WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

When klingle, klingle, klingle,
Far down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or pattetings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Jingling, tingling, tinglingling,
Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And carry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Melissa and Pearl and Pauline
Bellame, Bell Rose, and Gretchen Schell,
Daisy Dean, and Delight, and Spangled Lane,
Across the fields I hear "Bossie,"
And clang her silver bell;
Tinkling, tinkling, tinglingling,
With faint, far echoes that mingle,
The cows come slowly home.
And mother's song of long-gone years
And baby joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tangle, tingle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun is sinking down,
And the magic in the hazel glade
Throws down its purple twilight
And the hills are green and brown,
Tooling, tooling, toolinglingling,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows come slowly home.
The same sweet sound of wordless praise,
The same sweet June day, rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through dell and purple wrinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A faltering in the checkered room
Where the sunrays chance and gloom,
Chance, Peckhaven, and Pleasant Plain,
And knee-deep in the creamy hiles,
In a rosy dream,
To link, to clank, to tinklelingle,
Over books with forty wraps a twinkle,
The cows come slowly home.
And up through memory's deep recess
Come the brook's cold song and the old-time dress,
And the crescent of the silver moon,
When the cows come home.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With horses, hounds and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin Hill,
Gilded by the planter's evening ill,
And the dying hope fires on the faded sky,
And over the pasture waves shines,
And over the silent mill,
Tinkling, tinkling, tolinglingle,
With rosy shine and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars; let in the dream
Of days that are, and that shall be, and time
Let down all time to come back again
When the cows come home.

—*Chicago Weekly.*

THE PLANTATION.

Application of Lime.

E. H. Libby, in a recent number of the *Scientific Farmer*, from an investigation of the nature and action of lime, draws the following conclusion in regard to its application: "Soils rich in organic matter, even though they already contain it in considerable quantities—drained peat swamps, stiff clays and coarse, heavy soils, and especially those destitute of it, are all benefited by an application of lime. Good results also follow its use on light soils after an incorporation of organic matter, as green manure, muck, or a thick sod or green crop plowed under. Sterile soils are equally rendered more sterile by its application. Wet lands show least effect from treatment with lime. Hence such lands must either be drained or receive an extra amount. Clay should also have organic matter applied in connection with lime. It acts more effectually near the surface. The apparent effect is greater the second season than the first, so the most satisfactory results are obtained by sowing broadcast in the early fall, with at most only a light harrowing or brushing. It should be applied in air-slacked, fine mechanical condition. The most profitable quantity to apply depends much on the land, wet soils, those well filled with organic matter, and clays, taking most—from ten to forty bushels being recommended, according to the circumstances. A careful study of this subject will explain why soils containing lime are benefited by an addition, and also why, though an excess of lime in soils causes the production of coarse plants, yet its use often improves grasses and grains. It is said that turnips on some farms, grown on land well limed, are better cattle food than otherwise, perhaps because of the potash set free for their use. But a great deal still remains to be learned about this substance."

Be Sociable With Your Cattle.

Said a farmer to me last spring: "When we were drawing our manure I stayed in the yard, because I could put on better loads, and the cows commenced to give more milk right off." Now this man is an active, industrious, intelligent, experienced farmer; and yet, when he is piling manure in the yards, his cows give a perceptible increase in their milk. Why? One of his handsome grade short horns that he is proud of, seeing him around, goes up to him and says, as plain as a cow can say: "Give me a lock of hay;" and he gives it to her. Another says, "Mr. Stevens, don't you think that rack wants cleaning out?" and on looking, he finds to his surprise that there is a lot of dirt and wet hay seeds and rubbish at the bottom. He scrapes it all out and rubs it clean with some straw, and as soon as his load is filled, and while he is waiting for the next wagon, he gets a little food and puts it in the rack, and the cows eat it and feel grateful. Between the next loads he takes the curry comb and brush, and gives one of the cows a good cleaning. The other cows come around him, and he has a gentle word and friendly pat for each of them. He is a good looking man, and the cows like to look at him. He is a gentleman, and his presence has a soothing effect. They chew the cud of contentment and peace. As he goes past the pump, he asks the cows if they want a little fresh water. They had not thought about it, but they drink just a little to please him. And so it goes on all day. No wonder the cows give more milk at night.—*American Agriculturist.*

Ginseng in Cultivation.

Some five or six years ago my attention was called to the value of ginseng as an article of commerce, through a correspondent of the Country Gentleman, then residing in California (I regret very much that I have since lost his address). In his letter he asked particularly as to the nature of the plant, the soil upon which it was grown, the time required for it to come to maturity, etc., and if I thought it could be acclimated, or, I should say, cultivated, in open ground, exposed to the rays of the sun. After a great many inquires upon the subject from persons who were engaged in the gathering of the ginseng in the mountains, I was informed that it was never found anywhere except in the woods, and the general doubts seemed to be expressed as to the possibility of getting the plant to grow except in the damp-shaded gorges of the mountains. However, I procured some seed and attempted to grow them. The effort was a failure, until I accidentally discovered how the seed could be propagated, and I assure you I watched with no little interest the only plant I obtained the first season. The plant yielded a good crop of seed the second year, which was planted and came up in due time, and I think from present appearances I will claim the honor of acclimating the ginseng. If the plants of last season yield as they now promise, I think the growing ginseng will be as easily accomplished as a growing crop of potatoes. The only difficulty I now see is this—it requires two seasons for the plant in its wild state to become large enough for market—or I should say at that age it has arrived at a state in which it is considered more salable in market. What I want to know is this—what fertilizer I could use that would force the growth of the plant. Possibly some gentleman who has an analysis of ginseng at hand could aid me or make some suggestion as to the proper manure. The present price of ginseng has caused the gathering of a larger amount than usual the past season. Although the state has passed very stringent laws to protect the plants growing in the mountains, it is but a question of a few years when ginseng will become extinct, and any means by which the demand for this article can be supplied will certainly be a source of great revenue.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Why Not Breed Carriage Horses for a Change.

It is astonishing to us why some of our breeders do not breed the old-time coach or carriage horse that we used to see five and twenty years ago. We can recollect when it was little or no trouble to pick up a lot of splendid geldings which could be mated and matched within a fortnight. This is almost an impossibility now. You very rarely see a fine stepping matched team of coach or carriage horses. Why is this great change? Because the desire to breed fast trotters from all sorts and conditions of horses has nearly made extinct the old, beautiful, high-stepping horses. Stallions and mares of this kind are rarely seen now. We want the old-style coach horse of high repute, possessing substance well placed, deep and well-proportioned body, strong and clean bone under the knee, open, sound and tough feet, with fine knee action, lifting his feet high, ranging in height from 15½ to 16½ hands.—*Kentucky Live Stock Record.*

Worms in Flower-Pots.

Many ladies are puzzled how to get rid of the detestable worms that will infest the earth in their flower-pots. The following recipe, which we find in an exchange, is recommended to destroy the pest: "Put an ounce of ammonia into a gallon of warm water, and water the plants with it once a week; they will be free from these worms, and be beautiful and green. To kill the little bugs that get on the oleander, take a piece of lime the size of a hen's eggs, and dissolve it in about two quarts of water, and wash the stalk and branches of the tree; they will disappear."

The Perils of Stage Balconies and Boats.

Do you see that lovely little balcony jutting out from that second-story window of the scenery? Of course you do, for as you look the prima donna steps gracefully forth and warbles a song to the stars. You envy her picturesque surroundings, and imagine that she stepped through the casement out of a dainty boudoir. Not a bit of it. With trembling limbs she scales a shaky ladder, treading on her dress at every step, and mentally blessing the carpenter. Her maid holds her train, and the stage-manager and one of the chorus guide her uncertain footsteps. Everything is dark and gloomy before her eyes. In a moment she steps out upon the balcony and faces the applauding audience with an angelic smile upon her countenance, while she wonders if the props are perfectly secure, and whether the whole thing will come down and cripple her for life. Then sings her song, and steps out upon the little platform and backs down into the arms of her mother, who wraps a shawl around her shoulder, while the maid again takes up the train and the three run into the dressing-room to get out of the way of the drafts. Another thing the audience dote on is a chorus song without accompaniment—sort of impromptu, you know. But they should see the preparations made for the impromptu. The boat is about leaving the wharf, and the sailors stand around to sing a parting song. The leader, who is generally an excitable German, gets them together, and the audience wait in pleasant expectation. He counts one, two, three, and gives the pitch. "Mein Gott! a tone below!" and he rushes away with his fingers in his ears, while the men sing on as lustily as though they were on the track, and the audience says, "How sweet!" In "The Star of the North," when Catterina goes to the wars, she gets on board a boat and sails away. It looks beautiful from the front, where everything seems so real. All there is like a boat is a painted side. She steps upon a platform on rollers, and is pulled along by a couple of stalwart scene shifters standing in the wing. Sometimes the rollers want greasing, and stick so that no pulling will budge them; then the singer, if she has presence of mind steps upon the stage, and wriggles out with as little of the motion of walking as possible. One night, when Miss Kellogg was playing "Somnambula," as she was crossing the bridge, the planks broke, not in the usual way, but really, and left the gentleman who was leading her along on the other side standing in bold relief before the audience—dress-coat, crush hat and all. Fortunately no harm came of the accident. One night, Mr. Lawrence Barrett and Miss Marie Gordon were playing a part on top of a tower some twenty feet above the stage, and while they were up there, something cracked and the whole thing swayed to and fro like a ship at sea. The props had not been made firm, and, had the actors not luckily gotten down in time, they would have been killed, or worse. I shall not repeat what Mr. Barrett said to the stage carpenter.

FIGHT BETWEEN A DEVIL FISH AND A LOBSTER.—An interesting account of the octopus, or devil-fish, has been given by Prof. Kollman, of Munich, who has been studying the animal's habits at the Naples aquarium, where there are several specimens in the tanks. One of them was placed in the same compartment with a large lobster which had recently killed a turtle two feet long by crushing its skull. A fierce combat ensued, and the octopus wrenched a claw away from the lobster, who was thereupon placed in the adjoining tank. The octopus then climbed out of the water and over the partition, and was only discovered with the slain lobster in his clutches, literally torn in two. Prof. Kollman thinks this pursuit is proof of intelligence; and he shows not only that these wonderful creatures can swim backward and forward, jump four feet out of the water, use there arms separately and in different directions at the same time, and change their colors through nearly all the shades of the rainbow, but also that they are capable of recognizing their keepers at the aquarium, and that they actually manifest attachment for these men.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS SOLD.

Some Cases Brought to Mind by the Charge Against Speaker Kerr.

Washington Cor. of the St. Louis Times.

Wm. Pitt Fessenden, in the zenith of his power and fame, was sold for ten thousand dollars, through a most ingenious scheme and by a most daring operator. Senator Morton was quietly conveyed and made over for five thousand dollars. Mr. Chas Foster, of Ohio, was knocked down by a shrewd auctioneer to an innocent purchaser for one thousand dollars. Sam Cox was retailed at the same price. And on another occasion, the most ludicrous of all, a sharp bummer sold the invincible Holman for five hundred dollars.

Holman is celebrated as the universal objector. He objects to everything and particularly to all private bills. Three years ago a man was here with a claim for additional compensation or relief for carrying mails. The bill had gone through the committee and was in fact a fair, square bill, and the man deserved relief. But a bloodsucker happened to get wind of it just before it was reported to the house. He hied to the room of the claimant, who was all unversed in the wicked ways of Washington. The bloodsucker told him that there was a member from Indiana who had determined to object. It was near the close of the session and an objection would carry the bill over. The claimant wanted his money. The bloodsucker assured him that nobody but himself could control the member from Indiana! And that it would take money to control him at that! The claimant was ignorant and the bloodsucker adroit. Consequently five per cent. of the claim, amounting to nearly one thousand four hundred dollars, was paid to the bloodsucker to "control Holman." Probably Holman never would have noticed the claim at all. And it afterward transpired that the congressman who had it in charge, a Missourian, had explained it all to him, and he had agreed to let it go through. But the bloodsucker did not know this. So he employed a concedentate—a woman—and just as this bill was reached on the calendar, the woman called Holman out by card and detained him with some imaginative gossip for fifteen or twenty minutes, and by that time the thing was done. Holman had been successfully sold. And Holman knew no more about it than he did what was going on at the town of Seattle in Washington Territory.

Some of the Charities of the Fashionable Women of New York.

That fashionable women are seldom, and perhaps never, counted among the semi-spiritual inhabitants of the earth is too gross a mistake to leave uncorrected. The noble charities which have been originated and executed upon the promptings of lofty impulses, and steadily maintained in New York, are sweet, pure and loving enough to redeem the vilest. Seldom from an impending doom, and fashionable women maintain them almost exclusively.

A hereditary descent of poverty is not the saddest phase of want in New York, nor indeed anywhere else. It is upon those who have been lowered from beautiful sights, from sweet sounds and from pure atmospheres, that the summer missions of our city fall like blessings direct from heaven. To the finer-fibred of our languishing poor whom misfortune has thrown into hospitals, when the season of suffering helplessness came, the missions of our summer saints are especially sweet and healing.

There is a pretty spot on Staten Island, where the tall trees wave, the flowers bloom, and wild birds sing the whole day long. Angels of mercy go there and make a summer rest for poor children who have been ill, or who may be if they spend the entire hot season in vitiated air and upon wretched food. A week, fortnight, or a month is given to each little creature, according as he or she requires the change, and frivolous, fashionable women are the deviers, providers and executors of this beautiful hope for the children. They are the ministering angels, at whom the scorners of life's best and loveliest aim their fiercest sentences.

Vicious, uncomely little wretches are carried away from their unwholesome surroundings, and they become pretty little Christians when hunger ceases to torture and miasmas no longer poison them. The power of the beautiful and the peaceful in nature is potent with the street children of New York. The influence of evil seems to have full possession in certain localities, but the hand of the "frivolous angel" exercises it just as long as she retains her hold upon the victim, and when she loosens her grasp the fiend can never grip the child so fiercely again. The hand of good woman, albeit she is frivolous and fashionable, has left a potent charm with the child that holds the devil at a disadvantage thenceforth.

Another set of fashionable butterflies as systematically sustain a home for impoverished young gentle-women who desire to reduce their poor little accomplishments to bread and butter. The ladies find, if not agreeable, still tolerable positions for them among their own friends, and in the meantime furnish them with a refined home at trifling cost. Wise counsel is found among these frivolous creatures, whose reputations for folly and idleness are as fixed as are their good deeds. A set of them arrange their times of care and use, and nothing that pleasure can do to allure them is potent enough to win them from their self-appointed tasks. Books, magazines, musical instruments, pictures, etc., are considered a necessary portion of this work, and those who support the home deduct this much from their pomps and vanities, but the scoffer never writes these things down against their names. To think evil, and to speak it of the woman of fashion appears to give unending satisfaction to many of our cynical critics.

To the society of the sisters of the strangers I have before referred, and two years have passed since they were mentioned, but these same angels who relinquish the feast and the dance, whenever a call comes to them to be merciful, are still strong in their intention. Other similar angels have joined them. It is not exactly a secret society, but those who receive ministrations from it in sickness and distress are never made aware of the real names of their benefactors. Each young lady assumes another name when she puts on her nurse's gown of soft gray, and the white cap of her order. This single name is of her own choosing, and with a prefix of sister, to give it both a tenderness and a familiarity to the ears of the suffering, she performs her office intelligently and unweariedly, but when she passes out of the sick room she is as utterly lost to the one who would be grateful to her as if she had passed into Heaven itself, instead of into the gay scenes which sour imagination picture to the public as wholly destructive to the better sentiments of womankind.

These young angels record both their real and assumed names and residences with certain trustworthy clergymen and physicians, and then add the dates of each month when they will hold themselves in momentary readiness to attend to cases for service as nurses, watchers or helpers of any sort to the stranger who is in suffering and incapable of supplying herself or himself with requisite care.—This sort of life requires knowledge of various kinds that can be acquired only by special study. It demands a high order of mind, and a noble self-renunciation added to superior will power.

The frivolity of woman has too long been the theme of our sourest cynics. Because a man cannot follow her in her virtues, nor even imitate her in her unostentatious goodness, he ridicules her as insignificant. The New York satirist sneers because she is not a perfect angel, and excuses himself for being altogether a very earthly sort of being. To him she is only foolish and frivolous. What is he?—*N. Y. Cor. Chicago Times.*

Where is the English Arctic Exploration Party.

When the two vessels were last seen, open water lay before them, and they were bearing straight up northward for Pendlose Land and Cape Isabella. The season was in all respects eminently favorable, and there was every reason for hoping that a very high latitude would be reached. Unfortunately, as the recent voyage of the Pandora abundantly demonstrates, there is nothing more treacherous than Arctic seas and Arctic skies. In the morning there may be a fresh rolling sea, without a glint or ice, and a watery sky stretching round the whole circle of the horizon. By the afternoon the wind will spring up, great floes will drift steadily in, and before night closes the vessel will be hopelessly beset. It is consequently possible that the Alert may have been stopped at Cape Barrow, in latitude eighty degrees, or even as far south as Cape Isabella and Cadogan inlet. On the other hand, when we remember how Hall, in the little Polaris, a mere river steamer of small power and ill adapted for ice navigation, with a company, all told, of thirty men, women and children, including eight Esquimaux, steamed up Smith sound and Lennedy channel in one working season, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, we cannot but venture to hope that Capt. Nares may have been able to push the Alert through the hitherto unexplored waters of Lincoln sea up to the shadowy and far off President's Land, or even, it may be, to the eighty-fifth parallel. The Polaris, without the slightest let or impediment, reached as high a latitude as eighty-two degrees sixteen minutes north, and at this point saw northward of her a navigable sea with a water sky. She was a mere wooden gunboat of three hundred and eighty-seven tons, and had been in no way strengthened or specially fitted out for her work; while the Alert was originally a powerful vessel of 1,045 tons, and has been overhauled and fortified for her encounters with the ice, and furnished with new and powerful engines and boilers. We know from Mr. Lamont's experience how a steamer, if her bows are properly ironed for the work, can charge and crush her way through the ice which would hopelessly stop the progress of another vessel, and there is consequently some reason for believing that the sledging party, which must now be well on its way, has possibly not got more than four, or at the outside five, degrees to cover before it reaches that extreme apex of the earth which is, to use Mr. Markham's words, "a spot whe the sun's altitude is equal to its declination, and where bearings have to be taken by reference to time and not to the magnet," but which yet is the *Ultima Thule* of all artic discovery and the express goal of the present expedition. Remembering the achievements of Parry in 1827, when he left his vessel on the Spitzbergen coast and made his way over the great polar pack as far as eighty-two degrees forty five minutes north, we can see no cause to despair of the success of the sledging parties which at this moment should be pressing northward. Parry, it may be recollected, found that the vast sea of ice over which he was traveling drifted to the south faster than his sledges were able to move toward the north. He traveled, as far as actual distance went, one hundred and seventy-two miles from his vessel, but near the end of his journey he perceived that he was losing more by the southerly movement than he was gaining by the day's work. To this difficulty the present sledge company are not like to be exposed. In all probability the ice between Lincoln sea and the pole is no portion of the polar pack, and its southward drift, even if perceptible, will not prove a serious hindrance.—*London Telegraph.*

Voracious Tigers.

The Lewiston Journal prints the following extract from a private letter from Rev. M. Eveleth, a native of that state, now serving as a missionary in Toungoo, Burmah: "When we arrived at the village of Mone the people there were looking for the governor of the Shwaygyeen district to see what could be done to rid them of a fierce tiger. His haunt was near the path leading from this village to a Karen mountain a little to the east. This monster had killed and eaten nine persons, and now no one dared to go that way. He was a great fellow, about seventeen feet from tip to tip, very bold, and afraid of no body of men. He captured whoever came near him, whether Karam, Shan or Burman. If there were several in the party, he always sprang upon the last one. He was so heavy and sprang from so great a distance that he killed every one the moment he struck him. The last party that he attacked contained seven men. The last one carried a spear, and said that he was not afraid of the tiger, but before he reached the top of the hill the tiger had captured him, breaking his spear and killing him instantly. A little while after we left this village a man came up behind our train riding furiously. He was an Englishman, and wore a dagger and a revolver in his belt, and was rather a formidable looking man. He was chief of police in Shwaygyeen, and, glad to see a white face, I cantered on with him for a mile or two. He had in his pocket the claws of a tiger who had recently killed five Karens. This, too, was an old tiger, but with very little hair left on him, and was very large. He came to him in this wise. Two Karens were ascending the mountain together; each carried a spear, the one pointing backward, the other forward. The tiger leaped from behind, and came upon one of the spears. He was mortally wounded and very soon died. There was one very sad story connected with the death of these persons. A father and his little girl were going home from their bazaaring, when the tiger sprang upon the child and carried her away. The father, crazed with the sight, pursued the beast, and caught hold of the child's legsand tried to free her from his jaws. The tiger let go his hold, and the father placed the dead child on his shoulders and started off on the run. The tiger came up again, and seizing the child dragged it off into the jungle. The village was aroused by the cries of the man, and came to the place. While they were standing and looking at the child's blood the tiger came up behind them, sprang upon a man and carried him away. The monster who has killed nine persons still lives, notwithstanding the fact that $150 are offered for his head."

Dom Pedro's Jewish Descent.

The Jewish Chronicle accounts for the interest Dom Pedro takes in Jewish affairs by the fact that he is of Jewish descent. During the persecutions of the Jews in the Spanish peninsula in the middle ages, many Jews left or pretended to leave the religion of their fathers, and were known as "new christians." They became numerous, and married extensively with families of noble birth. A certain king of Portugal, says the Chronicle, becoming alarmed at the power wielded by individuals of Jewish descent, issued a decree that every person with Jewish blood in his or her veins should appear at court, distinguished by a white badge, the king, hoping by this edict to banish all such persons from his court, as he believed no one would be willing to acknowledge his Jewish blood. On the day named he was surprised to see more than three-fourths of his court wearing the white badge, and he was astounded when the prime minister entered, himself wearing, in a conspicuous manner, the same emblem. He asked him furiously what his business was. His answer was: "I have come to carry out your majesty's orders. Here are two white badges (at the same time producing them); one is for her royal majesty, your august spouse—" "And for whom is the other?" thundered the king. The reply was: "For your royal majesty!"

A Guest at a Hotel Wants to Have an Understanding.

Detroit Free Press.

A night or two since a chap about thirty-five years old, looking as if he had crawled out of a cave to commence life anew, entered one of the hotels, and waiting at the counter until the clerk was at liberty, he asked: "Is this a hotel?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Good living, good beds, and the most courteous attention?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the stranger, after a long look at a railroad time-table, "I suppose you don't trust?"

"No, sir."

"Wouldn't let a man stay here four or five days until something turned up?"

"No, sir."

"That's what I wanted to know. I always like to have an understanding about such things, for if anything makes me mad it is to have a great big hotel clerk jump in on me and kick me down stairs on account of my straitened finances."

"You'd better find some other place," suggested the clerk.

"Oh! I shall," replied the stranger. "The outside of this hotel seemed to smile a welcome at me; but, as I said before, my present policy is to get along without being kicked. I've got mental feelings as well as anybody else, and I'm getting so worn in flesh that a mere common grand bounce from a heavy hotel clerk upsets me a whole day. Farewell, young man; don't bile no extra taters for me."

Spontaneous Generation.

There is at present a deadlock among men of science in regard to spontaneous generation, although in 1870 Prof. Huxley said that those who did not believe in that doctrine were "victorious along the whole line." Dr. Bastian's record of his experiments a few years ago was accepted as final by many enthusiastic people, some of whom believed that it added great strength to the theory of evolution by showing the untenableness of the dogma that all life came from pre-existing life. It seemed to prove that life was, under some conditions, evolved from dead matter, and this would at once overthrow the pauspermatists. Enthusiasm was checked when Prof. Tyndall and Prof. Huxley, with the old pauspermatist Pasteur, and some other well-known scientific men, asserted their conviction and endeavored to prove that Dr. Bastian's experiments had been bungling, and he was wrong in his conclusions. They had every reason to believe that living germs could not resist the action of boiling water, but are now obliged to admit that here it was not Dr. Bastian but themselves who were mistaken. Some of them have therefore abandoned their belief in the killing power of boiling water, but have not forsaken the doctrine that all life comes from antecedent life. Bastian has indeed proved that germs may live after undergoing a temperature of two hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit for an hour, so that the pauspermatists are reduced to great extremities to maintain their position. The question involved is one of the highest scientific and philosophical importance, but, as already said, in regard to it there is a deadlock among scientific men of the first order, like Tyndall and Pasteur on the one side, and Bastian and others, backed by many theoretical evolutionists, on the other.

Nevada's Croesus in New York.

New York Sun.

Mr. Mackay, the millionaire miner of the far west, whose income is a million dollars every thirty days, has been sojourning, with his wife and children, in the Everett house, for several days. He is probably one of the luckiest men in America. He is of medium height, about fifty years of age, has slightly gray hair and a light moustache, dresses very plainly, and exhibits no jewelry on his person. He is courteous and kind, and is generally liked. He will visit Washington and Philadelphia, and then return to Nevada.

THE SAME EVERYWHERE.—This is what a prominent business man of St. Louis writes to a friend in New Orleans: The whole north is suffering under a greater depression in business generally than I ever heard of. Here we are having the dullest and hardest times in my line of business than I ever experienced, and it has been so for months. About fifteen provision brokers here, and all together not doing enough to pay the business expenses of one. Most all other branches of business are quite or nearly as bad. Few are making anything, many going behind, many out of employment.

DR. WILHOFT'S ANTI-PERIODIC OR FEVER AND AGUE TONIC!—Wilhoft's Tonic has established itself as the real infallible Chill cure. It is universally admitted to be the only reliable and harmless Chill medicine now in use. Its efficacy is confirmed by thousands of certificates of the very best people from all parts of the country. It cures malarious diseases of every type, from the shaking agues of the lakes and valleys to the raging fevers of the torrid zone. Try it! It has never been known to fail. G. R. FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PIMPLES on the face, rough skin, chapped hands, saltrheum and all cutaneous affections cured, the skin made soft and smooth, by the use of Juniper Tar Soap. That made by Caswell, Howard & Co., New York, is the only kind that can be relied on, as there are many imitations, made from common tar, which are worthless.

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"O wad some power the gift to gi'e us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

Behold that pale, emaciated figure, with downcast eye, like some criminal about to meet her fate! See that nervous, distrustful look, as she walks along with a slow and unsteady step. The pink has left her cheeks and the cherry her lips. The once sparkling, dancing eyes are now dull and expressionless. The once warm, dimpled hands are now thin and cold. Her beauty has fled. What has wrought this wondrous change? What is that which is lurking beneath the surface of that once lovely form? Does she realize her terrible condition? Is she aware of the woeful appearance she makes? Woman, from her very nature, is subject to a catalogue of diseases from which man is entirely exempt. Many of these maladies are induced by her own carelessness, or through ignorance of the laws of her being. Again, many Female Diseases, if properly treated, might be arrested in their course, and thereby prove of short duration. They should not be left to an inexperienced physician who does not understand their nature, and is, therefore, incompetent to treat them. The importance of attending to Female Diseases in their earliest stages cannot be too strongly urged. For if neglected, they frequently lead to Consumption, Chronic Debility, and oftentimes to Insanity. In all classes of Female Diseases Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a rival. No medicine has ever surpassed it. In "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," of which R. V. Pierce, M. D. of Buffalo, N. Y., is the author and publisher, is an extended treatise on WOMAN AND HER DISEASES. Under this head, the various affections to which woman is incident are carefully considered, accurately portrayed, and a restorative course of treatment suggested. Every woman, as she values her life and health, should possess a copy of this valuable book. If she be diseased, this "Adviser" will show her how she may be restored to health, and also direct her how she may ward off many maladies to which she is constantly being exposed. Let every suffering woman heed this timely advice and *see herself as others see her.* Price of Adviser, $1.50 (post-paid) to any address.

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