WIT, HUMOR AND WISDOM.

BEREAVED.

O! brightly gleams the sunshine in the blue
 seraphic sky,
As fragrant with the harvest time the blithe-
 some hours fly,
And all around is wondrous fair, as if some
 fairy hand
Had touched with glowing colors the bright and
 lovely land,
But what to Bill are all these things? To Bill
 they bring no joy
Since he saw Jerusha at the show with Jim, her
 other boy.
He didn't know he loved her so, but now each
 little word
To him was sweetest music his ears had ever
 heard;
Dark visions of that lounge he had that stood
 behind the door,
Since now he knew another's form its bending
 bosom bore;
For what to Bill were all the nights that lounge
 he did enjoy,
Since now he felt Jerusha's arm around that
 other boy?

He could not sleep, he could not live, yet was
 not fit to die,
He could not eat—unheeded stood the festive
 pumpkin pie;
The ginger snap, the doughnut, too, the genial
 Johnny-cake,
All scathless passed—he scorned the buns his
 mother used to bake.
For what to Bill were all these pomps and van-
 ities once glad,
While his Jerusha leaned upon another's liver
 pad?

Farewell, frail girl! the spell is passed, and
 Bill's himself once more,
He lived for love, for glory, too, but now he'll
 live for gore;
No bombshell or banana peel to devastate the
 land—
Not these, but worse, with fiendish joy he joins
 the German band,
And now, when Jim would warble soft beneath
 the mellow moon,
So likewise doth Bill on his big B flat bas-
 soon.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

There are fish, scientific authorities tell us, that live in the ocean, at a depth of 2000 feet below the surface. There, we always knew there was some reason why we never caught any fish. We told the last skipper we fished with that 800 feet of line wasn't enough.—*Hawkeye.*

An oyster will live to the age of twenty-six years—that is, in the sea he will. In the restaurant the chances are decidedly against him.—Sometimes he lasts a long time in the restaurant—oh, a very long time! But he does not live nearly as long as he lasts.—*Anon.*

An Ohio country justice thus addressed a witness:

'If you were one of the sons of a rich man and he should die bequeathing all his wealth to your brothers and leaving you nothing but his pistols, how would you feel?'

The witness answered promptly:

'I would feel as if I had about the right sort of capital to start business with in Kentucky.'—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

'Oh, Clara,' he said, 'how I have longed for this happy hour, when we two should sup together alone! Haven't you also longed, Clara?'

'Yes, very much.'

'And, why, darling, have you longed? Do you really think so much—'

'Oh, yes, Henry, I do think everything of—'

'You do?'

'Everything in the world of these—'

'These happy, blissful moments!'

'No, these oysters. They are the first I've had a chance to bite into for a year.'—*Anon.*

Look here, Pat,' said a real estate owner, 'you've got to move or pay your rent.'

'Be jabbers, I'll do nather.''

'Well, I'll show you.'

'Now, don't be afther tockin' that way, Mister Brownin; let ush raison awhile togither. Af yez put me out by lah, it will cost yez sixh dollars and sixthy cints, and af yez move me out yersilf, it will cost yez only four dollars.—Now, phat will yez do?'

The owner sent a team around and moved him.—*Merchant Treveler.*

'I don't understand why women dress that way,' said a man pointing at a lady who passed along the street.

'I don't either, replied the bystander.

'That woman,' continued the first speaker, 'is dressed ridiculously. Her husband must be a fool.'

'I know he is,' said the bystander.

'Do you know him?'

'Oh, yes. I am the—fool!'—*Anon*

'I can't live without her,' he said to his legal adviser, 'and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her.'

He pulled out a pistol and said:

'I am going to her with this and say, 'Here, shoot me down; I don't care to live any more.''

'You had better not,' said the cautious legal man; 'she might pull the trigger.

'I don't care for that,' said the heartbroken husband; 'I don't care for that; I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges.'—*Figaro.*

How strange it would be if, in Christmas-
 tide's glow,
We should find the real author of "Beautiful
 Snow"
  Fainting,
   Freezing,
    Dying alone;
Would we give him a crust, or a well-polished
 bone?
Not much! we would instantly kill him, and
 then
Wrap him up in the work of his misguided
 pen.
Let us get our shotguns and cheerfully go
On a hunt for the man that wrote "Beautiful
 Snow."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

'I have something—particular—to say to you, Miss Edith,' said Elmer de Garcelone, as he drew himself where he could watch the fire-light play in her face.

'Well, I've been expecting—something—of the kind,' replied Edith, and she tried to stare a live coal out of countenance.

'There's a change—come over my prospects—I'm no longer the wealthy Elmer de Garcelone who paid you court at Saratoga the past season.'

'Don't mention it. I know all. I have determined that I shall be true to you.'

'Heavens! but that's just what I don't want you to be. I've fixed up a match with Ethel de Bullion, worth a million and a half, and I just dropped in to tell you about it.'

Breach of promise suit now on.—*Hartford Post.*

A certain gentleman, whose fortune has been made in railroad stocks, whose name is familiar all over the country, and who has a showy establishment not ten miles from Boston, took unto himself, to console the loneliness of a brief widowhood, a second wife, one of Chicago's fair daughters. Mrs. A., a lady of the neighborhood, went to call upon the bride, and in a lapse of the rather dragging conversation made some casual remark upon an oil painting of a female head hanging upon the parlor wall.

'Is it a portrait of one of your husband's family?' she asked. 'I seem to see a faint likeness.'

'Well not exactly one of his family,' was the hostess' reply, 'it was a picture of his first wife once, but it wasn't a very good likeness, so we had the eyes changed and a feather put in the hair, and keep it for a fancy head.'—*Chicago Tribune.*

Annie lost the Amethyst out of her ring. Fanny lost her toe-corns by using Schroeder's Corn Solvent.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BILLY'S LETTER.

By John Russell Fisher in Golden Days.

Old Farmer Brown stepped down from the train,
With his broad-brimmed hat and his hickory
 cane;
With his homely face and his honest heart,
And a bag of cakes, with an apple tart,
Put up for a lunch by Mother Brown,
Ere he started out for a day in town;
With his wallet stuffed with coin and note
And buttoned away 'neath his queer old coat—
So Farmer Brown reached the city.

And he worried his way past the long hack line,
And a score of lads with their song of 'Shine!'
And he 'pulled down his vest,' and he 'wiped
 off his chin,'
And he stopped more than once to reach out
 his 'fin'
To some nice-looking chap, who had 'met him
 before,'
And been waiting for months to 'meet him some
 more;'
And he thought the young man most 'uncom-
 monly square'
Who brushed the hay-seed from his iron-gray
 hair,
And asked 'where he hitched' in the city.

So he came at last to a quiet street,
Where a nice young chap he chanced to meet,
Who grasped his hand with a hearty shake,
Saying, 'Glad to see you Uncle Jake;'
And, 'How is the wife and folks at home?'
And, 'Why not write you were going to come?'
But Farmer Brown only shook his head,
And, 'My name is John—John Brown,' he said,
'And I don't know none in the city.'

'Brown—John Brown?—yes, that is the name.
I thought I knew you all the same,'
The stranger said. 'My name in Strong,
And I used to live where you belong;
But time brings out a fellow so,
I s'pose my face you hardly know.'
'Thar was a Strong,' the farmer said;
'An' now I mind he hed a lad
W'at run off to the city.'

'Of course you do,' said the nice young man;
'And, Uncle John, 'twas a first-rate plan,
When you found your wardrobe running down,
To take the train and come right to town.
I s'pose you brought a fat wallet, too?
You sly old chaps most always do;
And it takes a pile to go decently dressed.'
'About a thousand,' the farmer confessed,
'I brought with me to the city.'

'And now you are here, I will show you the
 town,
And give you your pay for coming down,'
Said the nice young chap, as he took the arm
Of the green old man from the 'way-back farm.
But Billy Malone, the errand lad,
Had noted the game of the sleek footpad,
And knew that the moments were speeding on
To find both the friend and the wallet gone
From Farmer Brown in the city.

So he wrote down a warning, strange and
 queer,
With pot-hook letters, and nothing clear,
On a greasy scrap, with crease and tear,
Then hastened after the unmatched pair.
'I've brought you a letter, sir,' he said.
Then whistling, stood, while the farmer read,
How the chap beside him was 'only a make,'
Who would 'fake his tin, an' leave him broke,'
With not a friend in the city.

Then a great light broke over Farmer Brown,
And he turned to the chap who would 'show
 him the town,'
While his muscles stood out like notted cords,
And his fists closed up like ten-pounds gourds,
And he gave him again his toil-worn 'fin,'
And he 'pulled down his vest,' and he 'wiped off
 his chin!'
And he quietly said, as he 'knew him some
 more,'
'You hain't so Strong as you was afore,
Since you've showed Uncle Jake the city.'

And Billy Malone, for his letter that day,
Received in the end most fabulous pay;
For 'My lad,' said the farmer, 'I hain't yit
 broke,
And you saved me a thousand by one bold
 stroke;
And I guess, by yer looks, you hain't well fed,
So you'll come with me fer yer board and bed;
You're an orphan, you say, and we've none of
 our own,
And hev' sort o' grown tired o' jest living
 alone—
So we'll both pull outen the city.'

How They Joined the Fishing Party.

Colonel W. H. Sparks, who was noted in Georgia as a writer on historical topics, once related a humorous incident of his boyhood. He then lived with his father on a farm in Putnam county, Ga. One Saturday he and his brother Garrett wanted very much to join a fishing party; but their father insisted that the corn needed hoeing.

'Boys,' said the father, 'do you see that big stump over yonder?'

'Yes, sir,' they said.

'Well, now, hoe the field to that stump, and then you may go on the fishing trip.'

The boys calculated the distance of the stump, and concluded that by hard work they could complete the task about sundown, and then, of course, it would be too late to join the fishing party. They walked over to the stump, and shook it—'because,' said Colonel Sparks, 'we were angry with the stump for being so far away.' But when they had shaken the stump well they found that the stump was loose. Garrett jumped up and cracked his heels together. He had an idea. They pulled up the stump and moved it about two-thirds of the way across, toward their hoes. Then they set to work with a will, finished the task by dinner, and joined the fishing party. 'But,' said the Colonel, 'our consciences troubled us all day, and all the next about that stump; and on Monday we confessed to father what we had done, and made up for it by working twice as hard all the next week.'

How a Boy Changed His Name.

It has been said that some parents put all the outlandish names they can find in a basket, and that, after shaking the basket, they let chance help them to select the worst of the lot for their children. Such a plan must have been followed by a Kentucky father and mother, for they decided that their son should bear with him through life the name 'Gamaliel.' Around the farm-house in which the lad lived were frequently heard such shouts as, 'Ho, there, Gammy!' 'Where's Gammy?' and the like. 'Gammy' felt badly about his name, when he grew to be a big boy, but he saw no chance to relieve himself of it until he went to school for the first time. On that occasion the teacher nodded politely to the lad, and asked, 'What is your name my young friend?' Why 'Gammy did not say 'Gammy, sir,' no one knows, but however that may be, the lad lifted his head boldly, and spoke up: 'John, sir.' The teacher called him John, the school-children began to speak of him as John, his parents grew well pleased with John, and John he is to this day.

The Origin of Uncle Sam.

The name 'Uncle Sam,' as applied to the United States Government, is said to have originated during the war of 1812. An inspector of army provisions at Troy, N. Y., named Samuel Wilson, was called by his workmen 'Uncle Sam.'

One day somebody asked one of the workmen what the letters 'U. S.' (United States) meant.

The workman replied that he supposed they must mean 'Uncle Sam.'

The joke was afterward spread in the army, and this, according to the historian Frost, was the origin of the national nickname.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

PEACH GROWING.

A Communication in American Farmer.

The past season has been a notable one in peach culture it being one of the 'paying years' to such growers as were fortunate enough to have good crops. By good crops we do not mean such as break the trees to pieces under their weight of fruit, and we might add the markets as well, but just the happy medium, fruit just thick enough to obtain its growth and color up nicely. This is the quality of fruit which commands the highest market prices, for if the trees set too much fruit, a great proportion never reaches full development unless severely thinned. The trees usually thin the young peaches naturally by what is known as the June fall; this process of nature happened with remarkable uniformity the past season, but few trees in my immediate locality being overloaded. Sometimes the June fall is so excessive, caused by cold, unseasonable weather at time of blossoming, that the hopes of the peach grower are dashed, but it is rarely the case. We may learn a most useful lesson from this process employed by nature to thin the fruit, and hand-thinning about the time the peaches reach the size of hickory-nuts, will more than pay for the trouble and labor required to do it. Peaches when overcrowded seldom color up well; they have a shriveled look, besides lacking the lusciousness of those ripened with plenty of room and sunshine. Besides there is nothing lost in quantity by thinning, while much is gained in quality. The popular palate yearns for the peach of high quality and soon learns to discriminate between an overcrowded, insipid peach and one ripened in the full blaze of sunlight. The past season of high prices has had the usual effect of almost exhausting the supply of young trees in the hands of the nurserymen throughout the country, and the peach *boom* will probably continue for several years to come. The outlook for the next five years is very encouraging for those having young bearing orchards, as the increased consumption of peaches for canning and drying has more than kept pace with the planting of orchards. Baltimore is no doubt the best market for canning peaches in the country, the growth of her packing industry during the past few years being wonderful. The use of evaporators among the peach growers will have the effect of keeping a great proportion of inferior fruit out of the market, as poor fruit which would hardly pay freight to Baltimore brings fancy prices when evaporated. Their use will in a great measure prevent the *gluts* which often occur in the market and may be traced in every instance to the large quantity of soft and inferior fruit thrown upon it. So great has the demand for good canning peaches grown that it is next to impossible to overstock the market with them. This brings up the question how we may best guard against such a contingency. I think it can be done by judicious selection of varieties such as suit our localities and the wants of packers, shippers and others. Many of the varieties cultivated are not worth standing room, and if every orchardist would quickly rid himself of them the better it would be for all. Crawford's late seems to come nearer the idea of the perfect peach for the packers. Beer's Smock comes next, and White Heath clings when it can be grown in perfection commands fancy prices. It is well to have five or six different varieties covering the season from beginning to end, and have no more than can be well attended to. Northern growers appreciate this fact better than we do, the peaches grown along the Hudson river far exceeding those grown up on the peninsula. A system of planting and pruning seems to have been largely adopted there which is giving most satisfactory results. The trees are planted at a distance of twenty feet each way, headed low and kept severely priund back and fruit thinned as required.—Peaches from trees treated in this manner brought almost fabulous prices the past season in the New York markets. A loamy soil, whether of clay or sand is the best adapted to successful peach growing.

High rolling land is the best site for an orchard, as elevated spots are free from frosts and are warmer in very severe weather than lowlands. It is the still cold of zero weather which does peaches the most damage. Hence hilltops being freezy often escape Jack Frost's icy grip.

I plant my trees twenty feet apart each way; this would be rather wide for some, but larger trees and more feeling ground is the result of such wide planting. The trees are headed low to allow the branches to shade the trunk and the ground beneath. The shading of the trunks of peach trees is an important matter, as the summer sun (some lay it to winter sun), scalds the bark and causes it to peel from the trunk. I have an old orchard *trimmed high* and it has thus been nearly ruined. I have also noticed that the parts exposed to the rays of the afternoon sun in summer are most affected. A successful peach grower in another State showed an orchard which he had planted in such a way that one tree shaded the trunk of another at one or two o'clock in the afternoon, each tree at planting was also inclined sharply to the southwest. Shortening of one year's growth during the first few years of a peach tree's life causes a stocky growth, prevents slabbing off of long limbs, easy gathering of the fruit, and what is another point with me keeps the plowsheare from too close contact with the roots, as the shape of the trees will be admit of too much familiarity of that kind.

R. S. C.

The Farm.

There are 4,000,000 farmers in the United States. An exchange wants to know if anybody can conceive of the value of even a little improvement on each one of these farms in a year. It says that on every farm there should be 'more thorough cultivation, better implements, and above all, better care taken of them; better fences, better homes and more home enjoyments, more social gatherings, more family picnics, in which the help are allowed to participate; more products about the farm for boys and girls to have a personal interest in; more good books and papers; more smiles and fewer frowns; forbearance; less impatience; more pleasant words at home; more time and sunlight in the parlor, and no room about the house nor anything about the farm 'too good' for father, mother, boys or girls to enjoy.

By actual trial last season one hundred bushels of shelled corn shrank to ninety bushels between December and May. It was put in a tight bin, and the shrinkage was entirely from evaporation. Add to this the frequent loss from vermin and the loss of interest for five months, and the corn-grower who proposes to 'hold for a higher price' has some data for determining whether it pays or not.

When pigs are fed plentifully with soft corn, as is common at this season, it sours on their stomach, and charcoal should be given to them as a corrective. It will be greedily eaten, and will enable the pigs to dispose of more corn and with better prospect of gain.

On very cold, damp nights the fowls should be given a good feed of whole corn before they go to roost, as it is more promotive of heat than any other kind of food that is usually fed. It is also advisable to change to wheat occasionally, for the sake of variety.

Federal Cake.—One pint of sugar; one and a half cupfuls of butter; three pints of flour; four eggs; two wine glasses of milk; two of wine; two of brandy; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; half a teaspoonful of saleratus; fruit and spice to taste. Bake in deep pans, the time depending on the quantity of fruit used.

Lemon Fritters.—Among the nicest of fruit fritters are those made of lemon. To one cup of milk and one egg allow the juice and pulp of one lemon. These may be served with the grated peel of half the lemon added to flavor the sauce.

12

The best cure for diseases of the nerves, brain, and muscles, is Brown's Iron Bitters. Marion, Mass.—Dr. N. S. Ruggles says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valued tonic for enriching the blood and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."
Huntsville, Ala.—Dr. J. T. Ridley says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good appetizer and merits attention from sufferers."

July 12, 1883.

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NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
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TUTT'S PILLS
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From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.
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METALIC COFFINS and CASKETS, furnished upon short notice when desired. Full line of SHROUDS AT BURIAL ROBES. *Patent Improved* COLD AIR ICE CASKET for the preservation of the dead; also Embalming Fluids. I have recently introduced a remarkably cheap BLACK CLOTH CASKET, which in appearance is almost equal to the finest. Remember I do not confine myself exclusively to fine and high-priced work, but have an endless variety at *medium* and *low prices.*

I have THREE HEARSE, two large ones and one small white one for children and young persons. With my handsome new Glass Hearse and fine pair of Black Horses, can furnish as fine a Funeral Turnout as can be seen in our large cities. I am constantly adding new features and improvements to my business, in order to keep up with the times; and as there are such changes in style and kind constantly going on, and, as is generally the custom, some friend is called into the embarrassing position of ordering what he supposes may be wanted, it would be much more satisfactory to all concerned to name the *price* of the article wanted.

☞ ALWAY REMEMBER that I *guarantee* to furnish *anything* in my line, of the same kind and quality, at *lower prices* than any other establishment of the kind. Ever grateful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended me, I respectfully beg a continuance of the same.

☞ Residence second door above my shop.
Respectfully,
Aug10—tf. JOHN N. DODD.

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FOR FALL of 1883.
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Sept. 27, 1883—3m.

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Among the many artices comprising on stock, we may lmention the following, viz: Hinges, Locks, Saws, Drawing knives, Axes, Chisels, Augers, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Chain Traces, Back Chains, Tongue Chains, Breast Chains, Grubb Hoes, Ropes of all kinds, &c.
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We will manufacture our own Tin ware, and will be prepared to do all kinds of *Roofing & Spouting*, Repairing Old Tins, &c., &c.
We can furnish Cook & Heating Stoves at lowest rates and as good and durable as can be had anywhere. *Stoves Guaranteed.*
There are many other articles we might mention, such as Tubs, Wash boards, Rolling-pins, Butter Prints & Paddles, Slaw-cutters, Water Buckets, Mouse & Rat Traps, Wire Clothes Lines, Dust & Scrub Brushes, &c., &c.
It will be our pleasure to keep everything in the Hardware line consistent with the demand of the public.
We shall be glad to have all our friends and the public generally to call and examine our stock & prices.
HINES & CLEMENTS.
Jan. 11, 1883.

J. T. Twilley. H. M. Thomas.
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We have on hand a good article of SOFT COAL for Steam Threshers. Also, a good quality of Anthracite (White Ash) Coal, 2,240 lbs. to ton.
All persons in want of Coal will do well to call and see us before buying.
July 12—tf. J. T. TWILLEY & CO.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address Stinton & Co., Portland, Maine. [March 15, 1882.

Lime for Sale.
Having purchased
THE LIME KILN
at the Railroad Station at Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either
Slaked or Quicked Lime
for building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel.. WM. PERKINS.
Oct. 20, 1881.

THE NEW YORK SUN.
NEW YORK, 1884.
About sixty million copies of the *Sun* have gone out of our establishment during the past twelve months.
If you were to paste end to end all the columns of all the *Suns* printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense wisdom, sound doctrine, and sane wit long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square, and then three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.
But the *Sun* is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this same strip of intelligence would girdle the globe twenty-seven or twenty-eight times.
If every buyer of a copy of the *Sun* during the past year has spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or his grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper in 1883 has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day.
It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.
The *Sun* is, and will continue to be, a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences, which gets at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which presents the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most readable shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republican party must go, and must go in this coming year of our Lord, 1884.
If you know the *Sun*, you like it already, and you will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be the most interesting year in all its history. If you do not know the *Sun*, it is high time to get into the sunshine.
Terms to Mail Subscribers.
The several editions of the *Sun* are sent by mail, postpaid, as follows:
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SUNDAY—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, special articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary reviews of new books of the highest merit. $1 a year.
WEEKLY—$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of unequalled value, special market reports, and literay, scientific, and domestic intelligence make the weekly *Sun* the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of 10 with $10, an extra copy free.
Address I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher,
Nov. 15—6t. The Sun, N. Y. City.

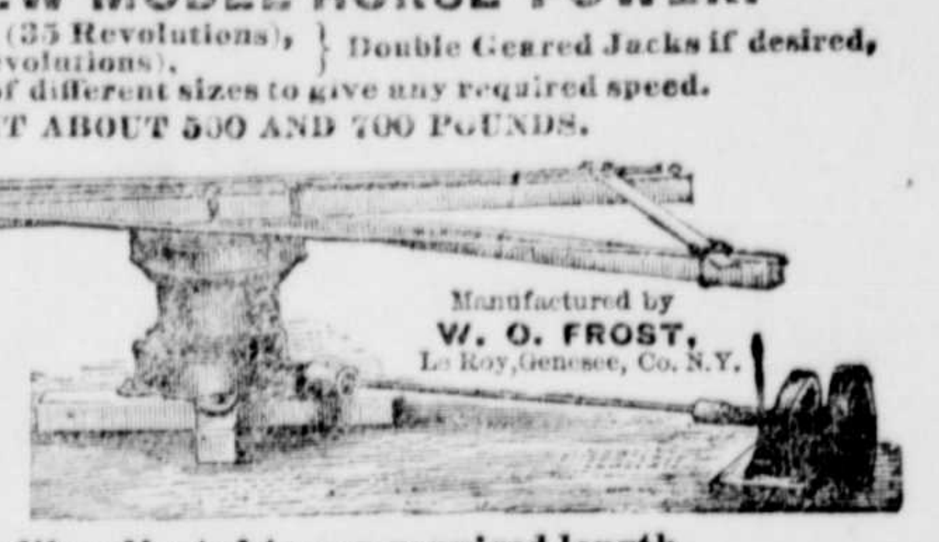
THE CENTURY
Programme for 1883-'84.
The programme for the fourteenth year of this magazine, and the third under the new name, is if anything more interesting and popular than ever. With every season, the Century shows a decided gain in circulation. The new volume begins with November, and, when possible, subscriptions should begin with that issue. The following are some of the features of the coming year:
A New Novel by George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., entitled, "Dr. Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.
"Life in the Thirteen Colonies," by Edward Eggleston, separate illustrated papers on subjects connected with the early history of this country.
Three Stories by Henry James, of varying lengths, to appear through the year.
The New Astronomy, untechnical articles, by Prof. S. P. Langley, describing the most interesting of recent discoveries in the sun and stars.
A Novelette by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gunnar," etc. A vivid and sparkling story.
The New Era in American Architecture, a series of papers descriptive of the best work of American architects in Public Buildings, City and Country Houses, etc. To be profusely illustrated.
A Novelette by Robert Grant, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc., entitled "An Average Man,"—a story of New York.
The Bread-winners, one of the most remarkable novels of the day, to be completed in January.
"Christianity and Wealth," with other essays, by the author of "The Christian League of Connecticut," etc., on the application of Christian morals to the present phases of modern life.
Coasting About the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a series of entertaining articles, profusely illustrated.
Scenes from the Novelists, Hawthorne, George Eliot and Cable, with authentic drawings.
On the Track of Ulysses, the record of a yacht cruise on the Mediterranean, identifying the route of Ulysses on his return from the Trojan war.
"Garfield in England," extracts from his private journal kept during a trip to Europe in 1867.
"The Silverado Squatters," by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "New Arabian Nights."
There will be papers on outdoor England by John Burroughs and others, a beautifully illustrated paper on Dante, a number of papers by the eminent French novelist Alphonse Daudet, articles on art and archæology by Charles Dudley Warner and others, illustrated papers on sport and adventure, short stories by the leading writers, essays on timely subjects, etc., etc.
Subscription price, $4.00 a year; single numbers sold everywhere, at 35 cents each. All dealers receive subscriptions, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers by postal or express order, registered letter, bank check or draft.
Special Offers.
To enable new subscribers to begin with the first volume under the Century name, we make following special offers:
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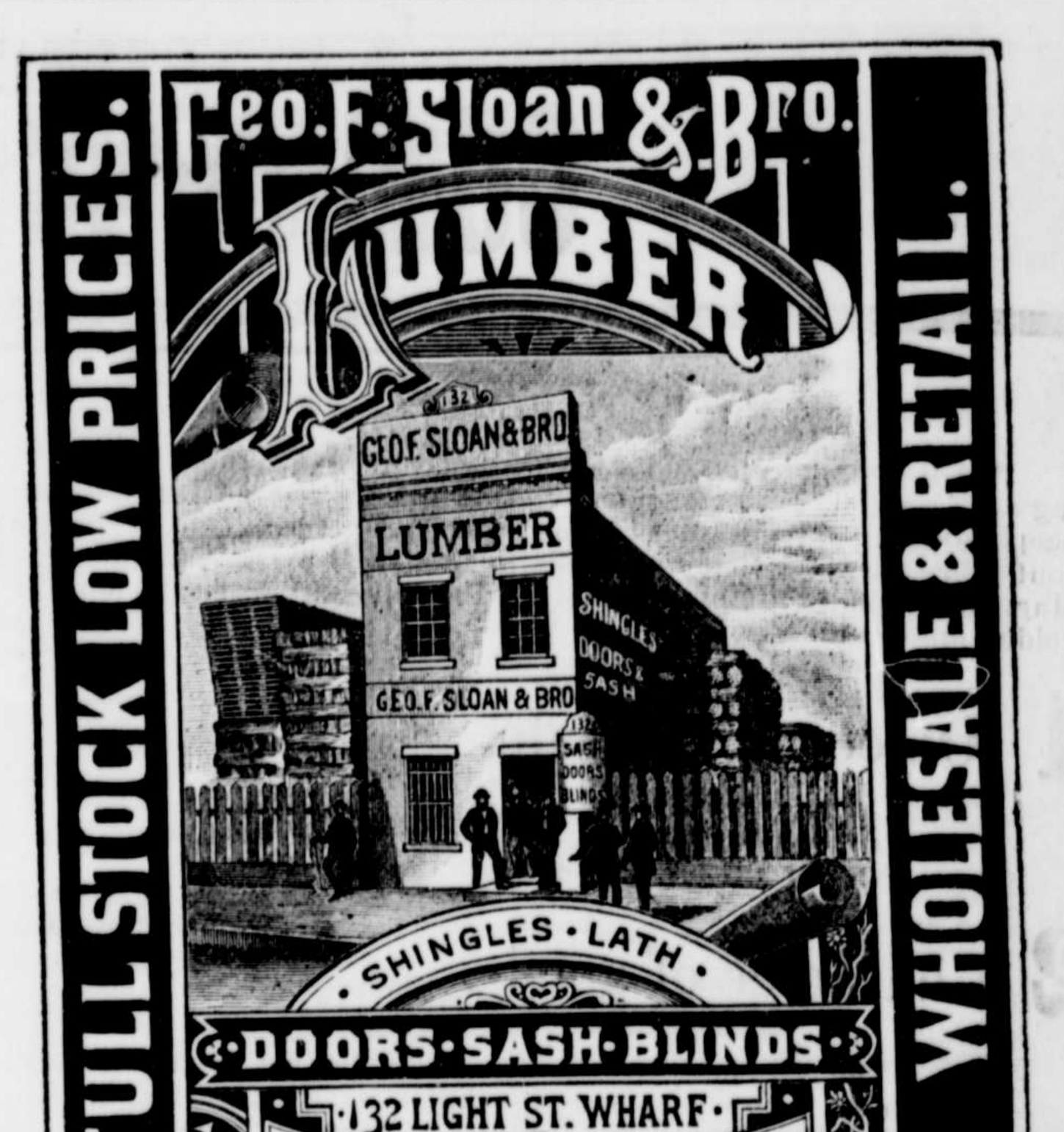
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THE LEADING MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
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Edited by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge.
The *New York Tribune* once said: "In the avalanche of immoral literature that threatens the children, some strong, vitally wholesome, and really attractive magazine is required for them, and *St. Nicholas* has reached a higher platform, and commands for this service wider resources in art and letters, than any of its predecessors or contemporaries." The reference to the wide resources in art and letters commanded by *St. Nicholas* was never more fully illustrated than by the extraordinary list of attractions which that magazine announces for 1884. The following will be some of the leading contributors:
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