ECHO.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream—
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years!

O dream, how sweet! too sweet, too bitter sweet;
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting, longing eyes
Watch the slow door,
That opening lets in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again, though cold in death;
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath—
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love; how long ago!

THE SNOW BIRDS.

W. D. HOWELLS.

The lonesome graveyard lieth
A deep with silent waves
Of night-long snow, all white, and billowed
Over the hidden graves.

The snow birds come in the morning,
Flocking and fluttering low,
And light on the graveyard brambles,
And twitter there in the snow.

The singer, old and weary,
Looks out from his narrow room:
"Ah, me! but my thoughts are snow birds,
Hunting a graveyard gloom,

"Where all the past is buried,
And dead, these many years,
Under the drifted whiteness
Of frozen falls of tears.

"Poor birds! that know not summer,
Nor sun, nor flowers fair—
Only the graveyard brambles,
And graves and winter air!"

RAILROAD JOTTINGS.

The South Bend Tribune says that T. Loughman, agent of the L. S. & M. S. railroad station at Mishawaka, is preparing a history of the different agents that have been employed by that company here; also the amount of business that has been done here by the company since its organization.

An engineer on the I. P. & C. road recently shot and killed a wild turkey as it was flying over his train. As the train was moving at the time, the engineer is entitled to the champion's belt.

The Vevay Democrat says: At a meeting of the stockholders of the O. & M. railroad, held at Cincinnati on Saturday last, the president of the Rising Sun, Aurora and Hardintown railroad was elected a director.

Notice is given that an election will be held at New Albany on Tuesday, the 24th of February, for the purpose of electing thirteen directors for the Louisville, New Albany and St. Louis Air-Line railway.

The LaFayette Courier says Superintendent Waldron and Mr. Fowler made an inspection of the Short Line machine shops yesterday. Additional facilities are required — new machinery and additional hands. All the rolling stock of the road is in use night and day, and the demands upon the repair shops are increasing daily.

The Decatur Eagle says of the progress on the railroad near the state line: The engineers on the Toledo, Thorntown and St. Louis railroad have not advanced as far as we expected. The Vanwert Bulletin of last week said they were in Jackson township, some fifteen miles northeast of Vanwert. As the rains have filled the creeks and swales, their progress is slow, and they will do well to reach Vanwert this week. It will take them fully one week to reach this place from Vanwert.

The Monticello Herald gives notice that the Chicago and South Atlantic railroad company urgently request that the counties along the line in this state have their quotas raised by the first of April. This order extends to the Indianapolis, Delphi and Chicago railroad and the Indianapolis and Vevay railroad. The latter company has been officially notified to proceed forthwith in raising their quotas.

The Plymouth Democrat says: Some unknown party on last Monday night ran the push car on the L. P. & C. railroad down to a meeting about a mile south of here, and left the car standing on the track. When the night express came along it ran into the car, resulting in a smash-up to the head light and other damage to the engine.

There is an awakening on the line of the proposed road from North Vernon to Dayton, Ohio. The Corner Stone says: The survey of the Dayton and North Vernon short line railroad route reached College corner, Ohio, on the 5th inst. Mr. Acton reports a good route.

A stirring meeting was held at Muncie, last week, to wake up the extension of the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railroad, sometimes called the White Pigeon road, from Marion to Muncie. The following resolution was adopted: *Resolved*, That this meeting most heartily approves of the proposition to extend the White Pigeon and Indiana Railroad from Marion to this place, and we will co-operate with all parties interested in any practicable measures that may be calculated to secure and build the road.

New Albany has been visited by an agent of English capitalists, Mr Harold, who came to enquire into the condition of affairs of the Louisville, New Albany and St. Louis Air-Line Railway, and the mineral, agricultural and other resources of the country through which the road runs.

The Ledger Standard says: He carries with him back to London a mass of statistics and figures bearing upon the interests of the Air-Line, which will place the road in a very favorable light before the capitalists he represents, and by whom he was specially sent here to examine as to the condition of the company.

A freight train off the track of the I. B. & W. near Crawfordsville is said to have caused the detention of trains on that road yesterday.

Three car loads of eggs and dressed poultry and one car of live poultry were shipped east yesterday from this city by the Pan Handle.

Some of the J. M. & J. boys were engaged yesterday at testing some of the Henryville iron ore, improvising an ordinary coal stove as a smelting furnace.

H. W. Hubbard, of the Vandalia road, is suffering from severe cold, which temporarily unfits him for business.

A collision happened yesterday at the junction of the I. and St. L. and the I., C. and L. roads, between two switch trains. The switch was set for a I., B. and W. train which was coming down the I. and St. L. track.

A Pan Handle train was coming down the I., C. & L. road, at the same time, the I., B. & W. train being its whole length ahead. The P. H. engine neglecting to slack up, plunged itself into the rear of the I., B. & W., and the consequence was a demolition of several cars, and the engine shot ahead into Goddard's stone yard in search of tombstones. The front wheels were entirely off the track. The derangement was but temporary, however.

Rumor has it that the old wages of engineers on most of the railroads, recently reduced 10 per cent, will be resumed on the 1st of March.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

AGAIN THERE IS TALK OF COMPLETING IT.

The Washington special correspondent of the Chicago Times writes: He died over 70 years ago. His life has been as public as those of the great bibles which were formerly fastened, open and free to all, in high places. The lessons of his life had been almost as pure and noble as any which could be traced in those same scriptures. Sublime in war, when only in the travail of war could be born a nation; grander still in the fruitful season of the peace which he earned for his young country, he went at last in quiet majesty into the hereafter, known, admired, and mourned by two hemispheres. His name was Washington, and a grateful nation of forty millions of people are still unable to complete a decent monument in honor of his mighty work. We, the people, have been at this task something like a quarter of a century. Not with the steadfast zeal which becomes the owners of a continent, but when the whim takes us, as the boy cuts a small piece of his dog's tail off only when the old stump had healed. He was afraid it would hurt Tray worse if he was to amputate all at one time. The spasm is upon us again. This time it is direct in its bearings. If the money is obtained everybody will at least know just what the sum is and to whom it goes. That is more than has ever been learned of the contents of

THOSE PEPPER'S PENCE BOXES

which was sprinkled into every postoffice in the land a few years ago. A committee of gentlemen, self appointed, but familiar by name and headed by Babcock, have just petitioned Congress for $200,000 with which to finish the commemorative shaft. Recently the grounds and approaches to this monumental glory of the future have been smoothed down a little, and the surroundings have less the appearance of a costermonger's back yard than heretofore. A few derricks are stuck upon the top of the pile, put in position to hoist half of the cash up out of sight, where Babcock *et ses freres*, will be ready to see that it is not frittered away in clumsy masonry. However, if only half of the

APPROPRIATION IS A STEAL,

the country will be satisfied. Give these gentlemen what they ask and they promise that the job shall be done and the chips swept away in time for the centennial celebration days of 1876.

AFTER THE WASHINGTON RING.

THE SCENE IN CONGRESS—WHAT THE PEOPLE THINK OF IT.

A special to the Chicago Tribune from Washington says: The recent renewal of the charges against the district government continues to excite considerable interest in congressional circles. There seems to be a settled conviction that the affair had better be at once and finally disposed of, and that Congressmen Starkweather and Eldridge cannot properly avoid demanding an investigation. Speaker Blaine is said to disclaim any knowledge of the purpose for which Judge Wilson sought the floor, and it seems that there were not a clear understanding between the two gentlemen as to the ends Mr. Wilson had in view. There is no dispute, however, on the point that Blaine did promise to recognize Wilson fairly. Responsible people who are in a position to know, affirm that a Senator who is a member of the Senate District Committee, was at the pains to come from the Senate to urge Blaine not to afford Judge Wilson an opportunity to introduce the memorial and resolution. The city papers continue to denounce in unstinted terms those who urge an investigation, and it is evident that if the movement can be defeated it will be. The Republican must be credited with having organized the most novel hypothesis wherein to account for the animus of those making the charges that has yet appeared, in its issue of this morning. It said nothing to the point yesterday. It has a long editorial setting forth that most of the signers of the memorials were rebels and are Democrats, after which it proceeds to show that the whole movement is a diabolical scheme to elect Senator Thurman,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

as follows: Mr. Thurman was selected to present it. Since the last election in Ohio Mr. Thurman has been placed in training for the Presidency. Mr. Jeremiah S. Black, and two or three other patriots have been entrusted with the management and direction of the campaign, the first step in which is to break down the Republican party through Gen. Grant's Administration. Intentionally, or unintentionally, our patriot petitioners have been made the catspaw of these designing politicians, and, at any hazard, it must be proven that the gentlemen whom Gen. Grant and the Republican party have intrusted with the work of making Washington what it should be, an honor instead of a disgrace to the Union, are as wicked, as corrupt, and as unscrupulous as the late Tammany ring in New York, the exposure of whose crimes killed the Democratic party. This is the game. The Washington Ring, as it is called, is to be made the offset to Tammany and Mr. Thurman is to be heralded to the country as the great reformer,—the pure and spotless candidate of a whitewashed Democracy in the next Presidential election. This explanation is necessary to a proper understanding of the political animus that underlies and inspires the present attack upon the District officials. Washington is supposed to be the most vulnerable point in the Republican line, and a demonstration is made upon it for the purpose of overwhelming the party. Will the Republican majority now in Congress allow itself to be made the tool of Thurman and Black, and the gang of malcontents who, for purposes of their own, have consented to be the mere agents and abettors? If a Republican Congressman can vote for the investigation after these dreadful disclosures, then is he indeed gone astray, and become utterly disloyal. As Judge Wilson is a Republican, and has chosen in the House to espouse the cause of the investigation, and is too shrewd to be made a catspaw of, it is inferred that he is to be the candidate for Vice-President on the Thurman ticket.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

MORE OUTLAWRY—THE WAYS OF EVIL DOERS IN WASHINGTON COUNTY.

[From an Occasional Correspondent of the Sentinel]

SALEM, IND., February 4.—Near Campbellsburg, in Washington county, lives one Hugh Henry and his wife, both of whom are reported not over bright—and Mrs. Henry's reputation for chastity is also not over good—measured by report. On last Saturday night, about eight or nine o'clock, one Alonzo Neyman and two boys by the name of Phipps, (sons of McCaney Phipps a prominent citizen of this county. Neyman's father is a practicing physician in good standing in his community) went to the house of Henry and knocked for admittance which was refused, it appears by Henry himself, whereupon they broke down the door with a rail; when; it seems, Henry got out and went to Campbellsburg, a distance of about half a mile, for assistance; he returned as soon as possible with several parties, but too late to prevent the outrage upon his wife. A brother-in-law of Henry got to the house before Henry's return armed with a gun—and is said to have seen the Phipps' boys and Neyman at or near the house. Mrs. Henry's relation is in substance as follows: After Henry left the house they attacked her, and in the scuffle tore down a bedstead, and finally dragged her from the house, when two of them held her while the other one perpetrated the horrible outrage of rape upon her person. They were arrested and taken before C. Prow, Esq., at Campbellsburg, on Monday, for examination, when they filed an affidavit for a change of venue and the case was sent to Frank Horner, a Justice of the Peace of Brown township, and the hearing set for the 12th inst.

SALEM.

THE MOON.

A WATERLESS, AIRLESS, LIFELESS PLANET LONG BURNED OUT.

Professor Procter lectured recently in New York on the moon. The New York World gives a report of the lecture: There had once been moon-worshippers as well as sun-worshippers, and it was not strange. The moon traveled over the heavens with what well might have seemed an independent power. She was a goddess, circling the earth and watching it from all points. Her diameter was 2100 miles, her distance 238,828 miles; her surface was to the earth's surface as one to thirteen and a half, or about 14,600,000 square miles—the joint area of North and South America. Its volume was one-forty-ninth that of the earth, its mass one-eightieth. The first thing noticeable in its appearance under the telescope were the mountains, many of which were circular. The seas, so called, had no signs of water. It had always been hoped that the moon might be found a fit abiding place for human beings, but the largest telescopes had failed to detect a sign of life. "His audience would remember the moon hoax of their countryman, Richard A. Locke. Herschel went to the Cape of Good Hope and the hoaxer took advantage of his absence to describe his dircoveries, how he illuminated the focus of his telescope with the oxy-hydrogen light, how he first saw flowers and animals, their buildings covered with frame-shaped appearances so arranged as to indicate a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity; and at last the "bat-men," who were described as "not handsome, but at least as handsome as the London militia." So effective had been the hoax that somebody wrote to Sir John asking if the opportunity could not be availed of to convey religious instruction to the benighted moon men." But the conditions of sustaining life were wanting on the moon. The first of a series of photographs was introduced on the screen. The blackness of the shadows forbade the idea that there were any illuminated sky: any atmosphere. A star at the edge disappeared instantly and reappeared instantly when it had crossed the disk. If one were looking at the earth from the moon a star could probably not disappear at all, the refractive power of the atmosphere holding back its light. The earth when "new" would have a twilight circle ever around the darker part. There was none such in the new moon. There was no atmosphere, therefore no water, for water would be raised as vapor and we should see signs of it. The physicial roughness of the moon could therefore show no signs of "weathering," as there were no storms and no glaciers. The earth could never totally eclipse the sun, for its atmosphere would refract real sunlight all the time. So that moon astronomers, if there were any, could never see the corona or the prominences. Here followed a display of lunar photographs, the lecturer saying that Mr. Rutherford, of New York, had taken some which surpassed any taken in England. Mr. Proctor corrected the popular notion that by perfected processes of photography the image formed by a telescope could be so enlarged as to give indefinite perfection in details of the moon's surface. The difficulty lay in the imperfection of the image iiself, and the hope of astronomers in mounting a powerful telescope up in the rare atmosphere of some mountain. So far as observation went there was no evidence whatever of change on the moon's surface, except the gradual disruption probably caused by the great alternations of heat and cold in the long lunar days and nights. The day was twenty-nine and half of our days. During the fifteen days of sunshine, and no sheltering atmosphere or clouds, the surface atmosphere rose to heat of boiling water, and during the long night with no atmosphere to prevent rapid radiation an intenser cold than we know, even than that of an American winter, of which he heard so much and experienced so little. If the moon's craters had been produced by volcanic action, what had become of the water and the gaseous products? One theory was that the comet had come and whisked the air and the oceans away. Another was that in the intense cold water and air had frozen up together and fallen as a white snow. This was apparently favored by the whiteness of the moon. But observations of the amount of light reflected by the moon and of the amount a perfectly white body of the same size would reflect, had shown that the moon reflected about as much as would be given by an equal globe of weathered sandstone; while some parts were white as snow, others were absolutely black. Another theory had been that the contractions of the cooling moon had formed cavities in its interior into which the oceans has been withdrawn. But the atmosphere could not so have been withdrawn with a force of gravity only one-sixth the force at the earth's surface. Another theory was that

THE MOON'S CENTER OF GRAVITY

was farther away than its center of figure, and that consequently all the oceans and the air had been drawn to the further side, which was never turned towards the earth. But it was almost inconceivable that the tilting of the moon in its librations should never show us a sign of atmosphere, if there were on the further side at such times partly revealed. Besides, it was found that the moon bulged a little towards the earth, which would bring its center of gravity this way and certainly show us the atmosphere. Mr. Proctor confessed a strong impression that the best explanation of the multitudinous craters was furnished by the theory of the downfall of immense meteoric systems long ago, when meteors were plentier and when the processes of growth by accretion, now slowly going on, were more rapid. The moon always turned the same face towards the earth; that was, it turned on its axis and passed round the earth in the same period. If she had been made so she would be compelled to so continue by the earth's attraction, and in that there was evidence as to the conditions under which she first came into being. In the process of evolution of the solar system she came into being within the extension of the earth; that is, within the reach of the vaprous matter which was to form the earth, but which stretched out then beyond the moon's orbit. Naturally, then, she carried with her the motion of that rotating mass. In the sun we had a body full of vigor, giving forth without fail its own enormous light and heat. Jupiter and Saturn had cooled more, not entirely, but so far that little light comparatively was given out. They were approaching old age. In the earth we had a planet which had passed still further on, and lastly, in the moon a body young in years, but really quite decripid, cold and bleak and burned out, a mere cinder of space. So that in astronomy as in no other science there seemed to be something of a beginning, and again there seemed to be a looking forward towards an end, when at last and everywhere a state of equilibrium should be reached.

Amos Rogers, formerly a conductor on the J. M. & I. railroad has been promoted to the position of master of transportation.

GAD'S HILL

THE TRAIN ROBBERY—HOW IT WAS DONE—THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

The St. Louis Republican gives a full account of the recent robbery of the train on the Iron Mountain road at Gad's Hill, Missouri. The conductor's story is: Train No. 7. Little Rock express, left St. Louis Saturday morning at 5 o'clock, and arrived at Gad's Hill, 120 miles from St. Louis, at a quarter to 5 P. M., nearly an hour behind the time, being due there at 6 minutes after 4 P. M. We always stop at Gad's Hill, although there is no station-house, but simply a platform. The place is in the woods, has but two or three houses, and there was once a sawmill in operation there. Our train comprised the mail, express and baggage—all in the same car.—The train consisted of two coaches and a sleeping-car. On arriving at Gad's Hill there were about twenty-five passengers on the train, going through to Little Rock, Hot Springs, and points beyond. On nearing the place I saw some people on the platform, and one of them waved a red flag as a signal of danger ahead. On coming up to the platform, the train was halted, and the switch on the south was turned on the side-track while the switch on our rear was also thrown on the side-track as quick as we passed it, so that the train could not move forward or run back. Soon the indications showed the true condition of matters. A number of persons were on the platform under guard, and it was ascertained that all the residents of the place, including boys and girls, had been captured. They were gathered about a fire in the open air to keep them warm. It turned out that the place was in possession of five desperadoes, three of whom were armed with double barrel guns, and all had navy revolvers. As soon as I got there, on seeing the red flag, I jumped off the train, thinking that the track was torn up. A man advanced and caught me by the collar and stuck a pistol in my face. He was a least six feet in height and wore a mask on his face composed of white cloth, like a handkerchief, and the lower portion was tucked in his bosom. There were holes for his eyes and nose. I was a little surprised, but understood his object when he shouted, on thrusting his pistol in my face:

"STAND STILL OR I'LL BLOW THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD OFF."

He at the same time yelled out: "If a shot is fired out of the car I will kill the conductor." By this time two of the ruffians, masked all alike, went to the engineer and fireman of the train and made them come down. Another of the robbers, also masked and armed, took a position on the opposite side of the train, and as any of the passengers stuck their heads out of the windows, he drew a bead on them with a double-barreled shotgun, and shouted: "Take your heads in, and not move out of the car!" a summons which they thought prudent to obey, or take the contents of his gun. The captured engineer and fireman were brought to the platform where I was held a prisoner, and were told to stand there or they would be shot. The robbers then ordered the brakeman and baggageman to stand beside me. Two of the desperadoes then went into mail-room of the baggage car, and accosting the mail agent, demanded the registered packages. They then rummaged over the packages, tore them open, threw them on the floor, and then placed the mail agent in company with the crowd under guard. They then went to the express messenger and made him give up his keys and his pistol. The express messenger had his pistol drawn on one of the robbers, but another one of the gang covered him with a shot-gun, and was ready to blow his head off had he not immediately surrendered. The robbers next went to the safe and took out the money packages. They overhauled one package marked "watch," opened it and, finding it was a silver time-piece, threw it down on the floor. At this time the gang was disposed as follows: There were two of them in the baggage car rumaging among the money packages and valuables, one standing guard on each side of the train, and guarding us near the platform. They looked through the boxes, broke open my satchel, and took therefrom my pistol. They then started through the train,

In this operation they were boisterous, and punched some of them in the ribs and face with their pistols, ordering them to give up their money. I lost $50 and my pistol.—There were twelve or fifteen gold watches on the train and only one was taken. They took my gold watch, but the baggage-master said: "For God's sake! you won't take it, for it is a present," and the watch was given back to me. They got away with four or five pistols in all. They didn't bother the baggage in the least. Besides what they robbed from the passengers they got $800 from a citizen of Gad's Hill, and also his rifle. They did not appear to be under the influence of liquor, but were very noisy. They would exclaim: "Give me your pistol you son of a b——h, you've got more money than all that comes to!" "Shell out or I'll blow your brains out!" With such threats and ejaculations, Colonel Morley, chief engineer of the Cairo and Fulton R. R. expostulated and made an effort to remove some of the property, but a pistol was shoved in his face, and he was told to sit down and mind his business. I asked the robbers if they had got through, so I could go on with the train. They said yes. They allowed me to shut up the switch in the front and the switch in the rear was closed by the brakeman. A member of the legislature got off here to go to his home, and found his son, who came to meet him, under guard of the robbers. I don't think the legislator was robbed. When we got ready to start, the robbers shook hands with the engineer, Wm. Wetton, and told him when ever he saw a red flag out he ought to stop. They then strolled off to thier horses, tied up about a hundred yards distant, and rode out of sight before we got under way. They went southward. I think they are a regular set of robbers, and am positive that they are the same gang who robbed the coach at Hot Springs, and probably were among the Iowa mail train robbers. It was ascertained that they took dinner on Tuesday at Moaks, near the state line, and also at Mill Springs on Friday, the day before the robbery of our train. They left a special dispatch with a passenger of the sleeping car for the St. Louis Dispatch, which referred to the misrepresentation about the Hot Springs robbery—and this contained a true account of the present affair. It is evident that they are men used to the business. One of them, when robbing the express messenger, entered on the book "Robbed at Gad's Hill," and remarked that he had signed that book before. Before our arrival they had been at Gad's Hill a couple of hours, and were with us about forty minutes. The result was that they took in all about $2,300 from the train, four registered packages, one gold watch, five pistols, one ring and one pin. Had they made their raid the day before they would have got about $5,000 or $6,000, which was being shipped by express.

IN THE ORANGE GROVES.

OF FLORIDA—SAILING UP THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER—THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE—THE SOIL AND CLIMATE—THE HOOSIERS ABROAD WINTERING IN FLORIDA.

[From an Occasional Correspondent of the Sentinel.]

PILATKA FLORIDA, JAN. 57, 1874.—I need not mention that Jacksonville was a good place to get away from, as it was the most expensive town or city I ever staid in. Another annoyance is, that it is filled with invalids of the consumptive class—and had I the lungs of a bull, I know death would take me off, from pure sympathy; to hear eight or ten persons coughing and scraping blowing and whizzing all about you is calculated to excite masculine hysterics. On Mondy morning we started up the river, St. Johns runs North, and a pleasure trip it was. The river is from three to five miles wide as far as Palatka; its surface smooth, its margins low and marshy, densely wooded with pines, live oaks and many other trees all draped in long gray mosses—which give a very somber and rather mournful appearance to the scene. The little towns, or rather hamlets are many miles apart, and you only see, here and there, a solitary house, embowered in orange groves, and live oaks upon the dreary banks. Where Charon takes lost souls over his ferry I doubt if he could show a more melancholy scene to his new visitor. There are a few places however that look inviting, among these Mandarian, where Mr. Stone and several other Eastern people live in quiet, picturesque looking cottages. Magnolia, a few miles above, and twenty-five from Jacksonville, is lovely. It is owned by a doctor from Worcester, Mass., and consists of a large, fresh-looking white-painted hotel, a broad avenue, which is spanned by giant moss-draped oaks, under which nestle, embowered in roses, many pretty cottages. The boats on the river are large and well-conducted—but the food served is not first-class. I would advise my traveling friends to bring their lunch with them.

FROM JACKSONVILLE TO PALATKA

The distance is seventy-five miles. We left the former at nine A. M., and came to the latter at three thirty P. M.

Palatka is a lively little place of about six hundred inhabitanta, it stands up quite high above the river, not high if we think of New England—or New York, but high for Florida,—say 15 to 25 feet. The houses look clean and many of them are white. It is famous for its orange groves—and is the point where the daily mail and telegraph stops, thus it is the headquarters of the hunters and travelers who desire to spend the season. I venture to say there is no point in Florida where travelers are as well received as at Palatka. I found the Putnam House clean and home-like, and board reasonable. The peculiarity of this whole country is, that it appears at no distant geological period to have been a bed of the sea, and now we see all its vegetations growing out of a bed of pure white sand and marine shells. There is nothing like our soil—nothing like a sod of turf—no grass. I have spent a few hours of each day to collecting flowers, and find there is a great variety of wild beauties even at this date. I notice among the curious things to nature's eyes that this white Heron—sand hill crain—pelican and this Ibis,—run about the street tame, and that this aloe and century plant grows 15 feet in height, and covers a circle of ground 30 feet in diameter. There are stopping at the Putman house, in this town, the following persons from Indianapolis: J. M. Talbott, wife and son; Dr. S. Mills and wife; J. F. Mills; Miss P. A. Stanton, Dr. A. G. Ruddell. J. H. Ruddell, J. C. Furgison, D. Vinton, J. H. Baldwin, Ingram Fletcher, D. W. B. Fletcher, W. T. Fletcher; also from other parts of Indiana, R. M. Hawarth, of Liberty, and Dr. Yangling, of Huntington.

MISLETOE.

HOME AND FARM NOTES.

Begin preparations for making maple molasses and sugar.

Teach calves to drink when three days old; that is, if they are to be raised.

Beware of pork that is not thoroughly cooked. And never attempt to fatten a hog that has been diseased in any manner.

Now is time to feed sheep a little grain. One pound of corn per head per day for Merinos is an average allowance. The large breeds may have fed 1½ pounds each per day.

All animals and fowls, suffer without plenty of water. Yet a provision for them is often neglectd, and cows especialy are put to all sorts of straits to find it for themselves.

Will farmers ever learn to cut grass early enough to make the best hay; Half its value is lost by letting it get as ripe as all the hay is that comes to the market.

A gentleman who has been traveling in Spencer, Warrick, Dubois, Crawford & Harrison counties, reports that wheat looks well in all that part of the State.

A good boy can frequently be obtained in the Winter for little more than his board. It is poor economy for a farmer to spend several hours every day in doing work which such a boy can do nearly or quite as well as he can.

HOW TO SAVE STALE BREAD.—Slale bread may be made as nice as freshly baked by dipping the loaf into clean cold water and warming through in a bake oven. Much bread might be saved that is thrown away if this were more generally practiced than it is.

PROFITS OF FARMING.—Here is a good thought from the New England Farmer: The profits of farming should consist, in a large measure, in the improvement of the farm itself and its belongings, and there can be no better investment than this. That is very poor farming, if worthy to be called farming, which, though it may nominally show a cash balance, leaves the homestead in a worse instead of a better condition than it found it.

AGE TO SELL BEEF CATTLE.—At a Farmers' Club meeting in Galt, Ont., Mr. Alexander Barrie stated as an axiom, that only while growing are beef cattle profitable for the farmer to keep. They are to be kept in good condition always from the time they are dropped until put up for fattening. As soon as growth is attained, they must be sold, as they do not pay for the feed after that.

BOILED GOOSE.—Cover with boiling milk and let it remain twelve hours. Wash off the milk, cover with cold water; set it over the fire; when boiling hot take it from the water, wash in warm water, and dry with a cloth. This process keeps it from tasting oily. Then fill the body with a force-meat of bread crumbs highly seasoned with pepper, salt, onions, and sage. Put in cold water and boil gently until tender, an hour or an hour and a half. Serve with giblet sauce, pickles, or acid jellies. Beets, turnips, and cauliflower, are suitable vegetables to accompany boiled goose.

SENTIMENTAL.—Some airy dreamer soars away and alights in the columns of Moore's Rural in this style:

How easy it is to be neat—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it exists in the spirit presiding over the apartments of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most grateful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by those imitations of a nobler and higher life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire, but to its inhabitants it will be a palace, far outvying the Oriental in brilliancy and beauty.

FANCY BUTTER.—At a recent dairymen's convention Mr. L. T. Hawley, of Onondaga, read a paper on the mode of making fancy butter. He urged the usual admonition of cleanliness, and churning the milk for a large product, improving the color and flavor by selection of cows, and by the choice of suitable and wholesome food. Skimming at the first evidence of acidity was advised: churning slowly is important; washing is the best way to get out the buttermilk; working twice and salting a little at each time, are practices which he has found it best to attend to. For preserving butter he insisted that the casks should be absolutely air-tight, one-third heavier than the usual make, and always well scalded in boiling hot brine.

GOBBLE, GOBBLE.—The Forest and Stream talks turkey and crows over the land of roast beef: In an English exchange we find the weight of various prize turkeys for different years in her Majesty's dominions. The conquering gobbler of 1873 weighed 37 pounds 4 ounces; but the year 1872 must forever remain celebrated in England as having produced a bird weighing 38 pounds 5 ounces. These weights are those of live birds. Fired perhaps with a keen spirit of national rivalry, we sought Fulton market and its greatest of purveyors, the Messrs. Robbins, and dispassionately stated the English figures. "Our biggest turkey this year, dressed, weighed 35 pounds; in the feather he must have weighed two pounds more," was the reply; but I knew a turkey," continued our informant— "On speaking or eating terms?" we asked. "Well, he weighed, when dressed, 39 pounds, and on the leg must have ranged in forties. He was the pride of Long Island, and was a Goliah in size and a David in tenderness. "And were his mortal remains attended" we asked, by a numerous cortege of admiring and loving friends?" "Just so," went on the greatest of turkey merchants. "We have sold many birds this year of 33 pounds. A pair of birds, a cock and a hen weighing over fifty pounds is not uncommon, but when you get over 33 pounds your bird begins to look like a prize sheeep or pig. I should say forty pounds when dressed for a turkey is the amount attainable in the United States."

GRAHAM BREAD.—Make a sponge by boiling four good-sized potatoes; when soft, mash fine; then stir in a cup of flour; pour on the water in which the potatoes were boiled scalding hot, and if not sufficient to make three pints of the mixture, add cold water. When the milk is warm, put in a teacup of soft yeast, and set in a modirately warm place to rise. After it becomes light, put in a teacup of good brown sugar (white is not good), and stir in Graham flour until thick enough to drop heavily into the greased baking-pans. Set it to rise again, and bake in a moderately hot oven forty minutes. This quantity will make two large loaves, and when taken from the oven should be allowed to stand five minutes before removal from the pans. Sheet-iron bread-pans are much to be preferred to tin for any bread, but especially for Graham, baking more slowly, but much more evenly. If the sponge seems at all sour, add a little soda.

SLEEP FOR FARMERS' WIVES.—A farmer's wife writes a letter to the Rural New Yorker, which she wants the "men folks" to read. It is a plea for more sleep. Have you a wife, she says, who goes about in a listless, spiritless fashion, as though she could but just drag herself about? Or is she cross and fretful, and do you wonder how she came to have such a temper? Ten to one, all she needs to make her bright and happy is rest, sleep and loving words. Her efficient help, that the wife who has passed a restless night may take advantage of baby's morning nap and have one of her own; or, if she choose, lie down in the afternoon and make up the lost sleep. You can afford it if you will. Do you begrudge a hundred dollars a year for your wife's comfort and health? Why, no breeding-mare would ever be worked as some men work their wives! Give women their rom rights; help them to bear their burdens; give them a few kind, loving words, every day, and you will have healthier and happier wives, children and homes.

It will pay the farmer to devote a large share of the winter to mental mprovement. If his business seems to demand from fourteen to sixteen hours' hard work during the summer, while the mechanic labors but ten, he should endeavor to make good use of his spare hours now, or he will find the men engaged in other kinds of business will get the start of him. If you have not already made it a practice, begin now to keep farm accounts. It matters not much what system you adopt, if you can accomplish the end, which is to know just how you are getting on in the world. Take an inventory of your farm, stock and tools and all other property. Then enter in a book all your purchases and sales, each on its appropriate page. At the end of the year you can look back and know just how much each crop sold has come to, and if you have kept a separate account with each department, all the better.

A Source of Great Anxiety.

My daughter has received great benefit from the use of VEGETINE. Her declining health was a source of great anxiety to all of her friends. A few bottles of the VEGETINE restored her health, strength and appetite. N. H. TILDEN.
Ins. and Real Estate Agt., 49 Sears Building.
BOSTON, MASS., June 5, 1872.

MOTHERS, READ THIS!

A GREAT BLESSING!

Worth a Dollar a Drop.

Mothers, are your little ones fretful? And is your patience almost exhausted in vain efforts to please them? I can sympathize with you, and can tell you what will make your little child quiet, give it a good appetite, and procure for it hours of sweet, sound sleep.

My little girl is two and a half years old; and during that time I have not had two consecutive nights' rest. She has been sick a number of times and no one seemed to know what was troubling her. It was hard to hear her little fretful cry, and not know what to do for her. I I doctored her for worms, but it did no good; and I was nearly tired out with sleepless nights and trouble for some days.

I heard of the VEGETINE, and determined to try it. It has proved a blessing to me and my child. It has cleansed from her stomach and bowels the sores which kept gathering there; and now she sleeps soundly from her bed-time until very late in the morning, beside a long nap at midday. Her appetite is good; and, in fact, she is like a different child. I often say the true value of this medicine to me is a dollar a drop. Try it. Cleanse the humors from your children's blood while they are young. Try it, and you will join with me in calling it a great blessing.

MRS. ELLEN L. CLAPP,
175 Tudor street.
SOUTH BOSTON, July 10, 1871.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

The circulation of the blood is the life of the body, and its stoppage is death. We are healthy when the blood circulates freely; any interruption preventing its free course is the commencement of disease. "Blood is the life of the flesh." Can we expect to enjoy good health when bad or corrupt humors circulate with the blood, causing pain and disease; and these humors being deposited through the entire body produce pimples, eruptions, ulcers, indigestion, costiveness, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and numerous other complaints? No disease can be in the body without first being degenerated in the blood; and no disease can possibly be in the body if the blood is pure. It is of great importance to know what medicine will purify and renovate the blood, eradicate the disease, renew vitality, mentally and physically, and instil fresh vigor into all the vital functions of the body. This medicine is the VEGETINE, the great blood purifier.

It extends its influence into every part of the human organism, commencing with its foundation; correcting diseased action, and restoring vital powers, creating a healthy formation and purification of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving nature to peform its allotted task.

VEGETINE is composed of Roots, Barks and Herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

Sold by all druggists.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms Free. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.