

THE FREE CITIZEN.

E. A. WEBSTER, Editor and Proprietor.

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TIMELY TOPICS.

CARRUTH, the editor who carried a pistol-ball in his head for seven months, is dead. The man who shot him has been surrendered by his bondsmen, and will soon be put on trial for murder.

LANDIS, who shot Carruth, is the son of an old Pennsylvania Dutch couple from the Landis valley. He married the uppish Miss Mead, who liked money, but soon grew weary of Vineland life, and now Landis is divorced and indicted for murder. Moral: Marry abreast of you.

WHEN the law of Massachusetts providing that all railroad trains shall come to a full stop before crossing a track of another line was enacted, it gave much dissatisfaction to railroad men. The law has, however, proved a good one, and it is said that no railroad man of the state would now consent to its repeal.

The new state constitution of Nebraska contains a provision that the United States senators for that state shall hereafter be elected by direct vote of the people. It will be an interesting question now to be settled whether this is not in conflict with the constitution of the United States.

A DEVASTATING fire swept through Virginia City, Nevada, last week, laying the greater part of the city in ruins, and leaving thousands of people homeless and destitute. No greater calamity has befallen any western town for many years, and, if the prospective destitution is as great as reported, and the number of people left homeless as many as reported, their suffering will appeal to the charitable of the whole country over.

THROUGH the losses by the burning of Virginia City are somewhat less than was first reported they are terribly severe, and the suffering is aggravated by the fact that the city was built and inhabited for the most by working people, whose only wealth was in their labor and thrift and enterprise. The fire has not consumed the surplus wealth of a rich old community, but the tools, the mechanism, the working forces, the daily bread of a whole community.

JAY GOULD owns twenty million dollars of the stock of the Union Pacific railroad, and controls several millions more, giving him an all-potent voice in its management and one of the largest shareholders in its profits. The total of stock is fifty million dollars. If the case now before the United States supreme court is decided in favor of this road, Gould will be richer in an amount double the price of his stock, as the government will be mulcted in over three hundred million dollars.

THE mysterious murders that have become so frequent in New England of late are discussed a great deal in the papers there. One descendant of the Pilgrims offers in an exchange the following valuable suggestions to coroner's juries: "Take up the corpse and make the man in charge touch her if she bleeds that is the man I had the same evidence with one some fifteen years ago this will show you the correct way of holding a coroner's jury this is as true as God in heaven try this and you will satisfy the whole of the New England states just as I tell so help mi God."

NORMAN WIARD, of Washington, who is conducting "orbance" experiments at Boston, fired, last Saturday, an "improved chilled iron Wiard projectile," which penetrated a heavy iron plating twelve inches at a distance of 1,655 yards. The shot weighed 531 pounds, and the charge consisted of 70 pounds of hexagonal oriental powder. The shot struck the exact spot at which it was aimed; the plating was entirely perforated, and showed marks of the flanges of the shot. Its rotary motion velocity was 1,370 feet per second. The experiment was witnessed by several hundred persons, including several hundred army and navy officers and students of technology.

IN 1874 more than nine per cent. of the children of the Fatherland refused to present themselves when called upon to enroll as soldiers. In other words, the deserters from the armies aggregated eighty-two thousand four hundred and eighteen men, almost as many as the entire rank and file of the British army.

It is undoubtedly true that sixteen thousand six hundred and seventy-two of the recruits to military duty belong to Alsace and Lorraine, but a still greater number—sixteen thousand eight hundred and thirty, were natives of Prussia. Most of these men, just arrived at an age when their labor ought to be most beneficial to the community, are supposed to have left the country, which they have a perfect right to do.

A TERRIBLE JOKE.

"How was it, Major, that you never were married? I have known you for a long time and yet you have never told me that," were the words which George Felton addressed to his bachelor friend, Maj. Lee, a retired army officer, as the conversation turned on matters matrimonial.

"Ah, George! it isn't wonderful that I should never mention it. The circumstances which prevented me getting married are of such a melancholy character that it pains me to have them referred to at all," was his answer.

"Now, Major, I'm very curious to know, and as we are old friends, if I promise to keep it a secret, will you tell me? But if it would pain you too much to tell I don't want to know," said George.

"Well, then," the Major answered with a sigh, "I will tell you, but—here he shuddered, "it is so horrible, oh, so dreadful! Let me think. Yes."

"It was in the year 1847 when it happened, and I had just entered the twenty-seventh year of my age, with prospects as bright and promising as any young man could wish for. My way was clear to fame in military circles. I had just come from a hasty trip around the world, and my mind was full of strange and new ideas. People flattered me on my success, and the doors of society were open wide to me, that I might pass in. Oh, that they had only been kept shut! I received an invitation to attend a very fashionable ball given by a rich family in the west end of London. I went there, and while talking to a friend in one of the parlors I noticed a particularly handsome young lady. I took a fancy to her immediately, and managed to obtain an introduction to her, which I afterward found out she was as anxious to have as I was. You know yourself what feelings possess a man when he first falls in love, and such feelings I had then. However, I danced with her, escorted her to supper, and parted with her at the door of her carriage, receiving an invitation to call at her house. It's scarcely necessary to tell you that I visited her again and again. The following summer I was invited to spend a few months at her father's country residence. I was only too willing to go, and while down there in Devonshire one beautiful calm evening, seated on a rustic bench, I offered her my hand and heart, and was accepted.

"Now, she was very fond of practical jokes, and never let pass an opportunity to play one, regardless of who might be unfortunate enough to be her victim.

"One morning Lena (I can't help calling her by the old familiar name) did not come down to breakfast as usual. A servant was sent to her room to see what was the matter and found her lying in bed, complaining of a sick headache, an illness which we afterwards found out to be only assumed. She said that during the night she was awakened by a scratching noise, and looking in the direction whence it came she saw a horrible face looking at her. She fainted and remembered nothing more about it. Of course we pronounced this nothing more than a nightmare, but at her request one of her sisters was allowed to sleep with her. The next morning they reported seeing the same horrible apparition, and declared their intention of never sleeping in the room again, as it was haunted.

"I volunteered to occupy the department for one night, as much to investigate the cause of the appearance of the 'ghost' as because no one else was willing to take possession of the room. About ten o'clock I went to bed, and don't know how long I slept when I was awakened by a scratching noise, and looking in that direction saw a terrible malicious looking face directly over the mantelpiece, and looking straight at me. It had large eyes, a horrible pair of fangs in its mouth, and seemed as if the inside of the head were all on fire. I jumped from the bed, but the moment I touched the floor the face disappeared. I went to bed again, but did not sleep much. I kept watching over the mantel-piece and was rewarded by the face again appearing. I had taken a revolver with me and placed it under my pillow. I quietly took it out, aimed at the face and pulled the trigger."

Here the Major began to cry, and grief for a time interrupted his narrative, and said: "When I fired we heard a piercing shriek, accompanied by a fall as of some heavy body. We lighted the gas, and rushed to the mantel-piece. I found the place where my bullet had entered. It had made a clean hole. I knew it must be hollow behind, and found that I could push down the wall paper, which I did, and found a large hole, about three feet square. Hearing groans, I jumped through the opening, and groping around I felt a female form which I lifted up, and found, to my horror, that it was she who was soon to be my bride. She was shot through the breast, and by the hand of the man who had pledged himself again and again to protect her from all harm. We carried her to the room where I had formerly slept, and which was hers at the time. Here she lingered for a few days, never recovering consciousness, and then died. Now, George, you have the reason why I never was married."

"There was a passage which led from the room where she slept as far as this mantel-piece, and over the whole there was nothing but the plain white wall paper, upon the back of which she had painted the horrible face, which, by jobbing a light behind it, could be shown distinctly. That explains it."—*W. M. in New York World.*

Often a child bears a striking resemblance to a grandparent without a lineament of parental feature.

FIVE AND A HALF—PATCHED.

I am a bachelor, an old bachelor; at least, that's what my nieces—pretty, spry, clever, lovable girls—call me; and no doubt they're right, though I can't go so far as to agree with them when they declare a man owing to five-and-forty years and a dozen white hairs "decidedly venerable" and "fearfully gray."

However, an old bachelor I am dubbed, and I must confess, if to acquire that distinction one is obliged to enjoy life to the utmost, as I do, and be made much of by lovely women and charming maidens, as I am, I have no serious objection to the title.

In the first place, my home is a home in every sense of the word, although without a mother, or even a mother-in-law. I occupy, and have occupied for the past year, a suite of remarkably pleasant rooms, the front windows looking on a city park and the back on a garden made delightful by two fine old peach-trees, a heavy grape-vine, and sweet-smelling wisteria. The latter has climbed to my windows, and, twining in and out of the slats of the shutters, effectually prevents my closing them, but gives me in recompense great fragrant bunches of purple flowers.

These cheerful rooms are part and parcel of Mrs. Midget's boarding-house. No, I am wrong. Mrs. Midget—Mrs. Midget was lost at sea five years ago—does not keep a boarding-house, but takes a few select boarders, of whom she is pleased to intimate she considers me the selectest.

Wonderfully comfortably the "few select" find it in Mrs. Midget's, shady, old-fashioned, neatly kept, three-story brick house.

"Everything like was?" my eldest sister says when she comes to visit me, which is about once in four weeks—a day or two after my magazines have arrived.

"And the landlady?" I invariably replied, "isn't she awful cunning?"—so denure in her ways and speech for such a we thing and so pretty, with her bright blue eyes and yellow hair!

But Maria, I can't divine why, pretends not to hear me, or else repeats with scornful emphasis: "Awful cunning!" The fact is, I'm so much among my kin-women that I often find myself when I wish to be particularly emphatic, borrowing their queer adjectives and peculiar forms of expression.

"Indeed, uncle," said Charley to me the other day—named for me, Charlotte (Charles, as near as they could get at it)—"you're beginning to talk like a girl—and at your time of life, too!" And I didn't feel at all insulted; for if all girls talk as well as my nieces I consider Charley's remark rather a compliment than otherwise.

Mrs. Midget knows how to furnish a table, too; all sort of little delicacies and unexpected tidbits, stews and hashes above reproach, bread and pies, marvels of culinary skill, and tea and coffee—well, really coffee and tea.

As for Mrs. Midget herself, she's such a lot of a woman that I feel like laughing outright every time I look at her, perched on a pile of music books placed on a chair—the chair itself taller than any of the "few select"—at the head of the dining table. Indeed, only the other day, when she asked, in a solemn manner, fixing her blue eyes on my face, and lifting a large soup-ladle in her mite of a hand, if I would have some soup, I did burst out laughing, she looked so very like a little girl playing dinner with her mother's dinner-set.

The miniature woman laid down the ladle and gazed at me in surprise.

"Mrs. Midget, I beg your pardon," said I; "I suddenly thought of a man I saw at the circus."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Midget, and returned to the soup.

"I'm a romantic old fellow—there, you see how naturally I fall in my nieces' way—love, poetry, music, flowers (Mrs. Midget always has a posy ready for me in summer-time, which she pins into my button-hole with her own fair hands; and I assure you it's not at all unpleasant to have her standing on the tips of her toes to reach it, with her small, round head just touching my chin), and the fair sex."

Yes, old bachelor as I am, I love, and always have loved, the fair sex; and I really think it is because I love them so well I still remain unmarried. I never could make up my mind that one of all those I admired was prettier, brighter and sweeter than the others, and as I wanted the sweetest, prettiest and brightest I have been in a dilemma all my life. But I've always meant to, and my intention is stronger than ever since the day I picked up the little patched glove in Broadway in front of Stewart's.

I feel convinced that the owner of that glove is the wife for me. I wear it next my heart. Silly? Not a bit of it. No single man could help wearing a glove like that, near his heart.

Five and a half a pretty mouse-color; ever, finger well filled out, scarcely a crease in them—she must be plump; a faint smell of rose (as a general thing, I detect perfumes, but if I can endure any it is rose, calling to mind, as it does, bees, butterflies, flowers, and all that sort of thing), and the cunningest patch in the palm of the hand.

Now I'd never seen a patch in a glove before, so it struck me as something odd, and I examined it critically. The manner in which that patch was sewed in told me the wearer of the glove was neat and methodical; the fine silken stitches used in sewing that patch in, that she was dainty; the fact that the color of the patch exactly matched that of the glove, that she was constant, true to one shade.

Then I imagined her personal appear-

ance: Soft brown eyes, chestnut hair, slight but plump figure, feet, to correspond with her hands—decidedly graceful and, altogether, very attractive.

"I'll wager she sings, plays and dances well," I said to myself, in conclusion; "is not richer or she would not patch her glove; or poor, or she would not wear kids."

I must find her!

"All very well to say, but how to find her? A 'personal,' if it met her, soft brown eyes, would frighten so modest a little creature, and she would be 'likely to hide herself instead of allowing herself to be found.'"

"Shall I show my treasure to my nieces and ask if they can give me any clue to the original possessor?"

"Pshaw! the teasing things would make no end of fun of me."

"By Jove! where have my wits been? I'll see what Mrs. Midget says about it. She's by far the most sensible woman of my acquaintance, and very sympathetic, and is at the moment sitting alone in the dining-room in a low rocking-chair, with a giant-work-basket by her side and a heap of stockings in her lap."

"There, my dear Mrs. Midget, is the glove. You will see at once that it is all my fancy painted it," and I placed it in the landlady's little hand.

Over went the big work-basket on the floor as Mrs. Midget, throwing herself back in a paroxysm of laughter, came near going over too, her absurdly-small feet kicking wildly in the air for a moment, until I had restored the rocking-chair to its equilibrium.

"Shall I pick up the things, Mrs. Midget?" said I, as soon as she ceased laughing, rather put out, to tell the truth, by her strange conduct, so unlike the sympathy I had expected.

"Yes—no—if you please—I don't care," stammered Mrs. Midget, in a voice very different from her every-day one, and with the levellest rose-color in her cheeks. As I thought so I detected the fragrance of rose apparently emanating from a spoon of thread I held in my hand, and remembered the glove.

"Did you drop the glove, Mrs. Midget?" asked I, seriously.

"No," replied she opening a wee hand and showing it, crumpled into a heap. "Take it, and oh! please, say no more about it. It's too—too ridiculous!" and off she went again.

"Mrs. Midget," said I, "what age you, laughing at."

"I suddenly thought of a man I saw at the circus," said she, with a saucy look I had never seen before in her blue eyes.

"I'm convinced you know the owner of the glove," said I. "It's an old maid whom nature has sought to compensate for lack of other charms by giving her a perfect hand; or a grandmother who still wears five and a half, though her complexion has fled and hair departed. You know—I'm sure of it; and, though you completely shatter my beautiful dream, you must tell me." And in my excitement I—quite unintentionally—put my arm around her slender waist.

"Well, if I must, I must," said Mrs. Midget. "Prepare for a fearful blow. The glove is mine."

"Mrs. Midget has ceased to be a widow, and I am no longer a bachelor."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE SALARIES OF BIG ACTORS.—Booth's terms are \$500 a night, and he is engaged to play in the Fifth Avenue theatre during the present season. Jarrett & Palmer desire him to pay for them, and have offered \$600 a night, but he has a very natural dislike to appearing amid the scenes of his former triumphs and his eventual ruin. The associations of such a spot would be too painful. It is six years since he opened that theatre with high expectations of success, and during this time he exerted every faculty to sustain the institution. At last he bade it farewell amid general ruin, and he does not care to revisit it.

Barry Sullivan, as a star, receives 40 per cent. of the house—such, at least, is the report—but it is probable that the terms are over-stated, in order to give him eclat. He is a very clever actor, but will not achieve any grand success. The Irish do well in comic performances, and Barry Sullivan convinces the American people that he is a tragedian; he will be the first of his countrymen that has done so. Davenport, as a star of Shakspearian dignity, is worth \$500 a week. First-class comedians are rated at from \$125 to \$250 a week. James Lewis receives the first-mentioned price, except under extraordinary circumstances. From this rate the salaries decline until they reach \$15 to \$20 per week for stage-walkers.

NOT LIKE WASHINGTON.—The other day a Vicksburg father, finding it necessary to reprove his son, gently said: "Don't stuff victuals into your mouth that way, my son; George Washington didn't eat after that fashion."

The boy accepted the reproof without comment, and after pondering for awhile, he remarked to himself: "And I don't believe George Washington licked his boy for finding a bottle of whisky in the shed when he was hunting after a horse-shoe, either!"

MAKING SERMONS.—"How do you get your sermons?" asked someone of Mr. Moody. His reply was: "For a number of years I have kept large envelopes marked, say, 'Blood,' 'Heaven,' 'Faith,' etc., and everything I hear or meet with on any of these subjects I make a note of, and keep it in these envelopes. After some time I have material enough in one of these envelopes for three or four sermons. People sometimes speak of me taking four or five months to prepare a sermon; it takes me four or five years."

A SMALL piece of calf's rump soaked in milk and tied around the finger, renewing occasionally, will cure any case of felon.

THE CHILDREN'S BED-TIME.

The clock strikes seven in the hall. The murmur of the children's day. That calls each little pattering foot From above and song and liveliest play: Their day that in our wider light Looks like a silver-ray-moon white. Now in our darkness slits to rest, But sets within a golden west.

Ah, tender hearts that send adrift O' children's kisses through the hour, And curves notes of sweet "good night," That thoughts of heaven and home arouse; And a soft stir to sense and heart. As when the last and blossoming part: And little feet that patter shower, Like the last droppings of the shower.

And in the children's rooms about What blossom shapes do gently slip? Their baby breaths, and eyes run From sleeping hand and kissing lip. A naked sweetness to the eye, Blossom and babe and butterfly In watching one so dear a sight! An ecstasy of life and light.

And ah, what lovely witcheries Bestrew the floor an empty sack, By vanishing dimness and soft moon. As dead bird's throats; a tiny snuck That, sure, upon some meadow grew. And drank the heaven-sweet rains; a show More fragrant than an acorn cup. Frogs that seem flowery meads cut up.

The fly-dust in angel white From mother's knees they trooping come, The soft glances fold like kissing shells. And they and we go singing home— Their bright heads low and worshipping. As though some glory of the spring. Some daffodil that mocks the day. Should toll his golden palms and pray.

The gates of Paradise swing wide A moment's space in soft accord. And those dread angels Life and Death, A moment on the flanking wind. As over this weary world to fore. From Eden's coast heart's home That breath of Paradise must fair, Which mothers call "the children's prayer."

Ah, deep pathetic mystery! The world's great, vast unconscious hung, A rift-drop on a blossom's lip, A white-rose that was our wrong. And love divine that looks again, Unmouldings of the cross-gate pain, From sweet child-eyes, and in that child Sad earth and heaven reconciled.

Then hushed, on beds what they then down, As fragrant white as doves of soul. And all the upper powers grow hushed. With children's sleep and days of God. And in our stars the beams are hid. Their stars of twilight opening wide, Take on the heavenly tale to even. And light us on to God and heaven. —*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Stonewall Jackson at West Point.

An old friend and comrade of Stonewall Jackson writes to the Richmond Whig: In June, 1812, A. P. Hill, George E. Pickens, B. D. Fry, and the writer having passed our first week at the military academy, were standing together on the south side of the south barracks at West Point, when a candidate came by us conducting a newly arrived cadet to his quarters. He was apparently about twenty years of age, etc.; was well grown; his figure was angular and clumsy; his gait was awkward. He was clad in old-fashioned Virginia homespun wooden cloth; he bore across his shoulders a pair of weather-stained saddle-bags, and his hat was one of those heavy, low-crowned, broad-brimmed wool hats usually worn in those days by overseers, county constables, wagoners, etc. He tramped alone by the side of the sergeant with an air of resolution, and his stolid look added to the inflexible determination of his whole aspect, so that one of us remarked, "That fellow has come here to stay." His name was Thomas J. Jackson.

He had a rough time in the academy at first, for his want of previous training placed him at a disadvantage, and it was all he could do to pass his first examination. We were studying algebra, and maybe analytical geometry, that winter, and Jackson was very low in his class standing. All lights were put out at "taps," but just before the signal he would pile up his grate with anthracite coal, and lying prone before it on the floor, would work away at his lessons by the glare of the fire, which scorched his very brain, till a late hour in the night. This, evident determination to succeed not only aided his own efforts directly, but impressed his instructors in his favor, and he rose steadily year by year till we used to say, "If we had to stay here another year 'old Jack' would be at the head of the class."

By the fourth year he attained a position in the first section, but his lower standing during the early years in the course, and in drawing, French, and some other studies of a lighter and more ornamental character, brought his average below the point to which he had actually attained by the end of our course.

In the riding-hall I think his suffering must have been great—he had a very rough horse—and when the order came to "cross stirrups" and "trot," "old Jack" swayed about and struggled hard to keep his horse. When we had advanced to riding at the heads, leaping the bars, etc., his equitation was truly fearful; but he persevered through the most perilous trials, and no man in the riding-house would take more risks than he, and certainly no one had our good wishes for success and safety more than he.

I believe he went through the very trying ordeal of the four years at West Point without ever having a hard word or a hard feeling for or a hard feeling from any cadet or professor. And while there were many who seemed to surpass him in the grades of intellect, in gentility and in good fellowship, there was no one of our class who more absolutely possessed the respect and confidence of all than he did.

A VISITOR to Yammeter's stock farm in Kentucky saw three pure-bred short horn cows, worth on an average two thousand dollars, working in the yoke to prevent the accumulation of fat and consequent lameness.

To preserve you in the grate or furnace over night there is nothing better than moistened coal screenings; they are better than ashes, and will not cause the formation of clinkers.

Courtship in Texas.

He sat on one side of the room, in a big, white-oak rocking-chair. She on the other in a little, white-oak rocking-chair. A long-eared deer-hound, snapping at the flies, was by his side; a basket of sewing by hers. Both rock incessantly, that is, the young people, not the dog and basket. He sighs heavily, and looks out the west window at a grape myrtle tree; she sighs lightly, and gazes out the east window—at the turnip patch. At last he remarks: "This is mighty good weather to pick cotton."

"'Tis that, if we only had any to pick."

The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?"

"Cooney."

"Another sigh-broken stillness.

"What is he good for?"

"What is he good for?" said he, abstractedly.

"Your dog, Cooney."

"Fur ketchin' possums."

Silence of half an hour.

"He looks like a deer dog."

"Who looks like a deer dog?"

"Cooney."

"He is, but he's kinder bellowsed an' gettin' old and slow now. An' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt; it was a gorgeous affair, that quilt was made by the pattern called the "Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilts, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern, with a "real putty name."

"Your ma raisin' many chickings?"

"Forty-odd."

"Then more rocking, and, somehow, after awhile, the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair were jammed side by side.

"How many has your ma got?"

"How many what?"

"Chickens."

"Nigh on to a hundred."

By this time the chairs are so close together that rocking is impossible.

"The minks has eat all ours."

Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes:

"Makin' quilts?"

"Yes," she replies, brightening up. "I've just finished a 'rourin' eagul of Brazel,' a 'sitting sun,' and a 'mission's pride.' Have you ever saw the 'yellow rose of the prairie'?"

"No."

More silence; then he says:

"Do you love cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it—at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then after a half hour spent in sighs, coughing and clearing of throats, he suddenly says:

"I see a great mind to bite you."

"What you great a-mind to bite me fur?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now, I ax you."

"Then, now, I ax you."

"Then Cooney dreams he hears a sound of kissing."

The next day the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday following week. No cards.

THE DAIRY BUSINESS IN THE SOUTH.—Mr. Geo. H. Williamson, in Phillip's Southern Farmer, calls attention to the fact that the south offers a rich field for the dairyman, whether in milk, butter or cheese, the price of all these products being always higher here than at the north, while it costs much less to produce them. He adds:

Any town of two thousand inhabitants will support a first-class milk dairy, and the butter and cheese can always be shipped to the best markets at a small cost. For a milk dairy, the Ayrshire will prove most profitable as the improved breeds, and a dairy can be started in this way at a small expense. If dairying will pay, and pay a big profit, under all disadvantages of long northern winters, high priced labor and great competition, it ought certainly to prove profitable in the south, where there is no competition whatever except in a few sections. There is no business, however, which requires a closer attention to all details. We tried it a few years, and speak from experience. Aside from the profit, it is a constant source of improvement to the farm.

A NATURAL NARCOTIC.—Dr. Preyer, of Jena, has been led to make experiments with those substances which are found in the tissues after severe muscular or nervous fatigue, to see whether they do not possess narcotic properties. Lactic acid, especially, has yielded the most satisfactory results, and lactate of soda is recommended for use in many cases where morphia or chloral is now ordered. From a large number of experiments on animals, Dr. Preyer is strongly opposed to the use of the lactates of potash, magnesia or lime for narcotic purposes in the human subject. Lactate of soda is not, however, always to be depended on for inducing sleep, its effects being in individuals very different, both as regards the time of the onset of sleep and as to its duration and intensity. Mothers will be glad to learn that young and small animals are more easily affected by it than old and large ones.

—Peter Reid, of Bridge of Caley, Blaigowrie, has sent four stamps to the English mint to pay for coining for him two pennies, one with two heads and one with two tails. He adds: "N. B.—It is for tossing that I want them."

POULTRY may be bred in and in for many years, and the quality greatly improved, by always selecting the finest fowls to breed from. This is a fact.