of rarest beauty
In that green valley grow;
And whether 'twere earth or heaven
Why shouldst thou care to know?

Save that thy brow is troubled
And dim is thy helpmate's eye;
And graves are green in the valley,
And stars are bright in the sky.

—*D. Kane O'Donnel, in May Scribner's.*

ROBERT ATCHISON'S STRUGGLE.

"Poor Bobby Atchison," he was often called by his well to do neighbors. He was an honest, plodding farmer, and lived in the old home left him four years before by his dying father. Scarcely a year later he followed his mother to her resting place and sadly returned to the old homestead a lonely man, without kindred remote or near.

The farm was free from debt, and was capable of yielding large crops; yet, though Bobby toiled early and late, he seemed to increase his possessions but little, and was enabled to lay very little aside for the proverbial "rainy day."

Why was this? Why did the crops fail him when his neighbors had abundant harvests? Truth to tell, Bobby's heart was not in his work. He was full of thoughts far away. His mind ran in channels other than the furrows down which he steadily moved day after day. In fact, this plodding farmer-boy was an ardent student of nature, as she is declared in rocks and flowers.

His first impulse in this direction was received long years before from an old naturalist. This man, returning from one of his wild jaunts, was thrown violently from his horse near Mr. Atchison's residence, and was obliged to remain under that hospitable roof for many weeks. The injured man proved to be the geologist of the State in which they lived, and was an enthusiast in his work—just what any man must be who succeeds in any undertaking—and this was the very reason why Bobby did not succeed as a farmer. As many others, this enthusiast believed every thing impinged upon his dearly loved science; that a man must be unhappy indeed who believed not its truth and felt no interest in its development. His was the spirit of the proselyte, and he turned his eyes towards Bobby in the first hours of convalescence. The youth proved an apt student. Eagerly he swallowed the sweet water of knowledge, and rambled, in imagination, with his teacher over wondrous rocks and through innumerable forests. Soon he saw language in flowers, and heard the rocks speaking in unmistakable tones. His staid old Puritan father and matter-of-fact mother warned and besought their only boy to turn aside from such unprofitable studies, and take more interest in the sowing and reaping, and in the work which naturally fell to his lot upon the farm. But the youth had tasted the sweets of knowledge, and would not be turned aside. He could plow, he could sow and gather the grain, but his inclinations all pointed him to other fields. For a long time he struggled against mighty obstacles; it was with great difficulty that he could obtain books containing even the rudiments of his favorite language; but his mind was resolved, and nothing could turn him aside. Going to and fro from field to house he plucked the tiny blossoms and bits of rock, or wandered off many miles on Sunday afternoons and during moonlight nights, in quest of other witnesses of the same kind. When his parents were gone and he became master of his own income, the first investment he made was in books pertaining to his favorite subjects, and these books he eagerly devoured night after night. During the long days when the farm work required him to toil in the field, his mind was filled with flinty rock rather than fertile soil, with fragile flowers rather than standing corn and yellow grain. Thus years passed by until the opening of my story.

He was no great favorite with his neighbors. Few even suspected the stores of knowledge which lay hidden beneath Bobby Atchison's quiet exterior. Modest, yes bashful to an almost painful degree, he had carefully concealed his books and researches from prying eyes, as far as he was able.

There was one little lady in the village who understood the young man's position, and heartily sympathized with him in his longings and reachings after a different life. She viewed him with partial eyes, it is true, for she loved him; but love did not blind her good sense. To Katie Saddon alone had Robert Atchison had the courage to speak of his plans and hopes, and the little maiden had gladly listened and assured him of her belief in his final success. One day as they rambled through the wood he whispered the oft-told story, and the foolish little girl told him she loved him in return, and they were engaged. They were much together after this; she aiding him in his studies, and smiling encouragement at every evidence of progress.

Bobby Atchison sighed oftener now as he looked at the dear, bright face full of affection for him, and as he realized that his income was yearly less. When could he hope to call Kate Saddon his wife? Why did he not prosper, when he was so industrious and temperate? Katie never allowed any repinings in her presence. She always spoke of future better days when he should have overcome all obstacles, and be recognized by the world as the great man she felt assured he would be.

But one day he made a wonderful discovery—one that caused every nerve in his body to quiver with excitement. For several weeks, every day he could spare from regular work, he had been out prospecting with a special object in view. Certain ground gave evidence of the presence of coal-beds beneath. There was no coal mine within four hundred miles of his farm, and the discovery of it would insure him a fortune. He did find the vein, but unfortunately it was on the land of his neighbor, Jacob Harder. He said nothing of this to a human being; but in the quiet watches of that eventful night came the great Tempter, and made suggestions which caused the hot blood to flow from every member into his honest face. Alas, poor Bobby did not have strength enough to say "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and so the Evil One continued his whispers, amounting to this: Harder had frequently expressed a desire to sell out his property, as he was anxious to remove to another State. Here was a golden opportunity. Wealth beyond calculation for a little price.

Here Bobby's conscience began its reproof. "A little price! Do you place no greater estimate upon your honor than this? Would Jacob Harder take only fifteen hundred dollars for the land if he was aware of the coal vein? Is it not worth more than ten times as much?"

Then the evil one again:

"You discovered it; it is yours. You will be giving the close-fisted old miser all he asks. Think how secure your future will then be. Wealth, position, leisure, and a beautiful wife will all be yours."

Poor Bobby was dazzled, and, like many another before him, he gave way, put aside the warnings of conscience, and hastened over to Farmer Harder's. The old gentleman was very willing to close the bargain immediately, and, full of excitement, Bobby hastened to tell his changed prospects to Katie Saddon.

A moment's silence followed the recital, for Bobby told the fair girl the whole truth; then the pure, speaking eyes were raised to his face, and he knew before she spoke that he was condemned.

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

How every thing seemed clouded. His brightest visions faded.

"I did not expect you to be sorry, Katie. I thought you would be rejoiced."

"What! Rejoiced over your doing a dishonest action? No, dear Bobby. I cannot believe you have really taken advantage of Mr. Harder's ignorance."

"Katie, I paid him every dollar he asked."

"He was not aware of its value when he sold it?"

"Of course I was not foolish enough to tell him then."

Katie still repeated her sorrow, and all Bobby's brilliant castles were swept away. Earnestly and eloquently he spoke to her of wealth and fame and happiness. There was winsome magic in his words, and Katie sadly listened.

"I sincerely wish, love, that all you tell me could be realized. It is impossible under these circumstances. You must undo your bargain," she finally said.

"I cannot do it, Katie. I have bidden farewell to toil and privation. You will now have reason to be proud of me. Wealth will overcome all the obstacles in my path," replied Atchison as firmly.

Drawing her hand from his tender clasp, the little woman looked him sadly but decidedly in the eyes.

"Do you love me, Robert Atchison?"

"Oh, Katie, how can you ask?"

"Then you must choose between me and the coal-beds, for I will never marry you until you have repaired this wrong."

A look of astonishment came over the young man's face; and for a moment he felt like wavering; but the sense of his treasure and all it brought with it came over him, and he only said—

"Katie, this is foolishness. I thought you loved me too well to accuse me of wrong-doing. I do not think I ought to give up to you in this thing. Your idea of right is unnecessarily exalted."

"Then I must say farewell, Bobby, though it breaks my heart. I am sure you will come to your right mind before it is too late."

"Katie, you are speaking cruel words to one who loves you."

"I am only saying truthful ones."

"You are firm?"

"Firm as the rocks."

"Then good by." He arose and quickly left her without one tender look or word.

This faulty hero of ours slept but little that night. He was torn by invisible hands of mighty strength. On one side he saw fame and wealth, while beautiful happiness stood upon the other, hovering near sweet Katie Saddon.

Oh, these secret battles, how terrible they are! No noise, no sword-clashing, no cannon-booming, no display—yet more fearful than fleshly battles by far.

Robert Atchison's struggle was a grave one. Alternately striding up and down the floor of his chamber, then throwing himself upon his couch, he fought the enemy through the long hours of the night. He had dreamed so long of wealth he burned to see the great world outside the hills that hedged him in. He longed to see and know the great men whose books he loved so well, and learn of them the mighty secrets of Nature which remained locked to him alone. Money would bring the consummation of these desires and greater things. This money was now offered to him in quantities far beyond his wildest hopes or dreams. He could not, he would not yield the prize to another. What did old Jacob Harder want with money? He was old and miserly and—but just here came the specious pleading of Eugene Aram into his mind. Think as he would, turn and struggle and wrestle, one good angel seemed to hover near. He could not shut out the pleading eyes of Katie Saddon. Could he give her up? With wealth and position secured, could he enjoy them deprived of her society? No, no, a thousand times. Thus she saved him, as thousands of good women before her have saved the men they loved from evil.

When the bright morning sun kissed the brow of the hill, and smiled on forest and field with kindly favor, Robert Atchison threw wide open door and casement as if to banish the evil spirits of the night, and left his chamber a victor. He had battled against the "root of all evil," and had bravely conquered. From that moment he knew he was a moral hero, and success was his.

Jacob Harder was surprised to see his neighbor Atchison so early in the morning, and so he told him.

"I have come on important business. I wish you to release me from our contract."

"Humph! Won't do it," said the old man sententiously.

However, when the young man told him what great riches lay concealed beneath his barren soil he pricked up his ears and rubbed his hands in unspeakable glee. Eagerly he nullified the contract, and not one word expressive of gratitude gave he to the young man who sought to enrich him; not one thought of offering to share the great riches with him. And Bobby, to do him justice, never let a thought enter his head on this subject. He knew the character of Harder too well; besides, when his better genius prevailed, all the good, the noble, and the true, of which there was no little in him, rose to the surface, and he only thought that occurred was to repair all wrong. But was he not repaid a thousand-fold in the glad, happy welcome of sweet Katie Saddon? All his disappointment was forgotten, and he felt that greater peace and content awaited him in the places where she led the way than in all the abodes of fame and pleasure if she were not to share them with him.

Shall the story end here? No, else it were but half told. Such heroism deserved reward, and Atchison received it. Not a week later he again found coal—this time on his own land—and about the same time Jacob Harder was organized one of the stockholders was 'poor Bobby Atchison;' and so confident were they of his strict integrity that he was unanimously elected president. This position he honorably held for two years; then he was tendered the professorship of geology in one of our leading colleges, which position he accepted, and soon he and his brave little wife won golden opinions.

Thus he grew in favor. Soon the presidency of the college was made vacant by death, and he was elected to fill that chair.

No less distinguished as an author than a teacher, the world has learned to appreciate him.

"All I am is due to you, dear little wife, who rescued me in my greatest time of peril."

And may all who are tempted come as safely through temptation.—*Hearth and Home.*

The sale of autographs which took place in London on March 17 amounted to £1,275, although it included only 211 lots. The most remarkable were: Addison, £24; Duke of Buckingham, £11 10s.; Lord Byron, £11; Robert Burns, £60; Catharine of Aragon, £43; Charles II. of England, £6; Lord Chesterfield, £5; W. Cowper, the poet, £5 12s. 6d.; Thomas Cromwell, £8 8s.; Queen Elizabeth, £82; another, £15 15s.; Sir John Falstoff, £5 7s. 7d.; Henry Fielding £6 6s.; Garrick, one, £5 2s. 6d.; the other, £9; Henry VII., £7; D. Hume, £7 15s.; James II. of Scotland, £22; James Stuart, £11 10s.; Dr. Johnson, £5 15s.; Mary Tudor, £18; John Stuart, £65; another, £37; John Moore, £8 15s.; Lord Nelson, £13 10s.; Thomas Payne, £5 7s. 6d.; Sir W. Raleigh, £33; Sterne, £20; Charles Stuart, £7; J. Thomson, £20 10s.; Lord Tytler, £10 5s.; Wellington, £11 10s.; John Wesley, £5 5s.; Cardinal Wolsey, £12 10s.; Sir C. Wren, £10 5s.

The Albany *Express* says that Fred. W. White of that city had his watch stolen while visiting the Union Square Theater, in New York. Soon afterward it was silly returned to his pocket, with this note attached. "Don't deal in warming-pans any longer. Watch returned as useless. Fry potatoes in the case. No use to me. Yours. JOHNNY THE LIFTER."

CATTLE-RAISING.

Facts Regarding this Important Business—Texas the Banner-State.

[From the Phrenological Journal for May.]

The rapid increase of population in this country tends constantly to advance the price of meats. The Eastern, the Middle States, Ohio, and now Illinois, have in turn found feeding and fattening more profitable than raising cattle. The beef for the great markets of the country must hereafter be raised mainly beyond the Mississippi, even beyond the Missouri, though brought to full maturity and fattened to a large extent in the more eastern corn-growing States. It is not necessary, however, that beeves should be "finished off" this side of the Missouri, for there is an immense area of corn-growing land in Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, without mention of large areas of comparatively low elevation in New Mexico and in the southern portions of Colorado, Utah, and California. The railroads now penetrating the Southwest are furnishing inducements for beef-packing in stock regions, which are by no means disregarded; and they have already commenced a powerful diversion from the business of stock-driving over long trails.

All intelligent Americans have heard of the pastoral regions of America, and may have a vague idea of its immense extent. Without mentioning 369,000,000 of acres in Alaska, the area of pastoral States and Territories is 1,196,000,000 of acres, divided as follows:

	Acres.		*Acres.*
Texas	175,000,000	Utah	54,065,043
Indian Ter.	44,154,240	Arizona	72,906,240
Kansas	52,043,520	Idaho	55,228,160
Nebraska	48,636,800	Montana	92,016,640
Dakota	96,596,128	Washington	44,796,160
Wyoming	62,645,068	Oregon	60,975,360
Colorado	66,880,000	California	120,947,840
New Mexico	77,568,640	Nevada	71,737,600

Of all this territory there remains unsold, the property of the United States and Texas, about 1,000,000,000 acres. If we make a liberal allowance for land suitable for tillage, which is mainly found in the eastern halves of the first four-named divisions, and in portions of Oregon and California, and also for water and rock surface, and such forests as are dense enough to preclude pasturage—say an aggregate of 500,000,000—there would remain about 500,000,000 of acres suitable for pasturage, and scarcely valuable for any other use, furnishing both summer and winter grasses of greater or less abundance in the different sections. Here, then, is a pasture twenty times as large as Illinois, twenty-eight times as large as Ohio, and equal to 120 States like Vermont. And on the area of more than 100 such States the annual crop of herbage is utterly wasted, while the laboring people of Europe are crying for meat, and millions in our own cities are craving earnestly the boon of a single cent reduction per pound in their beef supplies. If we allow ten acres of this utilized pasturage for a term of five years to produce a steer weighing net 500 pounds, the annual gain in beef at five cents per pound would equal the value of the cotton crop, or nearly $300,000,000. This is but $25 per head, and I have known a sale of 1,000 fat bullocks upon these Western plains at $50 per head. These figures are merely suppositions as to the grazing capacity of this area, and can be modified to suit the most conservative views without greatly reducing the magnificent saving which would result from complete utilization of our grasses. A very handsome sum might be added from similar savings throughout the Southern States.

The numbers of cattle on this area were placed at nearly 5,000,000 in 1860 in the census, and in 1870 at nearly 5,500,000. There were at least a million that escaped registry by census officers, as they have a record by local assessors, and the present numbers are not less than 7,000,000. In official estimates they have never been placed above 6,000,000, but constantly accumulating testimony sufficiently proves the existence of fully 7,000,000.

The Texas State returns of 1870 reported 3,651,316 from 118 counties, 41 other counties being marked in the tabulation "unorganized," "no return," or as attached to other counties, and the table itself labeled "returns incomplete." Most of the 41 are new counties, yet they contain a considerable number of unreported cattle. A greater deficiency still comes from the fact that the most conscientious cattle-raisers return the number which they feel quite sure of finding easily upon the range, and that the less conscientious report the smallest number for taxation that the internal contest between their cupidity and caution and their conscientiousness will allow. Since 1870 the heavy trade in stock driven to Kansas, shipped to New Orleans, or packed, or otherwise prepared, has reduced the actual numbers of 1870, as is claimed by local authorities. In some counties, in which immigration is active, in the eastern and northern parts of the State, this is undoubtedly the case, the large herds being all in the western section. The most southerly county of the Brazos has 50,000 cattle; there are eighteen west of that river, as follows:

Atascosa	105,704	Jackson	86,542
Austin	58,205	Lavaca	55,335
Bee	60,317	Matagorda	78,314
Bell	80,363	Medina	54,025
Bexar	82,264	Nueces	113,008
De Witt	66,619	Refugio	89,408
Fort Bend	65,344	San Saba	54,023
Goliad	63,540	Uvalde	57,172
Gonzales	75,270	Williamson	56,144
Harris	47,171		
Total			1,445,141

The increase of population in Texas, the encroachment of soil culture upon pasturage, and the extension of cattle-driving and shipment, are rapidly diminishing the proportion of numbers of stock to population. In 1860 there were 485 stock cattle and 99 cows to each 100 of population; in 1870, though herds increased during the war, there were but 374 and 52 respectively, by census computation. In order of precedence, at the former date, of States having more "oxen and other cattle" than people, are: Texas, California, Florida, Oregon, Washington Territory, and Nebraska; in 1870 there were only Texas, Florida, and Washington Territory.

An increase in both milch cows and other cattle, in proportion to advance in population, is made only in Iowa, Dakota, and Minnesota. This advance in population has also increased in New York, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, from the growth of the dairy interest in New York, and mainly in the other States to the comparative assumption by stock-growing of its proper position in farm economy of the more recently-settled prairie States.

There is a wide variation in prices in different sections of this pastoral area. In the mining territories the demand for working oxen, beef, and milk, not to mention butter and cheese, has generally exceeded the supply and prices have been well advanced. Texas, with immense herds, without railroads or near markets, is ever vanished with the lowest rates known in the United States, and able to supply hundreds of thousands annually, three-year-olds and upward, to the feeders and packers of the States, and younger stock to the stock ranches and ranges of the territories. The following averages, from official returns, present very fairly these differences in prices of milch cows:

	1875	1874	1873	1872	1871
Texas	$12.19	$15.28	$13.43	$14.66	$16.82
California	[illegible]	33.35	[illegible]	40.25	42.50
Territories	30.30	34.27	34.92	35.06	[illegible]
Other cattle:					
Texas	18.92	19.52	22.71	23.80	26.92
California	17.80	18.88	20.09	20.22	24.66
Territories	7.50	8.09	7.51	8.10	7.37

The variation in prices in different counties in Texas is large, depending mainly upon the comparative prominence of stock-growing and general agriculture. Galveston is an extreme case, the prices of stock of one, two, three, and four or more years old, ranging from $9 to $36. The next highest prices are in Collin, a northern wheat-growing county, which is one of the most fertile in the State, ranging from $5.50 for yearlings to $20 for full-grown cattle. Titus returns $5.50 to $18. In Comanche, a thinly settled stock-raising county, with a name properly suggestive of Indians, the figures run from $1 to $10. The averages for the State of these four classes are, respectively, $3.18, $5.28, $8.16, and $11.82. The highest price returned in January for cows was $30 in Harris, and $20 in Collin, Ellis, and Marion. The lowest figures are $6 in Mason, $8 in Cherokee and Fayette, and $9 in Live Oak. The State assessment of stock cattle is usually about $4, scarcely ever reaching $5. My estimate of present real value is $7.50.

The profit of well directed stock-growing enterprises in Texas has long been, even princely. It is claimed that it costs less to raise an ox there than a chicken on the Atlantic coast. While money is essential to large and immediate returns, it is, perhaps, true that in no other section of the country can an industrious poor man arrive at competency with so little effort, especially if engaged in stock-growing. I have an account of an old lady in Mason County, who started with several chickens, a pig, a cow, an old pony, and a boy of twelve years to assist her, and who, in five years, attained an annual income of $2,000 in gold.

Cattle do well in nearly all portions of Texas, from the salt flats on the coast to the mountains, and from the Rio Grande to the cane bottoms of Red River. The pine woods region of the east is less desirable than other sections, having less nutritious grasses, though they are quite sufficient for local requirements. The black-wheat lands of the northern central counties, at least twenty in number, are more valuable for general culture than mere grazing. Western Texas is the chosen home of the grazier, from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the northern limit of "the Panhandle," near the southern line of Colorado—a pasture eight degrees of latitude in length, without fencing or rental, now, as heretofore, "full of cattle, having literally 'millions in it.'" Yet all sections are not equally full, immense tracts having comparatively few. The cattle region is west of the Brazos, mostly west of the Colorado, and the favorite locations are in the country drained by the Nueces and Atascosa. The largest herds are in the southern half of this western belt, the more northern counties being subject to incursions from Indians, as well as the more distant and almost unknown divisions, Presidio, El Paso, and the "Panhandle," through which runs the Canadian River. In this region summer and winter pasture is free to all, those who own the cattle owning little or none of the land, which belongs to the State of Texas. The cost of raising stock is practically expressed in full in the expense of branding, watching, and gathering for sale. Drovers are accustomed to gather up droves of 500 to 1,000 cattle, three or four years old for brief feeding for beef, and two years old for stock-ranches in Kansas or the Territories. He takes a power of attorney from the owners, authorizing him to drive and sell their cattle, and the hide and cattle inspector takes notice of every brand and ear mark, and classifies them as to age and value, and the inspection is recorded in the County Clerk's office, constituting a legal indebtedness of the drover for every animal thus taken.

The trade of drovers has been very brisk since 1870. On the Old Chisholm trail, from May 1 to November 11, 1872, 292 drovers passed Caldwell, Kan., with 349,275 cattle, making the average per drove very nearly 1,200, the largest droves being—4,500 by Little & Perryman, 3,400 by Brooks & Mulligan, 3,400 by G. Van Winkle & Co., 3,200 by Brooks & Gatten, 3,058 by Harden, 3,000 by King & Staples; several at 2,500 to 2,800, and two as low as 350. This will illustrate fairly the size of droves from Texas to Kansas.

I have seen many statements of the size of herds in Kansas. It is impracticable to attempt to name all the large cattle ranches. I will mention a few herds recently reported in my correspondence. On the Gulf coast a Mr. Kennedy has inclosed "Laureles" ranch, by running a fence fifty miles, costing $100,000, across a neck of a peninsula, thus securing by fence and water 160,000 acres. The Rockport and Fulton Pasture Company, on Nueces Bay, incloses 115,000 acres, with a few miles of fencing, on one side. Rockport is the great cattle-shipping port for Western Texas. In Refugio County there are larger herds: John H. Wood's, 17,500; John Linny's, 17,500; J. & R. Dushel's, 9,000; B. F. Gooch, in Mason, 20,000; Burrell Yeloora, of Grayson, has 10,000 scattered over several counties. In San Patricio and other counties, Coleman, Mathes & Fulton, of Rockport, estimate their cattle at 35,000—25,000 in pasture, the remainder on the range. They have made a single purchase of cattle to the amount of $130,000. The Peninsula Company have, near Rockport, a pasture of 35,000 acres, inclosed by a cypress fence. In Limestone County, Heaton & Harmer have 8,000 head. In Harris, William M'Faddon has 18,000, and George Butler 15,000. I have a record of a large number owning 3,000 to 10,000, and there are many more much larger herds, were there time to collect and space to print them.

Probably more than 2,000,000 of Texas cattle have been driven into Kansas since the war. The drive of last year was not so heavy as those of the previous years, but has been estimated as high as 175,000. The shipments of cattle over four Kansas railroads, from January to August, 1873, consisting mainly of cattle wintered over, was 102,426; and for the same period in 1874, 122,914, with 115,000 remaining to ship. It was estimated that 50,000 more wintered cattle were taken by Government contractors. The droves of one year are either kept up on the Kansas or Nebraska ranges till late in the fall, or wintered over, before sending east.

A detailed account of this cattle movement, of the cost of driving and wintering, of the contests with native stock owners arising from fear of the Texas cattle disease, and of the business generally of cattle growers, would more than fill the space allotted to this chapter. It is a business of manifest importance in the future of the American meat supply.

J. R. DODGE.

Proceedings of the Boston Tachygraphic Society: "Judge Barnham proposed to drop 'a' from 'head,' etc., and 'ugh' from 'though,' etc., in writing to our friends, and this motion prevailed: also to have 'u' from 'labour' and 'k' from 'almanack.' Millions of minutes and money are lost through the want of simple adherence to the phonetic rule. Let each letter have only one sound, and each sound one letter. We are the 'long hand' evil, in the sense that there are in the United States more than a half million of professional penmen. Now a rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through a line of sixteen and a half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels one mile. Averaging sixteen curves to one word, at thirty words per minute, one makes in a day of only five hours 144,000 strokes, and in a year of three hundred days, 43,200,000. If each writer traces a mile three hundred miles long in a year, five hundred and fifty thousand writers trace 165,000,000 miles. And as to the strokes, 43,200,000,000 × 550,000,000,000,000. And all this without reckoning the private writers, for a writer in the United States, may say, in the aggregate write about equally large, quantity."

Professor Marsh, of Yale college, who was out in the Bad Lands and among the Sioux Indians last year, says the Chicago *Journal*, is exhibiting around specimens of the flour, tobacco, sugar and coffee issued by the Indian Agents to the Red Cloud Band. The inferior quality of the articles is pronounced sufficient to solve the question of the Indian trouble.

Loss of a Steamship on the Pacific with Eighty Lives.

A letter dated Sidney, New South Wales, March 13, published in the San Francisco *Alta* of a late date, gives the following account of a terrible shipwreck and loss of human life on the Pacific Ocean:

A terrible shipwreck has occurred in Torres Straits, attended with fearful loss of life. The Gothenburg, Cap'ain Pearce, sailed from Port Darwin on February 16, having on board eighty-five passengers and a crew of thirty-six. Fine weather was experienced until February 24, when it came on thick and hazy, blowing strong from the northwest, attended with violent squalls, with thunder and lightning. At 7 p. m., during a violent squall, the steamer struck suddenly on the rocks, which proved to be Flinders' reef. She went steam on, and bored up with such force that when stationary there was only two feet under the forefoot, and five fathoms astern. Captain Pearce ordered all empty casks to be brought aft and filled with water, to bring the ship by the stern, and when this was done the engines were put astern full speed, but without the desired result of backing her off the reef. The tide was at full flood at 11 p. m., and again the engines were worked astern, but with no better result. During this time the gale was increasing in violence, and the sea making, and the ship commenced to bump heavily, and at 1 a. m. on the 28th, she commenced to make water, which soon put out the engine fires. The captain then ordered the boats to be got ready for lowering, and biscuit and water was placed in each; at 3 a. m. the two port boats were ordered by the captain to be lowered, as the weather was getting worse; one contained the men who have arrived by Le Leichardt, and in the second were five seamen who were keeping the boat off the steamer's side, there being such a heavy sea on. At this juncture, H. Nelson, the steward, while fending his boat off, fell overboard, losing his oar, but got into the boat again; the chief officer, Mr. Davis, then ordered the boat to come around on the starboard side, but by some mischance she got adrift and could not regain the ship. The last the rescued men heard was the cry of Captain Pearce calling to them to get close to the ship; but this could not be effected, as a second oar was carried away, and the boat was helpless in such a gale. Only one recourse was left—to keep her before it, and this was done. The weather was very thick, and raining all that day. At 4 p. m. made land and tried to get on shore, but without success, after trying for three hours. The next land made was Cape Gloucester, but the attempt to get ashore was attended with no better result. At 9 p. m. again sighted the main, and finding a lee remained until day of the 28th of February, when, at about 7 in the morning, sighted the steamship Leichardt, and were soon safely on board and hospitably cared for. Captain McLean, of the Leichardt, being advised of the wreck, made for the supposed locality, but on reaching the spot the ill-fated Gothenburg was found to have slipped off the reef, the eyes of the main rigging being awash. A search party from Bowen afterward discovered fourteen survivors on Holborn Island and brought them to Townsville. They had passed the night of the 24th in the rigging, after seeing their fellow-voyagers swept off one by one, and gradually go down with the ship. They state that about 3 in the morning on Thursday, efforts having been made to raise her forward, the vessel commenced moving, and got broadside on to the reef, laboring heavily. The two port boats were then lowered and manned, and sent astern, as it was feared that they would be stove in by the heavy sea if kept along side, but the painters broke and they got adrift. The vessel gradually heeled over, and about an hour after the starboard boats were lowered, and as the passengers rushed into them, the boats capsized as soon as they reached the water. The sea broke over the steamer, and fourteen men, who were left, took to the rigging, where they remained till Friday morning, when they succeeded in bailing out one of the boats that was fast to the Gothenburg by a painter, and leaving the wreck, managed to reach Holborn Island, where they found the port life-boat smashed, but the four men who left in her were safe. The starboard life-boat was seen by some of the survivors on the east side of the reef, with the stern out, and five or six persons on board.

Popular Arts.

There are certain arts in high repute among the people which are so inefficiently taught, and so expensively bought, as to call for some stimulating and suggestive questioning. The amount of money expended upon the teaching of music to the young in this country is enormous; and what are the results? In every ladies' school, among our forty millions of people, the piano is sounding from morning until night. In all the cities and large towns, industrious gentlemen, each with a portfolio under his arm, go from house to house, giving instruction upon the popular instrument, and in forty-nine cases out of every fifty, their pupils stop exactly where they leave them. In how many families in this great city of New York can a girl be found who is capable of going to the piano and singing and playing and perfecting herself in an art, the rudiments and principles of which she has acquired? Very few, we are assured. We do not know of one. The universal testimony is, that the moment instruction ceases, progress ceases. Under the tuition of her teacher, the universal American girl learns her dozen pieces so as to play them fairly, and never goes beyond them. These she plays until they are worn out to her own ear, and the ears of her friends; gradually she loses her power to play these well; and then she drops the piano altogether, especially if she is married. The money paid for her accomplishment, and the precious time she has expended upon it, are a dead loss.

The lessons in drawing, given in the same way, are, as a rule, as poor in results as those given in music. A set of pictures, of various degrees of badness, are manufactured and framed, and that is the end of it, unless the bolstering and spurring of a teacher be applied to the eye of the pupil to her work; but, beyond the eye of a teacher, the work rarely goes. The average American girl not only has no impulse to perfect herself in the ornamental arts to which she has devoted so much time, but she considers it a hardship to be required to take a single step without assistance. She is just as dependent on a teacher when she quits school as she was when she commenced, and cannot go alone, as she was when she begins with him.

Now we doubt whether this state of things is owing to something radically wrong in the girl. She has her responsibility in the matter, without question, but it seems to us that there must be something radically wrong in the teaching. A method of teaching which uniformly produces the result of dependence upon the teacher, stands self-condemned. What would be thought of a teacher of mathematics who, under fair conditions, could not teach his pupils to reason for themselves? What of a teacher of the natural sciences who should uniformly leave his pupils incapable of an independent investigation in geology, or chemistry or botany? Yet here are two great classes of teachers who uniformly leave the young committed to their care, in the matter of some important arts, almost specifically helpless but without the teacher in the matter of their business, and they know enough, from the results of it to know that they are as ignorant as we are of certain very essential departments of their art. We know, also, that if they cannot produce better results, the quicker they are out of the way the better.

In the entire conglomerate educational system of America there is no department in which more time and money are so absolutely thrown away as in that devoted to the ornamental arts. The teachers in this department fail entirely to comprehend the end toward which every lesson they give should drive. It is not for us to point out the remedies for their imperfections, but, in the name of a suffering and disappointed people, to call their attention to those imperfections, and to demand that they shall either be remedied, or the costly farce be withdrawn from the boards.—*Scribner's for May.*

SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA.

Advice to Those Contemplating Immigration to that Section—Who Should Go There and Who Should Not.

[Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]

Santa Barbara, Cal., April 20.—It is safe to assume that a few words competent to judiciously guide the thoughts of those tending towards Southern California will be opportune. A former resident of Chicago, whose pecuniary interests still attach to that city, I have a care for this region only on account of its real advantages to visitors and settlers. As an eligible part of our common country, it has claims to be known and justly appreciated, but none to undue panegyric. I am greatly opposed to the use of such representations and influences as will lead to and indiscriminate and reckless immigration to Southern California. Unless a statement of the special attractions of this region is counterbalanced by an exhibit of

ITS LIMITATIONS AND HINDRANCES,

much injury may ensue. The Prairie State will lose many a useful citizen, and the Golden State gain only discontented incumbrances. The law of intelligent selection should govern the matter, and thereby such unhappy results would be avoided. In order to decide wisely in regard to the policy of changing one's residence from the Atlantic to the Pacific Slope, a few facts in the way of comparison should be thoroughly understood.

The differences in soil, situation, and climate, between the two regions, are marked, but by no means antipodal. The contrasts between the latitude of the Great Lakes and the Tropics are so sharp that experience in the one is, on arrival in the other, disarmed; and the new comer is ready to acknowledge the novelty of his surroundings, and, with a docile spirit, speedily adapts himself to circumstances. The radical nature of the transition regulates itself. Southern California, however, is only *semi*-Tropical; and while the *actual* necessity of giving up old notions and habits in many respects is as great as at the Equator, the *apparent* need of such is not conspicuous. The result is that most new settlers here expend a great deal of effort out of time and place.

THEY FAIL TO ADAPT THEMSELVES

to the modifications of familiar things which this coast presents. Whether as invalids in search of health, or as devotees to business of any kind, they do not heed with sufficient care the comparatively slight change of conditions which surrounds them. Right here is a danger. Let no one be deluded by the similarities to his home-region which will strike the attention of a visitor from the Atlantic States. It were better for such a one that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea than that he should attempt to follow the wonted methods of the Atlantic Slope. He must learn to unlearn what he has learned anywhere—for this locality.

If an Illinois educated farmer puts in his crop in California when the soil is in splendid condition for plantage, alas! light will be the labors of the reaper! That seed should have been harrowed in before the winter rains, on fallow ground; such a course would have put the crop out of the way of the ensuing dry season. Nature's course in the production of California's famous "volunteer" crops must furnish the hint for agricultural success on this coast. The invalid frequently fails to secure the full sanative effects of this climate by disregarding the variations of temperature between day and night. Until health is fully restored, out door life must be limited to the sunlit hours.

Without multiplying instances, I would emphasize the fact that Southern California's gifts—either of health or business-success—are only attainable through

A STRICT OBSERVANCE OF THE SUBTLE LAWS

peculiar to this region.

Who, then, are likely to meet these conditions, and be advantaged by adopting this coast as their home?

Persons having a competent fortune, who have found by experience that their health cannot bide the rigors of your climate, are earnestly advised to seek a residence in Santa Barbara. I have an instance, among many others, in mind, which I will cite. Dr. L. N. Dimmick, of Ottawa, Ill., a gentleman of wealth and culture, has, without question, saved his life by removal hither. A bronchial affection had reduced his voice to a mere whisper, and, of course, his general health was at a low ebb. Two years in this atmosphere has restored his voice, and has enabled him to pursue his esthetic and scientific tastes with satisfaction to himself and great benefit to the community. With such persons there should be no hesitation; let them come and enjoy the "ethereal mildness" of this climate and the bewitching influences of this scenery.

To another class I say Come; those whose health demands a change, who are possessed of very moderate circumstances—provided they have the tact and intelligence, not to say genius, to interpret and supply the peculiar demands of this region. I recall an example to point my meaning: Dana B. Clark who was a well-known resident of LaSalle County, in your State, for thirteen years, came to this vicinity four years ago, utterly broken down in health, and with limited means. To-day he is a man of physical vigor, and has laid the foundations of a handsome fortune. And not only so, but his labors have made him a public benefactor. He is supplying this and adjoining counties with fruit and shade trees of kinds best adapted to this semi-Tropical region, and in condition to thrive in this peculiar climate and soil.

TREE-CULTURE

in Southern California is no superficial art. Keen observation and sagacity, united with patient experiment, are indispensable to success in arboriculture here. The man who has these qualities and devotes them to the study of Nature's laws and limitations regarding the growth of trees in a region needing them so urgently as does this Slope, confers a great benefit upon the community. Only trees that are subjected to proper culture from the beginning will permanently flourish through the long-continued dry season of this coast. Trees thus accustomed to withstand the absence of rain, however, produce better fruit, and are in every way more hardy than those which have to depend upon irrigation. How invaluable, then, the labors of the nurseryman who has the judgment to select the varieties of trees best adapted for growth without irrigation, and to give them out in life aright, and fitted to thrive under the conditions that await them. The average tiller of the soil has neither the time nor talent to determine upon, by care and thorough tests, a catalogue of plants practically reliable for use or ornamentation in a new country. It is great economy to encourage and patronize the nurseryman who shows himself in this vocation. And people are not slow in appreciating and making use of the results of a discriminating and judicious propagator of trees. The demand from Clark's nursery this season has exceeded that of the two previous years; sales will reach $13,000 to $14,000. A growing faith in tree-culture throughout Southern California is developing. It is beginning to be understood that the early failures in that direction were not due to the climate, but to the ignorant or reckless violation of the laws and limitations imposed by the nature of this soil and climate. Meantime Mr. Clark is quietly at work in a way that will

DEVELOP ASTONISHING RESULTS.

He is cultivating the largest orange orchard in the world—100 acres—containing 10,000 trees three years old. Twelve years hence, that orchard will surely rival the Garden of the Hesperides.

This country wants more such men as Dana B. Clark. It saves their lives, and they redeem it from the semi-civilization that has occupied it. Your section of our Great Republic can afford to part with them—their lives would be sacrificed there—here they will be prolonged, and bless a region that only needs scientific development to make it all that the most enthusiastic friends claim. But spare these sunny shores the incursions of immigrants allured from comfortable homes by accounts of Paradisaical perfections that will exempt them from laborious struggle.

J. A. BREWSTER.

Hidden Treasure.

The Pittsburg *Leader* says: There is considerable excitement at Uniontown just now over the search for a hidden treasure belonging to Dr. Braddee, whose trial in this city for mail robbery in 1841 will be remembered by some of our citizens. It was one of the most interesting cases ever tried in this section. Dr. Braddee was a resident of Uniontown, and one of the widest-known and most successful physicians in the State. He was highly respected by every body and had an enormous practice. The Government for some time had been aware that there were extensive robberies being perpetrated on the mails, but it was after a long investigation that the Government detectives were able to trace up the thing. It appeared that Dr. Braddee, who had an extraordinary desire for gain, not being satisfied with the large amounts of money he made by his medical practice, entered into an arrangement with two stage drivers to rob the mails. The stage drivers' stopping place was on the lot adjoining Dr. Braddee's office, and it was the custom for the drivers when they arrived there to toss over a mail-bag into the doctor's yard, when no one was looking. The Doctor would take up the mail-bag into the office, rifle it of its money contents, and then burn the bag or throw it into the outhouse. This was carried on for a long time, and thousands of dollars was procured by the mail robbers this way. Dr. Braddee and the two stage drivers were arrested and brought to this city for trial. Sixty thousand dollars bail was demanded by Judge Irwin for Braddee, but, although there were numerous of his fellow-citizens here ready to go his bail, the Doctor was too high-strung and independent to take it, and he went to jail. At the trial there was a great display of legal talent. The prosecution was conducted by Neil Darrah, United States District Attorney, assisted by Mr. Wells and General J. B. Howell, of Uniontown; A. W. Loomis, and Colonel Sam Black. Judge Hampton had also been engaged to assist in the prosecution, but, although he was present during the trial, he did not take an active part in it. The defense was represented by —— Austin, W. E. Austin, both of Uniontown; Richard Biddle, and the Hon. Wilson McCandless. The latter, as our readers well know, is Judge of the United States District Court, for the Western District of this State. The Hon. Walter Forward, who was afterward Secretary of the Treasury, had also been employed to take part in the trial, but for some reason he was unable to do so.

The trial lasted two weeks, the stage drivers pleading guilty and turning State's evidence, which convicted Dr. Braddee. The drivers were pardoned from the Penitentiary a few months after. Dr. Braddee was sentenced ten years to the Penitentiary, and died in prison. One of the stage drivers is dead the other living.

It was generally believed at the time of Dr. Braddee's conviction that he had buried all his wealth in the ground near his residence. The Doctor, from the time of his arrest until his death had never spoken a word of what disposition he had made of his fortune. And now, after a lapse of thirty-four years, the story of the hidden treasure is revived. There is now in Uniontown a Government detective engaged hunting for the supposed buried wealth. The thing has created the greatest excitement, and hundreds of persons are collected about the old residence of Dr. Braddee watching the search.

The detectives were put upon the track of the matter, it is said, by an old stage driver who knew Braddee, who claims to know the location of the secreted money, and who is approaching dissolution.

Col. Smith, of Kansas.

We were not at all surprised when we read in the dispatches that Miss Ida Greeley would shortly be married to Colonel Nicholas Smith, of Kansas. What young lady in the East would not be proud to marry a gentleman with "Colonel" before his name and "of Kansas" after it? And who so likely to carry off a matrimonial prize in the matrimonial lottery as Colonel Nicholas Smith, or, to write the whole of it, Colonel Verres Nicholas Smith, of Kansas?

For the benefit of late comers in Kansas, and also for the edification of the friends of the Greeleys and the Smiths abroad, it is proper to remark that Col. Smith is an ancient Kansas institution. He has been, what Web. Wilder calls "one of our things." It was away back in 1861 that Verres Nicholas Smith figured in Lawrence as "local" on a newspaper, on which John Speer displayed his unequaled talents as "business manager" and managing editor. Smith was the first and last "local" editor in this State who ever had good clothes. He always wore them. This tendency to array himself in gorgeous apparel made him a marked man. Speer marked him one day for a few gross of assorted curses, because he refused to cross the street to the offices and go to work, for fear of getting his boots muddy. It was in those days that John James Ingalls got down on V. N. S. and wrote a "piece" for the papers about him, in which he was spoken of as "Very Ridiculous Smith." All the historians of that period agree in stating that this made Smith fearfully mad.

All the jibes and sneers of his fellow-citizens, however, did not shake Smith's iron determination to look "nice." Of a bright evening in summer it was no uncommon thing to see Verres Nicholas riding on horseback, arrayed in spotless white, with newspapers wrapped around his symmetrical legs to keep them from getting dust.

When the war broke out, Smith, through the influence of Gen. Lane, was appointed a captain in the regular army; this position he resigned to marry a Kentucky lady of fortune, who died by a few years.

Our Smith is an eminently fine-looking man, of much and varied reading, and would doubtless have stood high had he not appeared among us with his "store clothes" on at the ragged-edged and bob-tailed period of our history.—*Topeka Commonwealth.*

Rye and Indian Gems.—These are made very much like the rye gems, only of one-fourth of corn meal, and that of medium fineness. It may be done very well without scalding, though in that case they should be baked very thoroughly. If scalded, it should be mixed so thick that the gems will need to be smoothed down into the oven. Otherwise they will come out soft and mushy. If rather soft, let them stand some minutes after taking them out of the oven before serving them. This will do more than trying to bake them dry in the oven.

Some men who were engaged in cleaning out a cesspool on Staten Island, the other day, came upon between twenty and thirty thousand dollars in gold coin. It had been hid by a defaulting cashier.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Out West, the "garden sass" agriculturalists shiver over their stoves and sing the song of the season, "Lettuce have peas."

A flirt had an offer of marriage the other evening, and, rushing up stairs, said, "Mamma, am I engaged to any body now?"

An Aberdeen girl supposes that the reason she has never kindled a flame in any man's heart is because she is not a good match.

A sharp talking lady was reproved by her husband, who requested her to keep her tongue in her hands. "My dear," she said, "Its against the law to carry concealed weapons."

A cross-eyed man who handed his ticket to a Chicago street-car conductor, the other day, had three holes punched in it. The conductor thought he glanced at two ladies at his side. They were entire strangers, but he was meekly forbore to say any thing. It costs something to be cross-eyed.

That cooper was most unfortunate, although indefatigably industrious. He labored on for a whole summer in the repairing of impossible casks and barrels with a comparatively clear conscience; but when old Dobbs fetched along a bung-hole and requested him to put a puncheon to it, that cooper stepped down and out.

Bailey says a man is hardier than a woman, except in his hands. When she sees him take his coat-tail to hold a stove-lifter, she pushes him away in disgust, and takes the hot object in her bare hand without wincing. If he should do that he would drop it at once, and couldn't help it. When he has a dish to lift from the stove, he very properly starts off to hunt up a cloth, and while he is gone she removes it with her naked hand, and is there ready to say things that make him feel small and worthless, when he gets back.

Mrs. Partington is considered a mythical person "evolved" from the brain of Mr. Shillaber, but her counterparts are often found in real life. One of these ladies was overheard at an evening assembly speaking in high praise of a pretty girl just passing. "Why, she is a perfect paragram of a young lady!" "I think you mean parallelogram; do you not?" suggested the waggish gentleman addressed. "*I said* parallelogram, Mr.——," exclaimed the lady, with a combination of dignity and indignation impossible to describe.—*Scribner's.*

As they entered a dry-goods store yesterday you would have said that love dwelt in both hearts and that a dove of peace roosted on every shingle on the roof of their abiding place. She saw a lovely dress, and she begged him to buy, but he replied: "I can't, darling, not before next week." "Can't you, dear?" she smiled. "Well, I will wait." They had hardly passed out the door before he said: "I'd like to see myself getting that dress!" And she answered: "You couldn't buy one side of it, and if you could you are too stingy and mean to do it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Preacher Cuts His Own Throat.

Great excitement exists along the line of Linn and Johnson Counties, Iowa, over the attempted suicide of one of the best known and most highly esteemed preachers of that vicinity, the Rev. A. Crowell, of Shueyville, a minister of the United Brethren Church. The circumstances of the case, related at length by the correspondent of the Cedar Rapids *Republican*, we condense below as follows: Mr. Crowell has been somewhat ill and mentally depressed for several days, but the physician in attendance had no doubt that he would be well in a few days. About noon of the 22d, when the doctor called, he was startled at a change that had taken place; he told Mrs. Crowell that her husband was much worse, and he feared he would have to be taken to the insane asylum. The change was of a mental character rather than physical, for Mr. Crowell was still able to walk about the premises. After the doctor left some time in the afternoon, Mr. Crowell expressed a desire to go to Father Kephart's (his wife's father), about forty rods distant. His wife endeavored to dissuade him, but he insisted, and she watched him as he went until he entered the gate. He talked awhile with Father Kephart, who was digging potatoes; then with John Kephart who lived on an adjacent lot; then started for Father Kephart's house, and those outside supposed that he entered. By and by Father Kephart came into the house, and a neighbor, who chanced to be in the house, asked where Mr. Crowell was. This surprised Father Kephart, who had supposed him to be in the house, and a search was made for him. He was found in the cellar of the wash-house, on his hands and knees, a shoe-knife in one hand, and the blood streaming from his throat, in which he had cut two gashes, the deepest one partially severing the windpipe, but without reaching any of the large veins or arteries of the neck. Surgical aid was instantly sent for, and the wound sewed up, but the chances of his recovery are few. Mr. C. has been an itinerant minister in the United Brethren Church for twenty years; has always maintained an irreproachable character, and received the confidence of all who knew him. Last fall he was taken severely ill with spinal fever, and for a time was deprived of his reason, but finally recovered and enjoyed fair health, so as to take charge of his field of labor and fill his appointment during the winter, but he was lately taken ill again, with the result as above given. His wife is a sister of President Kephart, of Cornell College; she has been terribly afflicted with rheumatism for a year past, and this blow falls upon her and her children with crushing effect.

The Latest Form of Inebriety—And its Cure.

In December, 1871, when medical men were lauding chloral to the skies, Dr. Stables became a chloralist, together with other friends, who quickly succumbed and died, having passed through the agonies of despair characteristic of the later stages of chloralism. Being overworked, he could not sleep, and took twenty grains of chloral, whereupon he slept like a top until morning. Having repeated the dose every night for a week he tried to sleep one night without it and failed. And of course took it again and found after some time that he had little satisfaction from his sleep. After a month he began to feel a strange heat on the top of his head, together with a sense of fullness in it, and his nerves began to be shaken. At length he had to fly into the country, and while with the pure, bracing air, he was enabled to reduce his dose by one-half, and to take long walks, though after a brief space he again surrendered himself to "King Chloral." He began to lose flesh; crow's-feet gathered under his eyes; his pulse grew "thready," and by June, 1872, he is at the seaside a confirmed invalid, his bodily sufferings very great, and his mind a chaos. His eyes are constantly dilated, and the least excitement runs his pulse from sixty to a hundred. He takes three drams of chloral when he goes to bed—a dose sufficient to kill as many men. Three months pass, and he is taking three and a half drams at two doses—one at bedtime and the other at one and early morning; can barely walk one hundred yards without sitting or lying down; the irritability of the brain is changed into agony. If he attempts to rise from a chair, there is a horrible sense of strangulation. Three months more, and he is pronounced hopelessly gone with heart disease, and he contemplates suicide. He has lost all the power of reading, writing, or speaking aloud, and every nerve and every vein seems inflamed and swollen to double the size; and when given up by a second medical man, another arrives, who destroys all his chloral, and informs him that his heart is not diseased, but only weakened by the poison imbibed.

The first night passed without chloral was dreadful—sleep impossible; and for over a week he never slept a wink. He became delirious, but recovery came at length, though tediously. In three months, however, he could walk as many miles, and sleep returned to bless him once more. He has since returned to the complete cure and perfect health to which he ultimately attained.—*Toronto Globe.*

The Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce in Italy has put away the sum of $2,000 to defray the expenses of that country at the Centennial. The Italians say the amount will not go a far way, but poverty will not allow its increase.