TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2 00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1877. VOLUME 29—NUMBER 49.

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Railroad Time Tables.

Lake Erie & Louisville.

Time Card No. 22, taking effect Dec. 26, 1876

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No 1	No 3	No 5
Fremont—Leave	9:20 AM	7:10 PM	9:00 AM
Bruners	9:30 "	7:20 "	.....
Burgoon	9:38 "	7:40 "	9:20 "
Kansas	9:57 "	7:49 "	9:32 "
Arcadia	10:07 "	8:00 "	9:39 "
Fostoria	10:25 "	8:20 "	10:50 "
Arcadia	10:37 "	8:37 "	11:22 "
Dayton	11:00 "	8:37 "	.....
Findlay	11:15 "	9:15 PM	1:30 PM
Willow Creek	11:24 "	.....	1:40 "
Rawson	11:44 "	.....	2:17 "
Mt. Cory	11:50 "	.....	2:32 "
Bluffton	12:00 AM	.....	2:50 "
Beaver Dam	12:20 "	.....	3:26 "
Blue Lick	12:46 "	.....	4:00 "
Lima—Arrive	1:20 "	.....	4:10 "
Lima—Leave	1:25 "		4:40 "
Hume	1:55 "		5:18 "
Rockland	2:08 "		5:29 "
Moulton	2:24 "		5:46 "
St. Mary's—Arrive	2:40 AM		6:20 AM

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

When pressed beneath Misfortune's hand,
And troubles at his door shall strand,
However great his need,
His faith and hope will ne'er depart,
And patience prove him to the heart
A gentleman indeed.

And if position, wealth and fame
Unite to honor his good name
Among his fellow-men,
With loving heart and liberal hand
Amidst the needy he will stand
The noble gentleman.

To raise the fallen, help the weak,
Distress and sickness he will seek,
Nor grudgingly he gives,
He loves to scatter good around,
And in God's service always found,
A gentleman he lives.

And when the shades of death draw near
He meets the darkness without fear—
No vain regrets, no sighs;
He hears his Saviour say, "Well done!"
He goes to wear the crown he won—
A gentleman he dies.

—*J. E. Minot.*

[Inter Ocean.]

MESSALINA.

BY H. T.

Some years since, upon invitation of Judge Randall, one of the trustees, I accompanied the board on a visit to the insane asylum at ——, While there, I heard and saw it. As I then heard and saw, I now tell it.

"Mademoiselle was preparing to appear in her great part, 'Messalina,'" said the strangely old-looking young man, apparently one of the Doctor's assistants, resuming the story the entrance into which I interrupted, and to which several of the visitors, who, like myself, had lingered in that ward, were listening.

"Mademoiselle's lightest wish was law to me. So I traveled nearly two hundred miles to fetch her, and we came to this very mad-house. The Doctor will remember, for no one who saw Mademoiselle could forget her. But—the Doctor, I see, is interested in a new patient, and does not listen."

"Pardon me," said the Doctor, with his grave, impenetrable smile. "I listen. You were saying—Oh, yes, about Mademoiselle, that——"

The doctor was interrupted by a stroke of the bell, signaling him to another ward, and abruptly left us.

"We came to this very mad-house," repeated the strangely old-looking young man. "It was Mademoiselle's desire to make a study of the most violent frenzy. The Doctor hesitated when she said it. But after eyeing her sharply for an instant he saw I loved her blindly. He saw she was incapable of fear; and he brought us to this ward,"

"It was as you see it now. Here where all is a-craze, there comes no change. It is always the same. The end is will be the same. The madness of enormous vanity, which inside and outside mad-houses is the commonest madness, was here then. So was the madness of supreme selfishness, which narrows life into such small compass that they grow dizzy in making circuit of it. Here were then, too, the mad folk who are not mad—sent here because they caught glimpses of what is unseen, unknowable to fools and the blind. And the madness of morbid sensibility, of sorrow unfathomable, of unearthly phantasy and of despair—all was much as as you now see—as will be seen in all mad-houses for all time."

"But it was the mad women Mademoiselle wished to see. The study she would make was of the madness that comes of love. So, under her tuition, we went to Ophelias and Gretchens, but of the women who cannot be won, who seize and take to themselves their beloved as the tigress does her prey, and guard him, even in death, with as ferocious jealousy. Such, you know, was Messalina."

"The doctor smiled and arched his eye-brows when Mademoiselle indicated what study it was she wished to make. It was plain that among the thousands of patients who had been under his care there had been no mad Messalina. But he showed us to the women's wards."

"Little note did I take of them then; I had eyes only for Mademoiselle. You have not seen her? Then you cannot know how queenly she was; not before the footlights only, but always was she queen—majestic, with the majesty of true royalty, that even in rags could not have descended to the common, but must have lifted the commonest, in her presence, to nobility. She was stately, tall, and graceful, with the matchless grace that comes of symmetry and strength—which, in truth, is the grace of the goodnesses. She, had, too, the wondrous eyes that betoken not only to real royalty—the royalty which parliaments, peoples, and popes can neither make nor unmake. Deep clear, they concealed nothing. Fearless, proud as truth alone may be, and in all noble, what has real royalty to conceal? In them flashed fierce passion, all consuming. They drank in, greedily, all beauty. They commanded, and it was impossible to elude them; yet never were woman's eyes more tender.

"The world did not know her then and she was poor and obscure; but I had looked into her eyes, and knew her question, and proud was I right loyally to serve her. Because I knew she was of right among women queen was it that I burned with fierce ambition to win a crown. Her equal then, I might claim her for my own. I was only a reporter for the *Chronicle*. But—I loved. And to love nothing is impossible. For her, I knew I could win it—with my pen. For her what man could not have won the universe? Yet I dared not love her. She was my goddess, whom I worshiped from afar. And with eager, silent pride I waited until I should win right to love her, then to claim her because mine was the right."

"I looked upon her here that day, and would have given my soul, and counted myself the gainer, to be loved by her for but one hour as she could love. For all the torments of hell could not have robbed me of the memory of that hour. And, possessing that, paradise were mine. That was the thought that filled me, when one of the patients, a weird and woman, an with shriveled form and haggard face, and deep-set eyes, that gleamed like a serpent's, sprang in front of us, and, raising her hand as if in solemn imprecation, croaked out in tones that froze my blood:

"'By my hate, swear it—that you will never marry him.'

"With the calmness of fate—it was fate—Mademoiselle bowed her head, and, as if under a spell, slowly responded:

"'I will never marry him!'

"All the foul fiends and malignant unclean spirits that possessed those maniacs took up her words and echoed and re-echoed with infernal mocking laughter, 'I will never marry him.' They crawled out of their loathsome slime and seized me in their snaky folds and coiled about my neck, and hissed it into my ears until I could hear no more. They swooped down upon me through the thick air—horrid nameless forms. Their devilish leering glare pierced me like red-hot steel. Thicker and faster they came!—

"'Do you not hear them, see them, feel them *now*?' he cried out with an unearthly shriek, and a deathly pallor came over his face, and he cowered at my side in speechless terror, glaring at the empty air as though his eye-balls would burst.

"But no, no, no," he gasped convulsively, laughing with horrid affright and clasping tight my hand. "To-day, thank God, the sun shines bright; does it not? Yonder is a rose in full bloom; is it not so? And the bird in the cage in the window trills gladly, and—they cannot come!" and he pressed closer to me and was silent for a time.

"'No, they cannot come,' he said, softly, 'for Mademoiselle is coming. I am here because she bade me stay until she returned;'" and he paused as if lost in reverie.

"'Yes,' he continued, 'I have waited long. My hair has grown gray since then. But, no: it is not long ago; only I have lived ages since Mademoiselle went away. But—she will return. And her coming I wait." and again he was silent.

I chanced to look around, when I discovered, not without uneasiness, I confess, that the others of our party had gone, and I was alone in the corridor with this strange assistant. At that moment the doctor returned. He was accompanied by a visitor—a woman of strikingly majestic presence. Her's was a face not easily forgotten, so cold and hard, so proud and strong was it. It was the face of a woman who had outlived her heart; to whom was left only ambition; and who already was realized that a cheat ambition is. I looked again, and recognized her as the famous tragedienne Madame B——.

As they approached, the strangely old-looking young man looked up. An unearthly light came into his face.

"She has come," he whispered, hoarsely. Then, springing to his feet, he exclaimed:

"Mademoiselle, I have waited!"

She started, as if at a blow.

"Messalina," he cried out, "you have come," and his voice faded to a whisper, "to find your Marco"—

And he flung up his arms, convulsively reeled, and fell to the floor—dead.

"Yes, my Marco," she exclaimed, kneeling and lifting his lifeless form in her arms, and kissing his lips again and again.

Amid the tumult that ensued, her husband a fellow of sinister glance and cadaverous mien, with a look lingered in one of the other wards, entered. He touched her shoulder. Silent and tearless she rose. Offering her his arm, he asked an attendant to show them to the main entrance, where their carriage waited.

When they were gone I turned to the Doctor and said:

"His story"—

"It was true," answered the Doctor, as he bowed me out.

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL,

Who Swims a Mile in Fifteen Minutes.

A novel thing in aquatics was that which Libbie Grant did yesterday in swimming across as much of the East River as lies between Randall's Island and the swimming-bath at the foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street. Libbie is only a trifling person, three feet high and eight years old lacking a fortnight. The distance which she swam yesterday is one mile, and the tide there runs swiftly, and makes hard swimming for anybody.

Libbie was ready at 6:45, and came running down to the dock with her father. Both were dressed appropriately for the passage—Libbie, thin as a greyhound, and with a sharp, spunky little face, wearing a gray flannel jacket and panteletes trimmed at the knees and elbows with red, white, and blue cockades. "Now, Lib," said Mr. Grant, "are you ready?"

"Yes, pa;" and the next instant the cockades flashed briefly downward from the dock and disappeared in a bunch of bubbles. But the eight-year-old came up instantly, and started away with lusty strokes. Her father swam beside her, and two or three row-boats paddled along behind at a safe distance. The little person aimed herself straight across at first; but the tide was sweeping her far down when she altered her course, and went diagonally up the stream until she got well over on the New York side, when she let herself come down gradually, and, calculating admirably, made the shore without further maneuvering just at the swimming-bath. It was women's day here, and the bath was full and in addition a good number had turned out to see the swimmer come in. She came in admirably, taking long strokes, and when she clambered up on the raft and kissed her hand saucily to the audience the applause was tremendous. She was taken inside and wrapped up in a waterproof, and as she took to shivering a good deal was given just a drop of whisky and water. Then she dressed herself and was quickly all right again. She dived from the dock at precisely 6:51-15 and clambered up at the bath at just 7:6:15, and was therefore just 15 minutes making the passage.

Libbie is one of a swimming family. Her aunt gives swimming lessons at the bath, and her little five-year-old swam nobly last year, but for some reason or other refuses to so much as enter the water. Libbie, though a young person, is an old swimmer, and has a prize medal which she won some time ago.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A New York Opium Eater.

The awful effects of opium eating are described by H. L. Sanford, an occupant of the New York Tombs. He is twenty-eight years old, and began to take morphine about seven years ago, because whisky did not satisfy him. "That," said he to a reporter of the *World*, "had a splendid effect on me, made me lively and ambitious, and gave me an amount of happiness I can not express to you. It transformed me at once. I became strong and independent. Nothing was too hard for me to undertake. I speculated and made lots of money. At the end of two years my sufferings began." He went to a lunatic asylum, but could not be cured. He soon went up to forty-five grains a day, and began taking it by injection, for it had ceased to have any effect on him if taken through the mouth. He had used a hypodermic syringe, but, losing this, got a common syringe, which he could not insert without first cutting a hole. He used to take a razor, and cut a gash in his thigh, and then with a scissor bore a hole in the flesh into which he would insert the syringe and inject the morphine. During the last two years he has taken over sixty grains a day, and has often taken over one drachm, which is equal to 500 grains of opium. He is in jail for stealing medical instruments, which he disposed of to purchase the poisonous drug, and he describes his sufferings: "If I wasn't so helpless, I'd soon get out of this hell I'm in, I have no fear of the next world. There is nothing in this for me. For over two years I have been dead. Starting from a point, I came nothing, and that which would keep life in me I can not get. Even when asleep I have no rest. I am constantly dreaming of being thrown in among a lot of dead, and being compelled to eat their flesh. I know that I wake up, covered as I am with cold perspiration, that it is but a dream, but the effects of it makes my desire for morphine a torture. I would kill my own father in a minute if I could get enough for one dose. When the desire comes on me I would not exchange morphine for heaven. Give me the dose, and then kill me if you like. I do not care what they do with me after I have got the morphine."

Pleasant Bedrooms.

There is nothing more indicative of refinement and a genuine culture in a family than simple, cheerful and tastefully-decorated bed-chambers. Tasteful decorations do not necessarily mean expense, and it is possible to make a chamber look very pretty at a very small outlay. Indeed, in many instances, no outlay at all will be required beyond what would be incurred under any circumstances. The women of a family, especially, are apt to pass a good portion of their time in their bed-chambers, and in some households the sleeping apartments are used alike for sewing-rooms, sitting-rooms and nurseries. It is worth while to obtain all the innocent pleasure we can find in this life, and there can be no doubt that life is pleasanter if most of its hours are passed in cheerful-looking apartments.

High Etiquette.

If fine manners are naturally associated with rank, the supposition would be that the higher the rank, the finer the manners. It would then follow that the guest of honor, who is also a stranger, would take the preference. It is therefore bewildering to learn that when the Prince of Wales recently gave a dinner to General Grant, the distinguished guest brought up the rear of the procession to the dining room.

We are but boors in etiquette: yet if the Prince of Wales had been the guest of honor of the President of the United States, he would not have been permitted to close the march to dinner; and he would have preceded not as a prince but as a guest; for it would be equality true of untitled Mr. Bright or Mr. Gladstone as of a prince. Courtesy is a poor thing if it cannot dispense, upon due occasion, with the rigidity of ceremonial forms.

It is rumored that the American minister in England was long absorbed in the task of arranging Gen. Grant's invitations, so that he should not be apparently insulted by being treated as entertainments given in his honor with less consideration than any other guest. The rules of really good society, whether titled or untitled, are everywhere the same in regard to certain essential points, and it is a pity if they are violated in the house of a prince. To invite an uninvited man into a titled company, upon an occasion of pure ceremony where titles determine precedence, is to invite him to go behind. If a prince gives a dinner in honor of an untitled guest he is bound to honor him chiefly, and he invites the company merely to help him render the honor.

If, therefore, it be true that the Prince of Wales gave a dinner especially to General Grant, and permitted the greater part of the company to precede him to the table, General Grant should quietly have left the house, and all the more if, as is constantly said, etiquette and forms are real things to European society. Probably, if the story be true, General Grant was not troubled; but if English gentlemen are required by etiquette to acquiesce in so flagrant a discourtesy, they are greatly to be pitied.—*Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

Highway Pasturing.

Cattle are still allowed to run at large in some sections of the adjacent counties, and we believe pretty generally throughout the state. The custom cannot be too severely condemned. Even the owner of cattle who will thus trespass upon the rights of the public, and frequently upon the crops of his neighbor, must run the risk of their straying and the labor of hunting them up, as well as the cost of the damage they may do in breaking through fences to get at the growing crops. Now the man we can hardly say farmer—who thus appropriates the highway for a pasture-field, to which he has not the shadow of a right, should be ashamed to look an honest neighbor in the face—one who has been compelled to strengthen his fences against the introads of these hungry, wandering cattle. Not a gate or "bars" can be left open for a moment for fear of these trespassers—thus in the busy times of harvest taking up valuable time in guarding against the ever-watchful vagrant animals.

There should be a general law against road cattle and a sharp fine imposed upon every man and woman who thus takes what does not belong to either. The grass in the highway belongs from the line fence to the middle of the road to the owners of property on either side, as much so as if it were on the inner side of the fence. The public has only the right of way, nothing more, much less is it the pasture-ground of vagrant cattle whose owners thus depend upon the property of others. But there has been a difficulty in passing such a law owing to the fenceless roads and extensive tracts of land in the wildcat counties, to the use of which such cattle is made. But municipal bodies can adopt and enforce such a law, as is the case in this city; and we think that all *counties* and even *townships*, should be invested with such authority. Fences are intended to keep cattle *in*, not to keep cattle *out*.—*Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph.*

The Crops of 1877.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* publishes an article on the wheat crop of 1877, the principal facts of which we reproduce: California has a comparatively light crop, but the increase in Washington and Oregon will keep up the average of the Pacific coast. The crop harvested east of the Rocky Mountains is the largest ever known. Kansas reports 30,000,000 bushels, an increase of 8,000,000 over last year, and it is all winter wheat. Minnesota yields 35,000,000 bushels, Wisconsin 25,000,000, Indiana 22,000,000, Iowa 37,000,000, Ohio 25,000,000, Kentucky 13,000,000. These seven States give an aggregate yield of 177,000,000 bushels of wheat. In all these States there is something of an increase over last year. The increase in Minnesota is 19,000,000 bushels, in Wisconsin 10,000,000, and in Iowa 19,000,000. Illinois increases in forty-three counties from 15 to 25 per cent. Indiana adds to her wheat product of last year 6,000,000, Ohio has a gain of $7,500,000, and Kentucky exceeds her last year's crop by about 5,000,000 bushels.

In making these estimates it has been sought to keep the figures within the actual facts rather than to make an over-estimate. It is safe to say that the increased production of wheat in the seven States named will amount to seventy-five or eighty millions bushels. An excess almost as important will be recorded in other States in the country. The results of the corn crop cannot yet be fairly estimated, but the yield will be greatly in excess of last year. In the States named the aggregate yield of planted is much larger than last year. A large crop of corn, besides giving a good grain business, means activity in hogs and cattle, and a lively business in all the pork packing establishments of the country. As to the demand, it is certain to be large, for it has already set in from Europe, and there is every reason to believe that foreign purchasers will be ready to take all the that is not consumed in this country.

The European Plan.

Yesterday evening a stranger, clad in a duster and carrying a carpet sack, entered a hotel on Delaware avenue. He marched straight up to the counter, where the amiable landlord stood picking his teeth, and the moment he sat his bag down, the amiable landlord whisked it out of sight and set it down with a pile of other baggage in the rear of the bar.

Please register your name," said the landlord, passing him a pen.

"How much is it, mister?"

"That depends on what you get. We keep hotel here on the European plan."

"I say, mister," said the countryman, all in a tremble, "please give that bag, and I'll get right out and not say a word."

The landlord glared at him, but made no movement towards the bag.

"Please, mister, give me my bag. There is nothing in it but a few shirts, indeed there isn't. Here's the key. I'll let you search it," continued the stranger, trembling still more violently.

The landlord passed him the bag, and as the stranger instantly shot for the door the former exclaimed:

"My lady, swear it—that you will never marry him."

But the stranger paused to hear no compliments, and he was a good half mile away before he took courage to lean up against an awning post and mutter:

"Gracious, what an escape! keeps hotel on the rope in plan, does he? I suppose he wanted to rope me in and perhaps kill me. Lord! what wicked places these cities are. I'll go home immediately." And he kept his word.—*New York Star.*

One of General Garfield's little boys, four or five years old, was recently offended at something his governess had done, and for a time refused to speak to her. A friend having suggested that the proper thing was to pray for Miss Mary, the youngster promptly replied: "It would be no use, a hundred Gods couldn't make Miss Mary good."—*New York Tribune.*

Evenings at Home.

The long evenings, which follow the short days, are made, in some families, the happiest of all happy times. The cares of the day are ended; the mother's resting-time has come; the father has dropped all sorts of business worries and perplexities, and the whole family throw themselves with zest into the innocent pleasures of the home circle.

Solomon tells us that there is time for all things; a time to weep, and a time to laugh, to play, and to dance. Surely the time to laugh, to play, and to dance comes most appropriately in the long pleasant evening hours, when

The cares that infest the day,
Fold up their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away.

It is well for the women of the household to remember that the pleasant evenings at home are strong antidotes to the practice of looking for enjoyment abroad, and seeking for pleasure in by and forbidden places; for relaxation and recreation will be indulged in somehow by most men, and happy are they who find in the home circle the diversion they need. A lively game, an interesting book read aloud, or, in musical families, a new song to be practiced, will furnish pastime that will make an evening pass pleasantly.

A little forethought during the day, a little pulling of wires that need not appear, will make the whole thing easy, and different ways and means may be provided for making the evenings hours pass pleasantly, and a time to be looked forward to with pleasant anticipations. We visited once in a large family where it was the duty of each sister, in turn, to provide the evening's occupation, and there was a pleasant rivalry between them as to who should be the most enjoyable. The brothers entered fully into the spirit of the simple home entertainments, and were as loth to be obliged to spend an evening away from home as their sisters and parents were sorry to have them absent. Every one spoke of this family as an uncommonly united one, for each and every member showed such a strong attachment for the home to which each one contributed so much pleasure.

[Washington Correspondence Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Failure of the Administration in the Matter of Horses.

President Hayes' horses are criticised more than they otherwise would have been had not President Grant been so fastidious in the choice of his equipages. No person ever had in Washington a handsomer turnout than General Grant used to drive. He had a pair of horses which went before his carriage that could not be surpassed in this or any other country. They cost $3,000, and were selected by their owner himself, who has as good an eye for the fine points of an animal as any jockey who ever handled a whip. When he left the White House, President Grant sent them as a present to George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and they are now pointed out as the finest team in the State.

But President Hayes has introduced into their stalls a pair of horses that looks as if they came from a country livery stable, as they did. Mr. Rogers, the President's private secretary, paid $300 for them in Alexandria. Now Mr. Rogers is a gentleman who he has studied theology, and he has studied law; he knows about all that need be known of philosophy and art; he can see the fine points in a legal argument or a doctrinal sermon, and can write a letter as politely as a letter can be written, but he has one important weakness, and that is his ignorance of horseflesh. He ought never to have been trusted to buy a team for the President of the United States. The horses are illy matched and clumsy. They please the taste of his own family, without regard to the other. They have both been accustomed to be hitched on the high side, and every horseman knows that to hitch two nigh horses together will spoil a team.

One of them is a dark mottled chestnut, with a white foot, the other is a bright bay with a white nose. Any one can see in a moment that those two horses ought never to be harnessed together any more than a blue bonnet ought to be worn with a green dress. Besides, they are lazy and don't lift their feet the way the horses that draw a President ought to.

Temptation.

We have had a great deal to say to our young friends about temptation, because in youth a person's susceptibilities are greater than at any other time of life. There is much to be said besides telling a person what he should avoid, or admonishing him to shun this or that. The best way to avoid a thing is to cultivate something antagonistic to it; in fact, if one does not do this, his chances of successfully carrying out his resolves are only half what they might be. If a person can acquire a taste for some wholesome improving society, he will be in less danger that if he simply shunned bad company, and the same may be said of a good many other things. Among the greatest protective agencies is a taste for reading. But seldom sees a person of such tastes in the ranks of the fast young men who are getting in their crop of wild oats. There is nothing much cheaper than such a taste; indeed, it is wonderful how cheap are all kinds of culture compared with the different sorts of dissipation. A young man who has his business to study and whose livelihood and hope of advancement in the world depend upon his own exertions, will have brief time to devote to other things, but such time may be well filled up, and by cultivating a taste for that which is improving and elevating, in whatever department it may be, any inclination in an opposite direction is effectually destroyed.

The Philadelphia *Times* of Friday last says of the fruit market in that city:

The peach dealers said yesterday that the present is the flush week of the season; that although peaches will continue to arrive for several weeks yet, it will be in reduced quantities. Twenty thousand baskets reached this city yesterday, including a fair proportion of very good fruit. Prices ranged per basket from thirty-seven cents for cullings to eighty cents for the best extras. Large quantities of watermelons and cantaloupes are arriving every day. The former sold yesterday at from $6 to $12 per hundred, according to size, and the latter at from ten to fifteen cents a basket. Tomatoes which have been sold this season as low as ten cents a basket were yesterday bringing from twenty to twenty-five cents. Sweet potatoes are arriving in large quantities, and are selling at from fifty to fifty-five cents a basket. A few Concord grapes are also in the market at from five to seven cents a pound. The quantity of pears received is large but the demand is meagre at fifty cents to $1 a basket.

While the dealers in domestic fruit are doing a brisk business, importers of tropical fruits are sitting twirling their thumb waiting for the peach season to pass. No one wants bananas, pine apples and oranges while they can get peaches, consequently not a single vessel loaded with tropical fruits has arrived in this port for the last three weeks.

Fruit.

Now is the time to save it by drying it in the sun, or by some more economical method. It is acknowledged by all that a liberal supply and free use of fruits, fresh or dried, adds greatly to the health of the family, and if there is more saved than is needed, it will bring something in the market, and if it is but a trifle, it is better than nothing; though, perhaps, it is better to feed fruit to hogs than to dry it in the sun. If dried peaches or apples are well put up in paper sacks, such as flour is packed in, and closely tied at the mouth, no worms will touch them, and they may be kept until paying prices can be obtained. Fruit-drying can be done with but little exposure to the sun, and by children and others whose labor is worth but little on the farm at this time of the year; and therefore it is good reasoning always to dry as much fruit as the family can use at least.

WHY IT IS THE BEST.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, the great National Route, traversing six States, and having for its western termini Chicago, Sandusky, Columbus and Cincinnati, with connections at these points with the network of railroads beyond, is manifestly the direct route from all the great cities of the West to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and the East. From end to end of its line between Chicago and Baltimore, Day Coaches and Pullman Palace Cars are run through without change. These cars are as elegant and luxurious as ingenuity can devise or money procure, and while resting comfortably therein the passenger is carried swiftly but safely past landscapes as pleasant to look upon and as varied in their character as are to be found anywhere on this continent.

The quiet valleys, fruitful fields, and prosperous cities and villages of Indiana and Ohio are succeeded by the grander beauties of the mountain region of West Virginia. If a passing view of this the "Switzerland of America" is too brief, the passenger may stop off *en route* at Deer Park or Oakland, two charming summer resorts, situated in the very heart of this region, 2,800 feet above tide water. East of the Alleghanies the Baltimore & Ohio passes along the beautiful Valley of the Potomac.

At Harper's Ferry trains connect with those of the Valley Branch for Winchester, Staunton, and White Sulphur Springs. All this locality is celebrated alike for its natural beauties and for the historical events which it brings to mind. At the National Capital, through which the road passes, connections are made for Richmond, Lynchburg, and the South; and at Baltimore for Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and the East.

At convenient distances along their route the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has erected handsome hotels, where trains will stop long enough to allow the traveler to enjoy at his leisure the first-class meal which is provided.

If you are going East or Southeast, no other line offers as many attractions or as good accommodations, and their rates, withal, are as cheap as those of their competitors.

THE EASTERN WAR.

Reports of the progress of the war in Europe and Asia are very unsatisfactory reading, but to keep our readers posted as to what is said to have occured from time to time, we reprint this from the *Leader*:

The usual conflicting reports from the war in the East continue to come over the cable, but altogether, they appear to concur in one fact—that the Turks have not been able to force the Russians away from the control of the Shipka Pass. The Turks are dashing their force against the Russian entrenchments at the Pass, which is described as not being what is usually understood by that term, but a track over a section of the Balkan Mountains lower than the surrounding heights. The fighting has been of the most desperate character, but the Russians, though losing heavily in officers and men, have not been dislodged. While they remain, the efforts of the Turks are not likely to be of any benefit to them, but are merely exhausting their own strength. The importance of the position is shown by the perseverance of Suleiman Pasha in the effort to carry it. In his possession it would open the way to a junction with Osman Pasha at Plevna and Loyatz, where he is now facing the main body of the Russians. The latter are between him and Mehemet Ali, and their numbers are being hourly augmented by the arrival of reinforcements. If Radetzky can keep Suleiman Pasha south of the Balkans, one part of the Russian army is coming, and Mehemet Ali in check east of Tirnova, while the main force can be used against Osman Pasha at Plevna. This is obviously the work the Russians have planned for themselves, and is well understood by their opponents, who have shown wonderful courage and determination in their efforts to frustrate its successful accomplishment. It is a contest between armies which alike in endurance, and great quality of good soldiers. The Russians have been unfortunate in the death of the commander who held the Pass during the first three days of the struggle, but this loss of a commander is not the cause of a panic with soldiers of their stamp, and he did not fall until reinforcement had come to his aid. The most remarkable point in this struggle at Shipka Pass is the exchange of parts in the