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A Hasty Look at Joaquin Miller's Poetry.

Three years ago, this Autumn, we found in one of the San Francisco journals, among some critical notices, a brief review of a volume of poems published at Portland, in Oregon—under what title we forget—and in which, somewhat summarily dismissing the book itself, the critic quoted several peculiar stanzas, one of which read as follows:

"I am as one unlearned, uncouth,
From country came to join the youth
Of some sweet town in quest of truth;
A Nature's of wood and plain
A West, from whose noisome may come
I stand apart as one that's dumb,
I stand—4 feet—I hasten home,
I plunge into my wilds again."

This stanza, as copied in the newspaper notice, seemed to us, perhaps the author's own expression regarding himself, struck us with its peculiar quaintness, and having reprinted it with a brief word of explanation as coming from the first published book of Oregon poems, we found that nearly all the newspapers East and West, beginning if we remember rightly, with the New York Sun, repeated the stanza and paragraph. Such, therefore, was we believe, Joaquin Miller's first poetic introduction to an Atlantic audience.

Last year, among the extracts that come over to us from London, in advance of the "Songs of the Sierras" in volume, we were surprised to find and recognize the stanza, to which we had given currency eighteen months or two years previous; it is on page 170 of the Boston edition. So, after all, Joaquin Miller had his first hearing through the columns of a Cincinnati journal. We relate this as a pleasant fact—not as one very valuable to Mr. Miller or ourselves. How long, nevertheless, might he have slept in those "continous woods" where rolls the Oregon? as Bryant's already ancient proverb has it, "and hears no sound save its own dashings," if he had not made that strange and daring visit to London, and found the English literateurs, jaded and suffering under the long, slow jaundice of Tennyson, eager for something new, and ready to recognize in this impetuous burst of Western air and sunshine, with its hitherto unspoken, but now suggested grandeur of shape and color—with its men and women as picturesque and lawless as the landscape—a prophecy at least of possible escape from the oppressive hot-house air of artificial English verse-making.

We doubt if it can be shown that there is anything new of fashion in Joaquin Miller. The larger number of his poems are written in the octosyllabic measure, so familiar half a century ago in Scott's and Byron's and Moore's romances, with, however, a freedom and largeness of more natural movement often visible. His people are hardly to be considered of altogether new birth in romance. His men are chiefly outlaws among the Pacific mountains, as Byron's were among the Greek islands—men

"Linking one virtue with a thousand crimes,"
Or men, as Mr. Miller himself repeats it,
"Who erred, yet heavily dared to err;
A remnant of that early day
Who held no crime, or curse, or vice,
As stark as that of cowardice;
With bleedings of the worst and best,
Of faults and virtues that have best,
Or cursed, or thrilled the human breast."

His women, again, are nearly all of a pattern, as Byron's heroines were. One of them occurs in each poem—marvelous pure (brown maidens), perfect, in feature and form, with a singular, and to more civilized ladies, enviable wealth of hair, faithful and self-devoted to the brogued men, living and dying for those who were willing to live a little while; but never die with them; and with but two or three exceptions, all represented to be last of the Montezuma line, or, as some Virginian ladies boast of the blood of Pocahontas, claiming to have the celestial blood of Montezuma in their veins. And the stories told of these men and women are not especially novel; they are much like those which turned their heads and fired to the stomachs of Byron's readers—"fierce wars and faithful loves" (on the female side, bear in mind,) indeed, yet little or nothing in these to "moralize the song."

But there is one thing new in Mr. Miller's poetry, and that, enveloping and clothing all, takes all seem to be, giving the old stage-work a fresh effect. This fills up and overflows the old romance

and makes it seem a new life and a new poetry. It is the fresh Occident taking the place of the sick Orient, which has indeed already given up the ghost, in poetic romance.

Mr. Miller has gained his quick reputation by a feat of wild horsemanship—his Pegasus was, we dare say, caught with a lasso, and has not forgotten under his Mexican saddle the license of its liberty. We can not prophesy that the poet will ever accomplish any more than he has already done. He has introduced himself and his new world together—seemingly anxious that he should be considered a part of it. "Have I not," he sings—

"Have I not turned to the aid thine,
O sun-and of the palm and pine,
And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
Till Europe lifted up her face
And marvelled at thy matchless grace,
With eager and inspiring eyes?"

Yes, he has done this—especially he has sung, and sung beautifully, of the land itself. We think his best achievement is in his description. Only two of his poems have any coherency as stories—"Arzonian" and "The Tale of the Tall Alcide"—but all are filled with occasional strong fire, melody, and powerful passage of description. "California," and "With Walker in Nicaragua" have little else than description—the story at least is very hard to find or follow; the latter is especially noticeable for its enlivenment of tropical luxuriance. One field in reading it the splendid richness of the Equator. For instance, here:

"The trees shook heads overhead,
And leaved and intertwined across
The narrow way, while leaves and moss
And luscious fruit, gold-budded and red,
Through all the empy of green
Let not one sun shaft shoot between.

"Birds hung and swung, green-robed and red,
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily
Balancing, reversed, from tree to tree,
Or sang low-hanging overhead—
Sung low, as if they sang and slept,
Sung faint, like some far waterfall,
And took no note of us at all,
Though thus in the way were spread
Dil'erent and crackle as we slept.

"Wild lilies, tall as maidens are,
As sweet of breath, as pearls fair,
As blue as faith, as pure as truth,
Tall till they before our every tread,
As in a sacrifice of truth,
And all the air with perfume filled
Mere sweet than ever rose distilled,
The right and fruit a fragrance shed
And hung in bloom-orchard overhead,
In nest of blossoms on the shoot,
The leading shoot that bore the fruit."

We do not know whether this poem, "With Walker in Nicaragua," is autobiographical or not, but the following passage, related to Walker, seems true, and has a simplicity and sweetness of true feeling that we like to find in Mr. Miller's verse:

"Where sunny foot-hills rise
Down to the North Pacific Sea,
And Wilmamote meets the sun
In many angles, patiently
My father took his flocks of snow,
And turns about the meadow sod,
And some some fields not over bread,
And nouns my long delay in vain,
Nor kids one serene-man come and go;
While mids from her wheel or churn,
And may be from the milking-shed,
There life and humble, weary head
To watch and wish for my return
Across the canvas' blossomed plain."

Too much can not be said in praise of the feeling expressed here—it is simple and genuine, and marks the man underneath or above the poet. And this passage brings us back to a fact in our mind when we began this article. Mr. Miller's parents are both living in Oregon, and it is a pleasant little coincidence that in Cincinnati should first have been published widely in the Atlantic States and the Eastern world any of their son's poetry, for Mr. Miller is, it seems, almost a Cincinnati himself. Here many years ago, his father resided, and he is very likely informed, and here married the mother of the poet, going hence perhaps because of some business failure, and removing to Indiana, where "Joaquin," as he is called, or Cincinnati, as he was named (his name is printed C. H. Miller in his copyright entry) was born. After his later boyhood and young manhood spent in Oregon and on the wild Pacific slope, Mr. Miller feels an old thread of association draw him hither and finds an interest in the early dwelling-place of his parents, we presume, which accounts for his present visit.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Your Occupation.

Do not be above your business, no matter what that business may be, but strive to be the best in your line. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with his bread and butter. His is a poor snail who quarrels with his own sparks. There is no shame about an honest calling. Do not be afraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had. All trades are good to traders. Beware only of one thing—laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed in it, and must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

No wood is used for fuel on the Russian railways. This order is very strict, and it is intended to preserve the forests from complete destruction.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A Vermont man has in his possession a bible printed in 1489.

The American coast is dotted with five hundred and seventy-three light houses.

In the United States there are 19,500,000 men and boys and 19,000,000 women and girls.

A law-suit was lately finished in London that had been on the docket one hundred and forty-seven years.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life is poetry; the water of life, faith.

An enormous silver ledge has been discovered in Colorado. It is over five miles long, with a breadth of 63 feet.

A new set of religious sectarians have adopted a special form of worship, and assumed the title of "Christadelphians." They believe the world is to be destroyed the year after next.

Mormons to the number of 1,995 have sailed from Liverpool to this country since the 12th of June. Their nationalities are 635 English, 92 Scotch, 131 Welsh, 13 Irish, 727 Continental.

An advertisement of a land sale in the island of Anglesay has appeared in the Times, which describes the property as lying in the several parishes of "Llan-bellan, Llan-trisart, Llan-daustan, Llan-fairmathafarnethafraeth, Dllan-tyliant, Amwlch, Llan-dryfryd, and Llan-eilian."

Some of our readers who have lived fifty years may be glad to know what they have accomplished in that time. According to a French statistician, the average man has at that age slept 6,000 days, worked 19,000 days, walked 8,000 days, amused himself 4,000 days, spent 1,200 in eating, and been sick 500. He has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,000 pounds of vegetables, fish, etc., and drunk 7,000 gallons of liquor.

Few persons are aware how immense the lumber trade of the United States really is, and how rapidly increasing. Not only is this the case in the Atlantic States and in the North, but even on the Pacific coast the demand, both for home consumption and for export, is very great. From Puget Sound alone the shipments of fir wood, in the year 1869, nearly 137,000,000 feet, and this year will be 230,000,000. This timber goes almost over the world. It is shipped, according to the Custom-house records, to Calcutta, Tahiti, London, Mexico, Australia, Russia, New York, China, Valparaiso, Honolulu, Panama, Calcutta, and Victoria.

A Sad Story.

Twenty-five years ago, says a letter writer, a company of young people, father and sons and daughters, to the number of thirty-two, drove in the early morning to the ancient little city of Amboy, New Jersey, to embark in a sloop for sail down the waters of one of the prettiest bays that wash the Atlantic coast. Arrived at Sandy Hook, they fringed, fished, frolicked and flirted, too, no doubt, for the wash tub and dairy can never deprive the daughters of Eve of their prerogative. At the close of the afternoon they prepared for a glorious bath in the waters of Florida Grove, the young men retiring round the point, leaving their fair friends in unbecoming enjoyment of the situation. Upon their return the young farmers saw a sight that might well strike terror to the stoutest heart. The cruel undertaker had sucked the poor girls down to their deaths, and the waves had cast their bodies on the sands, from whence they had dashed so merrily into the rolling surf a short half hour before, as not one of the whole party was left alive. Sadly the young men bore the remains of sister, friend, and sweetheart back to their homes now made desolate indeed, and widespread was the grief and anguish in the hitherto happy township of Piscataway. There was not a family that did not mourn the loss of a beloved child and daughter, and such was the shock produced by the terrible occurrence throughout the whole State of New Jersey that the memory of it is preserved to this day, and the story told by those who listened to it first, perhaps, from the lips of a sorrowful eyewitness.

There are in the city of Louisville 11 Baptist churches, 7 white and 4 colored; 4 Christian; 11 Episcopal, 19 white and 1 colored; 12 Methodist, 13 white and 1 colored; 19 Presbyterian, 13 white and 6 colored; 13 Roman Catholic; 1 Lutheran; 1 Unitarian; 5 German Evangelical; 2 Israelite; making in all 79 churches.

To FEED out the number of children in a street beat a base drum. To find out the number of idle men start a dog fight. To find out the number of women let a woman go through a quiet street with the latest style of bonnet on.

The place for a picnic—The Sandwich Islands.

FRUNNY-PUNNICS.

Guilt frames—Prison windows.
Cloth for a baker—Dough-skin.
Whaling grounds—schools-houses.
Passed to a third reading—love letters.
Something to boot—An impertinent dun.

A new name for tight boots—A corn crib.

A Western Settler—The sun at evening.

Forgers to be encouraged—Black-enails.

How was Jonah punished?—Whaled of course.

Courting after marriage—Applying for a divorce.

A pledge of love—Pawning the engagement ring.

Hard to bear with equanimity—The horse distemper.

Young men had better be fast asleep than "fast" awake.

If you want to know whether a tree is hollow or not, axe it.

How to make an Indian loaf—Give him a gallon of whisky.

Don't let your cattle stray; we once saw a cow-side in a shop.

When the rain falls, does it ever rise again? Yes, in dew time.

A secret has been defined as "anything made known as a whisper."

Why are elections like tents? Because the canvass ends at the polls.

Punch has been found a man too lazy to labor under an impression.

What roof covers the most noisy tenant?—The roof of the mouth.

A Harvard student defines flirtation to be attention without intention.

A desirable second hand article—a young, rich, and amiable widow.

When a lady faints, what figure does she make? You must bring her 2.

Whisky is said to be the horn of plenty, because it will corn you copiously.

Too full for utterance—The boy who filled his mouth with hot baked apples.

Killing Indians in some parts of the West is considered justifiable Soukicide.

The liquor dealer, unlike other merchants, increases his stock by "reducing" it.

Why was Herosina's daughter like the Fenians? Because she had a head sent her.

The rock ahead—What a young husband forces when the cradle is brought home.

Tares which every wife is willing that the husband should sow—solitaires, in her ear.

"This is the rock of ages," said the father, after resting two hours, and the baby still awake.

"Man is a mystery," said a young lady to her beau. "Yes, dear," said he, "and a girl is a mystery."

A young man being asked if he was a professional tobacco smoker, replied, "No; am-a-chewer."

Why is the lady who wears her own hair, unlike the ark? Because she is not going to mount 'ry ark.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The National Camp Meeting Association have resolved to hold but four of their meetings during the year.

The treasury of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church showed a balance on hand of \$17,119.73 on the 1st of October last.

The new Episcopal Cathedral, which it is proposed to build in New York, will cost \$2,000,000. Two gentlemen are ready to give \$100,000.

The Mormon Conference, recently in Salt Lake City, re-elected Brigham Young as Prophet, and appointed thirteen missionaries for Europe.

It is said that Washington City has sent forth more young men into the ministry of the church than any other city of its size in the United States.

The committee appointed to prepare a Book of Praise for the Presbyterian church, hope to be able to submit the work to the next General Assembly for adoption.

The singing in the First Congregational church at San Francisco is awakening a deep interest. It is led by a few brass instruments, and only familiar hymns are sung, in which the whole assembly join with fervor.

Some of the largest and wealthiest churches in New York and other cities have dispensed with quartette choirs as an expensive and unprofitable luxury. They are now returning to the old plan of congregational singing.

The Presbyterian church on the Pacific during the last ecclesiastical year just closed, has increased seven per cent, while the increase of population has not been more than about five per cent. The membership is reported at 5,390, against 4,539 last year.

The Declaration and Testimony Synod of the Presbyterian church of Missouri has taken action in favor of union with the Southern Presbyterian church and the Reformed church of America. This union would constitute a strong conservative and thoroughly orthodox church, without the loss of any congregations, ministers, or members.

MASONRY.

What Constitutes Masonry.

It clothes the naked, visits the sick, and comforts the distressed. The hand of a brother is always open to relieve a worthy distressed brother; so long as one is worthy to remain a member of this order, so long as he is entitled to its benefits. Could this be said of every society of men, how few would be found in our alms-houses. The mystical future with its unknown reservations is before us. No man can fathom it in a single day. He whose heart is most gay to-day, and whose morrow seems most redolent of bright joys, may be the first to need the assistance of his fellow mortals. The ease and luxury in which he delights to-day, to-morrow may be as the tale as is told. The health and strength in which he now rejoices may fall as a shadow before the light of another day. Against these our order, to a certain extent, provides. Masonry is a safeguard against the pecuniary distresses of this life.

MASONRY IN KENTUCKY.

A correspondent of the Glasgow Times, says: In the history of our lives there are, perhaps, some events which become fixed upon the memory and forever remain as cues in life's gloomy desert.

The brightest of these I will now speak of—describe it—I can not. On Tuesday evening when the Grand Lodge at Louisville was called to refreshments the Grand Master requested the brethren to keep their seats. This we did, wondering much what it meant. Suddenly the curtain rose and before us sat about sixty children, mostly girls, neatly dressed and with happy smiling faces. Past Grand Master Fitch came forward and presented to us the orphan children of the Masonic Widows' and Orphan's home. Cheers shook the Temple to its foundation, and tears flowed from nearly every eye. A worthy brother from this county remarked, "I could not help crying—I did not try to help it, and I did not want to help it." This was doubtless the feelings of all. The children welcomed and entertained us with songs, speeches, declamations and dialogues, which was the most natural performance I ever witnessed. Every brother drew his purse and over three hundred dollars were thrown into the hats presented by the little girls. I visited the Home. It was a home indeed! The happiest inmates, and best regulated institution I ever saw. Brother Fitch is one of God's own noblemen. Having once been a friendless orphan, he knows exactly what to do with those under his care. In presenting these children to us he referred to the old Roman matron and said, "Brethren behold your jewels," but the ladies connected with the Home are our brightest jewels. They are bright in this world and will undoubtedly shine as stars in the next world. May the God of Peace delight to dwell with and bless them.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

It may sound like a paradox, but breaking both wing of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

"Love-a-massy," exclaimed an old lady in the witness-box, "how should I know anything about a thing I dunno anything about?"

William, who had always paid his debts, found that in less than a year after his marriage he had a little Bill to take up every day.

Who are the most exacting of all landlords? Why children; because they never fail to make their own fathers and mothers pa-rents.

A Western paper puts it thus—"Noah Powers, Charlotte, was fourteen years old. His last words were: 'I didn't know it was loaded.'"

Josh to young men—"Don't be discouraged if your mustash don't grow; it sometimes happens where mustash due the best, nothing else due so well.

"My dear," said a rural wife to her husband, on his return from town, "what was the sweetest thing seen in the bunnets in the city?" "The ladies' faces, my love."

Coming Obituary.—An American journal gives this as a specimen of the "coming obituary": "Died in the 35 year of his age, John Smith, husband of the Hon. Jane Smith, at her residence in Franklin, at six o'clock. Mr. Smith was a meek and quiet husband, beloved for the graces of a cultivated nature. He excelled in the domestic virtues; as a cook, he was surpassed by few; as a nurse, he was equaled by none."

Billings says: There is one kind of a laff that I always did recommend; it looks out over the eye fast with a merry twinkle, then it keeps on its hands and knees and plays around in the moth like a moth round the blaze of a kandle, then it steals over into the dimples on the cheeks and rides around in those little whirlpools for a while, then it swims off on the air with a peal as clear and as happy as a dinner bell, and then it goes back again on golden tiptoe, like an angel out for an airing, and huz down on its little bed or violet in the heart where it cum from.

A BAMBROOZLED BRIGAND.

A Grecian Woman's Stratagem—A Speech From Old Hellesic Fire.

A story comes from Athens about Greek brigandage very refreshing to honest people, and suggestive of the question whether women might not govern Greece better than their men. One of the cures of modern Hellas, as everybody knows, is the unextinguished guild of brigands, who infest the land, defying the government, suppressing commerce, demoralizing the peasantry, and robbing and murdering strangers or rich natives. One of these unchangeable villains lately captured the youthful son of a widow woman of property, well known upon the border. The usual message was sent down from the hills; the brigand chief must have one hundred drachmas by a certain day, or the life of the boy—he was only twelve years old—would pay the forfeit. As usual, too, the last hope which a mother could cherish in such a frightful position was the chance of government help. The wretchedly weak administrations which play up "in and out" in Athens still allow these scoundrels to hold the roads and passes of the country, and this poor woman had to trust to her own courage and wits. Neither were wanting; there was some true old "Olyssian blood in her, and he hit upon a plan for saving both her child and her drachmas. She had a brother, a young fellow of perfect pluck, though his cheeks were as smooth as the Delian Apollo's, and him she dressed up carefully as a Greek girl. Having appointed to meet the robber chief in a certain spot, she took up 200 drachmas and a present of cakes and fruit, the "Greek girl" going with her as a "guide." On reaching the place they found the scoundrel waiting, with the captive lad bound hand and foot beside him. The woman first ascertained by cunning questions that the man was really alone, and then offered, with many supplications, her money and the present of cakes and fruit. The villain took the latter and snatched while he counted out the drachmas; then, with a fierce oath he said it was far too little—that she must go back and send enough to make up a thousand, without delay. While the woman hung supplicating to his knees, the "Greek girl" suddenly flung a grip of iron round the robber's arms, and as the fellow was thus pinioned, the outraged mother drew a loaded pistol and shot him dead. The pair had no time in liberating the lad, nor did they forget to cut off and wrap in a cloth the head of the "chief," and, as a reward of three thousand drachmas had been set upon this precious article they made quite an excellent day's business of it, on arriving safe and sound at their own village.

FINANCIAL.

Meeting of the Centennial Board of Finance for Kentucky.

At a meeting of the Centennial Board of Finance for Kentucky, held in pursuance of notice by Hon. Robert Mallory, Centennial Commissioner, at Willard Hotel, in Louisville, Kentucky, on November 15, 1872, there were present Hon. Robert Mallory, Commissioner, and the following members of the Board:

Second District—Lucius P. Little, Owensboro.

Eighth District—Thomas W. Varnon, Stanford.

Tenth District—James L. Waring, Greencup.

On motion of Mr. Mallory, the Board organized by appointing Thos. W. Varnon Chairman, and Lucius P. Little Secretary.

On motion it was resolved that the following banks be appointed and authorized to act as agents to receive subscriptions of stock for the purposes indicated in the act creating the Centennial Board of Finance, viz:

Farmer's Bank, Frankfort, Ky.

Farmers and Drivers' Bank, Louisville, Ky.

National Bank of Stanford, Stanford, Kentucky.

National Bank of Ashland, Ashland, Kentucky.

Greenup Deposit Bank, Greenupburg, Kentucky.

Second National Bank, Lexington, Kentucky.

Owensboro Savings Bank, Owensboro, Kentucky.

It was further resolved that other agents may be designated by any corporation who shall notify the Centennial Commissioner at Philadelphia of the agent so designated.

On motion, resolved, that a copy of these proceedings be furnished the newspapers of Louisville for publication, and the newspapers throughout the State are requested to copy.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

THOS. W. VARNON,
Chairman.

LUCIUS P. LITTLE, Secretary.

Thirty Reasons.

David Paul Brown, an eminent lawyer in Philadelphia recently deceased, once made an argument in favor of prohibition, in which he most completely set aside all "constitutional" and financial objections, and gave the following thirty reasons why intoxicating liquors a beverage should be prohibited by law. We would like to see some apologist for liquor-selling attempt to offset them with the same number on the other side of the same question. Mr. Brown asks all to join in the practical enforcement of the doctrine, that the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage should be prohibited by law, because:

1. They deprive men of their reason for the time being.
2. They destroy men of the greatest intellectual strength.
3. They foster and encourage every species of immorality.
4. They bar the progress of civilization and religion.
5. They destroy the peace and happiness of millions of families.
6. They reduce many virtuous wives and children to beggary.
7. They cause many thousands of murders.
8. They prevent all reformation of character.
9. They render abhorrent the strongest resolutions.
10. The millions of property expended in them are lost.
11. They cause the majority of cases of insanity.
12. They destroy both the body and soul.
13. They burden sober people with millions of paupers.
14. They cause immense expenditures to prevent crime.
15. They cost sober people immense sums of charity.
16. They burden the country with enormous taxes.
17. Because moderate drinkers want the temptation removed.
18. Brunkards want the opportunity removed.
19. Sober people want the nuisance removed.
20. Tax payors want the burden removed.
21. The prohibition would save thousands now falling.
22. The sale exposes our persons to insult.
23. The sale exposes families to destruction.
24. The sale upholds the vicious and idle at the expense of the industrious and virtuous.
25. The sale subjects the sober to great oppression.
26. It takes the sober man's earnings to support the drunkard.
27. It subjects countless wives to untold sufferings.
28. It is contrary to the Bible.
29. It is contrary to common sense.
30. We have a right to rid ourselves of this burden.—*Temperance Brevier.*

Items From Hearth and Home.

WINDMILLS.

Since 1854, there have been a hundred and twenty patents granted for windmills.

A GROWING MYSTERY.

It is perfectly useless to try to fathom the many mysteries surrounding the materials and colors for ladies' dresses. No man could possibly spare the time to think of it even, and how women find the time to become as full passes comprehension. To think of Damascus crepe-line, Polka spotted cashmires, Algerine cloth, Sicilian poplin of shades of Nello, Peko, Acantus, Goutille, or Exuine, or of Poudre, Ailigator, Miroulette, Canard, or of Eucuse, Corveau Tourmaline, or a new Carmelite, is distracting enough without calling to mind the fact that next month a totally new set of names will be invented. Everything new is in a name; odd things in that way become new.

ORANGE ORANGE.

Besides its use as a hedge plant, the Orange has been found to possess other valuable properties. A decoction of the wood yields a beautiful and permanent dye. The wood has been found also to be rich in tannin, and in Texas hides have been tanned with it more quickly than with oak bark. The seeds also yield an oil resembling that of the olive.

SILVER.

At last we may look for the fulfillment of the promises of plenty of silver, both for money and other useful purposes, from the mines of the Rocky Mountains—that is, if we may believe the last reports of the discovery of a five-mile long sixty-three feet wide and five miles long, which yields over \$5,000 a ton.

CONSUMPTION OF SUGAR.

The American Artisans say "the consumption of sugar in the United States is larger in proportion to population than that in any other nation on the globe, and that the increased consumption of sugar may be taken as the evidence of an advance towards a higher civilization." Which is a sweet reflection.

THE WHEAT CROP.

The amount of wheat raised in 1872, in the United States, is estimated at two hundred and forty million bushels. This will give six bushels to each individual of the population—an amount in excess of our consumption, which is five bushels to each individual per annum. There will then be left forty million bushels for export.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

The facility with which the Chinese imitate and appropriate foreign ideas is tending to rapidly change their social and national character. Already they have advanced so far in modern improvements as to have built and armed a war-steamship of 2,700 tons, exclusively with native labor, directed only by four foreign superintendents. A nation which can so rapidly learn and adopt the ideas of more advanced nations, and one so wealthy in resources and population, must soon take a prominent position in the world.

DON'T HURR TO CURE LAMPLAS.

It has long been a custom with blacksmiths to burn a horse's mouth with a red hot iron, to cure a disease called "lamplap." It is a cruel and a useless practice as will be seen from the following opinion of an eminent veterinary surgeon:

"The symptoms of this imaginary disease are, the horse quids his hay or refuses his food. It is most common in young horses; the groin looks into the mouth of the animal, and perceiving the bars to be almost on a level with the