

## LADIES' COLUMN.

### Ladies' Pastimes a Century Ago.

Not long since an eminent German traveler described the fashionable English ladies of the present day as intolerably dull, prudish, and uninteresting, without a speck of natural gaiety or fun. Such a complaint seems strange, says a writer in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, and without a doubt is founded upon mistaken notions of English social life. He should have been able to visit England in the last century, and then he would perhaps have found that the humors of a London season were more in accordance with his views of liveliness. Here are some pictures which would probably delight him:

"We have a young lady here," writes Gray, "that is very particular in her desires. I have known some young ladies who, if they prayed, would ask for some equipage or title, a husband or matador. But this lady, who is but 17, and has £30,000 to her fortune, places all her wishes on a pot of good ale! When her friends, for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers with the truest sincerity, that by the loss of shape and complexion she could only lose a husband, whereas ale is her passion."

What an acquisition that lady would have been to Hens Breitman's famous "lager beer" and how she would have made the "lager beer" vanish!

Here is another picture of maids of honor and their diversions in the season, among them beautiful, jolly Mary Bellenden, represented by her contemporaries as the "most perfect creature ever known." In a pleasant letter Pope introduces us to a whole bevy of them.

"I went," he says, "by water to Hampton court, and met the prince, with all his ladies, on horseback, returning from hunting. Mrs. Bellenden and Mrs. Lepell took me into protection, contrary to the laws of harboring Papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better—an opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maiden of honor was of all things the most miserable, and wished that all women who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham of a morning, riding over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever and (what is worse a hundred times), with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat—all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for hunters. As soon as they wipe off the heat of the day they must simmer an hour and catch cold in the princess' apartment; from thence to dinner, with what appetite they may; and after that, till midnight, work, walk, or think—which way they please. Miss Leppell walk with me three or four hours by moonlight, and met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice chamberlain all alone under the garden wall."

But they could play at high jinks sometimes, and they were somewhat hoydenish in their manners, as the following anecdote, humorously told by Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, will prove:

"There has been," he writes, "a great fracas at Kensington. One of the mesdames (George II.'s daughter) pulled the chair from under Countess Delorme at cards, who, being provoked that her monarch was diverted at her disgrace, with the malice of a hobby-horse gave him just such another fall. But alas! the monarch, like Louis XIV., is mortal in the part that touched the ground, and was so hurt and angry that the countess is disgraced. And her German rival (Lady Yarmouth) remains in the sole and quiet possession of her royal master's favor."

The following challenge, issued by Lady Butterfield, proves, too, that the women of the "tea-cup days of patch and hoop" could hold their own at masculine sports:

"This is to give notice to all my honored masters and ladies, and the rest of my loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, to leap a horse, or run on foot, or holloa, with any woman in England, seven years younger, but not a day older, because I won't undervalue myself, being now 74 years of age. My feast will be the last Wednesday of this month, April, when there will be a good entertainment for that day and all the year after, in Wanstead, in Essex."

This cartel of defiance to the sex was issued annually; but we have never heard that there was any Amazon who picked up the gauntlet. It was before the time of "Mrs. Thornton, who rode for thousands of guineas, and hogsheads of claret at Doncaster and York, and beat even the 'crack' jockey Frank Buckle himself; otherwise Lady Butterfield might have found a few women worthy of her steel in the mistress of the tower of Thornton Royal."

But the ladies of that time must have been singularly simple and unaffected in their tastes, and free and easy in their manners. When Beau Fielding, a mighty fine gentleman, was courting the lady whom he married, he treated her and her companion, at his lodgings, to a supper from the tavern, and after supper they went out for a fiddler—three of them.

"Fancy the three," says Thackeray, "in a great wainscoted room in Covent Garden or Soho, lighted by two or three candles in silver sconces, some grapes and a bottle of Florence wine on the table, and a honest fiddler playing old tunes in quaint minor keys, as the beau takes one lady after the other and solemnly dances with her."

### The Marriage Question.

To be married is with perhaps the majority of women, says a recent writer, the entrance into life, the point they assume for carrying out their ideas (and aims, and there are not a few women in most circles whose personal claims are not such as to promise them unlimited choice, and who know this so well that on receiving an offer of marriage they recognize it as an occasion—an opportunity. If such a clear-sighted maiden refuses a pretender to her hand because he does not reach her social standard, she does so alive to the alternative of the future—a life which offers her few honors and small gratitude in return for the sacrifices she makes to social obligations. For, after all, a man very much in earnest and uttering flatteries new to unaccustomed ears may naturally be rejected on the instant with an unforeseen tenderness, exciting a momentary question. We adopt the word sacrifice, for

which some apology is due to any single lady who reads the paper, from De Quincey, who is eloquent on the nobility and virtues of the old maids (insulting name he calls it) of England in which he recognizes the most highly cultivated women of his day—a patrician class of martyrs, so to say, to the cause of social order. The highest type of old maid has made no sacrifice, nor is she in any sense a victim, for marriage as a state is not necessary to her idea of happiness; but she has none of that antagonism toward half the human race which Miss Priscilla makes her boast; nor is she the one who has set herself against marriage, or whom no man has ever wished to marry. She is the woman who has never met with her ideal, and who has never been cunningly persuaded to accept anything short of it.

Every woman with any romance or magnanimity has, so far as she contemplates marriage for herself merely in the abstract, an ideal, or some vague assemblage of high qualities which stand for such. She can only suppose herself voluntarily linking her fate with another, if that other is a man exceptionally good or noble, or at least distinguished among his fellows. At all events he must be quite above the common run of men about her. The typical old maid has had this ideal and been faithful to it; it may be for the want of adequate temptation to inconsistency. Some women—the charming woman, for example—have not been allowed to keep their ideal. They have lost sight of it in finding themselves the ideal of some one else. Our typical vestal has never been a charming woman, though she may have many excellent gifts and graces. Women are so made, happily for men, that gratitude, pity, the exquisite pleasure of pleasing, the sweet surprise of finding themselves necessary to another's happiness (or being flattered into the notion), altogether obscure and confuse the judgment; they either forget their ideal altogether or think they have found it in the very commonplace mortal who is their choice. But to some women this does not happen. The natural instinct to please is not strong in them. They only care to please where their taste and judgment approve, and their manner is cold or indifferent in general society. There is a French proverb, compounded of resignation and worthy policy, which represents the submission and the destiny of the attractive woman: *Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a*. It is not that the other is deliberately attractive, but she recognizes no necessity. She does not want to please out of her pale of sympathies, and the alternative has no terrors for her. In fact, she has foreseen that a single life is her possible destiny. It is not at all necessary that this unattractiveness should have to do with a conscious want of beauty. A beautiful woman, as far as color and outline constitute beauty, but failing in bewitching qualities, may repel admiration by indifference, and live to glorify the sisterhood to which her manner devotes her; but it is the woman of commonplace exterior and sensitive mind that is commonly left alone with her ideal. We believe that almost any woman who is not called "particular" may marry if she chooses—that is, if she does not speculate upon her self or share the world's unfavorable view of her personal pretensions.

### GIRLISH GAYETIES.

William Penn came of a hard family. Haven't you heard of the "Pirates of Penn's aunts?"

"I am at your service, madam," said the polite burglar when caught with his arms full of silverware.

"Cloaks are worn long," says a fashion exchange, but it neglects to add that those with the shortest purse were them longest.

"No, sir, my daughter can never be yours," "I don't want her to be my daughter," broke in the young ardent, "I want her to be my wife."

People who are color-blind can not distinguish any difference between red and green. To them the woman who paints her cheeks look green.

"I was only footing one of your late Bills," remarked a fond father to his daughter, after kicking her sweet William out of the front yard.

The christening of an infant archduchess of Austria occurred lately. This fact came by cable. The name of the royal infant will be sent over by steamer as soon as the royal secretary gets it copied.

"The surest way to take cold," said a distinguished physician, "is to hug the stove." Young men who go courting on Sunday nights should remember this, and not spend all their time hugging the stove.

"Next Monday will be a big day in the necropolis," said Mrs. McGill at tea last evening. "How so?" queried the equire. "Because," said she, "it is a sentimental anniversary of the vaccination of New York by the British troops."

"Well," said a jaunty son-in-law, lounging in from the office with his father's mail, "you've got a postal from ma, and she says she has met a cyclone." "Pity the cyclone," was the old gentleman's crusty reply, as he jabbed his pen into the inkstand.

"Ethel," said the teacher, "whom do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulder?" "Atlas, sir." "You are quite right," said the teacher. "Atlas supported the world. Now, who supported Atlas?" "I suppose," said Ethel softly, "I suppose he married a rich wife."

Mrs. Symkins de Harris (to lady caller)—Do we know the Hogs? I don't think we do. Do we Mand? Young Symkins de Harris (age 11 years)—Oh, ma, what a story! Didn't pa say he owed Mr. Hogg \$5,000, and he didn't know where in the world it was to come from? (Tableau.)

"Have you decided on your winter suit?" inquired a tailor of a sad-eyed gentleman lounging in the door way of the store. "No," was the melancholy reply, "but I believe my wife has." "Your wife has?" exclaimed the puzzled haberdasher. "Yes, I believe she calls it a divorce suit."

The various phases of the tender passion have been thus exemplified: A ship is foolishly in love when she is attached to a buoy; she is prudently in love when she leaves the buoy for the pier; she places her affection beneath her when she is anchoring for a heavy swell, and she is despondent in love when she is tender to a man-of-war.

## FOR THE FARMER.

The pig is the only farm animal that will profitably work over the manure of other stock. If store hogs are left to run where cattle or horses are left on store grain they will earn a good part of their living by rooting among the droppings. Again their own excrement will greatly add to the value of the manure pile. In fact, mixing cow and horse manure together and letting it all be rooted over by pigs is much better than using either separately or composting in any other way.

A barrel is a very convenient receptacle for holding seed potatoes in the winter, but one that has once held salt should not be used. If the potato is in any way bruised, enough of the salt will be absorbed from the wood to cause decay. There will at best be an injury to vitality of the eyes if kept in a salt or phosphate barrel for the winter. A loose box not more than eighteen inches deep and ventilated is much better than any closer receptacle. A light cellar kept a little above the freezing point is better than one that is warm and dark.

### Agricultural Notes.

The most extensive orchard in this country is undoubtedly that of Mr. Robert McKinstry of Hudson, N. Y., whose farm of 300 acres is entirely set to apples, pears and cherries. The orchard consists of about 30,000 trees. Most of the fruit is shipped to Europe.

Potato vines thinly spread over strawberry plants makes the best protection for winter. They contain no weed seeds, and most of their substance is broken down into rich mould by the time spring growth begins. Do not cover until the ground is frozen, and weight the vines to prevent them blowing away.

In localities where amber cane has been grown for sugar this year it should not be forgotten that its seed, ground and separated from the husk, makes an admirable substitute for buckwheat flour. The farmer who grows amber sugar can may thus employ himself with food and with sweet to make it more palatable.

It will be a great mistake for any farmer to allow the loss of a single crop to so disgust him as to change his course of farming. If it usually succeeds, keep on. You have at least the implements and conveniences for cultivating and harvesting this crop. A change would involve increased expense, and, unless you have some experience, many losses.

In some experiments with fertilizers on wheat it was found that one piece, with the same treatment, yielded eleven bushels per acre more than another. The difference was finally explained by an old farmer who had long lived in the neighborhood, and who remembered that eight years before the plot yielding most heavily had received a heavy dressing of barnyard manure. Every crop grown since had shown the good effects of this treatment.

During the winter season hogs are apt to get too rich and too concentrated food. They will eat the straw given for bedding while it is clean. Hay is better, because more nourishing, and when hay is plentiful a little may often be profitably fed with other food. It is especially valuable where corn is the staple feed. Oats and barley furnish enough bulk in the husks so that further distention of the stomach is not necessary.

The eggs of the tent caterpillar may now be found in shining bunches closely glued to the ends of twigs, where the worm is to hatch and find its food. They will endure severe freezing without injury, and are protected against any ordinary degree of moisture. Painting each branch with a brush dipped in varnish will destroy their vitality by closing the eggs so that air cannot enter. Crude petroleum oil will do as well.

It is a noteworthy fact that all the leading dairy breeds of cows come from countries near the seashore, and where there is an abundant supply of moisture in the atmosphere. The milking capacity of common cows may be greatly increased by moistening their feed. If water is always convenient cows will drink much more, but it does not always follow that water so taken in will be assimilated with the food in the stomach, as it will where both food and moisture are taken together.

Sows farrow in about 116 days or a little less than four months after coupling. The sows intended for breeding should be kept by themselves and fed with wheat middlings ground oats or barley, and boiled potatoes. It is not best to feed them much corn. They will naturally tend too much to fat while with pig, and it may be necessary to restrict their diet so that they will squeal occasionally before feeding. No time should now be lost in getting sows with pig, as late Spring pigs will hardly get growth enough to profitably fatten the coming fall.

### Meadows.

Meadows are rarely as good as they may be made. To have them in good condition they require constant attention and repair. There are two seasons when the meadows can be profitably regulated, viz., Spring and Fall. Just now a liberal top-dressing with fine manure, ashes, lime, or potash salts, with a little fresh seed in thin places, and a moderate harrowing will be of great benefit. There is not much to be got from them by the cows now, and what little there is not very good. It is a good plan to keep a small meadow for Fall or Winter pasture, where the latter can be used. If one has not the grass, rye sown in July or August among the corn at the last working will make a very good substitute. But there is no crop that can be grown that is so good as good grass for this use. If the grass is liberally treated one acre of it will carry one cow, off and on, through the whole season. A good meadow will pay the interest on \$500 per acre; that is, \$25 or \$30 a year at 5 or 6 per cent. interest. And one reason for this is that it comes in at the very seasons when good feeding is the most valuable; that is in the Spring or early Summer and in the Fall. But it should be only used at those seasons and rested between them, so as to make a good growth when it is wanted. And as soon as it has been eaten down it should itself be fed; that is, it should have a dressing of plaster, salt, or fine bone, or all of them, in the Spring, and

lime, ashes, or manure, or all of them, in the Fall. Then it will pay, and, just like a cow, it will pay in proportion to the way it is fed.

A restless disposition in a horse is often very annoying and generally hard to overcome. One thing noticeable about it is that such a disposition generally belongs to a horse which is deficient of real good horse sense; hence the lack of a good foundation on which to begin a reform. Kind treatment and quiet handling are about the best treatment that can be prescribed in such cases. One thing is positive, that the rougher they are handled the more liable they are to become nervous and excitable.

### Winter Care of Stock.

I do not make this appeal to those who are raising thoroughbred stock or who are devoting their time and money to the most intelligent methods of stock raising, supplied with new and commodious barns and surrounded by all the modern improvements, but to that more numerous class of farmers whose barns were built a half century or more ago, and whose methods of feeding and care are even more ancient. To these would I suggest the adoption of more rational and remunerative systems of Winter care of stock.

Warmth is second only to feed for the prosperity of any stock. Many who read this have practiced turning their cattle into the yard by eight o'clock in the morning of Winter days, where they remain till four in the afternoon, possibly being tied up for a noon feed, but more likely a coarse fodder dinner being scattered for them in the yard. I ask that all such farmers should try for one month the method of keeping every creature sheltered all day, turning out but once, about noon being the best time, for drink. I am convinced that under this method cattle do better and consume less hay. New milch cows may need more drink, but a pail of warm bran soup supplied the want.

A single load of spruce, hemlock, or bass wood logs if carried to the saw mill will make a large number of half-inch boards or battens if split up in widths of four inches or more. These should be nailed over those cracks of the barn that have been widening every year for an age. Hay enough will thus be saved to pay the saw bill. Better still, if around the stable whole boards be nailed so as to leave a few inches space between the inner and the outer walls, the space between being filled with straw or forest leaves. The partition in front of the cattle should be fully boarded up, a drop door being fixed through which to feed. The mangers should be so partitioned off that no animal can steal another's hay.

Regularity in feeding is essential to success, also that more feed be given than will be eaten up clean. Feed a variety while possible, and salt occasionally by dissolving coarse salt in a pail of hot water, and sprinkling a foddering of hay or straw. Frequent use of the cattle card makes friends of the stock and pays in dollars and cents. A pocket full of corn nubbins will induce cattle promptly to take their proper places in the barn, while screaming and pounding will ever cause disastrous commotion.

It is often said that Winter is the time when we feed out all we can raise in Summer, as though it were a season of dread, with no profit accruing, but to the thoughtful and earnest farmer, watching and improving the condition of his stock, it should be a season of great satisfaction. Suitable care and attention will make most stock advance in condition, size and value during the Winter months, and the net profit of keeping stock, whether for market or for breeding and dairy purposes is determining by the condition in which they come from the Winter quarters to Summer pastures.

### Inventions of Half a Century.

The *Home Journal*: The number of inventions that have been made during the past fifty years is unprecedented in the history of the world. Inventions of benefit to the human race have been made in all ages since man was created; but looking back for half a hundred years, how many more are crowded into the past fifty than into any other fifty since recorded history! The perfection of the locomotive, and now the world-traversing steamship, the telegraph, chromo-lithographic printing, the cylinder printing press, the elevators for hotels and other many-storied buildings, the cotton gin and the spinning jenny, the reaper and the mower, the steam thrasher, the steam fire engine, the improved process for making steel, the application of chloroform and ether to destroy sensibility in painful surgery cases, and so on through a long catalogue. Nor are we yet done in the field of invention and discovery. The application of coal gas and petroleum to heating and cooking operations is only trembling on the verge of successful experiment, the introduction of the steam from a great central reservoir to general use for heating and cooking is foreshadowed as among events; the artificial production of butter has already created a consternation among dairymen, the navigation of the air by some device akin to our present balloon would also seem to be prefigured, and the propulsion of machinery by electricity is even now clearly indicated by the march of experiment. There are some problems we have hitherto deemed impossible, but are the mysteries of even the most improbable of them more subtle to grasp than that of the ocean cable or that of the photograph or the telephone? We talk by cable with an ocean rolling between; we speak in our own voice to friends one hundred miles or more from where we articulate before the microphone. Under the blazing sun of July we produce ice by chemical means, rivaling the most solid and crystalline production of nature. Our surgeons graft the skin from one person's arms to the face of another, and it adheres and becomes an integral portion of his body. We make a mile of white printing paper and send it on a spool that a perfecting printing press unwinds and prints, and delivers to you folded and counted, many thousands per hour. Of a verity this is the age of invention, nor has the world reached a stopping place yet.

When a Waxahoe preacher announced his text, he simply said:—"Hell—what is it."

## ALL SORTS.

It is a mean wretch who will slyly drop a hair switch in a car loaded with women, and grab for the back of her head when she notices it.

God boys are trained in the streets and dens of Chicago until they become bad boys, ville training school. This institution is reserved for bad boys. Poor, good boys have no such places to go.

First boy: "Where yer bin, Billy?" Second boy: "Bin fishin'." First boy: "Ketch anythin'?" with an anxious expression on his face. Far seeing second boy: "No, but I expect ter when I git in the house."

"I don't understand why women dress that way," said a man, pointing at a lady who passed along the street. "I don't either," replied a bystander. "That woman," continued the first speaker, "is dressed ridiculously. Her husband must be a fool." "I know he is," said the bystander. "Do you know him?" "Oh, yes. I'm the blamed fool myself."

The *Monetary Times* says: A large item in the expense of maintaining a sleeping car is the washing bill. The Pullman Company's entire outfit includes: 50,000 sheets, 46,000 pillow-slips, 13,000 blankets, 16,000 hand towels, and 6,000 roller towels. A car is entirely emptied and cleaned as soon as it reaches its destination, and the linen sent straight to the laundry. The Wagner Company's total equipment is: 4,000 pillow-blankets, 13,851 linen sheets, 12,262 pillow-slips, 5,740 hand-towels, and 2,341 roller-towels. The expense of keeping the Wagner Company's bedding clean is \$30,000 a year; the Pullman Company's is larger.

### Nest-Building Fishes.

In floating along the shores of some woodland stream, we may watch the domestic life of the sunfish *Lepomis*, the motley, bespangled friend of the angler, that is seemingly always on hand to be caught in default of nobler game.

Along the shore where delicate grasses grow, where floating lily pads cast strange shadows, and the white pink-tipped lily reach upward, here among the winding stems, sheltered by a mossy bank with overhanging ferns and cat-o'-nine-tails, the sunfish builds its nest. They may be seen by pairs moving in and out among the lilies near the shore, as if jointly selecting the site for their nursery. It is generally a gravelly spot, and once agreed upon, the little builders set vigorously to work. The stems and roots are torn up for twelve inches about, and carefully carried several feet away, while the smaller roots are swept aside by skillful blows of their tails, both fishes standing over the nest creating a mimic whirlpool with their tails that effectually carries off the objectionable particles. The stones are next taken away, the smaller ones in their mouths, the larger being pushed out bodily, or fanned away by the sweeping process, until finally an oval depression appears, with a fine sandy bottom. The stems and other aquatic vegetation about the sides, that seem to have been purposely left, now naturally fall over, so that oftentimes the nest is a perfect bowl, its walls bedecked with buds, while the roof is a mat of white lilies floating upon the surface. Here the eggs are deposited, the male and female alternately watching them. We have always known the sunfish as the most peaceful of the finny tribe, and only wanton playfulness chasing the golden carp; but let a stranger, a bewiskered fish, approach the bower, and war is once declared. The little creatures seem to snap with rage and defiance, the sharp dorsal fins stand erect, the pectorals vibrate with repressed emotion, while the convulsive movements of their powerful tails show that they are ready to stand by their brood to the last, and indeed so vigorous is their charge that larger fishes are forced to retreat, and as the sunfishes build in companies, the intruder is often attacked by an entire colony of them. They have, however, an enemy that seems to defy them, the pirate perch (*Aphrodesmus sayanus*), which like the cuckoo, that is either incapable or too lazy to build a nest of its own, often deposits its eggs in that of its neighbor.

### No Reason There.

"Hi say Mr. Pongranate," observed a colored Austin expressman, who was the unfortunate owner of a bulky mule, while some one had unloaded upon him in the melancholy past, "didn't I heah yo' say 'good many times dat dere was reason in de things?" "Yes, Sam," replied Mr. Pongranate, "believe that precept and ain't afraid to do so." "No." "Well, den, I just wisht yo'd cam out de alley an' look at my mule. He's dun be stuck dar for mo' un hour."—*Times*.

### Look Out.

It is said that many of the so-called wool blankets made in the woolen establishments of the United States, are largely made up of hair taken from the hides of Texas cattle. When the hair is taken from the hides it is cleaned with lime, and is then cut with wool of a low grade, and is then carded and worked into coarse blankets, and adds to the weight and thickness of the blanket, and detracts enormously from its durability. There is little difficulty in detecting the hair. It will not all work in the coarse thread. The ends stick out, as it is not barbed like wool, it is very easily pulled out.

A law has just gone into force in New York City prohibiting the manufacture of cigars or preparation of tobacco in any shops occupied for living, sleeping, or holding purposes. It is aimed at tenement house cigar and tobacco manufacturing, and was enacted on the score of public health. Twenty-eight firms, women, and 7,000 operatives—men, women, and children, chiefly Germans and Bohemians—are thrown out of employment. The condition of health and morals of the ill-provided people is said to be frightful. Attempts to evade the law will probably be made.

## NEW

### Interesting

The wages of the Pacific reduced ten percent.

The King proved a failure.

Lady Rosdon, former of London.

Fr-Alden Grad Secretaries, Foresters, etc.

Hon. M. I. gone with the benefit of from disease.

The new railway suspension it will be.

Rev. Dr. I. cent minister in Montreal.

It is reported in Paris, commercial travel prove of great.

Hon. John appointed on consolidation the place of.

The Hast memorialize half of Wom Kingston of similar action.

A North V. cently paid Ottawa \$82,329.90 acres District.

The Naps through Lenow nearly all laid a running order.

The Monte in that city preparations sports and an and extensive.

Scarlet fever reported to be Mr. Joseph T. five children.

Two of them Workmen down. A few employees of Railway work \$1 per day. tion quarterly.

Mr. George Canadian P. presented to for the purp commemorative Campbell.

The Petro representative ment to plac importation so wish the Customs ment.

There are about the city this year. I arriving at work houses than 2460 work houses.

Several ice A young lad injured by the head, that the man, of D. the ice in the Two men w the river near.

Mr. John Brantford, in that city, donate it to have thank and the work part of the work.

Hardy. Prov. A new unit wrecked recently. The can, on the towed to New steamer New and the haw being towed the rocks, w wreck. The of whom we.

The present Mississippi the most pro.

A fire co New York, deal of destr but not col less is estim.

A Chicago 000 has been felony. No worth that will not be c.

It is said tiets in the U tion of pure g ging teeth, may be amc country.

The Nation lished thro War, have, It is said th in the hands ment of the s.

The French recind the tion of Amer the munic bers of Comm will organize a New Or.