THE MILAN EXCHANGE.

W. A. WADE, Publisher.

MILAN, - - TENNESSEE.

Harvest Hymn.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors old, yet ever new!
O blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden fair,
And richer fruit to crown our toil
That summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And by these altars wreathed with flowers,
And fields of fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the later rain.

—*Whittier.*

Patience.

Were there no night we could not read the stars,
The heavens would turn into a blinding glare;
Freedom is best seen through the prison-bars,
And rough seas make the haven passing fair.

We can not measure joys but by their loss,
When blessings fade away we see them then;
Our richest clusters grow around the cross,
And in the night-time angels sing to men.

The seed must first lie buried deep in earth,
Before the lily opens to the sky;
So "light is sown," and gladness has its birth
In the dark deeps where we can only cry.

"Life out of death" is Heaven's unwritten law;
Nay, it is written in a myriad forms;
The victor's palm grows on the fields of war,
And strength and beauty are the fruit of storms.

Come, then, my soul, be brave to do and bear;
Thy life is bruised that it may be more sweet;
The cross will soon be left, the crown we'll wear—
Nay, we will cast it at our Savior's feet.

And up among the glories never told,
Sweeter than music of the marriage-bell,
Our hands will strike the vibrant harp of gold
To the glad song "He doeth all things well."

—*Henry Burton, in the Sunday Magazine.*

MRS. PENN'S PRESENT.

"I have told you before, Harry, that I won't marry a literary woman, at any price. I hate 'em! They are insufferable, egotistic, romantic, silly, or strong-minded—altogether detestable. So, don't introduce me to your cousin, as you call her. And, for Heaven's sake, don't let your confounded trick of trying to make matches come between us again."

Hal Weaver laughed as hard as a man could who under all his amusement felt a taste of bitterness; for he had once meddled with Jonathan Penn's life, in an unauthorized way, deliberately and with malice pretense leading him into the net of a female spider and leaving him to escape as he could. Jonathan floundered out of the silken snares in time to escape with life; but he never quite forgave Henry Weaver, though the poor man was not to blame. He had a wife, and his wife was Miss Van Alen's cousin. Hence these tears.

But kind-hearted, blundering Hal had never forgiven himself. And, now that Jack Penn had been four years abroad and come back a bachelor, it seemed to Mr. Weaver he ought to atone for his past sin. And, having found out lately a step-cousin of his mother's—a lady who quite turned his own head by the charming contrast she presented to Mrs. Weaver—he resolved to introduce Jack Penn to her at once; and, like an amiable idiot, invited him to dine, frankly declaring his good intentions in his behalf, and adding: "You can't help liking her. She's awfully smart. Supports herself entirely by writing. Goodness! What stories she does turn out. Makes you laugh and cry in the same breath." And the result of all this eulogy was the curt and incisive remarks which we have already heard, and a deferring of the dinner-party *sine die.*

But Jack Weaver was soon to be absorbed in a manner that had no more to do with marriage and giving in marriage than Heaven, though that was its only heavenly trait.

His property, much mismanaged in the years he had been moving about over Europe, began to disappear, after the winged manner of riches, and almost slipped from him entirely. A little was left—enough to avert starvation; but he must needs work. And here Hal Weaver came to the rescue, eager to do something for the friend to whom he owed a good turn. He got Jack a place in a wholesale store, where a salary of two thousand dollars a year was to be had for hard work; and the work was quite as wholesome for him as the wages. His eye brightened, his step grew firm and alert, his languid face woke up to interest in life and humanity, his naturally acute mind felt the benefit of exercise and roused to the keen pleasure of labor well done. Moreover, he fell in love. Not at all as he should have done, for he hardly ever went to Mr. Weaver's now; and when he did, if there were any symptoms of company to be heard through the parlor-door, this deliberate misogynist would take up his hat again and flee. But it was his habit to walk every Sunday afternoon in Central Park, through the pleasant days of the year; for his business afforded only one brief vacation in August. He noticed, after the few first Sundays, that he generally met a particular group in the Ramble—an old lady, in a widow's dress, with a tall, slight young woman, evidently her daughter, for the dove-like, dark eyes of the mother were repeated in the young lady's face, though with more sadness and pride in them than dwelt in the serene gaze of her parent. There was something mightily attractive to Jonathan Penn about this lonely pair. He liked old ladies, if they were what old ladies should be, as every gentleman does; and this was evidently a good specimen. Daintily neat in her somewhat old-fashioned dress, the gentle glance of her still lovely eyes, the soft curls of snow-white hair, the low, trembling voice, which he could hear as they passed and repassed the bench where he habitually sat, all interested him. And even more agreeable was the intelligent face of the daughter—not very beautiful except for the rounded contours of youth and health, the abundant red-brown hair, the sad and splendid eyes, and the wonderfully vivid expresssion of a face that lacked only bloom. Jack Penn watched these two with respect and deepening attention for at least three months; yet could not devise a way to make their acquaintance, much as he wished it. But "to him that waits all things arrive," and one Sunday early in September, as the pair came up the path towards him, he noticed that the old lady stepped more feebly and hung more heavily than ever on her daughter's arm. They had scarcely passed him before she sunk to the ground, slipping from her support as silently and helplessly as a dead leaf slips from the bough. Mr. Penn sprang forward to help her, and, lifting that light, wasted shape in his arms, laid her on the bench close by. The daughter's face was white, even to the delicate lips, but she did not lose self-possession. She applied salts to her mother's nostrils and rubbed her cold hands, and when a faint sigh began to speak of returning life she asked Mr. Penn to fetch a carriage. This he did, with no delay; and, lifting the old lady in his arms, placed her beside her daughter, took the direction, and, mounting beside the driver, was at hand to help when the carriage reached its destination.

From that time Mr. Penn was counted one of Miss Chester's friends. She lived in a tenement house, on a flat, alone with her mother. They were ladies; but they were poor. Caroline Chester did the work of the family alone, and there seemed to be no callers. If there were, they were ladies, and came by day, for when Jack Penn became so friendly that three evenings out of the seven were spent in that pleasant little parlor he never found interruptions there. Before the next spring, however, Mrs. Chester died, and when Jack found that Miss Caroline was left alone—since the rooms were rented for the year and she must keep them till May—he felt like the proverbial Frenchman, who, having married his love, was at a loss where to spend his evenings; and, therefore, this bewitched bachelor made an impressive offer of his heart and hand to Miss Chester, through the proper medium of the Post-office, and in due time received a favorable answer.

But Jack was destined to a shock of the most unexpected kind. After his acceptance the Sunday afternoon promenades were resumed, for it was now the end of April and spring came in warm and early. Parma violets scented sunny Broadway; jonquils, tulips, hyacinths, sheaves of delicate rosebuds, clouds of spirit-like azaleas, quaint foreign lilies and orchids made gay the florist's windows; and Fifth Avenue was a blaze of glory, to which the lilies of the field could not hold a candle, with spring fashions, when one day Jack Penn and a graceful young lady in deep mourning might have been seen in amicable conversation on a bench in the Park. Jonathan was extremely happy, if his face did not belie him; and Miss Chester looked far from miserable, though there was a certain unquiet expression on her sweet, pensive face.

"Jack," said she, at last, "you know I am poor?"

"So am I," he serenely rejoined.

"But I have to work for my living."

"So do I," was the imperturable reply.

"I'm afraid, though—I fancy—that is—maybe you are like many men I have heard of. You won't like my kind of work."

He looked round amazed, and then burst out laughing.

"I really can't think of any thing just now, Carry, that I could object to in you, unless you may, possibly, be a female pickpocket."

Carry laughed too, but it was not quite a spontaneous laugh.

"Oh, Jack! But let us out with it. I write to support myself, for we had nothing but mother's small annuity."

"That is hard work, dear. I can't think of any thing more stupid than copying lawyer's folios."

"That isn't what I write, at all, sir. I do my own writing. I mean stories and sketches and poems, and now I'm on a novel."

Jack jumped to his feet and stared at her.

"You!"

"Yes, me. Simple as I stand here, Jack, I'm a live authoress." And here she giggled hysterically. For Jack's face was going through a transition period almost as obvious as if it had been geologic. He stepped back a pace or two and looked at her again.

"You an authoress! Why, I never saw a hole in your gloves yet. And I know you can cook a beefsteak better than Delmonico's *chef.* I don't believe it!"

"But it is true," she said, a little sadly. "I can cook and I can sew; but, for all that, I do write things and print them."

"I don't believe it!" firmly replied Jack, sitting down again, with an air of obstinate triumph. "I never shall. It isn't in the eternal fitness of things that I could fall in love with an authoress. You never have talked high art to me. You never crammed me with poetry, even though I am horribly spooney just now. You never said a word about 'your last poem,' or "that story in *Hopner,*' or 'the article in *Parkers's*;' and I know you are putting on vain airs of authorship merely to scare and delude me."

"But, Jack, dear Jack, it is true. [illegible] was a lady before I began to write. Why should I be conceited and ill-bred now. Oh, Jack! Do believe me. I'm really and truly in earnest."

Jack saw the tears in her beautiful, pleading eyes, and wanted to kiss them away; but an obtrusive policeman was too near to make it admissible.

"You dear little soul!" he exclaimed with an impulsiveness worthy of a younger man and one who had never suffered from a Miss Van Alen. "I don't care a straw if you are! You might be George Eliot herself, if you like. Well—no—perhaps not her; but any other author or authoress in the country, or all of them put together, so long as you are my own darling, lovely, lovable Carry." And here Jack looked dangerously moved. But Carry trusted to the policeman and sat still, smiling like a very rainbow, both showery and bright.

"But, after all," said Jack sheepishly, "it is funny. I've said and sworn I never would marry a literary woman, and here I've been and gone and done it. What will Hal say?"

"Indeed, you haven't!" indignantly returned Carry. "There is no certainty whatever that I'll marry *you* yet."

"O—h! There isn't?" And Jack whistled ironically—right there in the Park, too.

"I may refuse to marry a book-keeper. I've always thought them as stupid as owls. But who is Hal?"

"Another owl," said Jack, with sinful little twitches about his mustache. "An owl who wanted me to come to dinner with his step-cousin, two years ago, and fall in love with her, because she was pretty and literary; and I laughed him to scorn, on account of the literature."

"What is his name, though?"

"Mister Henry Hopp Weaver, of the firm of Weaver & Wing, River Street, Gotham."

Carry gave a little scream.

"My goodness! Jack. It was me. Harry Weaver's mother was my step-cousin."

"Let us go home," said Jack, solemnly. "Fate can not harm me. I am the dust under her chariot-wheels, and the heathen may revile as they please. I shall be 'Mrs. Penn's' husband to the end of my days, and hug my chains at that. Here lies Jonathan Penn."

"You absurd creature," laughed Carry, as they strolled away, past the policeman, who had not so much as winked while all this went on.

So in due time they were married. And the Weavers came to the wedding. Jack endured much chaffing, but did not resent it half as much as Carry did. And, after a short tour during Jack's vacation, they settled down to daily life, quite content and happy, though they were poor.

But because they were poor Carry insisted on keeping at work. She liked her writing and she liked to help her husband; and Jack, being a generous man, let her please herself, though he watched over her health with extreme vigilance, and if she looked pale or grew nervous and sleepless, the tyrant directly turned the key of her desk, put it in his pocket, and walked off.

Things went on tranquilly, even blissfully, for a year. Jack grew more and more fond of his wife, for Carry had traits that developed on acquaintance; and her lover had never known half how bright, gentle, and companionable she was. But Jack also had reserves of character, and one was an immense fund of latent jealousy. Though, as yet, it had never known what my poor old friend, Md'lle Martel, used to call "devil-upment," it was all there.

In Carry's new, happy, secure life came a fresh impulse to her mind. Her writings became more and more vivid and interesting. She grew into notice, and her relations with literary people naturally led her into society. Every body liked her. She was natural, sparkling, and gracious, and attracted both friends and admirers. Jack began to be uneasy. He did not like to come home and find the house redolent of bouquets, tributes from Carry's friends, among authors and editors, who had soon found out her passionate love for flowers. Neither did he care to avail himself of sundry concert and theater tickets politely proffered by these same hands. And when the long-expected novel went to press Jack ground his teeth on the visits that passed between his wife and her publishers and was fit to tear his hair when Mr. Henry Platt, junior member of Platt & Co., publishers, escorted Mrs. Penn down seven squares in Broadway, as the luckless husband well knew, eyeing them from an omnibus which bore him to the Jersey City Ferry, on business not to be delayed a moment.

Carry was charming. The fresh spring weather lent a bloom, warm and bewitching, to her fair face. Her dress was dark and plain, to be sure; but it was also stylish, and showed her exquisite figure to advantage, and the "fellow" beside her was one of the handsomest men in New York. How many people turned to look at them, and how happy they seemed. Jack would have liked to knock him down, then and there; but business is business, and then those policemen! What self-control they teach—those tall creatures with badges!

When Jack came home that night, Carry told him, with beaming eyes, how happy the day had been. Mr. Henry Platt had come and taken her to a matinee at the Opera House.

"Such music, Jack! I was perfectly bewitched."

"H—m!" growled Jack.

"And I liked Janausheck so very much! You can't think! Mr. Platt is going to send us passes to their box next Tuesday, when she plays Lady Dedlock. The Platts are all going away to a funeral, so it will be empty."

Jack devoutly wished Mr. Platt, Jr., was going to his own funeral; but hadn't quite the heart to say so. However, no such good luck happened. Mr. Platt was devoted to Carry till he went, for the summer, to Long Branch; and then, when September came, and every body came back with it, this constant youth appeared again and again. For the novel had been purposely delayed till fall, and demanded much consultation, apparently.

Now the truth was that Mr. Platt had fallen dreadfully in love with a certain lovely little maid in Baltimore, who coquetted with him unmercifully; and having, in a happy hour, discovered that Helen Kennedy was an old school-friend of Mrs. Penn's, he confided his griefs and hopes to that lady with rather tedious frankness. And Carry did not repeat his tales of woe to Jack, simply because she thought the matter of no importance to him, and that Henry Platt would dislike to have his sentimental secrets confided to another man. Women are so different.

But Jack knew very well how often the "fellow" was there, for Carry made no secret of his visits; and, while even a suspicious soul could find no harm in such open secrets, still it gnawed upon this common-place Othello that he must be shut up in a counting-room all day, while another man carried flowers, fruit, books, and his own handsome presence besides to the lovely wife at home.

But one day Jack's mind was suddenly diverted from this rugged track by an advertisement, flung in at the office door, setting forth the merits of a type-writer, a new invention for literature and business of all kinds where writing was demanded. There were the usual certificates, recommendations, puffs. It was warranted to outwrite the fastest scrivener, to be perfectly legible, in short, to be a necessity of life. Here was the thing for Carry! Her arm already was painful from long use. She had been worn out with her novel. Here was the very thing for a Christmas present. It was expensive, to be sure; but no doubt would be economy in the end, and there were two hundred dollars laid away in the Bank of Boots, that his old grandmother, up in Maine, had left him years ago. Jack's mind was made up.

Pretty soon the novel came out, and, though truth compels us to own it was not wonderful, still it was not bad. Natural, simple, wholesome, it had small sales and few admirers. But Carry harvested a little sum from it and did not say much about her disappointment. She was able to give Jack a nice Christmas present, and when the festival came and she wheeled a luxuriant easy-chair into the parlor and presented it to her dear husband, she was pleased enough to utter a little scream of joy when he unveiled the mysterious thing in the corner and showed her the type-writer.

Before many days she had learned to use the lettered keys rapidly, and Jack in her daily delight and gratitude had almost lost sight of Mr. Platt. But when Valentine's Day brought to the door an elaborate document, in a thick, stiff envelope, and a big bunch of Parma violets and daphne blossoms, Jack began to rage. Carry had gone on to Boston, to make some arrangements with the editor of a juvenile paper there; so he put the letter aside and the flowers in water, and went next day to his office, with set lips and a pale face. At night he returned to the lonely rooms, and, from sheer loneliness, sat down to write a letter to his brother in San Francisco. As he lifted his pen from the desk, to reach forward to the inkstand, the gold pen dropped from the holder and fell into the waste-basket, close by. Carry had left in a hurry and forgotten to empty this collection of scraps; and the pen slipped out of sight at once. Jack hunted among the rustling papers; but at last had to pull them all out, one by one, and was half-way to the bottom, when a torn sheet of delicate note-paper met his eye, and on its surface, in the square purple print of the type-writer, these words: "Dear, darling Hen." Another and still another torn piece of the same paper held the same words in different sequence: "Dear Hen. Dearest. Hen dear. Hen. Hen P. Hen Pl."

Jack sat transfixed. It did not occur to him that the nickname was strange for a lady to use. That was a trifle. But this! This was "confirmation strong as holy writ!"

Poor Jack! The fires were let loose upon him. Jealousy is "cruel as the grave!" To have laid Carry in her grave would have been nothing to this! He could not sleep. He walked the room till dawn; then mechanically kindled the fire afresh, and went down town to breakfast and work. But breakfast was a myth and work mechanical. When he reached home at night, he looked like a man about to die. He opened the door with his key. A flood of light, of warmth, of perfume burst on his childish senses, and Carry threw herself into his arms.

He held her off sternly. His face never relaxed a muscle.

"Jack! Jack" What does ail you? Are you sick? Oh! Jack, dear! *Do* speak!"

But he only took her hand in his and led her to the table, opened a little card drawer, where he had laid these damning proofs away, spread them before her, and pointed to them with one rigid finger, like the hero in a dreadful melodrama. "Look there!" he said.

Carry stared blankly, first at the papers and then at him. A wild fear entered her eyes. She thought him suddenly insane.

Jack grew impatient. He moved that index finger under the words "Dear Hen."

"Woman! Who is he?"

Carry's face changed again. She drew her hand from Jack's grasp, threw herself into a chair, and shrieked with laughter. She laughed beyond all power of speech, and her husband stood glaring at her in despairing amazement.

"Oh, Jack!" she gasped, as soon as her breath served. "Oh, dear! Oh!" And then she laughed again, till the tears streamed down both cheeks. "Wait a min-ute—oh!—till I can—stop —oh, Jack!"

He sat down in another chair, with an expression of agonized patience, that seemed to inspire his wife with fresh bursts of laughter. But at last she found breath to speak.

"Oh, Jack! What a blessed old idiot you are. Here! Read that!" And she pushed over to him, across the corner of the table, the same mysterious document he had taken from the letter-box two days before. But it was open now, and showed two letters, one of which was unfolded and brief enough, and ran thus:

DEAR MRS. PENN: She has accepted me, at last! I am the happiest fellow in America. I enclose a letter left at the office for you, and I send a few of your favorite flowers to celebrate the day. Wish me joy. For I know you rejoice. Yours faithfully,

H. L. PLATT.

"My dear old boy," said the still shaking Carry, as she crept on to Jack's knee and laid her head on his shoulder, "I began to write a letter to Helen the other day, on the type-writer, and somehow the thing got out of order and refused to go. I could not make it slip from e to l at all. Every time I tried to write 'Helen,' all I could get was 'Hen.' If you look at those awful documents, you will see that the e in every 'Hen' is blurred. I thought it might be the fault of the 'l,' and, as I knew all about this love affair, and have for months, I naturally tried my l in Platt; but it went well enough there. I meant to ask you to see to the machine; but you know the *Playtime* people sent for me to come that day, and I forgot it."

"Carry, I am a fool!" said Johathan, in an exhausted tone. "I am a jealous fool. Can you forgive me?" And here he turned white and laid his head back in the chair, for the man had neither eaten nor slept in twenty-four hours.

"I always said book-keepers were stupid as owls, you know, Jack. But you are worse than an owl. Come and get your dinner, sir! I can forgive you for every thing but supposing I could be so shockingly ill-bred as to call any man 'Hen.'"

Jack gave a feeble little laugh and went to dinner like a lamb. He has never been jealous since; but yet Carry never quite trusts him.

She takes remarkable care of the scrap-basket, and has studied the type-writer so thoroughly she can keep it in order herself.

"It is a great help, Jack," she said, the other day, half smiling; "but it came near being a disastrous present."

—*Rose Terry Cooke, in the Independent.*

Constant Love Rewarded.

A quiet wedding occurred in this village within two months, says the Middleton, N. Y. *Press,* at which were no guests, a mother to the bride being the only witness to the ceremony beside the officiating clergyman, who came from another village. In 1862, a young gentleman, a resident of this county, who was betrothed to the lady, enlisted in the Union army. His sweetheart made no effort to dissuade him, and with a breaking heart bade him adieu and quietly buried herself in her home with her widowed mother, the only living member of the family besides herself. For a while all went well, and loving letters cheered the gallant soldier. After the battle of Chancellorsville the letters suddenly ceased. Letter after letter was written to him and his comrades, but all that could be learned was that after that terrible battle he was missing. His stricken sweetheart never entirely abandoned hope, and lived on, hoping against hope for his return. After many weary years her patient troth has been rewarded and she is now a happy bride. Some time during the fight he was taken prisoner and soon after sent to a Southern prison, where he was kept about a year. He finally escaped and reached the seaboard, where he conceived the idea of personating an English sailor and getting to England on a blockade-runner. After much delay and many disappointments, during which his courage almost failed him, he succeeded. He remembers sailing through the blockading squadron. After that all is a blank. He learned afterward that he had been taken ill, and soon after insane. On his arrival at England he was taken to an insane asylum by the Captain of the blockade-runner, where he remained until a year ago, when he was discharged cured, but penniless. He succeeded, through the assistance of friends in the asylum, in obtaining a situation in a mercantile house, where he won the esteem of the principals, to whom he told his story. A leave of absence was granted him; he came to Middletown and found his old sweetheart, now a lady of 32, still faithful to his memory. They were quietly married and are now in England, where he proposes to remain for a term of years. During his long absence his only surviving relatives, a brother and uncle, had died, and he had no ties to keep him here, save the love of country, which will eventually bring him and his faithful wife back to our shores.

A Bold and Successful Robbery.

One of the boldest robberies that has ever occurred in this city, says the Lincoln (Neb.) *Journal,* took place at the B. & M. Depot shortly after noon yesterday. Mr. DeLee, the driver of the U. S. Express wagon in this city, had gone to the depot as usual, and took from the express agent of the eastward bound train the money package and other articles expressed to this city, and laid them in his wagon. The money package he laid under the cushion on his seat, and over the cushion he spread or threw a grain sack; he then stepped to the door of the express car for another package of goods, when the envelope containing the money and waybills was taken. We are not positive whether Mr. DeLee discovered his loss immediately or not; however, the robbery was made known at once, when one of our town boys pointed out a tall man as having been seen between the express wagon and the omnibus, which were standing side by side at the platform. Mr. DeLee quickly proceeded up town and got out a warrant for the arrest of the supposed thief, but before the officers could get to the depot the train was moving off. Mr. Miller immediately telegraphed to Waverly, Omaha and Plattsmouth to have the man arrested. At the former place he was arrested by the Constable of the town, who in turn telegraphed here that the party was captured. A locomotive, with Marshal Carr and one or two others, proceeded to Waverly, where the man was turned over to the Marshal. The prisoner gave his name as C. D. Tiffany, and said that he was a commercial traveler for hatters and furriers on Broadway, New York. He said he had no knowledge of the robbery, and took his arrest very coolly. Upon his person was a gold watch, a ticket for Omaha, and $19 in money. When questioned as to where he had stopped while in Lincoln, he said he had taken his meals at Spencer's dining-hall, but refused to state where he had lodged.

The messenger don't remember how much money there was in the "run," but remembers distinctly that there was one package in the lot containing $100. The prisoner will be brought before D. G. Hull, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, to-morrow, when, we presume, the full facts in the case will be brought to light. In the meantime, the prisoner is resting comfortably in the County Jail.

TRAVELERS describe two different ways of shoeing horses in Turkey and Russia, which may seem very awkward compared with the simple methods of the American smiths. In Turkey and Servia the horse's head is held by one man, another holds the leg on his arm, and the third operates on the foot. In Russia the horse is placed in a square cage made of rough planks of wood and is strapped around the belly with wide leather straps attached to cross bars of the frame work; his head is also tied safely; the foot is fixed to a stake in the ground and held by an assistant, while the smith places the shoe on.

WHIPPED CREAM.—Whites of 2 eggs, 6 tablespoonfuls of good cream, powdered sugar to taste; flavoring to taste. Beat until a stiff froth; pour over a small mold of strawberry or raspberry preserve in a glass dish. Serve with little savoy cakes.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

COLD-SLAW.—Cut up half a medium-sized white cabbage in shreds; sprinkle upon it 1 teaspoonful of salt; then take 2 eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, ½ cup of water, the same of vinegar; beat the eggs very light; add the water, vinegar and butter, with a little pepper and mustard, and pour over the cabbage.

SUPERIOR CORN-STARCH CAKE.—1 cup of butter, 2 of sugar, 2 of flour, 1 of corn-starch, the whites of 7 eggs well beaten, 1 full teaspoon of yeast powder, 1 cup of milk and flavor to taste. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, then add the other ingredients—adding the eggs last. This is a very handsome silver cake and to the taste delicious.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak a teacupful of tapioca in 3 cupfuls of lukewarm water for 5 or 6 hours, stirring occasionally. Peel 6 apples, cutting them in halves and arranging them in the bottom of the dish, empty in the dissolved tapioca with a pinch of salt; bake 1 hour, and eat warm with cream. If the apples are not sweet, serve with sugar or with hard sauce.

TEA CAKES.—Put 1 pint of warm milk into a pan with ¼ pint of yeast and sufficient flour (about 2 pounds) to make a good thick paste. Knead it well, and leave it to rise for a couple of hours; sweeten with 2 ounces of powdered sugar, mix with it ¼ pound of butter, and add 4 eggs well beaten up. Let it stand for ½ hour, then divide it into cakes and put them in tins, stand them to rise again near the fire, then bake in a quick oven.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Take 1 pint of sour milk or buttermilk, add 1 teaspoonful of soda, stir until it foams up; mix in the buckwheat flour and Graham flour by degrees and alternately, stirring well until there is a thick batter; rub a little butter on a hot griddle or large frying-pan; try the batter; if it is full of little holes it is of the right thickness; 2 tablespoonfuls will make a good-sized cake; they must be turned. Eat with plenty of golden sirup.

WASHINGTON PIE.—Peel and cut up about 8 apples, and stir them over the fire with 4 ounces moist sugar, 2 ounces of butter, juice and peel of 1 lemon. When the apples are quite soft, mash them up, or put them through a sieve; stir in 4 yelks of eggs, and bake in a pie-dish which is edged with paste. When done put the whipped whites on the top, ornament it with candied peel or dried fruit, and return it to the oven till it is nicely browned.

Horrors of the Indian Famine.

The St. Louis *Republican* publishes the following private letter, written by a magistrate on the island called Paumbeu, in India, to his brother in Missouri:

PAUMBEU, Aug. 12, 1877.—I am so fearfully sick of this dreadful famine; people dying of starvation all around and out of one's power to assist. Returning from my morning ride one day this week I found a woman in the last stage of starvation, and although I procured sago and brandy for her, the poor creature died. I am to hold a meeting this evening to start a private congee house to relieve the necessities of some. Every day we give rice and money out of our own resources, but it is a heavy drain. Rice sells at twenty-five shillings a bag of 164 pounds, which last year could be bought for eight shillings, and of course every thing is dear in proportion in the vegetable line; but cows and poultry, etc., are to be bought in the same place for nominal sums only. The people have nothing to feed them on, and in some places there is actually a famine of water as well as of food. Grass is an article of importation, and pays for its conveyance. We feed about three hundred people daily, one meal a day only, giving but enough to keep them alive. We can not afford to give more, as we shall have, probably, to feed them for four months, perhaps longer. Last month was a great festival time among the Hindoos, but, owing to the famine, not many came to market, although there is a temple here much frequented by devotees. Sometimes, after landing on the shore, they roll the whole way (eight miles) to pay their devotions. In one taleeg 80,000 died of starvation in a month. In our district 70,000 died in May. Is it not terrible? You can not imagine what scenes we Indians see and hear daily. Can you fancy a woman boiling and eating her baby? That occurred not many miles from here only last week. When possible I superintend the giving of the food, and have often seen the mothers take the children's share and eat it themselves. I must add that I make it up to the poor little things, when possible, by giving them an extra allowance, as I feel that only the pangs of utter starvation would induce a mother to rob her child, for, although black in color, they are not devoid of feeling.

Communism in Iowa.

An obscure communistic society, called Amana, occupies a tract of fertile land near Iowa City, and has 1,624 members. There are seven villages, and in each a boarding-house sufficient to accommodate the population of the village. To these all the people go to get their meals, the hour for which is given by a bell from a central tower. There are also laundries, where all washing and ironing are done; so that no housekeeping really is done in the families, which leaves the members to other departments of labor, and every member of the society has something to do. Once in every year the executive officers make an annuity apportionment to each family or single individual, which is to be for use for that year for personal expenses. There is in every village a store, in which all kinds of goods are kept, and which are delivered to members of the society without profit; a record of each person's purchases is kept, and at the end of the year the amount is deducted from the annuity, so that very little money is used. If a member withdraws from the society, what he put in is returned, without interest or increase. If a member dies, and is the head of a family, his share or interest in the society is divided among his legal heirs and placed to their credit on the books of the society. There are three physicians, whose duty it is to visit the sick. Their medicines and teams are supplied by the society. So, also, schools are maintained.

Death of an American Baroness.

The painful intelligence of the death of Baroness Juliet B. de Lepel, formerly Juliet B. Austin, of this city, was received by cable yesterday. She died Saturday morning at Trient, Austria. The deceased lady was a native of Milwaukee, and resided here until 1867. In that year she went to Germany with a view of cultivating her voice, which was a pure and strong soprano. In 1871 she was married to Baron de Lepel, a distinguished Prussian. About a year ago her health began to fail, and since that time she resided at Trient for medical treatment. Her illness was not regarded as dangerous until within a few weeks. She was 25 years old. She had prosecuted the study of music and the training of her voice with marked success, and had the ability to take a leading place among the vocal artists.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Caution, to the Public.

We understand there are unprincipled grocers and storekeepers who palm off on on the unwary purchasers Yeast Powder in bulk, or loose, for the genuine DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER. For the protection of housekeepers and the public generally, we are authorized to state that the genuine DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER is sold only in cans. Always refuse to take it except in cans, securely labeled. The fac-simile signature of DOOLEY & BROTHER, the manufacturers, is plainly printed on each label.

Mothers, Mothers, Mothers.

Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and, by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

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NATURE'S REMEDY. VEGETINE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

SHE RESTS WELL.

SOUTH POLAND, Me., Oct. 11, 1876.

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Dear Sir—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well, and relish my food. Can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me. Yours respectfully,

Witness of the above: MRS. ALBERT RICKER. MR. GEORGE M. VAUGHAN Medford, Mass.

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AMERICAN DIAMOND WHEAT or Mammoth Rye, from Colorado. Awarded a prize medal at the Centennial Exhibition. This grain is entirely distinct from any other ever introduced, making bread equal to the best wheat, and producing 50 to 75 bushels to the acre, weighing 60 lbs. to the bushel. Price in 1-lb. packages, postpaid, 50c., and by freight or express, in 10-lb. packages, $2; 100 lbs., $15. Samples by mail on receipt of 3-ct. stamp. Colorado white wheat $5 per bushel. Liberal discount to the trade. Address C.B. ROGERS, Seed Merchant, 133 Market St., Philad'a.

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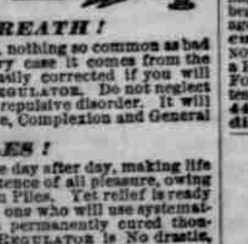

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This distressing affliction occurs most frequently. The disturbance of the stomach, arising from the imperfectly digested contents, causes a severe pain in the head, accompanied with disagreeable nausea, and this constitutes what is popularly known as Sick Headache; For the relief of which, TAKE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR OR MEDICINE.

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WALTHAM, Mass., Jan. 8, 1876.

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Lynchburg, Va., July 21, 1876.

P. S.—Since I finished my letter some of my neighbors have come in and wish me to send for some more of your Plasters. I am recommending them to all my friends. Please send me six of your COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS. Enclosed find $1.25. MRS. GORMAN.

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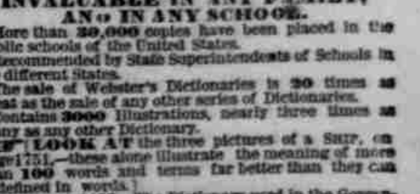

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