LATE BRITISH NEWS.

During a strong northerly gale on the north-east coast of England on Saturday morning; a fishing boat, the Albert, was wrecked off North Sunderland. Two of her crew were drowned.

The body of a young married woman, named Emma Wiles, aged nineteen, together with her six months old child, was found in a pond at Hull or Sunday. It was evident that she jumped into the water with the infant in her arms.

One of Buffalo Bill's Indians died at Sheffield on Monday morning from an accident which he sustained while the Wild West Show was in the town a fortnight ago. The deceased was a Sioux Indian named Eagle Staff.

A great labour demonstration, in which 12,000 people took part, was held in Bradford on Saturday. Messrs. Mann, Tillet, and other labour advocates addressed the people, urging the election of labour representatives to Parliament.

Col. Ellison an architect at Liverpool, has devised a photographic focusing cloth with a metal eyepiece which does away with the troublesome fumbling about to cover the head. The eyepiece looks upon a reflector fixed to the camera which presents the image right side up.

The Lady of James John Harris, baker, of Nettlewell, Essex, was found on the railway on Saturday morning lying insensible, mangled, and it is supposed he was knocked down, while attempting to cross the line the previous night, by an express train.

The *Dungeon Gazette* announces that a general court martial will be held in Mandalay in connection with an alleged card scandal, in which a lieutenant in a Madras infantry regiment is accused of cheating. This officer, who is now on leave in England has been ordered to return to give evidence.

A serious accident, involving the death of one man and injuries to another, occurred in Middlesex Street, Aldgate, London, a thoroughfare familiarly known as Petticoat Lane. Adrian Sansom, of Manor Park Road, Finchley, and another man named, it is believed, Judah Cowan, but whose identity has not been established were passing a dead wall at the corner of Garden Place when it bulged out and collapsed, killing Cowan and seriously injuring Sansom, who received a lacerated head and knee and dislocated thigh. He was removed to the London Hospital. A horse also had a leg broken and had to be destroyed.

Lord Salisbury has made twenty one new peers since he has taken into office, besides raising the rank of several more.

It is announced in London that a novelty in the form of five minutes' intermission between courses at fashionable dinners is about to be tried.

About half past two on Sunday afternoon a terrific explosion occurred in Abercrombie Pit, belonging to the Hill Plymouth Co., limited, and situated near Merthyr. The report was of such tremendous volume that it alarmed the whole neighbourhood, and in a very short time the pit's mouth was surrounded by thousands of persons. Two men lost their lives. John Morgan and his brother Joseph, and their bodies bore indications that death had been caused by suffocation.

In Vacten, in the Congo State, the first new paper has recently made its appearance under the name of *Sun Morning* and Daily Light. Its object is to enlighten the minds of the black channel. It is printed in the popular dialect of the country in the Latin alphabet. The paper is edited by the wife of two educated negro women, who did their own type setting. It contained a leading article on "the natural history of the elephant, from the pen of a learned negro."

Well known in Edgbaston and Birmingham as Lillie, a boy of 14 years of age, who had recently been employed at the Hill Top Works, Smethwick, belonging to the Messrs. Chance, it was strongly discovered that the injection of permanganate of potash was a specific cure for ophthalmia. The Government discussed the project of furnishing the natives with hypodermic syringes and a quantity of permanganate of potash, but the scheme had to be postponed because it was found that it would entail an expense of £120,000,000.

A magistrate in Bermondsey, Eng., sentenced a man under the vagrancy laws to seven days imprisonment, for having slept in a stable. It was shown that the lad slept there by permission of the owner, but the Justice said there was nothing in the Vagrancy Act about permission and to jail the man went.

On Monday evening a man named Thomas George Elliott, jumped from the high level bridge, which spans the river Tyne at Newcastle to the street below, and died instantly. There were many persons crossing the bridge at the time, but the suicide's movement was so sudden that the was no opportunity to seize him. The jump was from a height of nearly 100 feet, and the unfortunate man's body was frightfully mangled by the impact with the pavement. The deceased, who lived at Gateshead, was 36 years of age, and married.

Two men were killed outside Exmouth Docks on Monday afternoon by the bursting of a steam pipe on board the steamship Beaver. Two others were injured. One of the dead is named Essery, of Withycombe; the other is supposed to be a foreigner. The injured men who belong to Liverpool, were taken to the hospital, where they died shortly afterwards.

A farmer named Joseph Flint, aged 60, who lived at Dore, near Sheffield, recently became despondent over his bad harvest prospects. On Monday morning he rose at ten o'clock, and shortly afterwards discharged a gun loaded with shot at his stomach. Dr. Abbott was summoned, and the man rallied somewhat for a time, but subsequently had a relapse and died in great agony.

A cruel murder has been discovered at Hawthorne, a village near Stafford. On Thursday a boy named Guy Arrowsmith, 11 years of age, who resided at Green Dragon Inn, Hatherton, was missed, and search was made, without effect. On Saturday a quantity of blood was found in the cellar of the inn, and further examination revealed the body of the boy, with a gunshot in the head, hidden in an outhouse. A stepbrother has been arrested on suspicion of murdering the boy. The Wolverhampton police are investigating the mysterious affair.

A serious railway accident at Hawes Junction occurred to a Bradford excursion train on Saturday night. While the train was shunting to the Hawes branch, it was backed against the buffers very forcibly, when the last carriage but two a saloon was lifted bodily and a number of passengers were badly shaken. Several very much bruised about the face and head. A lady was taken into the station master's house who had received a very serious shock; and another, it is feared, has received serious internal injuries. The trip train could not proceed, owing to the carriages having been seriously damaged. About twenty persons are said to be more or less injured.

The Bolton police made a shocking discovery in Back Spring Gardens on Sunday leading to the belief that an attempted murder had taken place. William Harper informed a policeman that his wife had attempted to commit suicide, and on another proceeding to the house he found Mrs Harper lying on the floor with a deep gash in her throat. She was removed to the infirmary, owing to her critical condition depositions were taken. She charged her husband with attempting to murder her. Harper, who is a moulder, 47 years of age, was brought before the Magistrates on Monday, charged with cutting his wife's throat. From the statement for the prosecution it appears the motive for the assault was jealousy, the prisoner having charged his wife with going with men. Harper was afterwards discharged, the Coroner's jury having found that the woman committed suicide.

What a Modern Gun can do.

Unless one is actually brought into business relations with the great science of modern warfare, it is difficult to conceive of the terrible power of the largest and largest guns. These engines of destruction weighing 110 tons, hurl a projectile of solid steel 16 inches in diameter and nearly 4 feet long at a velocity of 2,073 feet a second. When tested recently, one of these guns sent a shot through 20 inches of steel armor, 8 inches of iron, 20 feet of oak, 5 feet of granite, 11 feet of concrete, and 3 feet of brick. Comparatively, a locomotive weighing 200,000 pounds would have to spin along the tracks at the rate of 135 miles an hour to strike a blow equal to that projectile. Think of the damage wrought in a railroad collision where the train speeds along at the rate of 30 miles an hour, and one may calculate the destructiveness of modern ordnance.

Inappropriate Simile: Lieutenant (to elderly lady). "Madame, you look as fresh and blooming to-day as a rose of twenty summers!"

HOUSEHOLD.

My Sweetheart.

When over I play on the old guitar
And sing the song my sweetheart taught me,
My thoughts go back to the summer time
When first in her toils she caught me;
And there again I can hear the sound
Of her gleeful voice blown over
The meadow, sweet with the scent of thyme,
And pink with the bloom of clover.

The faded ribbon is hanging still
Where her dimpled fingers tied it—
I used to envy it stealing round
Her neck, for she did not chide it;
And the mimic pearl that her ringlets touched
As she leaned above it lightly,
Glows even now with a shine of gold
That it once reflected brightly.

Whether her eyes were blue as the skies
On a morning in September,
Or brown like those of a startled fawn
I can't for the world remember;
But when she lifted them up to mine
I know that my heart tingled
In time to the tender tune she sang
And the airy chords she jingled.

Yet now, though I weep the dusty strings
By her gentle spirit haunted,
Method of the old guitar there trips
A melody, blithe, enchanted,
My poor eyes keep on their even way
And my heart has ceased palpitating;
For something else sits under the spell
Of the song and sighing glancing.

The Trials of Cooking.

Sitting in her easy arm chair the other evening after the work was done, Aunt Lizzie fell to talking of her first experiences at housekeeping. Now a days she is the best housekeeper in her neighborhood. Her bread is always the lightest and the whitest, her pastries invariably retain most of the flavor and substance of the original fruit, her kitchen is cleanest, her washing is always out first, and notwithstanding all these successes she has more time for fancy work and reading and entertaining younger folks than any housekeeper in a radius of no one knows how many miles. But twenty years ago Aunt Lizzie began housekeeping "in the tall grass," as she says herself. "I didn't have any mother," she said the other night, "and when I started to be a wife to Hiram, armed with nothing but love and a cook book, he had every reason to tremble at the thought of his daily bread. But, mercy, how patient he was! My friends used to sink down on the pan of hot pastry sooner than eat it, and he would take one bite and swallow it with a smile, and then, if he was in a hurry, he would take a pan of pie in two it looked like glue and tasted like it, too, but Hiram used to eat them down and ask for more. One day my brother Jacob came to eat with us. He had been in the war and spent four months a prisoner at Libby, which nearly killed him. When he came he ate a little, his day he turned to me and said: "Lizzie, you must excuse me I leave the table." There is something about your cooking which calls up old times and takes away my appetite. I never like to remember those terrible days in prison! I can help it. I also sure you didn't mean anything by these dissents and that the resemblance is purely accidental, but it is there just the same." I tried to laugh, but couldn't very well, and Hiram wouldn't see the joke at all. He jumped up from his chair, and I guess there would have been trouble if I hadn't knocked over the coffee pot and scalded my hand and so changed the subject. I don't exactly remember Hiram's love affair, but no matter what he did, I forgave him afterward, for I found that the most of the trouble came from my trying to follow my recipes too closely. I tried to remember some of them or the slight some important ingredient. Recipes are bad enough now, containing half dozen things I don't want to use, but in those days they were a great deal worse. To make bread take a pan from a barrel which has been carefully covered to prevent destruction by rats or mice, after having prepared your yeast the night before by soaking a handful of it in a quart of water of a lukewarm temperature and adding a pinch of cocoa salt or table salt or pepper, put in the flour, which may have been sifted through a colander, if a sieve is not at hand, until the whole has the consistency of pastry, then cover over a warm fire all night if in winter or in a safe place if in summer in the morning stir in more flour, set in a warm place to rise and wait for it to rise a second time if it has risen sufficiently, after having heated the oven to a steady heat, neither too cool, carefully insert in the oven, shutting the door upon it, and remain outside into the northeast corner of the room, where you stand watching on one foot, holding out the other to prevent the bread from being jarred, steadily fixing your eyes upon the poker, which no housekeeper should for one moment think of leaving on the stove lid, removing your eyes after the lapse of forty-three minutes and observing the broom standing in one corner of the kitchen, where you put it in advance carefully, and selecting a large tray, as clean as possible, therefrom to softly approach the oven, opening the door of which, you finally insert the point of the well-heated pan of bread, upon which if you observe traces of unbaked dough the bread is not done, but if otherwise may be taken out, removed diagonally across the room in the right hand, holding for convenience a towel for a hand holder, to avoid burning if possible, and may be sliced with a sharp knife and served with butter on a large plate deposited in the center of the table for convenience."

Aunt Lizzie leaned back in her chair and laughed herself until she had quite exhausted the remnant of breath which she had left after rehearsing her recipe. "Well," she said when she could speak again, "I may not have been quite so bad as that, but sooner any woman who wants to learn to cook makes up her mind to take published recipes at no more than their true value and depend upon them for a general idea not for detail, which can be secured through experiment and experience—the latter she will succeed."

Good Advice to Girls.

Scarcely a day passes without its news paper story of some young woman who met a man so interesting that she thought she couldn't live without him, so she married him in haste and afterward learned that he was an ex-convict or a brute or already had a wife or two from whom he had separated without the formality of a legal divorce. In such cases the blame is laid upon the man, who generally deserves more abuse than he gets. But, girls, look at the matter seriously for a moment and see if the trouble might not have been avoided if you had not been in too much of a hurry.

Marriage means partnership for life; decrees of divorce are merely exceptions that prove the rule. Would any man enter into a business partnership with as little knowledge of the other party as you seem to do with? Well, no not unless he were a weed sanbed lunatic. Talk is cheap, but it can be made to order as fast as the mill can run, especially when there is a pretty face to inspire it and two ears willing to receive it.

Don't fear that some other girl will get the fellow unless you secure him at once. A fish that any one can catch isn't worth having a line for. Play him to find out if the fellow means to anything. If he be some impertinent and dashes away, why, Dogberry thank God that you're rid of a knave.

How to Manage a Husband.

The amount of advice given to women as to the better methods of retaining their husband's love is wearisome in the extreme. The fact that much of this is written by those sisters who have lovely theories rather than experience as a guide may have made much of this quite impractical. However, I heard a chat between two clever little women the other day upon which I have been pondering ever since. "Yes," said Mrs. A., "I am awfully fond of my husband, and he is a splendid fellow, but do you know he has somehow acquired the habit of embellishing his little stories which he tells so in the most elaborate fashion? Why, at first I felt dreadfully over it and kept, not occasionally but little lakes of tears and fancied myself one of the most deeply injured of women. Did I chide him, or reproach him, or did I tell him that I should never more have faith in him? Not I. I just sat down and gave my best thought to the matter and decided that if I did that it would be simply ruinous to all our happiness; that his pride would be gone and he so deeply humiliated as to no longer strive for my love or admiration. Of course I am not quite an idiot, and a man or woman must need have a phenomenal memory to be an artistic liar. Now this, fortunately for me, perhaps, my husband does not possess, so when he comes home late with a most interesting account of the supper which he gave to one of the boys who sails for Europe next week I take it that he didn't want to come home, and spared my feelings by this excuse. When he has forgotten this and the supper is really given and he again stays away, I have so far gained control of myself that I fail to remind him that it is the second compliment paid to the departing friend, and though it isn't a little bit easy, you may be sure that I find it a most satisfactory condition of things. So I have laid it down as one of the cardinal rules of domestic bliss, first, that a woman must always believe implicitly in what her husband tells her; second, that if she cannot believe it she must to school herself as to assume that faith, and thus shall she secure her own comfort and that of her husband by the subtle flattery, thus implied."

Deborah's Brown Hair.

Thirty-seven years ago a Yankee fishing skipper of Vinal Haven, Me., named Solomon Marshall was courting Deborah Sholes of Upper Port La Tour, N. S. While at her home he had begged a lock of her beautiful golden brown hair. During the succeeding winter which he spent at his home, he received the news that the young lady of his heart had turned fickle and was allowing another the honor of her company to village merry makings.

In his despair he and a friend named Colby, who was afterwards killed in the war of the rebellion, bored a three-quarter inch hole into a white birch tree then about five inches through, put the hair in and drove home after it a pine plug. The next summer he went back to Nova Scotia and married the fair Deborah, in triumph over his rival, and brought her to the states, where he afterward died. He never thought it necessary to reclaim the hair, and there it remained for year after year, the tree waxing large and strong, and covering over with its white wood and paper bark the precious token hid in its bosom. This last winter Mr. Edwin Smith, who now owns the old Marshall farm, cut the tree for fire wood. In splitting the wood the ax happened to lay the tree open exactly on a pine plug, with a lock of beautiful hair behind it. The outside end of the plug was covered by three inches of solid wood, which consisted of thirty-seven annual rings. The hair and plug are now in possession of Mrs. Margaret Turner of Isle au Haut, Me., the sister of the heroine of this little romance, who is now Mrs. Saunders of Lockport, N. S.

A Royal Hair-Cutting.

In some Eastern countries children's hair is not cut until they are 10 or 12 years of age, the girls then being considered marriageable. Up to that time it is coiled on the top of the head and adorned with fresh flowers. When the great day for cutting comes there is a grand ceremony and much feasting.

One who was present at a royal hair cutting tells us that the darling of the harem was robed in long, flowing garments of silk and lace, confined at the waist by a golden girdle. Her long hair, coiled for the last time, was fastened with diamond pins which gleamed and glittered among fresh white flowers and green leaves, like pearly drops of morning dew.

There in the presence of the ladies, her father and an officiating priest, surrounded by her maidens, some 200 in number, she knelt under a canopy of flowers and leaves while prayers were chanted.

Then, the beautiful tresses being unbound, her royal father, dipping his fingers in perfumed water and drawing them repeatedly over her head, clipped off about an eighth of an inch of hair and threw it into a golden basin, depositing at the same time, on a great salver placed ready to receive them presents of jewels and gold.

Who priest cut the next piece, her mother followed, and so on, each guest solemnly in turn until the little lady was shorn.

All gave costly gifts intended for her marriage dower, Princes, Ministers of state and dignitaries of all sorts, who waited in the outer courts, sending in theirs by the attendants. The day ended in feasting and a display of fireworks.

"Too Many of We."

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, mamma,
If a few of your childs should die."

She was only three years old; that one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way.
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were a half dozen who round her stood;
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood
And fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, on time, no place
For the little one, least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face
Over the young life seemed to fall.

More thought for than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way,
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier every day.

One a week and the little Clare,
In her tiny white trundle bed,
Lay with her blue eyes closed and the sunny hair
Out close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said, and the words were low,
Heeding tears that she could not see;
"You won't have to work and be tired so,
When there ain't so many of we."

And the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was still
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,
What a place she had always filled.

Where Bagpipes are Used.

Bagpipes are not only used in other countries than Scotland, but, in fact, are comparatively a modern innovation in the land of the Scot, not having been known there until the 15th or 16th centuries; the first authentic mention of them being in connection with the battle of Balyinnes in 1591. As a musical instrument among Eastern nations, the bagpipe dates back to a very remote period, being almost universal throughout the whole of Asia. It is used among Chinese musicians, and also in Persia and India. It was introduced into Arabia and Egypt, and is common in Italy, some of the peasants of which country come over with the hand-organ tribe, and may be seen during the summer months alternately with the German bands at many English pleasure resorts. The Italian peasant believes that the bagpipe was the best-beloved music of the Virgin Mary, and that it was the instrument upon which the shepherds expressed their joy when they visited the Saviour. When the Italian peasant visits Rome on the anniversary of the birth of our Saviour, he always carries his bagpipes with him. Prior to the 16th century the bagpipe was common in England; carvings of it occur in churches at Boston, Great Yarmouth, and Hull, as also at Melrose. It is mentioned by Chaucer and Spenser, and several times by Shakespeare.

England's Reduced Duty on Tea.

A little over a million pounds sterling is the sum our Treasury lost last year through the reduction of the duty on tea from 6d. to 4d. a pound. As the consumption of tea previous to the reduction was in round figures 179,000,000 pounds avoirdupois, the less, of course, would have been greater but for the increased demand which invariably follows a decreased imposition. The actual increase from this cause was rather more than 23,000,000 pounds weight, or a little more than 12½ per cent. It is curious to note that in 1875, when the duty ranged from 18d. to 8s., according to the quality of the article, the amount netted by the revenue from this source stood almost exactly at the same figure as at the present moment, when all kinds of tea pay only 4d. On the supposition that the good things of this life are equally shared out—which, alas, is only a supposition—every man, woman, and child among us now consumes five and a half pounds' weight of tea a year.

The Names of American States.

The State of Maine was called in compliment to the Queen of Charles I, who was born in the province of that name in France. Few people are unaware that Pennsylvania is called after the great Quaker, Virginia after Queen Elizabeth, and Louisiana after Louis XIV. of France. But it is less generally known that Florida received its pretty name from the fact that on the Spanish Pasqua de Flores, or Feast of Flowers, Ponce de Leon discovered, in 1519, this lovely shore. The state of Delaware was so designated after Lord De La Ware, who called there in 1610; and the name Rhode Island was adopted in 1671 from the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean, the two islands being supposed to resemble each other.

In Profusion.

The least exertion on a hot day provokes perspiration, and labor produces it in profusion. It is then when the skin is moist and the pores open, that treatment of old chronic rheumatic and neuralgic aches and pains may be the most successful. St. Jacobs Oil will penetrate to the bone. It will find the seat of the trouble, stimulate the muscles to healthful action and will soothe the disordered nerves.

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, and every other form of blood disease have yielded to the powerful effects of this medicine. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The First Forged Bank-Note.

Richard William Vaughan, after graduating at Oxford, living a fast and wild life, and farting in all he undertook, was the first forger of a Bank of England note. He was convicted of the offence—then a hanging one—and executed at Tyburn, 1st May, 1758. Vaughan commenced life as a linen draper at Stafford, and then became bankrupt. He then tried several occupations without success, at last obtaining a situation, at a very small salary, as clerk to a lawyer named Bliss, of Lincoln's Inn, London. He courted and became engaged to Miss Bliss (niece and ward of his employer), who had a considerable property of her own, bringing in a revenue of £600 a year, and obtained the consent of Mr. Bliss, it being agreed that as soon as he accumulated £700, the marriage should take place. In order to raise this £700, which he did not possess, and had no means of obtaining, he conceived the notion of forging bank-notes for the amount. He arranged with Cotland, an engraver, to prepare a plate for a promissory note, and, to prevent detection, got another engraver to prepare a plate for a portion of the note. The notes were ready about three weeks before his intended marriage was to come off, and he deposited notes to the value of £300 with Miss Bliss, and also tried to cash one of them, when the forgery—which was a very clumsy one—was detected. England was spelt "Engalad," the paper was thicker than the genuine note, and had no water mark. The next bank-note forger was John Mathison, a Scotchman, who was executed in 1779, on the offence of which he was convicted.

A new scientific instrument has been given up by Prof. Bigelow, which is called the aurora-inclinometer. By extensive researches he has found that the same law which underlies the working of electricity and magnetism is operating on the sun, and that sunlight is a magnetic field in which the magnetized earth rotates as does the armature of a dynamo. The instrument will be sent to Alaska, where it will be used in the study of the aurora, as it is there seen in the best conditions.

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Texas, writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmallhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

G. C. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Transplanting Rare Shrubs.

Vick's Magazine tells how to transplant choice shrubs and trees safely as follows: My complaint of losing shrubs and large plants received by express, as all the soil is taken on the roots before they are sent. Don't wait until the shrubs are received before you prepare the bed for them, but as soon as the order is sent make preparations for them. Do not only remove the top soil where the shrubs are to stand, but spade the whole bed deep and add a liberal quantity of well rotted manure and half bushel of it can be gained and mix thoroughly; and when the shrubs arrive plant the same as you would young fruit trees. Notice the mark showing how deep they were planted before, and prepare to set them a little deeper this time. Wet the roots in a bucket of water. Dig the holes deeper than the roots require, and pour in water so that the ground below will be moist many inches. After the water settles place some manure in the hole, and over this an inch or two of soil; lift the shrub from the bucket of water and gently lay the wet roots in position, being careful not to break the fine, tender roots, as they are just as important as the large ones. After they are all arranged as nearly as possible in the same position as they were before sprinkle fine soil over them; and then fill up the hole with the soil, pressing it down very firmly about the roots. Now, cut back the tops in the same proportion as the roots have been disturbed or broken, and water freely. I have found this method perfectly satisfactory, and out of 42 hardy flowering shrubs, plants, in one year, only two died, and they were very frail, sickly-looking little affairs when they were received by express with several large ones.

No Use For Fast Steamers.

Who wants to cross the ocean in a fifty? What shall it profit a man to take a vacation simply to be shot from one place to another as from a catapult? Everybody agrees that the most restful thing about a journey abroad is the ocean voyage. The time spent on the water, where one is cut off from business, from mails, telegraph, newspapers, society, and all that worries or annoys, is the best medicine imaginable for tired Americans. Why wish it shortened? When one can cross the ocean in two or three days, the advantages and attractions of a foreign trip will be greatly lessened.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

St. Jacobs Oil

SURE CURE — PROMPT CURE

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Back-Aches
Head-Aches
Neuralgia

IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.

AGRICULTURAL.

Harvesting Potatoes.

It is common with many farmers who raise moderate crops of potatoes to make the time of digging and securing them a matter of convenience, and to postpone the work several weeks for other operations deemed more important. In the meantime Autumn rains set in, and when dug they are more or less covered with mud, spoiling their appearance and inviting the rot in such seasons as this disease prevails. These remarks apply to limited crops, and not to those extensive plantations that are a prominent source of profit, the owners of which have learned a different course.

With the exception of late maturing varieties, or of such as have been planted very late in the season, or with a dry or gravelly soil which never becomes muddy, potatoes should never be dug later than the end of August, or when the weather has been so dry that the soil will not adhere to them. The time may then be readily selected, when they will come out with a clean, bright and clean surface. The labor is lessened, and the crop is worth more than when plastered with mud. It is better to lose a little in their growth than to delay the work, with all the disadvantages of mud and rot.

When harvested at this time it is important to place them where they will keep well. An apartment in a barn or out-house facing the north, so as to remain cool, and provided with a slatted floor to allow the air to pass up freely among them, answers well. The space below may be the basement, and if the wind is permitted to flow freely below it will maintain good ventilation through the potatoes. The slatted floor may be made of scantling two by three inches, properly supported by a frame, or of narrow strips of plank set on edge. The distance apart should not be so great as to allow the smaller potatoes to fall through. Such an apartment as this will be found valuable on several accounts. Even where potatoes are stored when wet, they will soon become dry, and when they happen to be muddy, the upward current of air soon dries the mud and causes it to scale off when they are moved the next time.

It is well worth while for the farmer to provide such an apartment; large enough to hold a few hundred bushels, or as much as he commonly raises for his home use. The potatoes may be stored three or four feet thick and be sufficiently ventilated. When from necessity the tubers have become muddy and are in danger of rotting from this cause, a thinner stratum may be washed by dashing on water, sufficient drying immediately taking place, and rotting in great degree being prevented by this operation.

When the slated floor apartment cannot be provided, the same principle may be adopted in a more imperfect manner. Poles or scantling or rails may be laid a few inches apart on a barn floor, and brush, narrow boards or coarse corn-fodder laid across as a support for the potatoes, a partial ventilation being thus provided. This will answer for a small crop, or when there is danger of rot.

There may be sometimes exceptions to the statements which we have made in relation to the time of harvesting the crop, but as a general rule, applying to the most localities and to most soils, the time for digging should be earlier than many farmers have adopted, and the practice would lead to earlier planting, and to omitting the raising of very late varieties and late crops.—Albany Cultivator.

Points in Poultry Keeping.

For 40 years, says Dr. C. C. Green, with occasional interruptions, "it has been my fine as boy and man to care for poultry, and some experiences I have gathered during these years I propose now to make for all who are interested in the matter, and for convenience sake I will arrange the facts under different heads:

1. Hens, if properly kept, are a source of profit and comfort to the owner.

2. The eggs can be increased in size and richness by proper feeding of the fowls.

3. They require a variety of food, and get excessively tired of one kind.

4. The egg contains almost all the constituents of the human body, and hence the hen must have a variety of food to construct it.

5. No other product of animal or vegetable life contains substances exactly like the albumen and yolk of an egg.

6. The hen cease laying when improperly fed or when in a diseased condition.

7. They require a warm, clean, properly ventilated house for winter months.

8. If, by neglect, vermin infest the bird roosts and houses, they should at once be removed, as they are deleterious to the health of these friends of man.

9. The droppings of hens should be occasionally removed. They should not be allowed to accumulate. The floors should be covered with loam or sand.

10. As hens require a great deal of water, drinking only a small quantity at a time, it should be supplied abundantly and kept clean and fresh.

1. As they require and must have carbonate and phosphate of lime for their shell, it must be given them in unstinted quantities, and in the most convenient manner for them to pick and swallow into their crops.

12. These requirements will be found in old plastering, broken oyster shells, and best of all, in fresh bones, with some of the gristle and meat attached. It should be cut on a log with a hatchet every day; the strife made by fowls to get at it when offered them will plainly prove to you that they like and need it. The instincts of the hen, in summer with a proper range, will teach her what and where to collect the variety of food required. In winter, when housed, man must supply it to them.

13. The application of sulpher, sprinkled upon the fowls while roosting or otherwise with a pepper-box will destroy vermin. Coal oil applied to the roosts in small quantities will also kill parasites. Two or three drops of whale oil dropped occasionally on the back of a hen or any other bird will kill the lice.

14. The nest must occasionally be renewed and kept clean. Straw is better than hay. Tobacco stems covered with straw is an excellent preventive of insect breeding, especially when they are sitting.

15 When clucking and not needed for mothers the quickest way to stop their chicken-raising desire is to put them in boxes or cages without any thing to lay upon except the board.

16. A few fowls in separate pens are much more profitable and more easily kept healthy than in large numbers.

17. They require and must have in winter green food, such as grass, turnips beets, or cabbage leaves.

18 The temperature of a coop should not be allowed to be lower than 45 degrees in winter, and should be most of the time up to 60 degrees.

19. Corn and wheat middings, corn ground, oats, bread and other slops to be the house should all be fed, changing as often as twice a week.

20 Like cows and other stock, hens treatment injures them. They like a kind hand and know his voice as quickly as dogs.

21 Hens should be killed when three years old, as they lay less eggs every year after the third, and they naturally become diseased and not so good eating when they become older.

22 The sooner in the spring you commence setting the hens for the purpose of raising the chickens the better; late chickens generally fare badly.

23 Pullets rarely make good mothers; three and four-year-old hens are best.

Value of a Garden.

A correspondent urges his readers to pay more attention to the garden. He says a farmer's garden usually suffers lack of attention at some of the busy seasons, and where it does not its cultivation is so generally left mainly to hard work that it costs a great deal more than it should. Yet despite these difficulties a farmer who has a reasonably good garden will be surprised if he reckoned up through the season how much of the family living was thus procured. The garden cultivated chiefly by hand labor pays better than any other part of the farm. It would pay still better if laid out so that cultivation as in the fields could be done mainly with horse power. In estimating value of garden produce it should at least be as high as retail prices in the city or village. It is only necessary for farmers near a market to keep strict account of what their garden produces as compared with what they cost to induce them to extend their operations and grow a surplus for market after using all they need at home. To extend the garden grow some small fruits, a few at first, and then increase the amount as the market requires, is the easy and natural way to discontinue grain farming, which belongs chiefly to the cheaper lands of the North and Northwest. As soon as a farmer does his the finds he has more land than he can other manure or cultivate as it should be. That ever he sells, let it be to some one who will cultivate and manure it thoroughly. The high price of garden land quickly raises the price of all farming lands in the neighborhood that need only better manuring and cultivation to be made equally productive.

Cure for Hard Times.

A New-Hampshire farmer says, that while a farm free from debt well managed affords all the necessaries of life and many of its luxuries, it is not to be classed among the institutions for shaking money. Farmers do not need much money, and it is best that they are unable to make much. Hard fares the land, to hastening ills a prey. Where wealth accumulates and men decay. Can any one imagine what a calamity it would be if the host of discontented farmers were to be taken from their farms and placed in other occupations in the great cities, there to make a living; or even if they were put there in their younger days to support the city? How many would be as well off as they are on their farms to-day? Not one in a thousand would have ever risen above day wages, and that means just about scanty living for a small family. There is no business in the world in which a man is as sure of a competency, if he has any brains at all and any energy, as in agricultural pursuits.

It is true that the lives of some farmers' wives and daughters are a dull routine and their pleasures few and far between; but this is all wrong and needless, and all their own fault. Some farmers' wives and daughters have the poetry taken out of their lives by doing work not suited to their nature, and no man worthy of the name would allow such things. I would as soon see my wife shoulder the ax and start for the woods to allow her to milk, churn, make butter, feed pigs, and many other thing which many farmers' wives do, and it is often contended "doesn't hurt them a bit." Let the contented farmers put more energy in their work, more pride in their surrounding, simpler manner of living, a greater regard for the ease and comfort of the female portion of their families, and my word for it you will hear very little more about hard times.

Rules of Health.

There must be rules for the maintenance of mental health as well as physical. Methods for the cure of the physician, "Cast ye the patient must minister to himself." Herbs, roots, medicaments may not race from the brain a rooted sorrow, but unquestionably there are rules by which our minds may be regulated and relieved. The harassment and worry of the mind are fruitful sources of physical ailments, and of those worse than physical ailments, hysteria, delirium, weariness. A calm and equable temperament is probably above all others the most precious quality of the mind. The most wind ailments of life are avoided if but the mind is so constituted as to oppose dejection and depression. Some temperaments are so strong that no rules can avail, but for the student and the brain worker of the ordinary mould there are systematic rules which will insure a temperate working of that delicate yet hardy organism which in turn will go far to contribute to a sound body. The actual workings of the mind are different in different individuals. Dr. Matthew Arnold, for instance, who said that his mind began to work congenially the moment he had a pen in his hand and a dropped ink on his point. A most desirable condition of the brain organism truly, and indicative of a most well regulated organization. Yet with so sound a body and so temperate a mind as those of the late James Russell Lowell, it is related that that genial poet wrote his long and exquisite "Vision of Sir Launfal" in a continuous sitting of forty-eight hours, during which he was in an ecstasy of composition from which he was to be roused neither for food nor sleep. With such diversities of brain organism, a system of rules can hardly be applicable to each, but Dr. Edward Smith, in his excellent treatise on "Health," lays down some cardinal rules of health for students and brain workers which are well worthy of consideration, even by those in the humbler conditions of mental workmanship than embrace poetry or philosophy. They are indeed worthy of consideration by all workers, for to all, even the lowliest worker there is an interval where the mind must have its swing. The rules are as follows:

(1) Work in the early, rather than in the later, part of the day, and do not cheat yourself of sleep before midnight. (2) Alternate your mental work with bodily recreation, and make as much use of the latter as time will allow. (Gymnastics which will expand the chest, singing, shouting, running, jumping, walking are proper kinds of relaxation. (3) Limit your mental tool to that number of hours which will enable you properly to work well with the hand and to obtain proper recreation for it and the mind.

These two first rules will apply every in the work of the household, where the good housekeeper has more mental stress upon her than she often consents to believe. The student, whether man or woman, will do well to test this regime of Dr. Smith, and see if it does not help him out in the problem of doing his work with the least exhaustion. Parents above all should guard the rising generation against foolish habits, such as occasionally at one time and entire neglect at others, a neglect often the result of exhaustion at other times. There is no progress worthy of the name which is not continuous and steady. It is the systematic method in all kinds of work that breaks down the worker and fails of results.

A Good Reason for Living.

"Be thine to love and love—to live."
She lives to love and love to live.
Many think it a sin to be sick; being so, one cannot bestow their affections on others as the Creator intended; being so, it certainly is a duty to cure yourself. Most women these days, need an invigorating tonic. Worn-out teachers, "Shop girls," dressmakers, milliners, and those who perform some labor, have found a boon in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a nothing and strengthening nervine, inducing refreshing sleep relieves despondency and restores to full use all the appetites and affections of one's nature. It is sold, by druggists, under a *guarantee* from its makers that it will, in every case, give satisfaction, or price ($1.00) will be promptly refunded.

God endures us when we offend; let us endure Him when He tries us. Endurance is one of the names of love.

Thrashes a Man Twice His Size.

The other day a small, harmless looking man entered a New York street car and accidentally trod on the toes of a six-footer. He apologized, but the six-footer wasn't satisfied. He talked for some time, and finally invited the little man to leave the car to settle the matter on the sidewalk. Greatly to his astonishment, the latter accepted. Those who witnessed the contest say that it didn't last long, but that the big fellow had to be carried home in an ambulance, while his diminutive antagonist walked away with a cheerful smile. And so it is with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're not half as big as most of their rivals, but they do their work quietly, and thoroughly. For sick headache, biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, etc., there is nothing like them. They are the only Liver Pills guaranteed to give satisfaction.

The man who reforms himself has done more toward reforming the public than a dozen noisy patriots.

Man or Woman, Ghost or Human.

We cannot say what will cure ghosts, but many men and many women who look like ghosts rather than human beings, through sickness, would regain health and happiness, if they would try the virtue of the world-renowned remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Torpid liver, or "biliousness," impure blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, Consumption (which is scrofula in the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic and strength restorative, and alterative or blood cleansing.

Our reward is in the race we run, not in the prize.

The sudden changes liable at this season result in cold in head, followed by catarrh and perhaps consumption and death if not speedily treated. Nasal Balm almost instantly relieves