FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

Wintering Colts

It should be the especial effort of every horse-breeder within this month to see that the foals of the season are in proper condition to be easily wintered. If they are thin in flesh and unthrifty, it will be a difficult task to bring them through the cold and storm of winter safely. They will require much closer attention, more careful housing from storms, and better and more food than those that commence the cold season in good flesh. They should have been taught to eat long before this time, and by following the instructions which we gave a month ago, in reference to feeding, they can soon be got into very fair flesh. We do not advocate high feeding on heated grains, with close confinement in the stable, but we do urge that liberal feeding on oats, with a little oil-meal or wheat-bran occasionally added, and plenty of grass, with protection from storms, is essential to a perfect development of the colt. We reject *in toto* the doctrine that the way to make a hardy horse is to starve the colt—it is against nature. Starving and freezing in the bleak fields during winter, on the one hand, and pampering on corn in warm stables without exercise, are the Scylla and Charybdis that must be shunned with equal care by the breeder of horses. Both extremes are injurious—it does not pay either to pamper or starve the young things. It will not do to keep them always shut up in a warm stable, nor to turn them out in the fields to take the weather as it comes. The "golden mean" lies in an abundance of wholesome, nutritious food, with plenty of room to romp and race and play at their own good pleasure, when the weather is fair, and a warm shelter to which they can resort when it storms.

Turkey Fattening.

A nice plump turkey. Well we all have a weakness that way, and most of us are looking forward to the Christmas holidays, when we hope to help dissect a nicely browned turkey and discuss its merits along with the many other good things provided at that time. Turkeys are undoubtedly profitable to raise when they have been reared on proper principles, which means plenty of food, care and exercise. There is a great difference of opinion in regard to fattening turkeys, but experience has shown breeders that the best way to get the greatest number of pounds of flesh is to feed the birds all they will eat right from the time they hatch out till they are ready for market. While they are running at large is the time to develope them. They undoubtedly get much food in the fields, the scattered grain, the "hoppers," worms, &c., but then they must be supplemented by daily or twice daily feeds of grain at the barn. Turkeys cannot bear confinement, especially when in small flocks or singly, and should never be confined longer than a week or ten days before killing. An ordinary rail pen is one of the best for the purpose, for they like to be on the ground. At this time feed principally on cooked or soft food and plenty of milk if you have it to spare, giving occasionally hard whole grain, to keep the flesh solid and firm.

The Poultry Trade.

The poultry trade of Canada, which continues to increase year by year, is a profitable source of income to farmers, and bids fair to attain much larger proportions as the foreign outlet widens, and becomes better understood. Last year considerable quantities of live and dead turkeys were shipped from Canada to the United States and Great Britain, most of which paid both the farmers and shippers good margins. The mild weather we experienced at the commencement of last season, prevented many shippers from placing their supplies upon the Christmas markets of England, but those who ventured received very satisfactory returns. A great many tons of dead turkeys (unplucked) were shipped from this city and western points to Liverpool about the beginning of last December, which arrived in good condition, and sold well. Each bird was wrapped in brown paper, and packed in boxes containing about ten or twelve head. Consignments of dressed poultry were also forwarded, but we understand that, although they paid, they did not yield as large net profits as those unplucked. The best time for poultry to arrive in England for the Christmas markets is from December 18th to the 23rd. We notice quotations from St. John's Market, Liverpool, on November 6th, were as follows.—Turkeys, 5s to 9s each, as to size; geese, 5s to 8s do; ducks, 4s to 5s per pair; fowls, 4s to 5s do. During the past week or ten days consignments of dressed poultry packed in cases have been received by Montreal commission houses, and among them were several cases of turkeys with their feathers on, which were wholly unsuited to the wants of this market. From enquiries lately made by shippers from the Perth district, Belleville, Napanee, Brockville, Morrisburg, Cornwall and Lancaster, as well as from the Eastern Townships, dealers here conclude that there are large quantities to come forward, and with seasonable weather a busy time is expected between now and the holidays. Last season part of the surplus stocks of this market was sent to Newfoundland with satisfactory results. American buyers have been purchasing live poultry in the Eastern Townships during the past few days, principally in those districts which border upon the State of Vermont, and have been paying good prices for them. Ontario shippers have began to forward part of their dressed poultry to Boston, as is usual at this time of year, but many of them did much better last season in this market than in the American. As heavy losses often result to country shippers from careless dressing and packing, we beg to call the attention of our country friends to the best style of preparing dead poultry for this market, which is as follows: Abstain from feeding poultry twenty-four hours before killing. Pluck while dry, leaving wing and tail feathers on, and entrails not drawn. Wrap the head in brown paper, tuck it neatly under the wing and tie the body round with a bit of string. One important point which many forwarders neglect is proper packing. All cases used for that purpose should be perfectly clean, lined with brown paper, and large enough to contain from 150 to 200 pounds.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Eradicating the Canada Thistle.

"Acer" writes as follows from Cayuga county, N. Y., to the *Country Gentleman*:—I am surprised that so excellent a manager as Mr. Chamberlain should attempt to eradicate a patch of Canadian thistles by trying to dig out all the roots, to a depth, if necessary, of several feet. The thing cannot be done by any appliance within the reach of rich and excellent farmers. Broken fragments will escape. That mode was tried in the early part of this century in a certain portion of New England, with vast labor, digging to a depth and amount equal to excavating a deep cellar, but it entirely failed. The farmers were terrified at the introduction of the weed, and would have been willing to perform great labor to get rid of it, but they began at the wrong end. It is needless to go down a single foot, even if the roots have penetrated to twenty feet. Serve the roots as we do the fire in a burning building. We smother the roots—not with water, but with earth. I have done this so many times that it seems to be a very light task. When I was a young man I had a five acre field which was a dense mass of these weeds. I let them grow till about blossoming, when they become a heavy mass of green herbage. The whole was then turned deeply under the plow. A chain served to roll them into the furrows. The plowing was repeated often enough to prevent any green peeping above ground—about once a month. By the first of October the ground was in a clean and very mellow condition, the decaying thistles adding much to its fertility, and it was in excellent shape for sowing a crop of winter wheat. No thistles ever made their appearance afterward, except at a stone heap which prevented plowing. In another part of the country, a hundred acre farm was nearly covered with Canada thistles from one end to the other, through neglect a new occupant took possession, and now when I ride past I do not see one. I could repeat many instances. I think I would give more for land with a heavy growth, that I could turn in for green manure, than for such that has nothing growing on it. The plowing necessary to kill them pays in the fine condition in which it leaves the soil.

Cayuga county, N. Y. ACER

Shelter for Swine.

Pigs that have always been kept in comfortable pens are very susceptible to cold, and any unusual exposure will be likely to induce disease. We once knew a fine herd, that had been carefully fitted for the autumn shows, almost ruined by being turned out when the fairs were over, and left to shift for themselves, without shelter of any kind. A cold rain storm coming on, nearly every hog in the herd contracted a severe cold; in many individuals this terminated in rheumatism, while, in others, a chronic cough and a gradual decline, ending fatally, was the result. It was eminently proper to turn the hogs out after the fair, but the neglect to provide suitable shelter and protection from storms was a piece of folly that merited the punishment which the loss inflicted.

While on the subject of shelter for swine, it is well to call attention to the importance of securing good ventilation in their sleeping apartments. We have not the slightest doubt that many cases of the so-called hog cholera originate in blood poisoning, the result of crowding large numbers of swine together in close and half-ventilated quarters. The atmosphere performs the same office for the blood of swine that it does for human beings; and the heart and lungs, the veins and the arteries, perform the same office in each. Oxygen is inhaled, carbolic acid gas is given off; and without sufficient means for the admission of fresh air, and for the escape of that which has been vitiated by having been once inhaled, disease is quickly engendered. Pens may easily be so constructed, that, while they are warm and comfortable, and form ample protection from chilling winds, the ventilation will also be thorough.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

A REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.

No other epidemic disease of late years has wrought such terrible havoc among children as diphtheria, and in some portions of our own country its ravages have been peculiarly severe. In fact, there are few communities in which its effects have not been felt to a greater or less degree, whole families of children being carried off in some cases. The disease is one of the most difficult of treatment, the efforts of the medical faculty often proving utterly futile. In view of these facts any effective remedy for this terrible malady must be regarded as a great boon to humanity. M. Shiskin, the Russian Minister at Washington, publishes a letter in the New York *Herald* in which he makes known a very simple cure, which he says has been successfully used in Russia and Germany and may prove effective in this country. We quote the following from the letter referred to:

"Out of several others, Dr. Letzerich, who made extensive experiments in the application of this remedy, has used it in twenty-seven cases, eight of which were of a very serious nature, all of which had a favorable result except in one case, when the child died from a complication of diseases. For children of one year he prescribes the remedy, for internal use every one or two hours, as follows:—Natr. benzoic, pur. 5.0 soly. in aq. distillat aq. menth. piper. ana 40.0 syr. cort. aur. 10.0. For children from one to three years old he prescribed it from seven to eight grammes for 100 grammes of distilled water, with same syrup; for children from three to seven years old he prescribed ten to fifteen grammes, and for grown persons from fifteen to twenty-five grammes for each 100 grammes. Besides this he uses also with great success the insufflation on the diphtherial membrane through a glass tube in serious cases every three hours, in light cases three times a day of the natr. benzoic pulver. For grown people he prescribes for gargling a dilution of ten grammes of this pulver for 200 grammes of water. The effect of the remedy is rapid. After twenty-four or thirty-six hours the feverish symptoms disappear completely and the temperature and pulse become normal. This remedy was used also with the same success by Dr. Braham Braun and Professor Klebs, in Prag; Dr. Sonator, in Cassel, and several others in Russia and Germany."

MARK TWAIN'S BEST JOKE

(From the Chicago Times.)

That quaint and original genius, Samuel L. Clemens—Mark Twain—told a story at his own expense while breakfasting with a journalistic friend on Tuesday morning, which is too good to be lost, and which by his consent, is now published for the first time. There has been some talk at the table about the Grant banquet, when Mr. Clemens remarked with a smile and his peculiar drawl:—

"Speaking of banquets remind me of a rather amusing incident that occurred to me during my stop in smoky, dirty, grand, old London. I received an invitation to attend a banquet there, and I went. It was one of those tremendous dinners where there are from eight hundred to nine hundred invited guests. I hadn't been used to that sort of a thing, and I didn't feel quite at home. When we took our seats at the tables I noticed that at each plate was a little plan of the hall, with the position of each guest numbered, so that one could see at a glance where a friend was seated by learning his number. Just before we fell to some one—the Lord Mayor, or whoever was bossing the occasion—arose and began to read a list of those present—No. 1, Lord So-and-So; No. 2, the Duke of Something-or-other, and so on. When this individual read the name of some prominent political character or literary celebrity, it would be greeted with more or less applause. The individual who was reading the names did so in so monotonous a manner that I became tired, and began looking about for something to engage my attention. I found the gentleman next to me, on the right, a well informed personage, and I entered into conversation with him. I had never seen him before, but he was a good talker, and I enjoyed it. Suddenly, just as he was giving me his views upon the future religious aspect of Great Britain our ears were assailed by a deafening storm of applause. Such a clapping of hands I never heard before. It sent the blood to my head with a rush, and I got terribly excited. I straightened up and commenced clapping my hands with all my might. I moved about in my chair and clapped harder and harder. 'Who is it?' I asked the gentleman on my right. 'Whose name did he read?'

"'Samuel L. Clemens,' he answered.

"I stopped applauding. I didn't clap any more. It kind of took the life out of me, and I sat there like a mummy and didn't even get up and bow. It was one of the most distressing fixes I ever got into, and it will be many a day before I forget it."

SIX HOURS OF DANCING.

(From the New York Star).

And now Miss Carrie Willing of Williamsburg, a young lady of eighteen, has distinguished herself by her wonderful powers of endurance. At the reception of the Unique Club, held on Fourth street on Wednesday evening, she astonished her friends, and waltzed into public notoriety by dancing from ten o'clock in the evening until four o'clock in the morning. This she did without intermission, and she used up nine partners. She didn't even have a blister on her feet, and did not appear in the least fatigued after her extraordinary performance.

—It is very difficult for one to see the virtues of others unless he has some virtue in himself. The bad man always suspects others of falsehood, and so overreaches himself; while the good man is apt to trust everybody, and so gets cheated. It is a funny world to live in, and yet we are all anxious to stay.

GEORGE VAN HOLLEN.

Back in Chicago Giving Evidence in a Fraud Case.

George Van Hollen, who has been residing in Hamilton for some time, is now in Chicago, his former place of abode, giving evidence in a law-suit against William Vocke, who had been assignee of the Germania Fire Insurance Company. Van Hollen, who had filled the position of tax collector in Chicago, and who was obliged to leave that city owing to some alleged crookedness, is to be used as a witness both civilly and criminally against Mr. Vocke,—for the purpose, in one case, of impeaching certain receipts purporting to be signed by him, which Mr. Vocke holds as vouchers for $6,000 alleged to have been paid as city personal property taxes in the assessment of the Germania; and, in the other, as a witness before the Federal Grand Jury, now in session, against Mr. Vocke, on the charges of conspiracy to defraud, conspiracy to commit a forgery, etc. In a deposition made by Van Hollen on the 11th of this month, before Hon. Mr. Leland, U. S. Consul at this port, he says: "The tax to the amount of $1,000 for the year 1871 was paid by said William Vocke, as Assignee of the Germania, on the date as stated in the receipt, March 24, 1876. The other $6,000 were never paid to me by said Vocke or anybody else. Those $6,000 were, in fact, never received by me as City Collector of said city of Chicago, or as an individual. The receipts of April 6 and 15, and May 4, 1876, have not been written, made out, or signed by me in the city of Chicago at the day mentioned in said receipts, but were made out, written, and signed in the city of Hamilton, Province of Ontario, at a much later time, to wit: in the month of May, 1879. The circumstances under which I was prevailed upon to write, make out and sign said receipts of $2,000 each, were as follows: Last winter my wife and children lived at Chicago. I was here alone, without occupation or money. My family was without means, and I was unable to furnish them any. Then there came the tempter, in the person of a man from Chicago, whom I prefer not to name at present, and who represented that he was authorized by William Vocke to get receipts for taxes to the amount of $6,000, as all that amount had been paid to me as City Collector of the city of Chicago. He brought the tax book of said William Vocke with him, and proposed to me to write out and sign receipts for the personal taxes of said Germania Insurance Company of $2,000 for the years 1868, 1869 and 1870 each, of which he paid me $235. In consequence of this proposition, and on his representation that it would not bring me in any difficulty, and it was only a matter of form, and pressed by my impecunious situation, and desiring to get the means which would enable my family to come here from Chicago, I wrote, made out and signed the receipts here in the city of Hamilton in the month of May last.'"

From the above it would appear that Van Hollen himself is mixed up in another bad scrape—no less than being concerned in a conspiracy to forge—a conspiracy in which Mr. Vocke, Mr. Van Hollen, and that individual whose name Mr. Van Hollen declines to give, seem to be equally criminal. Alluding to the matter the *Tribune* says: "The city of Chicago has something to say about this. So long as Mr. Van Hollen while Collector took this money, no matter what he did with it, the city could look to him only for redress. But, if the money has never been paid to him, then the city has been defrauded out of $6,000 to which it was entitled, and would be justified in commencing criminal proceedings against the Assignee, if he had taken it. This is the reason why Mayor Harrison wrote the letter he did to the State's Attorney, asking that Mr. Van Hollen be allowed to return."

A LEADVILLE MARRIAGE.

(N. Y. Times.)

There is no doubt that the Rector of St George's church, Leadville, belongs to the Church Militant. He has just proved it beyond contradiction, and at this moment public sentiment in Leadville pronounces him the ablest and most powerful clergyman for his weight in the United States, while a committee of leading citizens is about to present him with a silver mounted revolver as a testimony of respect and admiration.

The Rev. Mr. Withers earned this enviable reputation a few weeks ago while engaged in marrying the well known Mr. Roaring Bill to one of the most beautiful and accomplished daughters of Leadville. The bridegroom was a man of most excellent reputation, having killed three men in hand-to-hand fights and wounded a number of others. He was not accompanied to the altar by any groomsman, and the bride was similarly devoid of bridesmaids, though their place was to some extent taken by her three brothers. Mr. Withers, who up to that time had been known as an extremely peaceable man, and was not supposed to have a particle of ability about him, had been warned that the bridegroom was quick-tempered and exceedingly jealous, and that he would do well to "ladle out the service pretty considerable mild." To this warning, however, he paid no attention, being determined to do his duty, no matter what the consequences might be.

The service proceeded smoothly until the clergyman reached the point where he asked the bridegroom if he took this "woman" to be his wedded wife. To this Mr. Roaring Bill replied by remarking that he was about to marry a "lady," and any man who called her a "woman" must be remarkably anxious to incur the expense of a personal funeral. Paying no attention to this remark, the clergyman proceeded, and inquired if the bridegroom would promise to love, cherish and protect the bride. This was regarded by Mr. Roaring Bill in the unnecessary asking of foolish questions. "In course I do," he replied; "what do you take me for? Do you mean to insinuate that I am a playin' it on her? I want you to understand that thichyer's a square deal, and if you don't just go ahead with your marryin' and drop this askin' of impertinent questions, it'll lead to difficulties. You hear me." Still the courageous clergyman, heedless of the brewing storm, ignored the bridegroom's interruptions, and read the service with cool and steady courage. Presently, he inquired of the bride if she would promise to love, honor and obey her husband. At this point, the latter drew his revolver and informed the clergyman that he was fast ripening for the grave. "Any more personal questions will require me to answer with thichyer weapon. I don't wish to make a row in a church, but if you will have one just continue as you have begun. For a peaceable long-sufferin' man, but the holiest feelin's of this lady's heart isn't goin' to be pried into by no man without he hears from me."

Still the clergyman pursued the even tenor of his way. One might have imagined that he was deaf, so utterly heedless was he of the irregular responses made by the bridegroom. The spectators who had assembled to witness the ceremony were making bets freely as to whether Mr. Bill would kill him at the first fire, or whether he would merely mark him with a bullet for future identification. Contrary to the general anticipation, the bridegroom made no further interruption, either by word or bullet, and the ceremony came to an end. All might have ended peaceably, had not Mr. Withers, determined to do his whole duty, supplemented the ceremony by kissing the bride.

The first bullet missed its mark, and the bridegroom, while pausing to adjust his aim, remarked that "this painful immorality on the part of the clergy must be checked." Just as he was about to fire a second shot—having got the clergyman's right ear in line—the brother of the bride sprang on him and took away his pistol. At the same moment, Mr. Withers tore off his surplice, and, leaping over the railing, struck out at Mr. Roaring Bill in a most beautiful and scientific way.

A ring was immediately formed. The bride climbed on the baptismal font and alternately encouraged each combatant with such inspiriting remarks as "Now, then, Bill, bust him in the eye," or "Hooray, Parson, the eyes of the Church is on you! Back up your religion like a little man!" The eager spectators swarmed into the church and fought for good positions in the pulpit. The betting at first was on the bridegroom, but at the end of ten minutes large odds were offered on the clergyman. His courage was was undoubted, and his pugilistic skill was simply astounding. His adversary scarcely touched him, while the clergyman danced around him, near closing an eye and now shaking the foundation of his teeth with a smiling confidence that created the wildest enthusiasm. In twenty minutes and five rounds he had reduced his man to perfect helplessness. Mr. Roaring Bill cried "enough," the spectators cheered, and the bride descending from her perch, kissed the clergyman with hearty frankness, and informed him that she should never allow any husband of her's to come between her and her religion.

Such was the public enthusiasm in Leadville over the clergyman's victory that no less than thirty leading citizens came forward and offered to be confirmed as an evidence of their good will, provided the Rector would refrain from interfering with card-playing and other usual Sunday recreations. As has been said, the admiration of Leadville is about to be expressed in silver-mounted pistols, and there is no doubt that the prosperity of St. George's Church and the popularity of Mr. Withers are fully assured.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

Professor Mudge has presented some interesting evidence relating to the antiquity of man in *The Kansas City Review of Science.* He starts by assuming the correctness of the generally-accepted opinion among geologists that man was on the earth at the close of the Glacial epoch, and offers evidence to prove that the antiquity of the race cannot be taken at less than 200,000 years. After the Glacial epoch, geologists have recognized, by their effects, three others, namely, the Champlain, the Terrace and the Delta, all supposed to be of nearly equal length. His argument for estimating the duration of these epochs is as follows: He takes the case of the Delta of the Mississippi, and notes the fact that, for a distance of about 200 miles of this deposit, there are to be observed buried forests of large trees, one over the other, with interspaces of sand. Ten distinct forest growths of this nature have been observed, which must have succeeded one another. "These trees are the bald cypress of the Southern States. Some have been observed over twenty-five feet in diameter, and one contained 5,700 annual rings. In some instances these huge trees have grown over the stumps of others equally large, and such instances occur in all, or nearly all, the ten forest beds." From these facts it is not assuming too much to estimate the antiquity of each of these forest growths at 10,000 years, or 100,000 years for the 10 forests. This estimate would not take into account the interval of time—which doubtless was considerable—that elapsed between the ending of one forest and the beginning of others. "Such evidence," concludes Professor Mudge, "would be received in any court of law as sound and satisfactory. We do not see how such proof is to be discarded when applied to the antiquity of our race. There is satisfactory evidence that man lived in the Champlain epoch. But the Terrace epoch, or the greater part of it, intervenes between the Champlain and Delta epochs, thus adding to my 100,000 years. If only as much time is given to both these epochs as to the Delta epoch, 200,000 years is the total result."

PRESBYTERIANISM.

Preparations for the Great Council to be Held at Philadelphia Next Year.

A conference of leading Presbyterians was held in Philadelphia to provide for the grand Pan-Presbyterian Council which is to take place in that city next year. The first of these International Councils of the spiritual descendants of John Knox was held, as our readers will recollect, in Edinburgh, in July, 1877, at which time forty distinct Presbyterian organizations were represented. The second Council will, no doubt, be a much larger body, as Americans not only travel cheaply, but think nothing of a jaunt of a thousand or so miles to pay honor to their trade, or party, or church. Europeans are not so easily moved, and Presbyterian ministers in Europe have usually little money for travelling. It is stated that the expenses of all the Continental delegates were paid to the Edinburgh Convention, and it is proposed that the ocean passage, at least, shall be paid for the European guests to the coming Council. The Philadelphians pledged over $5,000 the other evening for this purpose. There is little doubt that the sum requisite will soon be subscribed among the members of a church which is both wealthy and liberal. The topics for discussion have already been chosen; ten are theological, ten pertain to church affairs, and ten are practical. This Council, like the Episcopal Church Congress, has no authority in the denomination; it is simply a friendly conference of representative men in the sect to compare opinions and strengthen their brotherhood. Among the prominent clergymen who have promised to come are Drs. Blackie and Rainey, from the Free Church of Scotland; Drs. Flynn, Mitchell and Principal Tulloch, of the Established Church of Scotland; Prof. Calderwood and Dr. Cairns, of the United Presbyterian Church; Dr. Dykes and Dr. Erwin, from England; and Drs. Knox and Stevenson, of Ireland. Some of these men are known as leaders of thought to all Americans, and will be welcomed as warmly by men of all denominations, or of none, as by the Presbyterians.—*New York Tribune.*

CURIOUS THINGS ABOUT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

There are some curious things about the working arrangements of the Bank of England. No note is issued of a less denomination than £2. Every note is numbered, and the name of the party to whom it is paid out is carefully recorded. The practice of keeping a memorandum which will show from whom he receives every bank note that passes through his hands is common, also with the painstaking London tradesman. It proved a fortunate thing for a gentlemen of whom a little story is told. He had given his wife a £10 note. Their little child got hold of the portemonnaie and destroyed the note—as they supposed, by throwing it on the open fire. There would have been no hope of realizing on a greenback under such circumstances. But $50 was worth trying for. The number of the note was ascertained from the parties through whose hands it came to the gentleman, a sworn statement of the facts were filed at the bank, and after a year or so had passed without its having been presented for redemption the bank paid over the money. The bank takes in and pays out its gold coin by weight. Sometimes it sends out a sealed package and receives it again before the seal is broken, and yet deducts quite a sum from the amount at which it paid it out, to make good the loss—detected by the unerring scale—which occurred by the abrasion of the coins in transportation!

Grant Before the War.—Strictly fresh reminiscence of Gen. Grant: When a boy in Ohio, or somewhere else, Grant drove a milk-wagon. Among his customers was a colored family. As he drove up one day to the domicile of his colored patron he bethought him to have a little fun at the expense of a pickaninny that was making mud pies in the door-yard, and so addressed it:

"You, Ephraham, take dat chalk out ob yo' eye!"

Ephraham's mother happened to be just around the corner of the house hoeing the watermelons, and hastening around in front she almost yelled in her indignation:

"See heah, honey, you hab all you kin 'tend to ef yo' take dat chalk out ob yo' milk!"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—One spoony girl in the deserted conservatory is worth two in the crowded ball-room.

BURIAL OF AN OUTCAST.

Touching Examples of Fallen Women's Liberality—Affecting Scene at the Burial.

(From the Cleveland (Ohio.) Herald.)

Not long since in a certain house on Cross street a young and beautiful girl lay dying. For days she had tossed in feverish delirium upon her sick bed, without a friendly hand to soothe her throbbing head or wet her parched lips with a drop of water. A few weeks before she had moved into the house an entire stranger. Several persons were seen and heard to enter her room when she first became an inmate of the house, but the people saw them, knew them not, and cared so little that they made no endeavor to become acquainted. After a while the visits ceased and the girl was seldom seen. Occasionally she would go with a basket and return a short time afterward with a few vegetables. The balance of the residents of the building seldom or never thought of the strange girl that always appeared so sad and friendless.

One morning as a woman was passing the door of the girl's room she thought she heard a groan, but paid little attention to it, as she was used to such things. Later in the day, as she was again going through the hall she heard a faint moan and stopping at the door looked in. There lay the girl burning and raving with fever. All that poor and laboring people could do was done for the sufferer, but it was without avail, for a few days afterward the "king of terrors laid his rude hands upon her lovely form, and blasted her beauty with his icy breath." No friend was near, nor did she leave behind her any trace that she ever had any one that was near or dear to her. The people in the building were too poor to pay for her burial, and so one of them told a policeman of the case, and he informed the authorities.

The same day an undertaker with a pine coffin proceeded to the house to prepare the dead for her last resting place. It so happened that he was a kind-hearted man, and when he saw the sad but beautiful face of the dead girl he could not place her in a pauper's grave until he had satisfied himself that she had really no friends. So he began to search, and before long ascertained the dead girl's history, and besides found women that had known her before she became a resident of the place wherein she died. He learned that she was one of the many women that had fallen. She was the promised wife of a man whom she loved better than her own life, and in a moment of weakness was crushed by the one whom she worshipped. Time passed on, and the girl entered on a life of sin and wretchedness. Little by little she sank lower and lower, until finally, becoming almost driven to frenzy, she forsook her companions and took up her abode in the room where she died.

Upon learning the fate of their old friend, the women, hardened by sin and neglect, proceeded to the bedside of the deceased and did all they could toward preparing her for the tomb. The pine coffin was ordered to be sent back, and a handsome casket took its place. Beautiful flowers of pure white were wreathed in the tresses of the dead, while a handsome wreath was placed upon the casket. These women, shunned by the world, despised and denounced, freely spent their money in giving one of their own class a good burial. The day of the funeral came. The hall and room of the dead girl were crowded with genuine mourners. The undertaker and hackmen arrived, and were the only men present. The hour approached for the funeral procession to take up its solemn march toward the city of the dead, when the undertaker noted the fact that there was not a person present to conduct the burial service. Going up to one of the women present he inquired whether the girl was to be buried without the aid of a minister or even a prayer. The women said that they had thought of that, but they knew no one near at hand who would attend such a funeral and offer up a prayer for a woman of that character. The neighborhood was searched for a minister, but none could be found, and the burial was to take place without even a prayer being offered for the soul of the poor dead girl. The women were appealed to by the undertaker to say a few words, but none of them had prayed since they were children, and considered it a mockery and a sin for such as they to attempt it. Finally an old colored woman was called in, who said she would offer up a prayer to the throne in Heaven for the dead. She knelt down, and the courtezans followed. The aged colored woman began, and solemnly proceeded to ask God to deal gently and to judge mercifully. As she prayed for the souls of the living, and asked God to forgive the company for the lives they had lived and to make them better women, not a dry eye was to be seen among all in the assemblage, some of whom had not wept before since the time that they knelt at their mother's knee.

After the prayer a solemn line was formed and the body was taken to its last resting place. There the colored woman offered another prayer, and as the clods fell into the open grave, giving a dull sound as they struck the rough box, the scene that ensued was indeed touching. The events of that day will undoubtedly exert a good influence among even those outcasts.

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A Gay Young Widow Entraps a Rich Englishman.

Season before the last a wealthy Southern family about to take a trip to Europe advertised for a female companion, young, well bred and familiar with the continent, to travel with them. They selected from the numerous applicants a prepossessing young widow, a native of Georgia, who was vivacious, genteel, and spoke French quite fluently.

Once entered upon their travels, the accomplished companion acquitted herself admirably and became the center of attraction wherever they went. In their wanderings through fashionable resorts, she drew the attention of a young English gentleman, quite handsome, with an air of distinction, and encouraged his attentions. She had been represented to him as a young lady, and he made no further enquiries concerning his enslaver. She, however, took pains to ascertain that the young gentleman had just left his alma mater, and having no father was allowed by his indulgent mother to enjoy his trip over the continent of Europe, she supplying him with everything a fond mother's heart knows how to bestow upon an early son. His father had been an officer of the British Army and his grandfather had been a highly-honored Admiral under Nelson, and the young man was a lenial descendant of an ancient Northumbrian family of the early part of the reign of Henry VIII.

The young man became desperately in love under the impression that the lady was not only a maiden but also a member of some wealthy family in the United States. The fact of her widowhood, with a child 12 years old, and her dependant position, she studiously guarded, not only from her adorer, but also from her employers,

He proposed to her, and she accepted him, with the provision that their marriage should take place forthwith. To this he agreed, begging her to keep it secret until he became of age, and could claim possession of his estate. A clandestine marriage took place at the hotel in which she resided, a Protestant minister officiating.

Soon after the marriage a friend was introduced to the husband as the adopted father of the lady. They treated each other with great familiarity, and provoked the high toned husband into making gentle remonstrances. The lady rebelled and frequent bitter quarrels ensued.

After urging him vainly to make a bold attempt to introduce her to his family and enter into the possession of his fortune, she acquainted him with the fact that she was a widow with a twelve-year-old daughter, and that having a strong inclination to go on the stage (for which she had been preparing), she had resolved to carry out her purpose and that they must come to America. Remonstrances were of no avail, and last spring the trio arrived in this city, and the lady devoted herself to theatrical studies.

The wife is at present traveling through the West with the Mary Anderson troupe, and expects to make her debut in New York soon.

The young man's family refused to sanction the marriage, and, although they can not disinherit him, the property being entailed, they will not allow him a monthly stipend, while exerting all their influence to have him repudiate the wife, obtain a divorce and return to England. The husband is in treaty with a law firm of this city to obtain a divorce without publicity. Once free he will return to his mother and sisters and the enjoyment of all the luxuries and pleasures which position and means can afford.

SWEET CIDER.

The very name of the amber fluid, with its fizz and streaks of bead at the glass-brim, is savory of frosty nights, crackling logs, the flame's glow and homely cheer. Who reads the sign "sweet cider," but his thoughts return to the circle gathered about a hearthstone, from which possibly has faded faces never again to be lighted by affection, the romping, merry-go-round of youngsters' prattle, or the interchange of loving words at the family fireside. To sweep away the sentiment from cider, let one visit the mill where is pressed the saccharine juice. Like the boy who preferred chestnuts boiled, that he could eat worms and all, one discovers at the cider press that to get the true wormy flavor of apples, which is said to impart the snap to cider, he must drink the juice of the fruit. After seeing bushels of windfalls, speckled, rotted and covered with soil and damp leaves, thrown into the mill, from which the juice trickles out into a vat ridged with scum and slime, one requires a strong stomach to relish cider. The old cider press is hauled out but annually, and the dust and webs of a twelve-month gather to be racked off in sweet cider. The straw pitched down for the mash has like enough made a warm bed for fowls since frost came; horny-handed men work the press and watch the "worms crawl out and the worms crawl in" as the apples are squeezed. A rusty dipper or leaky measure hangs near, from which visitors are treated to a drink. Should you shrink from the refreshment, the spirit of the press cries out: "You can't make good cider from sound fruit but from pig apples, wormy and half decayed—for the twang!"

CHEERFULNESS IN BUSINESS.

Cheerfulness is one of the prime secrets of success in life. A dismal man will fail where a cheerful one of but a tithe of his ability will do well. The man who is always at war with the weather, who is posted on current commercial mishaps, who is chronically satisfied that the country, materially and morally, is fast posting to the dogs, and who greets his customers with a glower, is foredoomed to failure let his surrounding be ever so favorable and his method of doing business ever so upright. A customer's intention to buy seldom goes beyond a dealer's capacity to sell, and in selling heartiness is a chief ingredient. Even affected cheerfulness will go a great way. The pretence of being pleased with things in general, of having faith in people, and of getting on as well as one's neighbors will help any man who is in business. The real thing is, of course, incomparably better. The genuine cheeriness, the sunny smile, the mirthful remark, the disposition to put the best construction on everything are together almost irresistible. They checkmate all hostile feeling in those with whom we have to do. They give a fancy value to everything we say. They make it a pleasure to others to be served by us or to serve us. If we are not constitutionally cheerful we cannot do better than acquire the art of cheerfulness. It is the only sort of hypocrisy on behalf of which anything can be said, and it is the only sort by which a man is sure to profit.

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF FOOD

In a recent lecture on the chemistry of food by Professor Church, some suggestive points of dietetics were well brought out. Of all the cereals, says Mr. Church, wheat yields the best bread. This is believed to be due principally to the character of the nitrogeneous matter of wheat. The main constituent is a fibrine, and it can be readily obtained for examination by making a little flour into a dough with water, and then washing the starch out by means of a stream of water. There is then left a grayish-yellow, tough, elastic mass, which is gluten. Speaking of peas, beans, and various kinds of pulse, it was pointed out how much more nearly the different kinds agree in composition than the cereals do. The great drawback to the use of various kinds of pulse is that they are so difficult to digest. They are an excellent theoretical food, according to analysis, but they are a severe tax on digestion. Of all the beans none present a better typical food than the Soy bean. Lentils have been much spoken of lately as a good food, and they undoubtedly approach a good typical food, but they are bitter, astringent, and not easy of digestion. It has now come to be pretty well recognized that the food of a man doing hard work should have flesh-formers to heat-givers in proportion of 1 to 4½, and that the food of a child should have 1 to 7. Bread gives 1 to 7½, where the heat-givers are more than the child wants; so it is not a good food by itself. Pulse gives (taking an average) 1 to 2¾, which is far too small. In these calculations heat-givers are reckoned as starch. Potatoes give 1 to 16, according to the latest analyses, the old 1 to 8 being evidently an error. Onion is 1 to 4, an excellent proportion, though onions are not much in favor as food. In looking at the relative values of flesh-formers and heat-givers in foods, the actual amount of water must not be forgotten.

Anti-Sneezing Recipes.—How to prevent sneezing was the subject of several communications in the *New York Sun* recently. One correspondent says that if a person desires to avoid sneezing let him press upward—from underneath—the nasal cartilege. To do this elegantly use the *mouchoir*, and press with considerable force. This is the method adopted by duck hunters when lying in the marshes, if their proximity to the water gives them an inclination to sneeze, since the least noise would frighten away the ducks. Another writer, who is an old soldier, says that the easiest way to stop an inclination to sneeze without attracting any attention is to press the tongue as far back against the roof of the mouth as possible for a few seconds. It is a never-failing remedy.

An association has been formed in Westphalia for the extinction of poverty throughout the world. The theory of its promoters who are not Socialists, is that the wants of mankind have so increased of late years that luxuries are now looked upon even by the poorest classes as necessaries. Life, it is urged, may be sustained and comfort insured at a trifling cost by simply putting aside the superfluities of modern existence. This object can only be attained by a complete revolution in our social and domestic habits. Children should be trained from their earliest infancy to look for no other shelter than that afforded by wooden huts. Their food should consist only of bread and vegetables, and their drink of pure water. The style of modern clothing, as regards both men and women, is condemned as extravagant, barbarous, and unwholesome. One thick garment of good material for winter, and one of slighter texture for summer, is all that is required. It is estimated that under good management on the new system $50 a year will be a sufficient income for any person to exist upon comfortably, and will leave a small margin which, if laid aside annually and carefully invested, will amply provide for all the reasonable wants of old age.

—Mrs. Langtry, the great English beauty, wore a hat the other day made by herself out of one of her mother's "Leghorns." Now, girls, if you will just follow Mrs. Langtry's example in this and some other things you may become a "professional."

THE INDIANS COWED.

Denver, Nov. 21.—A dispatch from Los Pinos says the hostiles met the commissioners with the intention of telling a consistent lie throughout, but Adams' *coup d'etat* brought them to a realizing sense of their position, and they are now pleading for peace. They are thoroughly frightened, and the fears of a winter campaign against them have exacted a promise to exactly testify and abide the consequences. They say, "One big fight and Indiana' ammunition all gone, no food and we starve." They begin to understand the utter futility of resistance, and now express not only willingness to submit to peaceable arbitrament, but desire that the Commission continue to the final settlement. The White River Utes have left Ouray's, and returned to their camp on the Grand River. Ouray says they have gone for their lodges, and has vouched for their return in six days, when they will make a complete confession as to their participation in the outbreak. Such is their promise to Ouray, but judging from their past conduct little reliance can be placed on their promises. Ouray sent an order to Captain Jack to appear before the Commission, assuring him that no personal danger would be incurred. Ouray believes that Jack will respond, and will also accompany the Commissioners to Washington should Schurz follow out the recommendation of the Commissioner in adjourning to meet at Washington. Ouray made a speech which for depth of feeling, eloquence and deep reasoning went far beyond any of his previous efforts, by his words surprising and gladdening the sorely tried and disheartened commissioners. A flood of light was cast upon the previous efforts, all the seeming inconsistency was made clear and Ouray now stands before the world as the white man's friend. He had been