ADVICE TO COUSINS.

A Philadelphian, growing somewhat excited over the reports of shameful dead-beating by people who have relatives there, while visiting the exposition, says: "Let me say, gently but firmly, and in the voice of a 13-inch cannon, that anybody who comes to Philadelphia this year, and quarters himself, herself, or itself in the house of a relative or friend, be it only for a single night, is a selfish and mean idiot, who ought to be kicked into the Delaware River. If you have any regard for your friends, you will go to a boarding-house or hotel, settle yourself comfortably, go and see the Exhibition, and when you have done it and are ready to leave town, make your call, if you choose, at your friend's house or office. Don't put youself in the way of an invitation, but do your sight-seeing without letting him know you are in town. He may invite you ever so earnestly, but don't believe he wants you, for he is already run to death with visitors. If you can't afford to come and pay your bills honestly, stay at home, or else come with straw and stove-wood in an old trunk that will cost $1, register at the hotel or boaridng-house under a false name, and then, when you are done with the Centennial, scoot and let them find you if they can. Mind you, I don't suggest this as honest and honorable conduct, but it has this merit over sponging: you show yourself in your true character, instead of sneaking under a cloak of respectabily. If you have near and real friends in Philadelphia, don't drop on them this year. Come next year, or the one after, or last year; but stay away from them now."

CHEESE IT.

There is a general complaint among dealers of the poor quality of cheese now being manufactured in the Northwest. On the introduction of this industry several years ago the production of our factories was universally praised, and the fact was fully illustrated that with proper skill, care and conveniences our cheese would bear comparision with that of Ohio and New York without suffering in consequence. A few days since in the report of the condition of the markets, we read, "In fact very little cheese is made in the Northwest that is a credit to our cheesemakers, or that would grade better than "white oak" at the East. As a consequence a considerable proportion of the consumption here consists of New York and Ohio factory. This does not speak well for our factorymen, who are operating all around us, for we do not import butter, nor eggs, nor wheat, nor flour, nor several other articles which we produce at home. We advise persons in charge of factories to bestir themselves, and to improve the quality of their cheese to the highest point of excellence, rather than to remain content to manufacture an article even their neighbors refuse to buy if any other is to be had. The specimens of new so far received have sold at 10 to 12c. as to quality and condition.

THE VICKSBURG CUT-OFF.

The cut-off at Vicksburg has greatly alarmed the citizens. The vicksburg Herald admits that the river is gone, and that the only hope for a current past the city is in changing the channel of the Yazoo river, so as to bring it through the Chicasaw bayou, and thence in front of the city to the Mississippi. The Herald thinks this can be accomplished at a cost of about $200,000 and adds:

"The main volume of the Yazoo river could be diverted through the bayou, thence into Fish lake, and finally into the Mississippi river at the national cemetery, by means of a break-water at Yazoo, by cleaning and deepening the bayou, and by the cutting of a canal from the southern end of the lake to the Mississippi. The effect of the plan proposed will be to keep open a channel in the Mississippi from the national cemetry along the river border of the whole city; and should this be practicable, the dangerous influence of the cut-off will not only be avoided, but we should be brought into closer and more direct communication with the rich and populous Yazoo basin, upon which Vicksburg mainly relies for her support."

STEAM THRESHERS.

A farmer makes the following rather sensible remarks about steam threshing machines: "I wish to say a word to threshers on the growing demand for the use of steam instead of horse-power for driving our threshing machines. Our harvest in Minnesota is late, often not completed until September, and as the plow cannot be used much, if any, after November 1st, the time for that important work is very short. And when we add to that the horse-killing labor of threshing a large crop, we find that in order to properly complete the work of September and October we must keep more horses the whole year, or else sell them when they bring the lowest price and buy again when at the highest.

Few of us do either, and the result is that our plowing is done in a hurried and slovenly manner, often not completed until spring, and as a final result we harvest a crop yielding from 3 to 5 bushels less per acre than it would have been with more thorough culture, besides depreciating the value of our farms. So much for one side of the question. But how will it effect the thresher? You incur an extra expense for an engine, it is true. But is it not offset by the capital you now have invested in the horses you furnish, and by the fact that you can keep up a more steady motion, can thresh more and cleaner, give better satisfaction, and secure jobs you could not otherwise get?

It is folly for you and some of the old fogy farmers to condemn the use of steam-power because there have been a few losses by fire by its early use, when perfection and experience were both wanting. The use of soft coal instead of wood, and other improvements and experience gained in the last year or so have reduced the danger from this source, until it is small compared with the advantage gained. And any farmer would rather pay for the coal than feed the ten horses now required. We are not progressing with the age, or our neighbors either in this respect. Will not some of you help us and help yourselves by introducing several steam threshing machines early this year."

CATHOLIC AMERICA.

A Centennial address to the Catholics of the United States was delivered by the Rev. F. X. Weninger, D. D. at a metting of the delegates of the Roman Catholic Central society at Philadelphia. After a few introductory remarks, Dr. Weninger, said that no sooner was the extreme northern portion of America discovered and inhabited than the mother church turned her eyes upon it. The proofs of this are in the churches and the episcopal see of Greenland. And for a considerable time after Columbus raised the cross upon the shore of the new world, all the Europeans who stepped upon the American ground were Catholics. The name of the country, too, is that of a Catholic. "This," he continued, "is not the case with the other portions of the world, and in all would seem to be an augury that America is that part of the world in which a grand and most important future is destined for the Catholic church, and this at an epoch when Time is incling to its end. It is from America that the sun daily goes down toward the night of Time."

Dr. Weninger thought the great obstacle to the efforts of the different kinds of lay-apostolate was the widespread belief that the Catholic church is by nature opposed to the republican institutions of America. On the contrary, he said, the pope had declared, by giving a cardinal to this country, that our institutions do not conflict with the principles and aims of of the Catholic Church. The address was filled with suggestions as to the best means of uniting the United States with the Catholic church, and closed with this paragraph: "Catholic America! thou shalt remain unshaken, the last empire on earth. The foundation of thy republic shall not give away until that of the word shall melt way, when thou shalt celebrate thy last centennial with the forever victorious and triumphant church, on the eve of time, in the morning light of approaching eternity."

NEW FINANCIAL SCHEME.

Franklin Landers has an amendment that he proposes to offer to Randall's silver bill when the latter is introduced in the House. Randall's bill provides for an extra coinage of $20,000,000 of silver. Landers thinks that while the government is going into this business it cannot have too much of a good thing, so he proposes in his amendment that the coinage of silver shall be $100,000,000. To secure silver for the coinage he proposes to issue $100,000,000 worth of 5-25 government bonds, bearing interest at 5 per cent. His amendment also provides that silver shall be a legal tender for all debts public and private. He also desires that the secretary of the treasury shall be indefinitely authorized to issue fractional currency at all times to meet the demand of business. He wants the people to have all the change they want. Landers further conspires for his country's weal in advocating the soldier s equalization of bounties bill. This bill will call for an appropriation of only $400,000,000. To meet this he proposes to issue it all in scrip, new green backs, and make the country happy, and at the same time reward our suffering patriots who fought and bled for their country.

WISCONSIN DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The Wisconsin Centennial commission has issued the following recommendation to cheese and butter makers of the State: "The resulting benefits of a good display of Wisconsin dairy-products at the Centennial, where dealers from all parts of the world are gathered, must be apparent to every dairyman in the State. It is therefore earnestly requested that each factory send five cheese, and that butter-dairymen send from one to three tubs of butter, marking the name of the proprietor, Post-Office, and net weight on each cheese-box and tub. Ship June 12 to D. W. Curtis, Chicago, care W. W. Chandler, Union Star Line (butter by express only), prepaying freights. From Chicago, both butter and cheese will be forwarded in a refrigerator-car to Philadelphia, where it will be received by Messrs. Hiram Smith and Chester Hazen, placed on exhibition for two weeks, and then sold, and full proceeds, less only freights from Chicago, remitted to exhibitors".

Cure for Drunkenness.—It is said that an orange eaten every morning before breakfast will destroy the desire for strong drinks, and for the debility that follows their disuse, preparations of iron and phosphorus are indicated

A YOUNG MURDERER.

New York Sun, 2d.

The murder of a boy of 14 by a playmate of the same age attracted much attention on the west side of the city this afternoon. The murdered boy, Frederick Lawler, was the son of a shipping clerk, and was bright and entilligent in appearance. The murderer is named Andrew Moore. The two boys got into a dispute about treatment Moore had received from Lawler some time previously. Moore claimed that Lawler had spoken ill of him to some other boys, which Lawler denied. Moore declares that Lawler then threatened to whip him, upon which he took a knife from his pocket and stabbed him. Moore then attempted to run away, but was siezed. Exclaiming "I have fixed him," he coolly wiped the blood off the knife-blade and put the weapon in his pocket. The knife-blade, which was about four inches in length, and half an inch wide, had been forced through the breast bone, and penetrated the base of the heart. At the Coroner's inquest, Moore, when asked why he had committed the deed, said that Lawler, who was taller and heavier than himself, had punished him severely a few day's before, and threatened to do it again, that he had the knife in his hand, opening a clam, and that Lawler struck him, and in the struggle th knife accidentally pierced his companion's breast. He had a clam in his hand when arrested, but some little boys who witnessed the affray declared that he took it from an oyster-stand near the place of the homicide, after he had been siezed. George C. Crager, who saw the quarrel, and prevented Moore's flight after the murder, says Lawler was apparently trying to get away from Moore when the latter suddenly raised his hand holding the knife, which he thrust with all his strength directly into the chest of Lawler. The latter dropped like lead to the pavement, and Moore attempted to dodge behind the oyster stand and run away. He declared the murder to be entirely unprovoked.

IOWA'S MEW BISHOP.

Correspondence Chicago Tribune.

The unfortunate Episcopal Diocese of Iowa, after much tribulation, contention, and strife, has elected a head of the church to succeed the lamented Lee. There is little doubt Dr. Eccleston could have been re-elected bishop, yet such an action would have resulted in disaffection. He therefore wrote a letter to his friends, couched in noble Christian language, and magnanimous in spirit, which closed as follows: Better a thousand times for you all to go there [to the convention], ask the Lord to show you what is best for peace in His church, and do that, regardless of the claims or reputation of you, or me, or any one else, except your wounded diocese." With this letter before them, his friends withdrew his name from the convention, and Dr. William Stevens Perry, of Geneva, N. Y., was elected on the first ballot, by a vote of 21 to 3 of the laity, and 41 to 3 of the clergy. The bishop-elect is a man in the prime of life, with robust, rugged health, and a great physical endurance. He is an earnest, devout Christian, highly educated, and a gentleman in the strict sense of the word,—not a beau, a fanciful drawing-room man, but a gentleman; a man of great integrity, who scorns artifice or cunning, and who expects all men, especially professed Christians, to act sincerely. He is now president of the Hobart College, at Geneva, N. Y. The Diocese of Iowa must certainly feel proud of the acquisition of such a man to stand at the head of its church. He cannot fail to impress his presence upon the church, command the confidence of all, and restore harmony throughout the State. His advent into the house of bishops will be joyfully greeted by the whole church of America, and reflect honor and renown upon the diocese he represents,—a people eminently fitted to be the church of such a bishop.

A Story That Ought to Live Forever.

From the London Era.

There comes to us from the Western district a story on the details of which a Bret Harte or a Colonel John Hay would found a poem. The other day a gang of laborers were employed stacking blocks of stone on a permanent way of the Great Western Railroad, between Keynsham and Bristol. In fact, the operation of stone stacking was carried on within a few yards of the Brislington tunnel. It was at the time of day when the most wonderful express train in the world, called the "Flying Dutchman," was expected, and by some unlucky accident a large block of stone rolled down the embankment and lodged on the railway line. At this instant the roar of the "Flying Dutchman" was heard in the tunnel. There was not a moment to be lost, so swiftly down the bank sped one of the brave navies to remove the stone and save hundreds of innocent lives, or perish in the attempt. He had a wife and family at home, but he never thought of them. His life was in his hand, but he never thought of that. Down the steep embankment sped the brave fellow, nerved with the combined strength of Sisyphus and Atlas, to move the stone and save his fellow creatures.

On sped the "Flying Dutchman!" "Quick, for your life Jim," shouted his companion on the bank. Alas! it was just too late; the stone was rolled out of the way, but the hero was cut to pieces by the fangs of the murderous train. This is as Grand and noble a story as ever was told. It is finer than the tale of "Jim Bludso," the moral of whose story is told with such impetuous vigor and truth by the author of "Little Breeches:"

"He know'd his duty, a dead sure thing,
And he went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't agoing to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

If ever there was a brave fellow who laid down his life for the sake of his fellow creatures, it was this hero of the Brislington tunnel. His wife and children ought to be looked after, and have no doubt come under the consideration of the citizens of Bristol. But the story ought to live forever.

Centennial Curiosities.

Two notable women now at Philadelphia are mentioned at length in The Press. One of them runs the steam engine in the women's pavilion which works four looms and a printing press. There, says The Press, in a light-brown, neatly-trimmed dress, really dainty in its delicate texture, and as smooth and clean as though the wearer were a flower-girl instead of an engineer, could be seen a young, medium-sized lady, whose regular features, intelligent conversation and refined manner proclaimed at once the presence of a daughter of American nobleness and culture. The steam engine with its undeniable heat and imaginary dust and smoke, together with its palpable noise, was there in all its blackness and power, but in the place of the average engine-tender, with his dusky skin, matted hair and dirty blue overalls, was to be seen a lady who could have passed directly from the engine-house into a drawing-room, and graced the occasion to perfection without change of dress or manner.

In a conversation Miss Allison said that she had been brought up in a little place near St. Catharines, in Ontario, and that from a child she had been a lover of machinery and spent much of her time in the large saw and grist mills which her father then owned. These were run by engines of from 200 to 300 horse power, and though she sometimes pretended to run them for an hour or two she did not think any lady would have sufficient strength to perform all the work of managing such monsters. In answer to a question relative to the possibility of women running engines as a regular business, she stated that there were thousands of small engines in use in various parts of the country, and that there was no reason whatever why women should not be employed to manage them. The work was less tedious than almost any of the usual vocations adopted by women, and an engine requires far less attention than a woman gives to a child in her care. For her part, she said that though this was her first practical experience she found it less tiresome than any other work she had been called upon to perform since adverse fortune had made it necessary for her to earn her own living.

In addition to the fact that the father of the lady owned large mills in which she spent much of her time, she received a thorough scientific education and learned much from her brother, who had made engineering a profession. She learned the method of operating the engine in a few moments, and now does all the work, from starting the fire in the morning to blowing off steam at night. Another lady whose natural ability has taken an entirely different, yet equally effective direction is Mrs. Maxwell, of Bolder, Col. This lady was brought up at Denver, and after her marriage moved to the frontier settlement in which she now resides. She early acquired a taste for hunting, and as she had every opportunity, of gratifying this desire she soon became an excellent marksman, or rather markswoman. She roamed the forests about her home, sometimes in company with her husband, but more often alone, and within the past ten years has shot and killed over four hundred wild animals, such as bears, wolves, panthers, foxes, etc. She learned the art of stuffing the animals thus brought down, and many of the specimens now exhibited in eastern museums were killed and prepared by this lady.

She has, however, saved about 200 of the finest specimens, besides a large number of stuffed birds, and these will soon be exhibited in the Colorado building, the collection having been secured and sent on at the expense of the State. During the ten years in which Mrs. Maxwell has been acting the role of the mighty hunter, or huntress, she has raised a family of children and attended to her household duties without assistance. In appearance she is of small but lithe form, and has that peculiar half nervous, half stolid organization which indicates a combination of activity, strength, and intrepidity. She has dark hair, an intellectual forehead; clear, piercing gray eyes, a small but firm mouth, and a delicate, womanly chin. Her age is about thirty-five, but she looks almost ten years younger.

"Points."

He was a large man, except in his ideas and in the manner of his speech. His face was as grave as the Chinese problem, but there was a quizzical cast in his left eye, and his tongue was rich and heavy with a foreign accent, albeit as rapid as the running waters of the River Dee. Leaning against the frightful head of one of the iron lions in California street, with the general appearance of being ready to either brace up the market or stand from under, he voiced this idyl: "It's a fine thing to dale in stocks whin you know you're right. I get all my points from Flood. Misther Flood's a friend o' mine. I make all the money through him. He's a kind adviser. A few days ago I went to me friend Flood, and sez I, 'Misther Flood,' sez I 'would I be best buying a few shares of Savage? It's goin' chape,' sez I, 'an' the Lord knows but it'll get out of me rache soon.' Me friend Flood looked up from his writin' (he was signin' a chick for an orphan asylum), an' sez he to me, shakin' his big head betimes 'Don't touch it,' sez he. 'Divil a thing is there in the mine but wather, an' it might hurt ye,' sez he. 'Thank ye, Misther Flood,' sez I. Thin I wint and tuck 700 shares. I got all me points from Flood. It was goin' at $17, Betimes it rose to $22, an' I wint to his office. He was glad to see me. He was spakin' to his chafe clerk about kapin' the assessments from gettin' mixed wid the dividends, but kindly stopped and gave me a nod and a wink. "Good mornin', Misther Flood,' sez I. 'Savage is a square stock; it's lapin' about like a dog wid a male o' poison,' sez I. 'Wouldn't I best sell a trifle of it short?' He looked at me kindly, and sez he, 'Lave it alone for awhile, it's risin' like a full moon,' sez he, 'widout signs of stoppin', an' I couldn't advise ye to sell.' 'Thank ye, Misther Flood, sez I. Thin I wint an' sold me Savage to Keene. He had a trifle already, but was frindly to take it an' give me the profit of $3,500. I get all me points from me frind Flood; but don't be talkin' about it; he might change his system some time and break me."

The "Kindergarten."

As so much attention is directed to the "Kindergarten" system of late, perhaps the boys may take a hint from the following account in the Bulletin:

Barnes, the schoolmaster in a suburban town, read in the Educational Monthly that boys could be taught history better than in any in any other way by letting each boy in the class represent some historical character, as if he had done them himself. This struck Barnes as a mighty good idea, and he resolved to try it on. The school had then progressed so far in in its study of the History of Rome as the Punic wars, and Mr. Barnes immediately divided the boys into two parties, one Roman and the other Carthaginian, and certain of the boys were named after the leaders upon both sider. All the boys thought it was a big thing, and Barnes noticed that they were so anxious to get to the history lesson that they could hardly say their other lessons properly.

When the time came Barnes ranged the Romans upon one side of the room and the Carthaginians on the other. The recitation was very spirited, each party telling about its deeds with extraordinary unction. After a while Barnes asked a Romad to describe the battle of Cannæ Whereupon the Romans heaved their copies of "Wayland's Moral Science" at the enemy. Then the Carthaginians made a battering ram out of a bench and jammed it among the Romans, who retaliated with a volley of books, slates and chewed paper balls. Barnes concluded that the battle of Cannæ had been sufficiently illustrated, and he tried to stop it; but the warriors considered it too good a thing to let drop, and accordingly the Carthaginians sailed over to the Romans with another battering ram and thumped a couple of them in the stomach.

Then the Romans turned in and the fight became general. A Carthaginian would grasp a Roman by the hair and hustle him around over the desks in a manner that was simply frightful to behold, and a Roman would give a fiendish whoop and knock a Carthaginian over the head with Greenleaf's Arithmetic. Hannibal got the head of Scipio Africanus under his arm, and Scipio, in his efforts to break away stumbled, and the two generals fell and had a rough-and-tumble fight under the black-board. Calus Gracchus tackeled Hamilcar with a ruler; and the latter, in his struggles to get loose, fell aginst the stove and knocked down about thirty feet of stove-pipe. Thereupon the Romans made a grand rally, and in five minutes they ran the entire Carthaginian army out of the schoolroom and Barnes along with it, and then they locked the door and began to hunt up the apples and lunch in the desks of the enemy.

After consuming the supplies they went to the windows and made disagreeable remarks to the Carthaginians who were standing in the yard, and dared old Barnes to bring the foes once more into battle array. Then Barnes went for a policeman, and when he knocked at the door it was opened, and all the Romans were found busy studying their lessons. When Barnes came in with the defeated troops he went for Scipio Africanus, and pulling him out of his seat by the ear, he thrashed that great military genius with a rattan until Scipio began to cry, whereupon Barnes dropped him and began to paddle Caius Gracchus. Then things settled down in the old way, and the next morning Barnes announced that history in the future would be studied as it always had been, and he wrote a note to the Educational Monthly to say that in his opinion the man who suggested the new system ought to be led out and shot. The boys do not now take as much interest in Roman history as they did on that day.

"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 wonderous change? What is that which is lurking beneath the surface of that once lovely form? Does she realize her terrible conditon? 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" Favorite Perscription 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 exposed. Let every suffering woman heed this timely advice, and "see herself as others see her." Price of Advice $1.50 (post-paid) to any address.

Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills.—These medicines have undoubtedly performed more cures of consumption than any other remedy known to the American public. They are compounded of vegetable ingredients, and contain nothing which can be injurious to the human constitution. Other remedies advertised as cures for Consumption, probably contain opium, which is a somewhat dangerous drug in all cases, and if taken freely by consumptive patients, it must do great injury; for its tendency is to confine the morbid matter in the system, which, of course, must make a cure impossible. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is warranted not to contain a particle of opium: It is composed of powerful but harmless herbs, which act on the lungs, liver, stomach, and blood, and thus correct all morbid secretionc, and expel all the diseased matter from the body. These are the only means by which Consumption can be cured, and as Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills are the only medicines which operate in this way, it is obvious they are the only gennine cure for Pulmonary Consumption. Each bottle of this invaluable medicine is accompanied by full directions. Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sivth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed.

It is often remarked by strangers visiting our State that we show a larger proportion of good horses than any other State in the Union. This, we tell them, is owing to two principal reasons: in the first place, we breed from the very best stock; and in the second place, our people use Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, which in our judgment are of incalculable advantage.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will give more relief in cases of Chronic Rheumatism, no matter how severe, than any other article known to medical men. Used internally and externally.

Children's clothing in very large variety at the Boston One Price Clothing Store, Minneapolis. Send for rules of self-measurement.