Agriculture.

Profitable Corn and Wheat Raising.

For some years I have been cultivating corn and wheat with a view, all the while, of making the most and best seed from a given extent of land, at the least cost, in the shortest possible time and with the least permanent injury to the soil. Discarding all old fogy ideas, I persistently pursued their culture on almost purely scientific principles. In the first place, the natural laws that govern vegetation were complied with, the habits of the plants, their demands and wants were carefully attended to. In the second place, the nature of the soil, its elements and adaptation to the growth of the plants were analyzed, and where deficiencies occurred, elements were supplied, and where too much stalk food predominated, materials were applied to neutralize the excess and secure the proper proportion of the various elements of the plant food.

For instance, low, alluvial land always produces too much stalk and too little grain. To make less stalk and more grain, lime, salt, ashes, etc., may be used to great advantage and profit. In the vegetable, as well as in the animal world, there are good, bad and indifferent specimens. Stockmen have them all, and it is only by close breeding, careful study and intelligent application to Nature's own laws, that they finally succeed in producing pure and valuable breeds. Just as much attention should be given to the selecting and saving of seed corn and wheat. The largest and best looking ears taken from the crib do not by any means make the best seed. The best seed corn is always found in the field on the top ears of those stalks that bear more ears than one and ripen earliest. Seed corn should always be selected in the field, not from the largest stalks, but from those that are the best formed and have the finest stover.

Seven years of experimenting, working on one variety, have given me one that is almost invaluable in almost every respect. It is very prolific, having on each stalk several ears, each yielding from five to eight ounces of grain. My best specimen of a stalk had fourteen ears and shelled sixty-three ounces. My best 100 stalks selected from off an acre, shelled 170 pounds, and my best acre on highly improved land made me 102 bushels shelled. I merely state these facts to show what can be done by way of improvement in our cereals.

A word about the physiology of the plant may not be out of place right here: It is the largest of the grasses. It is monœcious and susceptible, perhaps, of greater improvement than any other. My opinion is that, in its original and primitive state, every joint that has a groove bore an ear. One may see on examination an ear or an embryo ear on every node from the roots to within six or seven of the tassel. Then I ask, why do not all develop as does that on the last joint generally about two-thirds of the way up? I find an ear can be made by careful selecting and saving the seed, feeding and proper culture.

Wheat, too, can be wonderfully improved by picking by hand the center heads of the largest tillers, that ripen earliest. This insures pure seed, reliable and free from every foreign variety, as well as from all cheat, cockles, etc. I do not mean that a farmer should pick all his seed, but I do say that he should pick a bushel or two which, when sowed on a choice, clean acre or two, will produce his seed for the next season. This picking should be done every year, so that the wheat may not deteriorate.

The most reliable preventive for the rust, and perhaps one of the best top-dressings, is a mixture of salt and ashes—half and half. By mixing in December, or early in January, and keeping it stirred twice a month, it becomes in two months one of the best of fertilizers. Put it on in February or early in March. Four to ten bushels to the acre will pay any one twice the amount of expense and labor expended. —*Rural New Yorker.*

Some Pork.

The whole number of hogs packed during the season of 1877-78 amounted to 9,905,000. The aggregate quantity of pork and pork products for the year is about 1,800,000,000 pounds, of which more than half was exported to foreign countries. With such an enormous production, prices have, of course, been greatly reduced; but, on the whole, the amount of money which has found its way into farmers' pockets from this business is over $50,000,000. As compared with the prices of other things, these fifty millions represent as much value as the larger amounts in other years when prices were higher. It is not the money itself, but what the money can effect in exchanges, which fixes the value and profit from it, and on this basis there is not much to complain of in the last season's pork business.

Domestic.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS.—The long winter evenings are here, when the boys and girls in the country, yes, and the men and women, too, are saying, "What can we do to amuse ourselves to-night?" Reading and study can be done to such an extent as to become wearisome: "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The mind needs relaxation as well as the muscles; and no less work, mental or physical, will be accomplished if an occasional hour be given to diversion and entertainment. Lyceums, lectures, singing-schools, and an occasional sleighing party in the Northern States give opportunities for the meeting of young people; but we are thinking more particularly of home affairs, and of cold stormy evenings when only the family assemble, or perhaps a near neighbor or two drop in. How shall the hours be passed agreeably, amusingly and entertainingly?

It is only a few years since of games for children there were only Fox and Geese—Twelue-men-Morris Hull-gull—and a few more of the same sort. Cards were, as a rule, not allowed, but exceptions were sometimes made if nothing wickeder than "Old Maid" was played. But the number of games and amusements adapted to homes is yearly increasing, and there are now so many that the trouble is which to choose.

There are few games in which something more than mere amusement does not find place. Mere games of chance, of which there are very few, are not entertaining. Take Dominoes, for instance, a game in which children can find much pleasure, and still one which to play well requires good memory and sound judgment. In Checkers (or Draughts), and Chess, there are no chances involved. Thought, foresight, calculation, caution, all the mental faculties must be brought into action by those who would play either of these games even passably well. At Backgammon much depends on the cast of the dice. So much is chance; but the proper moving of the men requires intelligent consideration. In such games as Authors—Busby and the like, those with the best memory are winners of the game.

Temperance in all things should be the rule. Amusements may easily be carried to excess and time wasted by them that could be well spent in some other way. Study may be carried to excess and the brain overworked until it becomes worn-out or useless; but study should not be condemned on that account. Labor may be carried to excess and the whole physical system break down under it; still "It is noble —'tis God-like to labor."

We should not forget to mention music and dancing. There are no more profitable hours in a household, whose members are so fortunate as to be blessed with musical talent, than those spent in its use. Probably there is nothing that aids more in binding closely the family ties and promoting family love and harmony than music; and they are worthy of condemnation who, having the power to make music either vocal or instrumental, do not cultivate it.

Of dancing we are not earnest advocates further than in the home circle and among children. Here it may undoubtedly be indulged in, not only without harm but with profit. We prefer therefore if dancing, as very generally practiced at the present time, is to be commended, it be done by other pens than ours.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Household Receipts.

A TEASPOONFUL of pulverized alum mixed with stove polish will give the stove a fine lustre, which will be quite permanent.

OMELET.—Three eggs beaten slightly together, two even teaspoonfuls of flour, two-thirds of a cup of milk, and a small pinch of salt.

CELERY SALT.—If you mix celery root, which has been dried and grated, with one-fourth its quantity of salt, it makes a nice salt and keeps a long time.

TO MANUFACTURE furniture polish take equal quantities of common wax, white wax, white soap, in the proportion of one ounce of each to a pint of water. Cut the above ingredients fine, and dissolve over a fire until well mingled.

PORTABLE LEMONADE.—Powdered tartaric acid one ounce, powdered sugar six ounces, essence of lemon one drachm, let it dry thoroughly in the sun, rub together and divide in twenty-four papers. One makes a glass of good sweet lemonade.

WHEN COLOR ON A fabric has been accidentally or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the acid, after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, but that of chloroform is little known.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Wash good sized potatoes; bake them in the oven for thirty minutes; take them out, and with a fork carefully remove the insides, preserving the shells whole; season the potatoes with salt, pepper, and butter; fill the shell with it, put them in the oven a few minutes, and serve them steaming hot.

HOW TO CLEAN A NURSERY CARPET.—Have a pail full of very warm water; throw in a tablespoonful of powdered borax; then, with a scrubbing brush, and very little, if any, soap, scrub well the soiled places, rinse with clean hot water, and rub very dry with a clean soft cloth. If possible, open the windows, to dry quickly.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Stir into a quart of boiling milk (cost eight cents) quarter of a pound of Indian meal (cost 1 cent), one level teaspoonful of salt, the same of spice, and one ounce of butter (cost 2 cents); last of all, add one pint of cold milk (cost 4 cents), or milk and water. Pour the pudding into an earthen dish, and bake slowly for three hours. It will cost about 15 cents and be very nice.

TO MAKE THE COLORS STAND IN WASHING LISLE THREAD AND DELICATE COTTON HOSE.—Turn the stockings right side out, and wash in a lather of lukewarm water and castile soap; then wash the wrong side. If very much soiled two waters will be required. Rinse in the lukewarm and then in cold water; dry as soon as possible by heat, not by sun. It is better not to iron them, but when nearly dry smooth and pull them into shape by hand.

TO RESTORE OLD SOLID WOOD FURNITURE.—If possible, have an uncarpeted room with no other furniture than the piece to be treated, as the dust is very penetrating; rub the article all over with medium sand-paper, taking particular pains with carving, corners, etc., using a fresh bit as soon as the paper gets smooth; afterwards brush and dust thoroughly, then rub down with very fine sand paper, such as is used for nice bracket work, till the surface feels smooth to the touch; polish with any good furniture polish, not varnish, or make a simple mixture yourself, consisting of five cents' worth of both spirits of turpentine and raw linseed oil, thoroughly shaken; apply with flannel and rub hard; after it is nearly dry go all over it with fresh flannel or chamois skin; it may require several applications to give the desired lustre.

TO WASH A WOOLEN SHAWL.—Boil enough soap to make a thick lather in a quantity of water enough for two dips of the shawl; have ready hot water to rinse, unless there are colors, then the water must be cool; baste neatly and loosely two sides of the shawl together, (if square;) get two sticks a little longer than the shawl, and after washing pass the sticks through the opening, rest the ends of one on two chair backs; the other will weigh it down and keep it in shape; when partly dry draw out the thread and baste up the other two sides, and repeat, which will make, when dry, the square perfect. On this plan I have washed my nubia four times; it looks like new, but the last time the purity of the white was yellowed, so I just dipped it in a solution of logwood and washing blue, making it a delicate gray.

Humorous.

—How to rear a mule—tickle his hind legs.

—The first 'bus in America, after much discussion, has been decided to have been Colum-*bus*.

—A young lady said to her lover: "Charley, how far is it around the world?" "About twenty-four inches, my darling," replied he, as his arm encircled her waist. She was all the world to him.

—"*So* you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing a polka, a few evenings since. "What *would* you take me for?" "For better or worse."

—How do we know that the schoolmaster in the "Deserted Village" has turned his back upon the world? Because Goldsmith writes of him: "A man severe was he; and *stern to view*." —*Puck.*

—Now that the country has resumed specie payments, who is going to pay for our next suit of clothes. N. B. This is a question that interests the stricken tailor a good deal more than it does us. —*Hawkeye.*

—A man can live more economically during this cold weather, for nothing short of absolute necessity could induce a woman to get out of her warm bed in the middle of one of these nights and rifle her husband's trowsers pockets.—*Puck.*

—A week old baby, if it lives to grow up, may be a weak old man.—*London Fun.* And a child which has already lived a month, if left out on the sidewalk long enough at this time of year, will again turn into a wee cold baby.—*Bridgeport Stand.*

—A wag in New York seeing a man drive a tack into a card, through the letter *t* in the work "Boston," excitedly exclaimed: "Why, what are you about; don't you know that laying *tax on tea* in *Boston* once raised a thundering muss there?"

—"Keep 'way from dat nigger, I tell you," said Uncle Rube to his sable daughter, "keep 'way from him. He's like what de 'Postle John lived on in de wild'ness." "How's dat?" she asked. "Low cuss, an' wild honey," replied Uncle Rube.

—An old gentleman of eighty-four and his bride, aged eighty-two, entered a railway car, the other day, and took a seat by the stove. A youth, occupying the seat behind, says he overheard the following: Old gentleman, to his bride: "Who's a 'little lamb" Bride: "Bofe of us."

—While going into a factory lately, Mr. Edison, the inventor, saw a large iron caldron. He stopped, looked at it meditatively, and then said: "That reminds me of what the Jersey mosquitoes can do!"

"Oh, yes!" said Professor Barker, "tell us those mosquito stories of yours, Edison."

"I know two of them," returned Edison. 'A Jerseyman was so troubled with mosquitoes one night that he went down into the yard and crawled under a huge iron caldron. Well, pretty soon he heard a noise as if boring was going on. He found they were boring through the caldron with their bills. When they had accomplished this the man got a big stone and clinched their bills."

"Well," said one of the party, "what then?"

"Why," answered Edison, "the mosquitoes flew away with the caldron."

THAT HIRED GIRL.

When she came to work for the family on Congress street, the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents book-peddlers, hat-rack men, picture sellers, ash-buyers, rag-men, and all that class of people must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse them if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after awhile that peddlers marked that house, and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day, as the girl of the house was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black, and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is—Mrs—ah!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I would like to see —see—"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon, "we don't want any flour-sifters here!"

"You're mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly. "I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you are out!" she snapped, "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer. Come, lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with the patent flat-iron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card and say that I called?"

"No, I won't; we are bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Didn't you know that I was a minister?" he asked as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings."

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open I will have to fling a flower-pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do any good!" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the 'policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again, he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The daughter of a Texas cattle-king, or bovine-monarch, as the schoolmaster out there has it, was married not long ago, and was presented by her father with a marriage gift consisting of "a bunch of cattle" numbering ten thousand head, and he didn't think he had done much for her either.

THE COLLECTORS' MANIA.

HUNTING FOR BIRDS' EGGS, POSTAGE STAMPS AND AUTOGRAPHS—THE CRAZE FOR OLD PIECES OF PAPER.

A writer in the *London Saturday Review* says:—The passion of the collector is not one which can be required to give to an account of itself. The collector is born, not made, and goes through certain regular stages of evolution from childhood to old age. He probably begins with birds' eggs, which can be got for nothing in the country, and the collection of which is not unaccompanied with some of the pleasures of the chase. Butterflies are his next game, and he scours the heaths with something like a gauze landing-net in his hand. When he goes to school he probably takes the coins, preferring those of the Chinese Empire, which are cheap, *bizarre*, and have a square hole in the middle. It is amusing to see archæological Christ's Hospital boys among the medals in the British Museum, comparing their bronze treasures with the effigies of emperors. After the taste for coins, or perhaps before it, comes the taste for postage stamps—an entirely mysterious craze, for postage stamps are neither rare, beautiful nor historically interesting. When he is tired of postage stamps the young collector gets rid of his assortment at a prodigious sacrifice, and goes in for autographs. Not long ago the autographic fever raged like a fire in a great public school. The boys, with their usual frankness, wrote not only to Mr. Gladstone but to all the great men of the earth, to express a consuming admiration of their genius, and to beg for a scrap of writing. What public man would not be flattered by such unaffected praise? Autographs became a drug in the market, and, the cricket season happily drawing near, the furore was forgotten, and the signatures of the great and wise were lost.

Autographs, after all, are more interesting than postage stamps. Whether there is character in handwriting or not, it is easy for the collector to fancy he can trace it there. The yellow piece of paper, the faded lines, seem to place you mystically *en rapport* with the people whom you have not seen and can never see, but who have moved you and moulded you more than the living men and women of to-day. The letters of the dead, too, however slight, have more of their personality than the original manuscripts of their books contain. Mr. Ruskin exhibited lately some volumes of Scott's novels in the author's own handwriting; but the handwriting in these was, as it were, of a business sort. The lines ran on smoothly, as they were written swiftly, and were not so interesting as the chance notes, which save some five minutes of a great man's time, and makes the forgotten moments live afresh in our fancy. Collectors of autographs might say all this and a great deal more in defence of their fancy; but to them their crotchet, like most other crotchets, is an end in itself. A man does not gather rare books in the interest of literature and of the future, any more than he keeps racers to maintain the breed of horses. In each instance the love of possession is the motive, and the other results follow accidentally.

The collector of autographs values his specimens, not because they put him in connection, in some way, with his favorite poets, kings or statesmen, but because they are more or less rare and in good condition, clean and uncut. Pixerecourt, the popular playwright, collected autographs, among other things, and possessed one of Marie Antoinette, written on the eve of her execution. To his horror, Pixerecourt once saw this very treasure described in a catalogue of an approaching sale. The description applied so well to his own specimen that he rushed to his cabinet, to see whether his own treasure had not been stolen. It was safe, and Pixerecourt went with a lighter heart to the auction room, where he succeeded in purchasing the autograph of Marie Antoinette. He took it home, locked his door, and compared the two manuscripts, on one of which the tears of a queen had fallen. Alas, the tears of a queen had left traces on both! The two letters were absolutely identical. Pixerecourt soon decided on his course of action. He shut his eyes, seized both letters in his hands, shuffled them half a dozen times, and threw that which came uppermost into the fire. He then flattered himself that he possessed an article which, whether genuine or not, was certainly unique. It is sufficiently clear that there must have been a manufacturer of Marie Antoinette letters—a person at least as skilled as Vivian Gray in this posthumous forgery—and that dozens of her tear-stained epistles may be making collectors happy in all parts of the world.

The modern famed or notorious person who wishes his notes to rule high in the market should write very few of them. He will do well to keep a secretary and an amanuensis. It is quite plain that Mr. Gladstone's autographs will not begin to be worth quoting till a century or two have passed, and his signatures, letters and post-cards have become comparatively rare. Time and the waste-paper basket make wonderfully quick work, and in the year 2078 Mr. Gladstone's autographs may be as rare as Shelley's are now. Of all great men, next to Shakspeare, Moliére has left the least numerous examples of his fine bold hand. The longest is but three lines long and contains some very queer specimens of the poet's spelling. It is a legal act, acknowledging the receipt of a considerable sum of money. Men of letters are obliged to write so much in the exercise of their profession that one might expect them to detest the scribbling of private letters and notes. Yet men of letters have left enormous masses of such scraps, from the time of that insatiable scribbler Cicero to that of Byron and Balzac. Genius seems never to find enough outlets, safety valves, modes of expression. Between speeches, essays, philosophical treatises and terribly bad verses, Cicero might have discharged his soul of all he had to say. Yet no one was a more energetic letter writer. Byron, too, was always relieving his mind in song, yet it ever demanded more relief. He could not unpack all his heart even in "Manfred," "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan." The passion of writing compelled him to cover endless reams of paper with letters to Moore, Murray and the rest of his friends and allies. When Balzac was working fourteen hours a day he was keeping up a vast, voluminous correspondence with who knows how many ladies in how many lands.

—Jane writes to ask: "What is meant by a man of one idea?" Well, a man who has one of his optics knocked out is a man of one eye, dear?—*Whitehall Times.*

THE ANCHOR OF COLUMBUS.

THE OLDEST RELIC IN EXISTENCE OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

On the night of the 2d of August, 1498, the little fleet of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, he being then upon his third voyage, lay at anchor just off the south-west point of the island of Trinidad, off the mainland of South America, which he had seen that day for the first time. "Being on board of his ship," says Washington Irving, in his history of the great navigator (Vol. II, Book X, page 123), "late at night, kept awake by painful illness and an anxious and watchful spirit, he heard a terrible roaring from the south, and beheld the sea heaped up, as it were, into a great ridge of hill, the height of the ship, covered with foam, and rolling towards him with a tremendous uproar. As this furious surge approached, rendered more terrible in appearance by the obscurity of the night, he trembled for the safety of his vessels. His own ship was suddenly lifted up to such a height that he dreaded lest it should be overturned or cast upon the rocks, while another of the ships was torn violently from her anchorage [leaving, it was hardly necessary for Mr. Irving to add, her anchor behind her]. The crews were for a time in great consternation, fearing they should be swallowed up, but the mountainous surge passed on, and gradually subsided, after a violent contest with the counter-current of the strait. This sudden rush of water, it is supposed, was caused by the swelling of one of the rivers which flow into the Gulf of Paria, and which were as yet unknown to Columbus."

So far Washington Irving, who of course founds his text upon that of the old authorities, and especially upon the "Vita" of Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the great Admiral. The words of Ferdinand, in reference to the loss of the anchor aforesaid, in the original Italian, are as follows: "Ma piacque a Dio che passo di sotto, o per dir miglio che gli levo in alto, senza fargli danno, *ancorche ad un naviglio levasse le anchore di terra*"—"although one of the ships left her anchor behind her!"

The anchor thus lost on the night of August 2d, 1498—nearly four hundred years ago!—from one of the ships of Columbus, off the south-west extremity of the island of Trinidad—Point Arenat, as Columbus named the spot, *vide* Irving—has recently been recovered by Senior Argostino, the gentleman who now owns the point of land in question. It has the rare and thrilling merit of being the oldest relic extant of the great navigator and of the discovery of America.

As would be expected from the age of this relic, it is an anchor in its simplest form of expression. The shaft is round and eight feet nine inches in length. At the head of the shaft is a round ring nearly a foot in diameter, to which the cable was fastened. The flukes have a spread of about five feet. Its total weight is eleven hundred pounds.

But the strangest part is to come.

This anchor was dug up by Senior Argostino in his garden, from a depth of six feet, at the distance of three hundred and twenty-seven feet from the nearest beach of the sea. His first supposition was that he had stumbled upon a relic of the Phœnicians, or of the ancient nations who have been supposed by many to have visited the coasts of America thousands of years ago. But an attentive examination of local facts and authorities soon convinced him that a portion of his garden now occupies *the very spot* at which the ships of Columbus lay at anchor on the night of August 2d, 1498. The land is constantly rising from the sea and encroaching upon it along this entire coast, as has been shown by Humboldt, Findlay, and scores of others who have written upon this subject, and the rate of this encroachment is known to have been quite sufficient to turn in 400 years the anchorage of the great fleet into the garden of a private citizen. There is no doubt, therefore, at the end of the rigid inquiry that has been made, that the anchor recently found by Senor Argostino is really and truly the lost anchor of Columbus.—*Exchange.*

—A young man and his girl sat near the front, at Burkette's lecture in Memphis. The young man carried his head on one side, it being forced into that position by the weight of half a very tender moustache which was composed of seven hairs upon one side and eleven upon the other side of his nose. When the *Hawkeye* man had just finished convulsing his hearers with an account of a youth's first shaving encounter with a barber, the young man leaned over to his girl, and whispered:

"That's true to life, I can tell you!"

"How can you tell me?" inquired his girl.

"How?" he repeated, in a whisper. "Why, by experience. That's just the way I felt when I first got shaved."

"When was that?" she asked.

"Oh! before I raised my moustache," he returned.

"What moustache?" she queried, a little surprised.

"What moustache do you suppose?" he retorted, turning red.

"Why, Charlie!" whispered the girl, "I never saw any moustache. Do you mean——"

"Never mind what I mean!" hissed the young man between his clenched teeth. And he stared very hard at the lecturer all the rest of the evening; but somehow he couldn't see anything to laugh at. Sunday night he went to see a new girl.

AN ASTONISHING OFFER.

The *Independent*, of New York, probably the ablest, largest, and best religious newspaper in the world, offers to give away, absolutely, a Worcester's Unabridged Quarto Pictorial Dictionary, which retails everywhere for $10, and is, of course, a household necessity. It will send this, the best Dictionary published, to any person who will send the names of three new subscribers and nine dollars; or who will, on renewing his own subscription in advance, send two names additional and $9.00; or who will renew his own subscription for three years, in advance, and send $9.00; or for a new subscriber for three years and $9.00. The *Independent* is now publishing the Rev. Joseph Cook's famous Boston Monday Lectures, which are creating so much discussion everywhere, and offers as a premium his lectures published in book form. It is also publishing a series of articles on "Socialism and Communism," one of the most important questions of the day, by ex-President Theo. D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D. Subscription price $3.00 per annum, in advance. Specimen copies sent free. For further particulars address *The Independent*, New York city, P. O. box 2787.

ESPARTERO.

A MAN OF HUMBLE ORIGIN WHO BECAME REGENT OF SPAIN—A REMARKABLE CAREER.

Espartero, ex-Regent of Spain, Count of Luchana and Duke of Vittoria, was born at Granatula, in La Mancha (Cudad Real), in 1792. He was of humble origin, his father being a cart-wright, who intended him for the ecclesiastical profession, and sent him, in 1806, to the University of Almagro. On the French invasion of Spain in 1808, young Espartero entered the Sacred Battalion, composed of theological students. At the close of the war, in 1814, he was a sous-lieutenant in a regiment of infantry. In 1815, when the revolution broke out in Venezuela and Peru, he followed General Pablo Morillo, who was dispatched to put down the insurrection. With him were other young men, who subsequently became celebrated, including Generals Lopez and Narvaez. His military rise was rapid, for he returned to Spain a brigadier-general. He also went back a rich man, made so by the spoils of war, and he added to this wealth by his marriage with the daughter of a wealthy land-owner. When the Carlist rising took place in 1832, he espoused the cause of the Infanta Isabella, and soon rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General. In August, 1836, he saved the city of Madrid from capture by the Carlists. He became successively General-in-chief of the Army of the North, Viceroy of Navarre and Captain-General of the Basque Provinces. Madrid being again threatened by the Carlists in 1837, he won the glory of having saved the capital a second time. He was also made a deputy to the Constitutional Cortes of that year, and became the champion of the new Constitution. In 1839 he conducted a successful campaign against the forces of Don Carlos, resulting in his expulsion. For these services Espartero was created a Grandee of Spain and Duke of Vittoria and of Morello, these honors being conferred upon him by Queen Christina; and he became a leading and powerful personage in the Government. His opposition to Narvaez, which was personal and bitter, resulted in the resignation of that minister. The remaining ministers held their own for a time, but when Espartero returned to Madrid from another victorious expedition against the Carlists, he found himself able to raise an insurrection against the Administration, which compelled Christina to resign the regency and to retire to France. On the 8th of May, 1841, he was appointed by the Cortes Regent of Spain until the majority of Isabella. He administered the government with great force and skill; but in 1843 he was driven from office by a coalition of the Republicans with the friends of Christina. All Spain was again in a ferment, and Espartero, having been declared a traitor, and stripped of all his honors, was compelled to fly to England, where for four years he continued to reside. He was, however, permitted to return to Spain in 1847, and though he resumed his seat as Senator, he continued to reside quietly at Logrono until 1854. The tyranny and immorality of Christina having provoked a popular rising which drove her into exile, Espartero was again called to the head of the Government, and for two years managed the national affairs. He was supplanted, however, in 1856, by O'Donnell, the chief of the Christinas, and subsequently abstained from mingling in public business. He had nothing to do with the insurrection which broke out in his behalf in Madrid, Barcelona and Sargossa. When the expulsion of Queen Isabella occurred in 1868, he gave his support to the Provisional Government. In 1870 the crown was offered him by several members of the Cortes, but he refused it on account of his advanced years and want of heirs. The character of Espartero was very respectable, and his reputation for disinterested patriotism during a stormy period stood decidedly high. His honesty was seldom questioned, his gallantry as a soldier was invariably admitted, and if he was at all deficient, it was in that political tact which might on several occasions have secured him continuance in power.

—The American product of earthenware and china, during the past ten years, has not only kept pace with the increase in population and its corresponding consumption of wares, during the fiscal year 1877 and 1878, ending June 30, the average of importation has been reduced over twenty per cent. The number of potteries in the United States of all kinds is 777, and the capital invested $5,294,398. There are in operation to-day potteries enough of all grades to produce twice the quantity imported last year.

SENTENCED TO MATRIMONY.

An English justice sentenced a couple to matrimony under circumstances which seem legally just, although legally curious. A young man and a young woman were contesting possession of a piece of property, the one claiming under an old lease, the other under an old will. "It just strikes me," said the justice, "that there is a pleasant and easy way to terminate this old lawsuit. The plaintiff appears to be a respectable young man, and this a very nice young woman. (Laughter.) They can both get married and live happily on the farm. If they go on with law proceedings it will be all frittered away between the lawyers, who, I am sure, are not ungallant enough to wish the marriage not to come off." The lady blushed and the young man stammered they "liked each other a little bit," so a verdict was entered for the plaintiff on condition of his promise to marry the defendent within two months, a stay of execution being put to the verdict till the marriage ceremony should be completed.

CONFESSION OF A DRUNKARD.

I had position high and holy. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office, and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing and byword among men. Afterward my voice was heard in the courts. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample for all necessities, but it went to feed the coffers of the devil which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without a brief, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.

—The Providence (R. I.) *Journal* records an extraordinary death at Newport. It seems that Mr. Joshua Walker, a colored man, had bought some pork which he intended to salt down for winter use. He went to the cupboard for some salt with which to make a brine, and took from a jar what he supposed was the required article and proceeded to use it. His wife, Rosa, a young woman less than 20 years, discovered soon after that he had taken granulated sugar instead of salt. The discovery set her to laughing heartily, and she could not stop. She laughed, and laughed, her merriment getting more boisterous every moment. Finally the husband became alarmed and sent out for assistance, and soon his landlord arrived, witnessing, in a few minutes, the poor woman's death. She had positively laughed herself to death. The husband's horror at this extraordinary result of his innocent mistake can be better imagined than described.

—The importance of knowing how to swim is exemplified by the fact that all the members of the Thorpe family, who were on board the Princess Alice, which was sunk in the Thames, were saved, because the girls as well as the boys were able to swim.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE'S advertisement appears in another column, and we invite the special attention of our readers to its extraordinary premium of Webster's Unabridged Illustrated Quarto Dictionary. This is undoubtedly the most valuable and liberal newspaper premium ever offered. THE TRIBUNE is now generally recognized as the leading Republican journal of the United States, and its weekly edition as a news and family paper is without an equal. Send for a specimen copy, which will be sent free.

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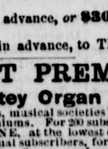

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