Sheep and Wheat.

We are satisfied that there are no two branches of grain and stock farming that can be so profitably combined as wheat and sheep farming. In growing wheat the ground in plowing turns up new, fresh soil, giving a clean, new seed bed for the grass to grow on; while the fermenting and decaying accumulations of an old pasture, or hay field, are turned down to enrich the soil and give the plant a more vigorous growth. We find in our domestic sheep two very admirable habits; one is quietness, the other industry. You can easily fence them in—they do not need a jail-yard, like a wild colt, nor do they need a vigilance committee after them, as you do in the care of the vicious hog. After your wheat has been drawn from the fields, turn in your sheep and they will clean it as carefully and successfully as did the gleaners in the days of Ruth. We find by experience that sheep can be well wintered by feeding grain, and good, bright wheat straw, thereby returning to the soil that which has been taken from it.

By carefully utilizing all our products our farms will grow richer and our pockets larger. It is very essential that every farmer keep a few sheep; first, as a source of profit; second, as renovators—they being very destructive to weeds, brush and such accumulations in fence rows and other obscure places, rendering the farmer valuable service in many ways.

We have carefully noted the growing and marketing of the great crops, wool and wheat. We need to grow more wool, because we do not produce enough for home consumption; while with wheat we have to look to foreign markets very largely to make sales. Our farmers have been marketing these two farm products. The wool has been grown without any extra expense, the farmer and his family caring for them, while the washing and shearing has cost about five cents on each dollar received; they took their thirty-five cents per pound and went home happy. In the meantime, the wheat farmer has come to market with his grain. "Wheat just one dollar to-day." "Is that all?" "Yes." He gets black in the face, for it has rained, I should remark that it has poured down in torrents; he has had a long, hard siege in the house as well as in the field, employing a large gang of hands at two dollars per day. Rain has caused extra expense and extra work. He finds, after a careful estimate, that he has left, after deducting harvest expenses, marketing, etc., a net profit of about seventy-five cents on the dollar. He estimates that it costs about as much to feed a wheat crop, including seed, labor, manure, commercial fertilizers, and all that goes to make a good wheat crop, as it does the same percentage of sheep, leaving a handsome balance on the wool side of the ledger.

The amateur may ask what kind of sheep to keep. Well, if mutton is the object, take mutton sheep of the English breeds; if wool is the object, take the American Merino. Do not try and breed a sheep combining wool and mutton, because each has a fixed type. The coarse wool sheep have been bred for hundreds of years on the Downs of England, and are a fixed type; while the fine wools were bred in Spain as long ago as the time when the Moors invaded that country. So in trying to build a breed in a few crosses you will make a serious failure, and the worst kind of a mongrel. In 1881 these coarse and mixed wools were bought at Bissell Junction, Ohio, at from thirty-eight to forty cents per pound, and sold in Boston, June 1, 1882, for thirty-five cents per pound. The same class of wools were only bringing twenty-five cents per pound in 1882, the fine wools thirty-five cents. The future outlook for fine wool sheep is very satisfactory; farmers are fast learning that it pays to grade up their flocks, and some are introducing a few ewes to make a start.—*Michigan Farmer*

New Arithmetical Problems.

The length of a certain bean blower is one-third the length of a boy who is four feet high when he stands on a block five inches thick. What is the length of the blower?

A human body weighing 160 pounds falls thirty-five feet per second. How long will it take a baby weighing thirteen pounds to fall down a pair of stairs fourteen feet high?

Six men put in their capital to start a co-operative store. What was first a ter the manager got into Canada was valued at $250, and this represented one-fifth of what each man put in. How much did the manager get away with?

The average cost of curing a sore throat is thirty-seven cents, and the number of sore throats in this country averages 21,000,000 per year. How much could America spend for going to the circus if our throats were hemlined?

There are twenty-four newspaper reporters in Louisville, and each one kills an average of 150 cockroaches per day. How many victims would they number in 365 days?

A young man about to be married figures that $8 per week will support the family in luxury and erect a first story building out of the savings of three years. How many days after his marriage before he will tumble to bean soup?

It costs a political candidate $25 per head to retain thirty loafers to slug them through a convention and $150 for incidental expenses. How much is he out altogether, and in case he is left how long will it take him to make himself good by hoeing corn at $1 per day?

In a particular field are ninety-seven watermelons, and it is softly approached by five colored men in search of a woodchuck. How many times does ninety-seven go into five?

James and Henry go fishing and agree to divide. James has two nibbles and a bite from a dog, and Henry gets two duckings and loses a twelve shilling hat. What is the share of each?

One person out of every five in the United States has one or more corns, and the cost of effecting a cure is $1.30. What is the number of corn-victims, and what would be the cost of placing every person on a sound footing?

Every man who has arrived at the age of forty years has lost at least ten umbrellas worth $1 each. Estimating the number of losers at 11,000,000, and granting that one-third of them have stolen seven umbrellas worth ten shillings each, what do you make the total loss?—*Detroit Free Press*

—A man demanded a free glass of rum in a Nevada saloon and did not get it. Then he said he had never tried it, but it had been the ambition of his life to kill a bar-keeper; but when the bar-keeper took out two six-shooters and a club, the man said he did not mean a polite, gentlemanly bar-keeper, but one of those fellows who wore paste diamonds and parted their hair in the middle.

Dead Branches Detrimental.

I have been asked whether the statement now going the rounds of the papers that "a dead branch on a tree makes almost as great a strain on the main plant for moisture as does a living one" is accurate or not. The statement is coupled with another referring to its practical application in tree culture, the conclusion being that every dead branch "should be at once cut away." Briefly it might be answered that the first statement is true in the main, and that, without any doubt at all, the conclusion is a wise one and ought to be followed in practice. To explain this matter will take considerable more space, and in order to understand it we must go to rudimentary physiology and inquire into the nature of the evaporation of water from plants. It was long supposed to be a physiological process, and was considered to be entirely different from ordinary physical evaporation. As long as this view was held the process was called transpiration, to distinguish it from the physical process. The breathing pores, the stomata, will be found in the epidermis or all leaves in great numbers, were supposed to be organs of transpiration, which was considered to be one of the most important functions of the leaf.

Within a few years, however, our knowledge of these matters has been greatly increased and we now know that the escape of water from the leaf does not differ in any way from the evaporation of water from any other moist surface. A leaf is a mass of cells, every one of which is gorged with watery matter, which in a dry atmosphere, as a matter of course, tends to escape. The epidermis, composed of dry, impervious cells, which entirely surrounds the watery cells of the leaf, would prevent almost completely the evaporation of water from the latter were it not for the breathing pores before mentioned. These pores are for results not the free ingress and egress of gases, particularly oxygen, carbonic acid and probably, also ammonia. Now, when the pores are open for their legitimate purpose it becomes that more or less water escapes, if the air is dry. If the air happens to be very moist, the loss of water through the breathing pores is very little or even none at all.

We may put it in this way: the leaf loses water simply because it has a watery structure, its stomata are designed to prevent this loss, and the breathing pores with their power of opening and closing are for the same purpose. A leaf looked at in this light is an organ of evaporation is actually a reservoir in which evaporation is quite successfully checked. Careful experiments made under my supervision in the Iowa Agricultural College, at Ames, Ia., by Mr. Tait, a graduate student, demonstrated that the evaporation from a mass of dead wood was very little if any less than that from a living leaf. Now when a dead branch is large enough to keep continually moist in the interior it will in dry air continually lose water by evaporation from its surface. This water so lost is taken from the tree, and must be so taken whether directly or indirectly by the living branches. Moreover, it must be remembered that a living branch is well provided against loss of water through evaporation by the epidermis which covers all its surfaces when young, or the layer of cork later on, which covers it when older. When a branch dies, these protecting devices soon fall to pieces, and the water, so carefully guarded to the living parts of the plant, is wasted by evaporation. [illegible] in Nature's economy.

American Incomes.

There is no table of the average duration of fortunes; but the statistics of business failures in the country since 1856 show that the average *yearly* failures ranged from 1 in 163 in the year 1871 to 1 in 75 in 1878. How many business men in a thousand fail, once or more, during their business lifetime, I cannot learn. The proportion used to be estimated for New England at 97 per cent. That is probably too high a figure for the business of today, considered, as it is, upon much shorter credits than formerly. But the proportion of traders who fail is probably not less than 75 per cent. of the whole number.

How many of our people live upon their invested means? In 1875 our income tax returns showed 721,000 incomes of $500 per year and over, and 6,000,000 incomes of less than $500. But these were not incomes from capital; they were mostly earnings in money. Probably not one man in ten of the smaller incomes, and not over 10 per cent. of the incomes over $500, represented the interest upon investments. In France, ten years later, the census returned no less than 2,000,000 people *rentiers*, who live entirely upon their invested means. In 1877 7,500,000 of people, one-fifth of the population, were enrolled as rentes-holders or savings-bank depositors; but it must be added that the savings banks do not often fail in France, and that sooner or later they are apt to fail with us. Most of these deposits are small ones. But no less than 2,000,000 of the French can say with Petrarch, *Parva sed apta mihi*: "It is little enough, but it will do for me."

Thus, in spite of the resources of the country, in spite of the almost universal search for wealth, and in spite of the fact that we have a great many rich men at any given time, we still do not have a large class of permanently rich men; we do not even have, like the French, a large class of persons who have a permanent though small competence. The rich American's wealth is extremely volatile; in nine cases out of ten it is "fairy gold." The old land-owners form the chief exception to the rule; especially in our large cities, where the increase of values has been great.

But if our class of permanently wealthy people is small, so also is our class of destitute people. We are fortunate in having no such immense and harmful inequality of fortunes as we see in modern England. Our ill fortune is this, that our class of moderate competences is also small, that so few of us, in spite of our opportunities and our labors, have seized the good of even a small assured competence. The land is full of people who have not, on the other hand, and who are not likely to have, any assured competence, however moderate, but who have nothing to expect but labor to the end. This is, indeed, the appointed human lot for the majority in any community; but need it be, in a country of resources like this, so nearly the universal lot? Might not many of us avoid it by a greater care for a moderate competence, a lessened ambition for fortunes?—*T. M. Coan, in Harper's Magazine.*

—Some persons in England keep a coal rake in the bed-room to drive away nightmare, or as a preservative against the incubus. If the rake is placed in the bed, with the teeth upward, we should think it would prevent nightmare every time. The fact that it would also prevent sleep might operate against the remedy to some extent.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Terrapin Farm.

Leaving the beach and the sand dunes upon which Atlantic City rests, the eye greets the great salt marshes of the Jersey coast, which stretch back until the level plain of coarse sedgy grass meets the horizon's edge. Dank and dark the slimy morass, home of the crawling reptiles and succeeding billions of mosquitoes, which have remained undisturbed through countless ages of time, until lo! hush! Some wide-awake Jerseymen have laid the hand of industry upon the muddy water, and a so-called "terrapin farm" is the result. While it has been proved by actual experiment that terrapin can be raised on a small scale, it remains for the future to disclose whether the Jersey farms will be able to furnish our great cities with this most delectable dish, as pronounced by the highest order of epicurean talent. For many years terrapin have been found in abundance in this locality, but the increasing demand of the New York and Philadelphia markets has drained the resources of the whole Jersey coast, and it is only a question of time near at hand when terrapin in its native wilds will become nearly, if not quite, extinct. To avoid this dreadful famine a limited number of Jerseymen have made this delicious reptile a study, and the knowledge gained resulted in the farm, which bids fair to rank among Atlantic City's great attractions. So far not much beauty has been evolved, but Cape May has been beaten, and this alone is sufficient to bring a profitable return for the outlay.

When Senate Senator Gardiner began his startling explorations into terrapin lore, he found that scientists had sadly neglected to inform themselves about the domestic life of the Jersey "diamond back." Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, was approached on the subject, but he proudly pointed to his fossil remains of the "diamond backs" of the saurian age, and proved that the turtles of that day were abundantly able to get along without the aid of a prying Jerseyman. In order to overcome the lack of scientific information a small family of terrapins were collected a few years ago, and it has proved a most interesting study to learn the taste, inclinations, length of life, as well as the time it takes to reach its greatest perfection. The "diamond back" terrapin never leaves its home by the sea, while nearly every moment of its life is spent burrowing in the salt water mud, where it lies torpid for more than six months of the year, losing nothing, however, but apparently drawing sustenance from the mud where it is buried. A thousand of dollars have been already invested in this new industry, the importance of the subject is readily brought to mind. After five years of existence a well-behaved terrapin leaves the bottom of the muddy salt pond, crawls to the edge of the adjoining warm sand in the balmy month of June, and deposits from fourteen to twenty eggs, which she carefully conceals in the warm sand. After this performance Mme. Terrapin goes back to her boudoir of mud with all the calm indifference of modern motherhood. But a foe of the most relentless kind is at hand in the shape of a bird called the crow, which speedily uncarths the terrapin eggs, and they are dispatched at one solitary banquet. Senator Gardiner believes that the crow has more to do with the extinction of the terrapin than the hunter who makes it his business to furnish the markets. It is known that the young terrapin sleeps during the first year of existence, never leaving the spot where the egg is deposited, freezing and thawing within the bosom of mother earth and growing like the roots that surround them. It is believed by some of the investigating Jerseymen that two years of terrapin life are spent in this torpid state, without movement or scarce any changes. From the second to its fifth year the terrapin leads a kind of vagrant life, and is let alone because of no market value. It finds safety from voracious crabs and fish, because it continually burrows in the soft mud, never venturing any distance out to sea. Hence its name "terra," which means earth, and "pin," because it keeps close to it. Sometimes the little reptile burrows three feet down in the soft mud. During this period of youthful growth it feeds on the refuse of clam, oyster, and other little shell-like creatures with which salt water so abundantly abounds; but when permitted to choose its own food, as it is allowed to do when undergoing education at the hands of a Jerseyman, it is known to pass by all its old sea food and feast on dried beef—in other words, when Senator Gardiner placed a bill of fare before his terrapin, oyster, clam, and other delicacies were examined and rejected, while dried beef was found to be exactly what was wanted. The experiment was tried so often there can be no doubt about a terrapin's taste. When the reptile is five years old it measures nearly six inches across its diamond armor. It is now ready for the market, though it has not reached perfect maturity. When it has attained its seventh year its romantic flavor assumes its highest perfection, and a morsel has been found fit for the palate of the gods.

Senator Gardiner's terrapin farm begins within a few feet of his garden and only a little way from the rear cottage door. Let the reader imagine a strip of narrow, dry earth joining to the great salt marsh which stretches to the "Inlet," covering acres in extent. To the right a large shallow pond has been excavated, which is filled afresh twice a day by the salt water pushed in by the tides. Winding here and there through the sedgy plain are the narrow canals which lead to the pond and terminate at the inlet, and only the wind-mills are necessary to complete a Holland landscape. At intervals a rude construction of timber is noticed, which is placed to govern the inflowing waters as well as to ward off the deleterious consequences of frost and ice. A fence surrounds the pond, which has been sunk three feet in the mud, as this depth has been found necessary to keep the terrapin from crawling away. A brilliant panorama appears before the vision of Atlantic City's "terrapin farmer." In his declining years he sits in his cottage by the sea. At his feet spread out his financial possessions which he has wrested from the savage morass. Beyond lie the placid waters of the inlet, gemmed with the fishing yachts which carry his diamond-back treasures beyond the sea.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—Myers' restaurant, in Brooklyn, is near the City Hall, and is much patronized by swell politicians. Therefore when the other day a coal-black negro came in and wanted breakfast he was told that he could not be served. He sat patiently for three hours, until hunger finally mastered him. Then he left, warning Mr. Myers that he would come again and stay all day.—*Detroit Post.*

—A St. Louis man who had a suit of clothes stolen thirteen years ago identified them on the street the other day and had the wearer arrested. St. Louis clothes must be made of sheet-iron.—

A PROFESSIONAL CONFESSION.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting:

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle

SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for my death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought below, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had never tipped over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body, and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull and at times, a neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria, and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant attenders—the little twigs of pain had grown to be oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the 1st day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music in this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truth developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe that more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity,) but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of Kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unquarified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce, and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is a sufficient inducement for me to make the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure a professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HAMON, M. D.

Pasturing Stubble With Swine.

The wisdom of turning stock into stubble fields to pasture is questioned by many farmers and their objections to the practice have considerable force, unless clover has been sown on or with the grain, and even then is not advisable unless the young plants have got a good start, that is, obtained a strong hold in the soil. The stock usually turned into stubble fields consists of hogs, the object being to utilize the grain that may be left on the ground. Where grain has been allowed to stand after it is ripe and much of it has been shattered in harvesting, it is not amiss to turn swine on the stubble to utilize the shattered grain, but it is advisable to provide them at the same time with green food sufficient to prevent any injurious effects that may arise from their eating too much hard, dry grain. There will be little danger from this source if there is clover among the stubble, for the swine will be certain to eat enough clover to prevent engorgement with grain. Put in case of the presence of the green food, the benefit derived comes mainly from the clover, not from the grain gleaned from the stubble.

Another thing to be considered is that the amount of grain left in stubble will soon be exhausted, if any considerable number of swine is turned into a field where there is no clover, and it may happen that any advantage gained in utilizing the shattered grain is lost from lack of food before the owner is aware of it. The profit in raising any kind of stock mainly depends on keeping it in good growing condition, and this can only be done by judicious management, which consists largely in proper feeding.

There is not much force now in the argument hitherto presented of utilizing the grain left in the field at harvest, as the self-binding machines leave very little behind. It may be convenient in some instances to turn swine on the stubble for a time, but they should not be left to subsist alone on what they can find.

When clover or grass has not been sown, ragweed and other noxious growths will soon make their appearance, and grow luxuriantly. Some of these weeds will be eaten by the swine, but those that are not are usually the the most numerous, and it is more than probable that the animals will lose instead of gain in the operation, and this is a loss to the owner.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—In a recent lecture on the "Development of Agriculture," Mr. Collin, of Boston, stated that the improvements in the plow alone made a saving on last year's crop in this country of $90,000,000. He also traced the history of the reaping machine from 1814 to the self-binding reaper of the present.

—Since the fire in the theater at Vienna, where there was a large loss of life incidental to cutting off the gas, ladies who attend the theaters there carry small lanterns, which they keep lighted.

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—No more touching compliment could be paid than that of the child who had overheard a conversation at the table on the qualities of a wife. "He stooped over to kiss his mother he remarked: "Mamma, when I get big I'm going to marry a lady just 'zactly like you."—*N. Y. Herald.*

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