[illegible]

Why was I taken from my rest
Perhaps in the earth's cold breast to rot?
Why dost thou vex and wound me so
With thy sharp edge, that mars and slow
Goes cutting, cutting, all the day,
Nor pity and spare the other way?

Duty:
I do not on my errand stand;
I am a tool, and not a hand.
What if I bret, and grind, and wear,
And be thy sharper or sharper?
It is not for or ill in me:
I do not stay my destiny.
I do but that which I am bid;
The season of it may be hard.
Do not ask or seek to know.
Never place hand upon thy shoulder!

Gent:
I bore the wrench from darkling sleep,
When I was wrapped in some cool deep,
I felt not anger or despair;
Yet, when I found I must be taken,
But this slow nick and fret all day—
Why may now patience quite away.
A blow, a wrench, a final end,
Were the most welcome and a friend;
But so by atoms to expire
Is harsh and bitter torture hard.
Why must it be—this daily grind
Of patience, and no reward?
A precious promise for the morrow,
Nor offers me surcease of sorrow?

Lapidary:
Poor heart so hard! poor eyes so blind!
The graver's work seems all unkind,
Yet over thee, day after day,
I toil and strive, and turn away,
Patiently, gently, and meanwhile
I will, if I can understand,
Keep thy dull hardness, by my art
Shaping into the master's chart,
The petty anguish thou dost bear
Of daily trouble, hourly care,
To make thy facets all may shine
Where lay so dull within the mine.
My gracious purpose is alone
To make a jewel of a stone:
When every ray of heavenly light
Shall flash to Heaven in answer bright
From the perfected blaze and glow,
The use of sorrow thou shalt know.
Not by the hammer when it broke,
But by revolving stroke on stroke,
Thy worth and beauty grew to be
A wonder for the world to see.
And men shall say, who see thee shine,
A Master wrought it from the mine.

—*Rose Terry Cooke, in Christian Union.*

THE HERMIT.

A Tale of Mining Life in the Sierra Madre.

Away up on the main range—the Sierra Madre—of the Rocky Mountains, twelve thousand feet above the sea, rests a little mining camp of some twenty or twenty-five rough log cabins. Right on the edge of timber line! Tall, spruce pines below; bare, jagged rocks above. North, south, east and west huge peaks tower in their massive grandeur and rear their stony heads to the rising and setting sun, and seem like grim old sentinels keeping watch over the little basin in which are the cabins, collectively known as Mineral City. The mountain sides are seamed and ribbed with the rich silver veins of San Juan, and scores of cuts, shafts and tunnels echo daily to the clang of drill and sledge as the hardy miners delve after the metallic treasures of these great storehouses.

Near the blacksmith shop, where the not unmelodious ring of drills and picks being sharpened is heard all the day and far into the night, a little cabin stands unobtrusively upon its rocky foundation. There is an air of neatness about its hipped roof of nicely split "shakes" and its carefully-hewn door that speaks well for the patience, taste and skill of its builder. In fact, the cabin is pointed out as a fine specimen of frontier architecture.

The solitary owner and occupant of this little building was known throughout the camp as "the Hermit." Not, be it understood, because of his imitating those poor old beings of ancient story who dwelt in caves and fled at the approach of any one, but simply because he was a taciturn, quiet old fellow, who worked his mine alone, and, when joining the rest of the men about the fire in the saloon, always sought a corner and rarely, if ever, took part in the conversation.

He was vastly different from the rest of his fellow laborers. He never drank; he never swore; but in his quiet, unobtrusive way would sit and gaze intently at the fire, unmindful of the stories, the hearty laughter, the social drinking and the absorbing games of cards going on around him. Tall he was, with a decided stoop in his shoulders; a long beard, plentifully streaked with gray, and a pair of wearied, restless, nervous, yearning eyes, that somehow appealed to the rough but good-hearted miners.

Mail came twice a week in Mineral City, and the saloon was the post-office. Regularly upon the carrier's arrival the Hermit would join the crowd and listen with an eager, expectant air as the superscriptions of the various letters were read out by the saloon-keeper, and then, when the last missive had been reached and either claimed or set aside he would lower his head and slowly slip away to his seat at the corner of the fire-place with never a word. Every mail that went out carried a letter from the Hermit, always directed to the same party, and every month he registered one to the same address, which the boys shrewdly guessed contained such money as the poor fellow was able to scrape together from the scanty yield of his mine—the Alice.

The boys had often debated upon writing a letter to the Hermit, for his continual expectation and his regularly bitter disappointment touched them, but they argued that it would not be what he wanted, and so the idea was abandoned. Several of them asked the postmaster to lay aside their letters without reading aloud their addresses that the contrast might not be so painful to the Hermit, and none of them gave vent to any joyful exclamations when the mail brought them favors, as was their wont. The old whisky keg, at the corner of the fireplace, was always reserved for the Hermit, and come when he might he never found it occupied, nor when sitting there was he ever crowded. And so these rough frontiersmen showed in various ways their sympathy for their lonely and silent companion, of whom they knew nothing save what his pinched, care-worn face and yearning eyes told.

One day the mail came in and the Hermit was not there. This was so unusual that it led to considerable speculation among the boys. Then Roney, whose lead lay near the Alice, remembered that the Hermit had not been to work that day or the day before, and when night came on and the keg in the corner remained unoccupied the boys concluded that investigation was necessary.

"Pards, I reckon the Hermit may be a leetle off and might kinder need help," said Georgia, "an' it sorter strikes me we might call in 'an see."

As this met the approval of all the men, Georgia and Roney started up to the Hermit's little cabin. A dim light crept around the edges of the old flour sack that acted as a curtain for the little square pane of glass constituting a window, and, after consultation, the two messengers concluded to take a peep before making their presence known.

Georgia put his face to the glass and peered intently within. The Hermit sat on the earthen floor enveloped in a torn and miserable blanket. His hat was off and his long, gray hair was tangled and unkempt. His eyes, which Georgia could plainly see, as he sat nearly facing the window, combined with their usual pleading expression a sort of feverish glitter, and the whole attitude of the man was one of despair. In his hands he held what appeared to be a photograph and an old letter, and he never moved his eyes from them.

The sight of the room that came within Georgia's field of vision betokened cleanliness, but at the same time extreme poverty for even that rough country. Glancing at the bed and his companion took a look, after which they both softly retreated a little distance into the timber and argued.

"Well!" said Roney.

"Durned queer," said Georgia.

"Kinder sick-looking, eh?"

Georgia nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Let's go the boys about it," said Roney, and then they both retraced their steps to the saloon.

The boys listened with interest to the report and pulled their beards and scratched their heads in attempts to obtain a solution as to what ailed the Hermit. Many and various were the explanations given, and then they decided that Georgia and Roney had better go back and knock at the door and inquire, at any rate, if anything was wrong; so thereupon the two once more started up the trail. They knocked—first softly and then louder—but elicited no response or caused any show of life within, save the extinguishment immediately of the light.

"No use," whispered Roney, and without further word they left the little cabin and its solitary and eccentric occupant and joined their comrades.

The next day passed and the next and the Hermit gave no signs of existence. Thursday the mail came in and among the letters was one, in a woman's hand, for John Harmer, Mineral City, San Juan County, Col. There was not such a personage in the county, so far as the boys knew, but Georgia suddenly suggested that it might be for the Hermit. This seemed most probable and he was deputed to carry it up and deliver it, if correct.

As before, all the knocking failed to obtain an answer, and Georgia, after a moment's hesitation, put his shoulder to the door and with as little noise as possible burst the wooden button off that served as a lock. The next instant and Georgia was in the room. The Hermit lay extended upon the floor, his face flushed and hot with fever and his long, thin fingers nervously grasping and relaxing again the torn blanket on which he tossed.

"What's the matter, old pard?" said Georgia, as he raised the old man's head.

The fevered eyes slowly turned toward his face, the emaciated fingers opened and the poor, lonely old fellow said huskily:

"Don't tell her!"

"Who—tell who?"

"Alice, poor little thing, she don't know."

"Thinking of his folks in the States," muttered Georgia, and then tenderly and carefully he lifted the sick man in his arms and strode away to his own cabin.

The news of the Hermit's sickness spread through the camp and blankets and food came from all quarters for his use. The store was ransacked for the best that it could afford. A terrible slaughtering of mountain grouse took place that rich broths might be made for the invalid. One man traveled sixteen miles to Silverton to secure a can of peaches, and the men almost fought in their anxiety to act as nurses and watchers. Georgia thanked the boys, but kept them away, admitting only one or two to aid him in the care of the old man. But despite all this attention the old fellow sank and sank, and it soon became evident that the mountain fever had one more victim.

One night Georgia sat smoking his pipe and musing. The owner of the letter had been found, for in his ravings the old man had often mentioned the name Harmer, but the boys feared lest he should die before reading it, and this perplexed Georgia sadly. What was he to do with it, and might it not contain matters of importance? Had the old man any friends or relatives living, and where were they to be found? All these things and many more came flitting through his brain, and he did not hear his patient slowly raise himself in bed and stare about him. The old man looked the room over and then his eyes rested on the burly form by the fire.

"Georgia," he said.

In an instant Georgia sprang to his feet and hastened to the bedside.

"Why, pardner, durn it—yer—yer getting better, ain't you?"

The old man smiled, wearily.

"Tell me all about it," he said.

Georgia briefly recounted the story of his illness, touching but lightly on what he had done and laying great stress on the interest of the men.

"But, now, old man, you'll soon be up and among 'em," he concluded, with a cheerful laugh.

"No," said the old fellow, with the same weary smile, "but—but I thank you."

"Oh, nonsense—that's all right—you're only a leetle shook up, you know—it's nateral after being as fur down as you've been. You'll soon be all right—cheer up, and don't let yer sand run out; besides, I've got a letter for you."

"Letter—for me?" and the old man's face lighted up with an eagerness that sent a tremor through Georgia's honest heart, lest the missive, after all, should not be for him. He got it, however, and gave it into the trembling hands.

"Yes, yes," said the old fellow, "it's her writing, I know—like her mother's—oh, how long it has been coming—but now—" and his poor weak, shaking hands vainly strove to open it.

"Let me," said Georgia, kindly.

The old man let him take the letter, and then said suddenly, but in a low, even tone: "Hold on, Georgia."

Georgia paused.

"Georgia," said the old fellow, looking him steadily in the eye, "you've been kind to me—very kind—and I've got nothing to show for it—nothing but confidence. I'm going to tell you something, Georgia, and then—then you can read that letter and you'll understand all the good news it contains."

He paused a moment and closed his eyes. Then he continued:

"Georgia, I was a likely sort of a young chap years ago—not such a good-for-nothing galoot as I am now, and I married, Georgia—married the best girl in old Pennsylvania. I was mighty happy—too happy, partner—that's what made it go so hard when she died. We had one child—a girl—and we called her Alice—my wife's name. She was a wee little thing when her mother died and so very, very pretty. It was hard lines on me, Georgia, and somehow I got to drinking. I know it did me no good, and I know it wasn't right, but a man don't reason much when he's desperate like, and so I drank and drank. I sold out everything and put my girl—my little Alice—with my wife's brother. He had a family of his own, and what could a lonely, broken-hearted man like me do for a dear little girl? Georgia, if they'd come to me and talked good and gentle they could have made a man of me, but they didn't. They wouldn't let me come into their house, and they said that I'd killed my wife by drinking. Georgia, it was a lie—a damnable lie. I never drank a drop till she died, and I wouldn't have done it then if I'd had anyone to sympathize with me. But I hadn't; I was alone in the world—alone with my great grief, and—" and the old man's voice broke, and his poor, thin hands went nervously over the blanket, while two tears stole from his hot eyes, and trickling down the pale, pinched cheeks lost themselves in the gray hairs of his beard.

"Well, Georgia," he said, presently, "I got an order from the court giving the guardianship of my child—my Alice—to her uncle, because they said I was unfit to take care of her. Georgia, if but one kind word had been said—only one—I wouldn't have been the fool I was. Well, I left and came West. I stopped drinking. I have never touched a drop since Alice was taken from me. You believe me, Georgia?"

"Yes," said Georgia.

"After awhile I wrote to her uncle, and I told him of my new life and asked him if I couldn't at least write to my little girl. That was in '67, and she was ten years old. He took no notice of my letter—"

"He's a ——" broke in Georgia, but suddenly checked himself before concluding.

"Then I thought perhaps he hadn't got it, so I got my money together and went East. But he had, Georgia; he had. It was no use, though. He wouldn't believe in me and wouldn't let me see my little girl. He said she should never know but what he was her father, at least until she was of age. I tried the courts, but I spent all my money without changing the decree. Then I gave it up and came back West again. I gained one thing, though. The Judge said that when Alice was twenty-one she should be offered the choice of coming to me, her father, or remaining with her guardian. I had to rest satisfied, and I worked and worked to get money for my little girl. I scrimped some, Georgia, but there's nearly twelve thousand dollars in bank for her now," and the old man's voice and manner were full of pride.

"She was twenty-one last June, and I've been waiting for her letter. I knew it would come. Oh, Georgia, if she only knew how I have worked for her; how I have waited, all alone, but still working and waiting, but she has written now, and to-morrow, Georgia—to-morrow, or next day, I must start East. We will be very, very happy together, and—but read her letter—you know all now," and the lid closed again over the fevered eyes, and the poor old man softly murmured, "little Alice, little Alice."

Georgia tore open the envelope and unfolded the letter, and the old man feebly drew nearer in joyful, happy eagerness.

"My uncle," read Georgia, unsteadily, "has informed me of your relationship to me. I have only to say that I regret that the man whose habits killed my mother should also bear the title of my father. I sincerely hope that the Almighty will pardon where we cannot. ALICE HARMER."

Georgia turned towards the old man.

"My God," he said, "the Hermit is dead."

Shingles.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* thus discourses in that journal on the subject of treating shingles to guard against decay:

In 1861 I built a new barn and put on a roof of the best shaved pine shingles I could get. They were made on my own pine land in Pennsylvania, and made by experienced workmen. They were not dipped or painted. The cupola on the ridge is nine feet square, and a streak the width of it down to the eaves has no moss on it, the shingles look new on both sides of the roof, while all the rest of the roof is more or less covered with moss. I called the attention of a reasonable carpenter to it this year and asked him what made the difference. He said it could be nothing else than the paint that washed from the cupola. A man in the neighboring town keeps his roofs all painted, and I have been past his buildings every few days for thirty years and have never known of his putting on a new roof. I have had much dealing with him and I know him to be a strict economist. He paints all his buildings (except his house) with yellow ocher once in about ten years.

I think the next best thing after painting is to whitewash with common lime as soon as the roof is on. Put it on thick and strong. Look at the roofs of the old-fashioned houses of New England, with the old stone chimneys, with a roof below them as sound as the roof below the cupola on my barn. If I have a very flat shingle roof, I paint it when new; all others I whitewash before the scaffold is removed. This is many times cheaper than paint on new shingles. Experience and observation ought to teach old men what material to use in building; young men are very apt to follow some untested hobby.

Handling Colts.

It is now the season for putting colts at their first work, and as many farmers are supposed to have sold surplus horses since last season's active work, depending upon putting young stock to work, it is of the highest importance that this work be very carefully commenced, and the muscular and joint powers very gradually brought out, otherwise the colt will become discouraged and learn to dislike the approach of the driver and harness. It is well to put the harness upon the colt a few days before calling upon him to do any work, letting him stand in the stable with the harness on, the chains, if there be such to the harness, hanging loose, that he may become accustomed to the rattle about his heels. Take him out with his harness on, driving him around the lot or along the road, either single or with the beast he is to work with. When he is taken to the field, it is well, in place of taking a whip with you, to take a little oats in a sack and a pail. When he gets worried or discouraged with the draught you put upon him, speak gently, give him a little oats in the pail, letting him stand for a few moments, and you will be surprised at his renewed courage and willingness to pull. Say but little, make your motions in a very quiet and matter-of-fact way, as though you took it for granted he considered himself a full-grown horse, and yet do not yourself forget that he is young and green and as soft as a half-ripe squash. If you expect the work of a six year old horse out of him, then you are an ass, and if you attempt to whip work out of him, then your next door neighbor should have you arrested for lunacy.—*Western Farm Journal.*

Small Industries on the Farm.

The comparative profit of large and small farms is a question that will not stay settled. In a few cases the subdivision of labor and economy of system tell favorably on returns; generally, however, the want of capital, incapacity for systematic effort, or little wastes and leakages make ambitious undertakings comparatively unprofitable. One advantage in the small farm system is the necessary appropriation of every source of income, the utilization of every capacity for production, and the employment of the labor of every member of the rural family. The French afford a good illustration of this idea. No fragment of time, no product of growth, no ray of sunshine or drop of rain is permitted to be lost. The care of the silkworm and the keeping of poultry are among these minor industries that afford employment to the extremes of youth and age. The comparative profit of small and large flocks of chickens only illustrates in an exaggerated fashion the difficulty in getting a profit out of big farms. One in a thousand will conduct poultry operations profitably on a large scale by observing with extreme care the conditions that made a small flock profitable. If the birds are allowed free range without crowding, pure air and water, and the needed variety of food, vegetable and animal, which a small flock obtains in its voluntary circuit of the farm, they will be healthy and profitable. But it is extremely difficult to fulfill all these conditions.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Mrs. Nancy Bartholomew, a woman remarkable for her extreme penuriousness, died at New Haven, Conn., recently, leaving a fortune of $30,000.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—If lime has fallen into the eye, drop in some sweet oil.

—Thorough tillage is the best and cheapest manure.

—Ammonia should be used plentifully in house cleaning.

—In pruning roses cut away all shoots that have flowered.

—Slow cooking and long cooking will make tough meat tender.

—It takes no more to keep a good cow than a bad one. Always get the best.

—An old and good recipe for grafting wax: Two parts tallow, three parts rosin and three parts beeswax.

—The best way to apply hen droppings to a garden is to sow it on broadcast and rake it in, mixed with a few barrels of ashes.

—Light soil is not suitable for currants. On such soil they are apt to drop their leaves early, which causes a poor crop the next season.

—Complexion Wash.—Tincture benzoin, two ounces; pure alcohol, one pint. Bathe the skin; allow the wash to remain on a few minutes and then wipe off.

—The sitting hen needs feed and water once a day, or once in two days at the farthest. Sitters are sometimes shut up by themselves to keep others from disturbing them.

—Boston Cookies.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup milk, one egg and the yelk of another, one-third of a teaspoonful of saleratus and one teaspoonful of cream tartar. Mix stiff, roll thin, rub the white of one egg on the top, sprinkle on a little sugar.

—Bavarian Cream.—One pint of milk, three ounces sugar, half ounce gelatine, two eggs; beat the yelks and stir into the boiling milk, dissolve the gelatine in a little hot water; beat the whites of the eggs separate and stir in when cool; cream is better whipped; flavor to taste and then put in molds.

—To Take Stains out of Linen.—Place the stained spot in a tin pan; pour boiling water enough to entirely cover; let it steep like you would tea or coffee, then rinse well, and hang it out of doors; iron the spot and it will not show. For fruit stains you must wash directly after pouring on the boiling water.

—Chocolate Layer Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one of butter, three cups of flour, five eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one half teaspoonful of soda; take nearly a cup of grated chocolate; sweeten to taste; add milk enough to moisten—about half a cupful; flavor with vanilla and spread between the layers; ice.

—Delicious oatmeal gruel may be made by stirring a cupful of oatmeal into a bowl of water, allowing it to stand for a few moments until the coarsest particles have fallen to the bottom, pouring off the water and repeating this once or twice. The water must then be boiled, stirring it constantly until it is sufficiently cooked.

—Queen's Pudding.—Three pints of milk, one quart of bread crumbs, the yelks of four eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla; put the bread to soak in the milk, then add the eggs beaten, one-quarter pound of sugar; bake it when done. Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add five ounces of sugar, put on the top and put in the oven for a few minutes.

—Omelet.—Break all your eggs in one dish; stir rather than beat up the yelks and whites; to each three eggs you use put in a teaspoonful of cold water; salt and pepper to taste; put two ounces of butter in the pan; when the butter is very hot pour in the eggs; just as soon as cooked on one side turn quickly and cook on the other side; double over and serve on a very hot plate. The cold water in the eggs makes the omelet light and moist.

—Rhubarb Jelly.—Prepare as for sauce, cutting up into small pieces. Put into a preserving kettle with a very little water. Boil until very soft. Drain through a sieve; then press through a jelly bag. To every pint of juice allow one and one-half pound of sugar. Boil the sugar by itself until nearly ready to form candy and then mix with the juice. Boil together moderately, keeping well skimmed until the jelly falls from the skimmer in sheets. Put away same as any other jelly.

—Remedy for Cracked Hands.—Get ten cents worth of Venice turpentine. Have it melted and put in a bottle. The last thing you do before going to bed, heat your bottle so it will run out. Now put a tin can lid on the stove and pour out enough to rub over your hands once. Then drop coal-oil enough in to thin it, not too thin, but thin enough to rub on easily. After you have rubbed carefully every chafed place, put on old gloves and go to bed. In the morning wash good with castile soap. Make it thin enough to wash off nicely. They will be better after the first application, and after the third they will be well.

—Folding Shirts.—Judging from the number of badly folded shirts I frequently see, says a correspondent, I am led to believe that a large percentage of ladies are ignorant of the proper method; therefore a few words on the subject may not be amiss. I was taught to lay the garment, bosom down, upon the ironing-table, and with the right hand grasp the left sleeve, taking hold of the same side with the left hand; this part was to be folded back one-third the width of the shirt, measuring from the widest point. The sleeve must then be laid down, with its upper edge even with the recently made fold. The same process is repeated with the other side, and the bottom is folded until the hem reaches the neck-band. This is all very well as long as its owner remains at home, but should he attempt packing his shirts in a trunk or valise, the bosoms would very likely become soiled. To avoid this a friend taught me to lay the shirt with the back upon the table and fold the bosom inside.

—The poorest way to cook pork cured in any manner is to boil it. Boiled ham is a favorite dish with most persons, but a ham first boiled and then baked till the surface is slightly browned is vastly superior. It is much better to broil ham than to fry it. To broil it perfectly it should be cut in slices scarcely thicker than the back of a carving-knife, and cooked over very hot coals. When much sugar is used in curing hams the meat will be dark-colored when it is broiled. On this account many prefer bacon that is cured with salt alone. Salt or pickled pork should also be cut in very thin slices when it is to be broiled or fried. It should be cooked till nearly all the fat is tried out of it and the meat is crisp and slightly browned on the surface. It should be served when hot and on a hot plate. If the fry-kettle is placed in a stove oven, instead of on the top of the stove, it will be cooked much better, as the rays of the heat will strike the upper as well as the under surface of the meat. The best relishes to use with fresh pork are sage and other garden herbs placed on the meat when it is being cooked. A dish of apple sauce should accompany a roast of pork. The best relishes to use with salt pork are horse-radish, sour pickles, mustard, garden radishes and lettuce, cut up with vinegar.

—A contemporary suggests that the man who wishes to break off the habit of smoking should postpone the lighting of his first cigar five minutes each day. In this way the hour for beginning to smoke will be gradually put off until after he has gone to bed and got to sleep.

Some of the Results of Universal Education.

Man's life is growing wider in its individual quality. Few men are any longer nothing but a farmer, or a shopkeeper, or a carpenter, or a silversmith. By a gradual accretion, in our land at least, each individual has become something more than a specialist in some form of business or industry. The education which was once supposed to imply that the youth with such books in his hand was designing to be a lawyer, or a clergyman, or a physician, no longer involves any such conclusion. For the average youth has become larger than any mere drudgery, and must be educated regardless of his form of manual or mental labor. The clergyman once had an easy field of intellectual labor, in days when he could say whatever pleased him to an audience that admired large words and plenty of quotations and obscurity, but education has become so universal that the audiences that assemble in the churches to-day, from New York to St. Paul or Denver, are composed of persons with much information, and with a powerful common sense. The inventions of our times have redoubled the demand for mental culture. A man that cannot read, or write, or think, can hoe cotton or sugar-cane, but he cannot be an engineer of a steam engine, cannot be a conductor of even a freight train, cannot be trusted as even a switchman. The telegraph operator must be a man or woman of fair education, and the thousands of boys who act as messengers in street and store must be able to read and write quickly. Thus a hundred new pursuits have issued new demands for a better informed mind, and are making a better form of manhood.....Thus the new forms of mechanical industry are helping expand the mental training and information of the laborers, thus making man greater, not as a laborer, but as a man. The more invention and the more complex machinery the world adopts, the higher will be the mind that must manage these new implements. A few simple negroes can pick cotton balls, but they could not manage a railway train or a cylinder printing press. Theodore Parker once expressed the wish that blacksmithing or plowing might become the mere accident of a man, and not man the accident of the anvil or plow. The wish is slowly coming to its gratification, for the artisans are all becoming reading and thinking men, and while they beat the anvil or follow the plow they are larger than their work, and have hours for the separate career of the man. The ingenuity of an age can not but exert a reflex influence upon all those who come within the confines of the age itself. To make wider the scope of each individual, even the laborer, has come in later times not only liberty, not only Christianity, not only the free school to invite education, but even the recent inventions have compelled the youth of the land to seek a mental development as though for some higher art....

If we would mark one more illustration of the assertion that man is becoming a larger mind and larger heart, we can find it in the present condition of woman. At no one place can we better see the radical changes for the better in the life of humanity than at the standpoint of the modern woman. When we look into the face of our mother, or wife, or daughter, or cultivated friends in this half of the intellectual world, we cannot but wonder in amazement if these are the beings who have no soul in some lands, and who were mere slaves in the classic lands, and who in all the barbarous tribes have done all the work in field and house, and who all through the Middle Ages of Christendom were a kind of miserable appendage to the noble army of men. Why, even in the Mosaic age, out of which came Christianity, but came like morning out of night, a woman could not bring any kind of lawsuit against a man, and a man might divorce a wife if he would only take the pains to give her a piece of writing to that effect. She must leave the house like a servant girl to whom one may give a certificate, not of good service, but of service. And you remember that in Solomon's magnificent temple there was an outer court into which the heathen could come, an inner court into which women could come, but into the grand interior, where the wealth and art of the period had done their best work, and where God Himself could be found, only the men were worthy to enter. The first definition of man was so narrow that only the King or Royal family were included in it. By degrees it was enlarged until many adult men could enjoy its honors, but little children and women and slaves were not admitted into its environs. Infants were slain readily. Wives were whipped, bought and sold, divorced at pleasure, or killed; in some countries, dead slaves were not buried. There were ravines or sink-holes into which dead slaves were thrown. You could find the places by watching the carrion birds in their circling flight. Cicero, in the four or five hundred letters he left written to friends, mentions often his father, but never his mother; he divorced two wives, loved his daughter, indeed, but was reproved by Roman statesmen for weeping for her when she died. Nero killed his mother, and Seneca, his moral guide, made no complaint. It thus seems to have taken the human race a long time to expand the word man to such a proportion that into its nobleness, and security, and peace the woman and the little child could take refuge; but at last into this gigantic ark the weakest and humblest gather themselves, and are quite safe as the storms of life come and the floods climb higher.—*Extract from a Discourse by Prof. David Swing, Chicago.*

Hot Cake to an Elephant.

A writer from India tells the following: One day two ladies were watching some elephants being fed near their camp in the jungles of the Central Provinces, when the elder of the two unfortunately took it into her head to offer one of the elephants a very hot chapatti, which is a cake made of flour and baked on the fire over a thin plate, and consequently, when fresh made, is burning hot. Elephants are usually fed with these twice a day, but they are always allowed to cool before being given. This one was still so hot that it hurt the beast's trunk, for he dropped it with the quickness of lightning and with a shout, at the same time striking a blow on the hand of the lady, who he of course considered had meant to hurt him intentionally. Had she been but a little nearer, and the beast not at the full length of his chain, the same blow on the head would certainly have killed her on the spot. As it was, her hand was in a most painful state for weeks afterward. Next morning, when it was time to start for the next encampment, this same lady, who usually got up the ladder first and sat nearest to the elephant's head, proceeded to do so as usual, but as soon as she approached the elephant he began to trumpet and throw water over her. This he did several times, till at last she had to give up trying to ascend, and another lady took her place. The elephant, however, permitted her to sit near his tail, but he remained cross all day.

—Hugh C. Dougan, of Java, Wyoming County, N. Y., was knocked down and severely gored by a bull which he was leading to water, but his life was saved by the opportune arrival of Miss Mary J. Comey, who seized a pitchfork and, by a few vigorous thrusts, drove the infuriated animal away.

"SCROFULOUS ecchymoses, carbuncles, all boils, blotches, pimples and eruptions, enlarged glands, internal soreness, torpid liver, and general clogged condition of the system, all yield in due time to nature's sovereign remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Sold around the world by druggists and chemists. Foreign trade supplied from London branch. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., R. V. Pierce, M. D., President.

WEST BLUE MOUND, Wis., March 8th, 1879. DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—Having suffered many weary months from liver complaint without relief, I was last summer induced to try your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets. At the time I was scarcely able to walk. Owing to their effect I commenced to improve rapidly and am now as well and strong as ever. I thank you from the depths of my heart for the good they have done me, and wish you all success. Yours truly, MRS. S. STROWN.

Sly Doctors.

It is a fact that many of the "regular" doctors who will not recommend Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for the diseases which it so effectually removes, yet use it "on the sly," in their practice. They must soon adopt it openly as the standard remedy.

INPURE BLOOD.—In morbid conditions of the blood are many diseases; such as salt rheum, ring worm, boils, carbuncles, sores, ulcers and pimples. In this condition of the blood try the VEGETINE, and cure these affections. As a blood purifier it has no equal. Its effects are wonderful.

—The fisherman who sits all day long on a log waiting for a fish-bite and getting mosquito bites, is just the sort of a man who will get fat over the gem puzzle.

THE trade-mark is on every package of the Frazer Axle Grease. Buy only the genuine. For sale everywhere.

A DISTINGUISHING feature of Redding's Russia Salve is its power to reduce inflammation.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 26, 1880.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	5.75 @	8.25
SHEEP—Unshorn	6.75 @	8.12½
HOGS—Live	.... @	....
COTTON—Middling	.... @	11¼
FLOUR—Good to Choice	4.85 @	7.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.21 @	1.23
CORN—No. 2	55 @	56
OATS—Western Mixed	40 @	42¾
PORK—Mess, New	10.50 @	10.75
ST. LOUIS.		
COTTON—Middling	.... @	11¼
BEEVES—Choice to Extra	4.70 @	4.90
Good to Prime	4.45 @	4.60
Native Cows	2.40 @	3.40
Texas Steers	3.60 @	4.00
HOGS—Common to Select	4.15 @	4.30
SHEEP—Common to Choice	3.25 @	5.25
FLOUR—XXX to Choice	4.50 @	5.20
WHEAT—Red Winter, No. 2	1.10 @	1.10½
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	.... @	33½
OATS—No. 2	30 @	30
RYE—No. 2	.... @	74
TIMOTHY SEED—Prime	2.00 @	2.15
TOBACCO—Dark Lugs	3.00 @	3.25
Medium Dark Leaf	5.50 @	7.50
HAY—Choice Timothy	13.50 @	14.00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	23 @	24
EGGS—Fresh Candled	.. @	07
PORK—Standard Mess	10.10 @	10.50
WOOL—Tub-washed, Choice	53 @	55
Unwashed, Medium	33 @	35
KANSAS CITY.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	4.00 @	4.50
Native Cows	2.60 @	3.25
HOGS—Sales at	3.60 @	4.05
WHEAT—No. 2	.... @	1.09
No. 3	.... @	98½
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	30 @	30½
OATS—No. 2	.... @	26
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	4.40 @	4.65
HOGS—Common to Choice	4.00 @	4.25
SHEEP—Unshorn	6.25 @	6.62½
FLOUR—Winters	5.50 @	6.25
Springs	5.00 @	5.50
WHEAT—Spring No. 2	1.11½ @	1.12
CORN—Fresh	36 @	36¾
OATS—No. 2	29¼ @	30
RYE—No. 2	.... @	71½
PORK—Mess	9.77½ @	9.80
WOOL—Tub washed, Bright	58 @	60
Unwashed, Medium	40 @	42
NEW ORLEANS.		
FLOUR—High Grades	5.25 @	6.00
CORN—White	48 @	52
OATS—Choice	41 @	42
HAY—Choice	23.00 @	25.00
PORK—Mess	11.12½ @	11.25
BACON	05 @	05¼
COTTON—Middling	.... @	13

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Vegetine.

SCROFULA.

COMPLETELY CURED ME.

NEWPORT, KY., Feb. 26, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS: *Dear Sir*—I write to say that seven bottles of your VEGETINE have completely cured me from a very severe case of Scrofula, of many years' standing, after trying many medicines and doctoring a great deal. I am now free from all sores, and can work as well as ever, and think the VEGETINE is a Godsend, and no one ought to do without it. I remain, respectfully, yours, J. A. PATRICK.

Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor.

THE WATCHMAKER'S REPORT.

EVANSVILLE, IND., Dec. 27, 1878.

DR. H. R. STEVENS: I have suffered with *Scrofula and Scrofulous Humors* ever since I could remember. It has been in our family for years before I was born. I inherited it. I have tried all kinds of medicine. After having used a great many other patent medicines, after having paid many large doctors' bills, I heard from a neighbor that VEGETINE had cured him. I had good faith because I saw it, and so I went to the Duddenhausen Eagle Drug Store to purchase a bottle of the VEGETINE. I kept taking the VEGETINE, and, in fact, I became better and better. When I had taken several bottles, all *Scrofulous Sores* and marks were gone; my health very good. It is the best blood purifier I ever tried. It will cure *Scrofula.* It took the sores and humors off my face; it gave me a clear skin. Everybody who has got *Scrofulous Humors* should try it. FERDINAND SCHNICK, Watchmaker, Main Street.

I know the above to be true. DR. CHAS. M. DUDDENHAUSEN, Apothecary, 319 Main Street.

SCROFULA. Cured Her.

DR. H. R. STEVENS: BELLEVUE, KY. *Dear Sir*—I must state that your Vegetine deserves to be called a valuable blood purifier, renovator and invigorator of the whole system. My wife suffered for a length of time with a *Scr