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Miscellaneous Selections.

THE WHITE FLAG.

"In Oxford (England), last May, there was such a general excitement regarding the appearance of a white flag, floating from a staff on top of the city jail. It is said that the flag, to denote the extraordinary fact that, for the first time in many years, he had no prisoners under his charge. According to a time-honored custom, the prison doors were thrown open, and all the prisoners were set at liberty according to fancy.—London Daily News.

THE DREAMING BEECH.

More than a hundred years have passed since it was struck by lightning and split from top to bottom, and the pines have well the dream of the place where it grew. Before that time the mighty old beech tree stood, some hundred yards from the first houses of the village, on a grassy mound, a tree such as one never seen in these parts, because ancient and venerable, and men, are becoming small and mean. The peasants said the tree dated from the early Christian era, and that a holy apostle had been massacred beneath it by the false heathens; that the mother of the tree had drunk up the apostle's blood, which, rising through the trunk and branches, had made them so large and strong. Who knows if the legend be true? Anyhow, there was certainly one certain fact connected with the tree, and everybody in the village knew about it, small and great. Whoever fell asleep under the tree and dreamt a dream, that dream would surely come true. So, from time immemorial, it was called, "The Dreaming Beech," and no one ever by any other name. There was, however, a peculiar condition attached to the dreaming, and if anybody lay down under the beech with the idea of dreaming of some particular thing, then the dream would surely be nothing but confusion and rubbish and nonsense of all sorts, of which no one could make either head or tail. Now this was assuredly rather a difficult stipulation, because most people are so very likely to think of the nearest thing that comes into their mind at the time this story commences not a man or woman had ever tried the plan with success. Still, for all that it was not to be doubted that the tradition of the Dreaming Beech was true.



Politically Independent—Open to all Parties—Controlled by None.

tue of the tree. "It's sure to come true," he added, "as certain as that this is a sheep and that a lamb. Ask the people in the village if it is not so. Now just tell me what you dreamt."



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would in joke. And, indeed, all that he had dreamt under the beech tree came true, for soon he had two lovely children, one of whom he probably took sometimes on his knees, and fed with a spoon, and possibly blew upon the food when it was too hot. Perhaps, too, the other boy ran about the room with the carrot; but the person who told me this tale, did not happen to mention the boy's name, and I forgot to ask him about it. But it must have happened so, because whatever one dreamt under the beech tree always did come true, to the very letter.



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One day about five years later, the young landlord, for such he now was, had come in, and was sitting in the parlor, when his wife ran in and said to him—



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"Only fancy! yesterday at noon one of our mowers fell asleep under the Dreaming Beech, without knowing it, and what do you think he dreamt? Why, that he was immensely rich! and only think who it was—Caspar, old Caspar, who is half-witted and utterly hopeless, and keeps only for charity. What on earth will he do with all his money?"



Politically Independent—Open to all Parties—Controlled by None.

"The wife gazed at her husband with wondering eyes, shook her head, and said slowly—



Politically Independent—Open to all Parties—Controlled by None.

"I never dreamt that! All I saw was a young man, with two children, but she was not as pretty as you, or the children either."

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertisement, Price per line/insertion.

Displayed advertisements charged by the inch. All transient advertising must be paid for in advance. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly in advance.

The Digestive Apparatus.

It has rightly been said that the greatest object of study for man is man himself; this is true in a physical as well as in a moral sense. The human body, indeed, is almost a universe in itself, including many kinds of physical apparatus, statical, dynamical, and chemical, optical, electrical, etc. The system of bones and muscles gives an example of the most perfect statical and dynamical arrangement; the heart, arteries, etc., of an admirable system of hydraulics; the digestive apparatus is a most complete chemical laboratory in itself, by which the material called food is metamorphosed into the living tissue of which man consists.

Fighting of Future Men-of-War.

The following page of "future" history is from the Nautical Magazine: "The two fleets having sighted each other, as we have supposed, will, probably—before the first shot is fired—be in a position to rapidly meet each other. As the approach, fire will most likely be opened from those guns (with which all efficient ships are now provided) that are mounted on the bow, so as to fire ahead. The hostile squadrons will be in a position to 'box-fire' to be of any further use, and as they get very near each other, captains will, perhaps, not care to have their view of the foe impeded by clouds of smoke hanging about their ships. Each vessel, still maintaining its speed will probably look for an opponent in the enemy's force upon whom to try 'ram.' The enemy, on the other hand, will most likely be preparing to do the same, and between each pair of ships will begin a race of skill in manœuvring, to avoid not only the hostile prow, but also the torpedo, which will inevitably be towed alongside. In addition to these manœuvres, the fleet will be in a position to attempt to deliver a deadly thrust with the prow, to pour in a concentrated broadside from the best position, and also to plant the terrible torpedo beneath the opponent's bottom. Supposing the battle to be fought in the open sea, the fleets will at first pass through each other, then they will have to turn round necessarily with circumspection, to avoid being caught in flank while so doing, and to perform the same evolutions over again."

Sublimely Ridiculous.

Though it is but a step from the ridiculous to the sublime, it is surprising how few can take it, well-directed as their efforts would seem to be. An unhappy Frenchman has lately made a very creditable attempt. This gentleman, who is described in the papers, as a man of "pedic sentiment," being unfortunate in some literary ventures, and in a certain affaire de cœur, determined to destroy himself. He had already made during his short life a considerable amount of money, and he was, at last, he proclaimed himself with a revolver, a stake, a bottle of poison, and a box of Lucifer matches, and proceeded to a cliff which overhung the sea. He there drove the stake in the ground, fastened one end of the rope to it, deliberately adjusted the other end round his neck, took the revolver into his hand, set fire to his clothes, swallowed the poison, and swinging himself off—he was sensitive to pain, pulled the rope, the revolver exploded, and he fell, but the ball, only grazing his ear, cut the rope, and the baffled suicide was precipitated into the sea. The salt water, combined with the violent shock, not unaccountably destroyed the man's equilibrium, and he was ignominiously saved from drowning by a passing fishing-smack. He concluded that Providence had intended him for something great, but died in his sleep, after a few days' confinement contracted from exposure to cold and damp. That this "fine poetic character" should have miscalculated the designs of Providence is not so surprising, perhaps, as the fact that he could not manage to do so. He had, in fact, when he had tried so hard to die for it.—London Globe.

Wheat Culture.

The New York Economist says: "During the period embraced between the years 1865 and 1872, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Missouri, although growing immensely in population and in general productiveness, fell off in their relative yield of wheat. The Michigan crop never exceeded 100,000 bushels; Iowa from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000; Kansas from 2,000,000 to 2,500,000; and Nebraska from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000. And still the boundaries of the wheat region are extending toward the West. No finer wheat can be grown anywhere than in that section east of the Rocky Mountains which can be utilized by irrigation. Should the experiment of irrigating the wheat region be successful, it is in a few cases along the line of the Union Pacific Railway, the entire 600 or 700 miles between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains—once called in our school geographies the Great American Desert, may in the next half century become one vast wheat field. Northern Minnesota and the central sections along the line of the Northern Pacific Railway will produce the finest wheat in abundance. Manitoba gives excellent promise as a wheat-producing region, as well as the Saskatchewan Valley, extending from Lake Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, and the country directly east of the mountains as far south as New Mexico.

A Trap for Gulls.

It almost overturns one's traditional estimate of average human nature to notice the number of over-cautious who leads so many people to lose their property in this transparent trap, which is known as "special deposits," in a bank for safe-keeping. Whenever a bank is robbed by burglars, robbers employed in the bank, or bankrupted by other means, there is a long list of sufferers treated to publicity under the euphemism of special deposits, and outsiders are drawn upon for a sympathy that is a pecuniary loss to the victims of over-cautious. If these victims of over-cautious were to allow themselves to be gazzeted as gulls and quietly accept the position in which their folly had placed them, there might be room for some sympathy; otherwise not. Here, for example, is a pecuniary loss to a man who is too careless or too cowardly—perhaps too mean—to buy a safe, in which to keep his valuables and securities at home under his own eye. He thinks him of the bank, and he goes to the bank, and is permitted to draw checks upon it, whose officers he cherishes as so many mundane divinities. It occurs to him that it will be a neat thing, and inexpensive, to have his money in a bank, and he goes to the bank, and he is permitted to draw checks upon it, whose officers he cherishes as so many mundane divinities. It occurs to him that it will be a neat thing, and inexpensive, to have his money in a bank, and he goes to the bank, and he is permitted to draw checks upon it, whose officers he cherishes as so many mundane divinities.

The Bishop of the Diocese.

It was one of the pleasantest mornings of the season—so pleasant, that you would scarcely believe that it was the first month of an American summer had yet flown by.

Health of Merchants.

A WRITER in the Science of Health says, that many a man, who is successful in the mercantile life, on the whole, is not favorable to health; not because there is anything unwholesome in the business of buying and selling, but because of the uncertainty attending it. It has been said that nine-tenths of all the merchants who have been eventually successful in acquiring wealth, have failed one or more times. But the few examples of colossal fortunes, like a few prizes which are drawn in the lottery, are not to be taken as a constant rush into the business by the many. It is true that the majority of successful merchants show a favorable average of longevity; and this may be either because of being healthy, or because they are healthy. This is a rule that works both ways. It is the constant strain of the mind, the feverish anxiety, and the irregular habits consequent thereon, that so often break down the health of active and ambitious merchants. Those only who, after toiling and planning incessantly for ten or fifteen years, have struggled on the verge of failure for months or years, can appreciate the value of that nice, steady, and unobtrusive habit, which racks and often wrecks so many merchants. One of the most destructive habits of merchants is that of going to bed, not to sleep, but to study their business. After working and planning till near midnight, they retire to fitful dozes and unquiet dreams, instead of refreshing sleep; the result is that, in a few weeks or months, determination of blood to the brain, with sleeplessness, becomes a chronic habit. We have known merchants whose only complaint was, they could not sleep. The remedy for this difficulty is very simple in theory, but not so easy in practice. Keep cool, take things as they come, and worry about nothing; in a prescription very easy to write, but in view of the ever-recurring immediate necessities of trade, almost impossible to apply. A little attention to regimen, however, will greatly mitigate suffering, and perhaps carry the merchant through the various crises of his avocation. Of all persons, he should especially avoid all articles of food or drink that thicken the blood, excite the brain, or constipate the bowels. Milk, sugar, and flour are among his special abominations. His food can never be too plain, nor his drinks too simple. His dessert after dinner should never be pudding nor pastry, but always a good apple or other fruit.

How to Get a Diamond Necklace.

A DIAMOND NECKLACE—How is it to be got? By working? No. By dancing? No. By writing? No. By brooding? No. By teaching music? No. By painting or being painted? No. By no, no, no—a thousand times no. You shall see how it is done. The Countess T., who possesses the most beautiful collar in St. Petersburg, if inquiry is made in regard to the price of it, she replies, "It cost me ten months in prison."

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A Strange Disease.

Intense radiation of heat in the great desert of Sahara produces extraordinary effects on insects, as well as animals and men. When a caravan starts out to traverse that wide waste of desolation, flies follow on in prodigious multitudes, attracted, no doubt, by odor from the animals, but they soon drop dead by intense heat. Flies burrowing in hair, straw or sacks are killed off rapidly. But the most singular of all is the malarial to which men are incident after being exposed a short time to burning sands and a vertical sun in this arid and life-forsaken region. It is called malarial fever, and is a disease that is not only fatal, but is a prescription very easy to write, but in view of the ever-recurring immediate necessities of trade, almost impossible to apply. A little attention to regimen, however, will greatly mitigate suffering, and perhaps carry the merchant through the various crises of his avocation. Of all persons, he should especially avoid all articles of food or drink that thicken the blood, excite the brain, or constipate the bowels. Milk, sugar, and flour are among his special abominations. His food can never be too plain, nor his drinks too simple. His dessert after dinner should never be pudding nor pastry, but always a good apple or other fruit.