The Easton Star.

T. K. ROBSON, Editor.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

$1.50 per Annum, If Paid in Advance.

NEW SERIES.

EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1886.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 26.

Lumber Business.

SAM'L BURNS & CO.

LUMBER

SHINGLES, LATHS,
PICKETS, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
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Pine, Hemlock, Cypress and Oak

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Where you will find it filled, besides his New Warehouse on Railroad avenue, with a splendid lot of New and Fine Furniture from Philadelphia and Baltimore, that is hard to beat, among which you will find Walnut Parlor Suits, Walnut Chamber Suits, Walnut Book Cases, Ladies' Walnut Secretaries, Walnut Hat Racks, Fancy Chairs and Chairs of all descriptions. Painted and Stained Cottage Suits, Bedsteads, Husk, Straw and Woven Wire Mattresses, Wall Brackets, Pockets, &c., Children's Carriages, Picture Frames, and Moulding to make to order, Window Cornices cheap, Looking Glasses and Plates. Come and see for yourselves, and you will be politely waited on by myself or my son Willie. REPAIRING done promptly by a practical Cabinet-Maker.

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Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth curtains for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Gloss Finished; also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.

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Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of the persons upon whose houses this paint has been used:

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C. [illegible], } for
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W. D. Roberts & Sons, } Builders.
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I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paint in Pints, Quarts and One-Half Gallons. All work in this branch will be done with despatch and in a good manner by myself and son Charlie.

R. H. T. COUNCELL.

25 Cents a Bottle.

SALVATION OIL

KILLS PAIN

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DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 cents.

Fifteenth Year. Announcement for 1886.

The Ladies' Floral Cabinet

Published at 22 Vesey St., New York,

Leads as THE MAGAZINE OF FLORICULTURE FOR AMATEURS, giving more pages of reading matter and more illustrations than any other publication devoted to the same topic; maintains its high position as an authority on questions arising on Floriculture; introduces to its readers' attention Novelties in plants, especially such as may be useful to Amateurs, and treats every subject from an independent position, being entirely disassociated with all trade alliances, having no ends to serve except its own interests as a magazine, and these interests are best promoted by securing authentic information for its subscribers, upon all phases of Floriculture.

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In the department for Domestic Art, the original designs by Miss M. E. Whittemore and Mrs. E. S. Welch, with accompanying descriptions may be looked for, and the valued Housekeeping articles of Mrs. C. G. Herbert will continue to be a feature.

The Premiums for 1886 embrace in Premium No. 1 as rare a collection of flower seeds as has ever been offered to the readers of any publication. The ten varieties enumerated will afford abundance of bloom throughout the season, in as many different colors as such a list could furnish. Six of the number are summer-flowering, two for the late fall, and two everlastings for winter floral decorations, so that our subscribers need not be without Garden Flowers all the year, if cultural directions are faithfully followed.

A bulb of the *Tigridia grandiflora alba*, which gave so much satisfaction last year, constitutes Premium No. 2, and the popular *Amaryllis rosea* Premium No. 3.

Remember, any subscriber who requests it, whether subscribing through a club-agent or direct to the Publishers, is entitled to the ten papers of Flower Seeds, or the Tigridia, or the Amaryllis, post-free.

NO INCREASE IN PRICE.

The subscription price will remain at $1.25, as heretofore; Single Numbers, 12 Cents; Sample Copy, for examination, 6 cents.

Great opportunity to make money among your own neighbors, in cash commissions, which the publishers pay. Ask for terms to club raisers when you send for Sample Copy. Remittances to be at our risk, must be in post-office order, bank draft, or registered letter.

Lumber for Sale.

100,000 SPRUCE PINE SHINGLES, and
10,000 FEET OF BUILDING SCANTLING.

A. H. BARNETT.

Trappe, Sept. 8th, 1885 tf

Money to Loan.

LARGE OR SMALL SUMS, on good farms in this county for 5 years or shorter periods. Interest 6 per cent.

THOMAS HILL,
Fayette and St. Paul Streets,
nov10-3m Baltimore, Md.

Hall's Hair Restorer,

Japanese Hair Dye, Parker's Hair Balsam, Montgomery's Hair Restorer, Jayne's Hair Tonic, London Hair Restorer and Ayer's Hair Vigor for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

Road Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from this date, the undersigned, citizens of Talbot county, intend to apply to the County Commissioners of Talbot county, to lay down a new public road in Chapel district, beginning at a point near the gate of William Bradbury, on the road leading from Matthews to Todd's Landing, and running through the lands of Robert F. Walker, lately sold to Lemuel Craft, Jerome B. Bennett and J. K. P. Willis to the Choptank river, on the northeast side of Turkey creek, being about a mile an a quartet in length, and to condemn sufficient land at the river terminus of said road, on the land of J. K. P. Willis, for a public landing, for the accommodation of a large neighborhood.

Henry F. Reynolds,
Jesse L. Middleton,
Robert Coulby,
Wm. J. Adams,
and others.

Jan. 12th, 1886-6t

The Seeker

after the luxurious in Men's and Boys' Clothing can here be as well served as the searcher after the merely serviceable, while in our enormous assortment of Novel Shapes and Styles both are certain to be pleased. The reputation of our house for Elegance of Style and Perfection of fit, together with lowness of prices is a guarantee at all times of perfect satisfaction. The great Surprise of the Season is undoubtedly the unexpectedly low prices for goods universally acknowledged the best in the market. We can fit the Boy 2½ years old, as well as the man of Weight (300 pounds).

ACME HALL,

The Glass of Fashion,

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

English Anthology.

"LETTER FROM ITALY."

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground:
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renowned in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
Or when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments—
To nobler tasteless, and more exalter scents;
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruit, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

How has kind heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand;
But what avail her unexhausted store,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies of thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasure in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasures to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought?
On foreign mountains may the sun refine,
The grape's soft juice and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In the degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the courseness, at the heaven repine,
Though over our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountain's smile.

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

BY MATTHEW PRIOR.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his tomb-stone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention.
May happy be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet count as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
In a life parti-colored, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord, how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and man was but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,
Lets neither his title nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lies here,
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are who infect the highway
So Matt may be killed, and his bones never found;
False witnesses at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Matt may yet chose to be hanged or be drowned.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

SONNETS.

BY SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

With sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above, love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungracefulness.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low,
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light,
A rosy garland, and a weary head,
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

Select Miscellany.

A LUCKY MISTAKE.

How Hattie Hardy Captured a Young Minister.

"Ah," said old Mrs. Prodgitt, "things have changed since my day! When I was a girl folks used to stay at home and help their mothers do the housework, and piece bed-quilts and embroider lace veils, instead of running about in all the dirty streets and narrow lanes in creation!"

She had come up from Own Brook to visit her cousin Mary Ann, who had married Ebenezer Hardy a quarter of a century ago, and settled down in New York, and, as she expressed herself, "things seemed to be all turned topsy-turvy."

"But, Cousin Prodgy," said saucy Hattie Hardy, who was equipping herself with basket, bags, parasol and waterproof cloak, "It is a work of mercy and charity we are engaged in."

"Nonsense!" irritably cried Mrs. Prodgitt. "I think you have all gone crazy together. I'm surprised at you, Mary Ann, to let the child go tramping all over the city by herself. In my day it was not considered respectable."

"You say, truly, that times have changed since then," mildly uttered Mrs. Hardy, who was knitting fleecy white wool by the fire. "Be sure, Hattie, that you come home early. The new minister is to be here to-night to tea, and Betsy can't be trusted with the new set of moss-rose china."

"I wonder what he is like," said Hattie, as she tied the deep blue strings of her hat into a coquettish bow under her round chin. "I do hope he's young and handsome."

"My dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Prodgitt.

"Of course," added Hattie, "we know that old Mr. Puzzleton was a perfect saint, but one don't like saints with red noses and spectacles and three layers of double chin!"

Mrs. Prodgitt looked as if she expected that Hattie would be struck by lightning on the spot for that heretical remark.

"Harriet!" was all that she could utter.

While Mrs. Hardy, more accustomed to the audacious speeches of her pretty daughter, went on in her purring, singsong tones: "Don't forget that poor widow in Cobb lane, Hattie. And if you go to Milo Reneau's I think it would be well to speak a word in season to that great lazy son of his who is always buying lottery tickets and does nothing to support the old folks."

"Oh, yes! I am glad you mentioned that," said Hattie, penciling an entry on her tablets. "Mem—To give Gilbert Reneau a piece of my mind."

Hattie, on her errand of mercy, went from house to house in the darkened lane and crowded tenement districts. She could be gay and flippant enough when "Cousin Prodgy" teased her, but here she seemed to have assumed a new personality of dignity and sweetness.

Old Milo Reneau's was the last house on her list. She glanced anxiously at her watch as she went in.

"Past 5," she said to herself. "I must make haste, or the dear little mamma will be fretting."

The dusk of the October evening had already darkened the little room, where lay the patient old sufferer from rheumatism. As she came around the corner of the door she perceived a young man sitting at an uncovered pine table—a figure strangely silhouetted against the window.

"Ah!" said she, the tide of righteous exasperation rising up in her heart, "so I've caught you at last in the very midst of your evil practices?"

The young man rose hurriedly to his feet.

"I beg your pardon—" he began, but the tide of Hattie's indignation was not thus easily stemmed.

"Don't beg my pardon," she said, "Beg the pardon of society—of public opinion—of everything else which you are outraging by this shameful behavior of yours. Apparentle you have neither pride nor self-respect left. Now, take my advice—turn over a new leaf. Give up your evil practices and set yourself to earn a decent living. Look me in the eyes, young man," she added, severely. "Tell me if you are not ashamed of yourself?"

To all appearances the culprit was stricken dumb. Involuntarily he raised a pair of clear, honest gray eyes to Hattie's face according to orders, but he did not speak a word, good, bad, or indifferent.

"He's not bad looking," thought Hattie, "but I must not neglect the chance of making an impression." "I am surprised at you!" she added aloud. "A great, able-bodied fellow like you setting down as a disreputable incubus on your friends and relatives. Don't you know you are the talk of the neighborhood? Get up—go to work! Never let me see you idling here again! No, don't answer me. I never enter into argument with the people in my district. Logic is useless in a case like this."

She hurried to old Milo, who, being stone deaf, looked smilingly on during this brief but energetic monologue as if it had been a recitation from Shakspeare.

"Here's some extract of beef for you, Mr. Reneau!" she shouted in his ear, "and a tumbler of lemon jelly! I hope your lumbago is better. I'm sorry I can't stay a little longer today, but I'll come again very soon."

And nodding and smiling good-by to him she bustled away.

She arrived none too soon on the domestic tapis.

Betsy had already broken one of the moss-rose teacups and spilled all the salad dressing, so that Hattie had to go to work to make more.

Cousin Prodgitt had lost her spectacles, and Mrs. Hardy could not find her best lace frill!

Consequently she was only half through arranging her hair when Mrs. Hardy called up the staircase:

"Harriet! Harriet! Mr. Gray has come!"

She hurriedly coiled up the shining bronze locks and fastened them with a shell pin, tied the Swiss muslin bow at her throat and, catching up her pocket-hankerchief, ran down stairs.

Cousin Prodgitt was still adjusting her cap-strings in her own room.

Mrs. Hardy had gone to see if the tea was properly steeping, and so our heroine walked directly into the presence of the Rev. Cecil Gray.

"I am Miss Hardy," said she. "I beg your pardon, but—"

Here she stopped with the syllables of further speech fairly frozen on her tongue.

A cold chill crept through all her veins as she recognized the curly brown hair, the clear, honest eyes, the thick mustache.

But the Rev. Cecil was equal to the emergency.

"Don't beg my pardon," said he, gravely, although there was a roguish sparkle in his eyes. "Beg the pardon of society—of public opinion. No, Miss Hardy," he cried, suddenly dropping his solemn mannerism, "don't look so distressed! Of course it was a mistake. Don't I know perfectly well that it was."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" gasped Hattie. "I thought it was Gilbert Reneau. I never had seen him, you know, and it was so dark, and—and—"

"And so you scolded the wrong man," said Mr. Gray. "Well, I'll pass the lecture on to the genuine offender at the very first opportunity, only I am afraid I cannot emphasize it half so neatly as you can."

"Oh, don't!" said Hattie, piteously, lifting her little hands. "Please don't."

"No, I won't," said Mr. Gray; "we'll forget and forgive."

And when Cousin Prodgitt and Mrs. Hardy came in Hattie and the young clergyman were earnestly discussing the rival merits of the geraniums on Mrs. Hardy's flower-stand.

Mrs. Prodgitt stayed until spring, and when she went back home she told her daughter that Hattie Hardy was engaged to a young minister.

"Or at least I suspicion she is," she added. "She won't own nothin' for sartin, but things ain't now what they used to be. Folks as was engaged to be married used to be proud of it. But Hattie's a queer girl. She hasn't been brought up as girls was brought up in my day."—*St. Paul Globe.*

The Man Who Did Housework.

Translated from the Norwegian by Nellie V. Anderson.

There was once a man who was cross and peevish, because he thought his wife never did enough in the house.

He came home one evening from the hay field, cursing and scolding, till things seemed to fairly glow around him.

"Dear, don't be so angry," said the woman, "in the morning we will change work. I will go out with the hay workers and mow, while you do the work at home."

Yes, the man thought this a good idea, and was very willing to show her a thing or two.

So early in the morning the woman took the scythe, and went out in the meadow with the rest, to mow. The man was left to work in the house. First, he made ready to churn, but after churning awhile, feeling very thirsty, he went down cellar to tap some beer. While doing this, he heard the pig in the kitchen. He ran up stairs, leaving the faucet open. At the sight of him the pig ran against the churn with disastrous consequences. When the man saw this mischief done, and the pig gerrdily smacking and sipping of the stream that ran over the floor, he was ready to fly with rage, and completely forgetting the beer-barrel, he punished the pig as best he could. He reached it again in the door, and gave a mighty kick that killed it on the spot.

Now he remembered leaving the faucet open, but on going to the cellar all the beer had run out. He then went to the milk-room, and again found enough cream to fill the churn, for butter he must have for dinner. When he had churned awhile he remembered that the cow was yet in the stable, and had received neither bite nor sup, though it was late in the day. Thinking it would take too long to go to the pasture, he concluded to put her on the sod roof, on which grew short green grass.—As the hut lay by a steep side hill, he thought by laying a plank from that to the roof, it would be an easy matter to get the cow up. But he dared not leave the churn, for the baby was crawling around on the floor, and might upset it, so he took the churn on his back, thinking he would give the cow some water before putting her on the roof. Leaning down to dip water from the well, down came the contents of the churn, deluging his head and neck, then dripping into the well.

It was now near dinner time, and as there was no butter, he thought of cooking mush, and immediately hung a kettle of water over the fire. But now he bethought himself that the cow might fall off the roof and break her legs, or neck, so he must go up to tie her. One end of the rope he bound around the cow's neck, and dropping the other through the chimney he went down and tied it around his leg, for the water was boiling in the kettle, and he must make the mush. While doing this the cow fell off the roof and dragged him up the chimney by the rope. There he hung a prisoner, while the poor cow dangled between heaven and earth, able neither to go up or down.

The wife had waited seven long and broad hours, to be called home to dinner, but no summons came. At last she thought it was too long, and finally went home. Upon seeing the cow hanging in such a remarkable manner, she quickly cut the rope with her scythe. At the same moment the man fell down the chimney, and his wife found him standing on his head in the mush kettle.

Thus ended the woful experience of a man who found fault with his wife, and as this type of the genus homo is not confined to one nation alone, let every man addicted to a similar practice, take a solemn warning.—*Phila. Press.*

Avoid using laudanum; when the baby is sick but use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup—perfectly safe and always reliable. Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

You cannot kill a mule easily but he won't work worth a cent if he is sick. Give him Day's Horse Powder, and you will soon have him in good trim.

Are you bilious? Do you feel drowsy? Have you the "blues?" Take a dose of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills. Price 25 cents. All druggists keep them.

Be gentle, patient and persevering in training horses, but don't fail to be firm. A horse with a bad disposition and inclined to be unruly and vicious will soon find out whether you are capable of handling him or not.

THE EFFICACY OF DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, in Chronic Dyspepsia, Fevers, Nervous disorders, Constipation, deficiency of vital power, and all maladies affecting the stomach, liver, bowels, pulmonary organs, or muscular system, has been experienced by thousands. The Bitters strike at the root of these diseases by toning the stomach and cleansing the blood.

When I see a man wid a nose ob day [illegible] if he hab a Bible in his pocket, I deals wid him mighty careful.

Extracts From the Annual Report of Dr. C. W. Chancellor, Secretary State Board of Health, Upon Disinfection and Disinfectants.

"It is to cleanliness, ventilation and drainage, and the use of perfectly pure drinking water, says Mr. Simon, "that populations ought mainly to look for safety against nuisance and infection. Artificial disinfectants* cannot properly supply the place of those essentials; for, except in a small and peculiar class of cases, they are of temporary or imperfect usefulness. That no house refuse —not only excremental matter, but also no other kind of dirt or refuse, should remain on or about inhabited premises, is a first rule against infection. That the air within the house should never in any part of the house be stagnant, but should always be in course of renewal from without, by uninterrupted and abundant supplies of fresh air, is a condition of equal importance. And that all water meant to be used for drinking or cooking should be drawn from sources which cannot have been polluted by any kind of refuse matter, is a third most important rule for the avoidance of infection."

If dwelling places have within them any odor of drainage particular examination should be made, (1,) whether the filth which house-drains are meant to carry away is retained in or near the premises in ill made drains, or sewers, or cess-pools, or perhaps is leaking from house-drains within the house; (2,) whether, inside the house, the inlets of drains and sinks are properly trapped; and (3,) whether the drains and sewers are sufficiently ventilated outside the house. All water-closets within houses should have free openings for ventilation from and into the outer air. Of a cess-pool, the only true disinfection is to abolish it. In country places, where proper drainage is not provided, the nuisance of open privies may be best avoided by the use of the so-called earth closet.

If a sewer is much complained of as stinking into the public way, generally the presumption is, that, from original ill-construction or some other cause, it does not properly fulfil its object, but has filth accumulated and stagnant in it; and such a sewer, besides occasioning nuisance in the public way, may be the source of some serious danger to the inhabitants of houses which drain into it. It is most important that all sewers should be well ventilated at points where their effluvia will be least injurious, and ordinary drain pipes may be used to conduct the effluvia to a distance.

For artificial disinfection on a large scale, the agents which commonly prove useful, are—quick lime, chloride of lime, carbolic acid, sulphate of iron, perchloride of iron and chloride of manganese. The following are also efficient disinfectants, but, being dearer, are less suited for large operations. Sulphate of zinc, chloride of zinc, chloride of soda and permanganate of potash. In certain case chlorine gas, or nitrous acid gas, or sulphurous acid gas may advantageously be used, and in certain other cases, powdered charcoal or fresh dry earth.†

Quick lime, recently burnt, may be used, either in the form of dry powder, or, stirred up with about ten times its bulk of water, as milk of lime. Chloride of lime is best used with water, and thoroughly mixed with it, in the proportion of a pound, to the gallon; or of the solution as commonly sold, about two pints may be mixed with a gallon of water. Carbolic acid, in the fluid form in which it is commonly sold, should be dissolved in about eight times its volume of water, with which it must be mixed by strong shaking in a closed vessel. Sulphate of iron should be dissolved in ten times its weight in water; a solution which is best effected by employing hot water and stirring. Sulphate of zinc should be dissolved in abot ten time its weight of warm water. Of perchloride of iron and chloride of manganese, the common concentrated solution may be used, diluted with ten or twelve times their bulk in water. Of chloride of zinc, the common concentrated solution may be diluted with eight to ten times its bulk in water. Of chloride of soda, the common solution may be used like that of chloride of lime. Of permanganate of potash, an ounce may be dissolved in a gallon of water.

All disinfectants must be used in quantities proportionate to the amount of matter or surface to be disinfected. When the matters requiring to be disinfected have an offensive smell, the disinfectant should be used till this smell has entirely ceased, and as often as the smell recurs the disinfectant must again be used.

TO DISINFECT CERTAIN PLACES AND SUBSTANCES.

During the emptying of privies and cess-pools, and whenever temporary disinfection is required chloride of lime, or Reed & Carnrick's solution of hypochlorite of soda, or the sulphate of iron (common copperas), or perchloride of iron, chloride of manganese, or chloride of zinc, will be found available. A dilute solution of one of these agents should be poured into the privy or cess-pool, from a quart to a gallon at a time, till the desired effect is obtained. Especially where cholera or typhoid fever is present, privies and cess-pools ought to be very frequently flooded in this manner.

Heaps of manure or other filth, if it be for the time impracticable or inexpedient to remove them, should be covered, to the depth of two or three inches with a layer of freshly burnt vegetable charcoal in powder. Freshly burnt lime may be used in the same way, but is less effective than charcoal. If neither charcoal or lime be at hand, the filth should be covered with a layer, some inches thick, of clean dry earth. For a privy which has only solid contents, the same sort of treatment is applicable. Earth near dwellings, if it has become offensive or foul by the soakage of decaying animal or vegetable matter, should be treated on the same plan.

If running sewage, about to be used in agriculture, requires to be disinfected, the chloride of manganese or perchloride of iron may be best used; but if the sewage is to pass into a river or into any pond or canal, where it might become offensive again, chloride of lime is preferred; and in this case a pound of good chloride of lime will generally suffice to disinfect 1,000 gallons of the sewage. For foul ditches and other stagnant drainage, chloride of lime is also the proper disinfectant.

Where it is desirable to disinfect, before throwing away the evacuations from the bowels of persons suffering from cholera or typhoid fever, some disinfectants (which here may be chloride of lime or, preferably, the solution of hypochlorite of soda), should be put into the bed-pan, or other vessel, before it is used by the patient, and more may be added immediately after. Thorough mixture with the evacuation should be ensured. Care should also be taken that portions of the discharges do not remain about the patient's body or his dress.

Linen and wearing apparel requiring to be disinfected may be set to soak in water containing, per gallon, about an ounce either of common clear solution of chloride of lime or that of hypochlorite of soda. Or the article in question may be plunged into boiling water and afterwards when at wash, be actually boiled in the washing water.

Woolens, bedding, and clothing, which cannot be washed, may be disinfected by exposure for two or more hours, in chambers constructed for that purpose, to a temperature of 210° to 250° Fahr. When this cannot be done, the natural disinfectant process of prolonged exposure to air, sun and rain ought to be had recourse to.

For the disinfection of the interior of house, the ceilings and walls should be washed with warm quick-lime water. The wood-work should be cleansed with soap and water, and frequently washed with water containing in each gallon about two ounces of the clear solution of either chloride of lime or chloride of soda.

A room no longer occupied may be disinfected by chlorine gas, or nitrous acid gas, ur sulphurous acid gas. And for this purpose the gases may be produced in the room as follows: Chlorine gas, by pouring over a quarter of a pound of finely powdered black oxide of manganese, contained in a jar, half a pint of muriatic acid previously mixed with a quarter of a pint of water, or by pouring over a quarter of a pound of chloride of lime, contained in a jar, a quarter of a pint of muriatic or dilute sulphuric acid; nitrous acid gas, by pouring over an ounce of copper shavings or turnings, contained in a deep jar, three ounces of concentrated nitric acid, sulphurous acid gas, by burning an ounce or two of flour of sulphur in a plate or saucer. The process of disinfecting a room by any of these gases requires several hours, and while it is going on, all doors, chimneys and windows of the room must be carefully closed. Precautions to this effect must be taken before the chemicals are mixed, as the person who starts the process having to avoid the gas, must not afterwards loiter in the room. When the process is at an end doors and windows should be fully opened.

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* The word "disinfectants" is used to cover, not only those [illegible] which permanently destroy infective matter, but also those agents which merely arrest the process or absorb the offensive products of organic decomposition.

† The bi-chloride of mercury or corrosive sublimate properly used is one of the best if not the very best germicide, but on account of its poisonous character its use is not recommended in families. Reed and Carnrick's Standard Solution of Sodium Hypochlorite, prepared in accordance with the formula of the American Public Health Association, is recommended as a safe and efficient preparation for disinfecting and sanitary purposes. Directions for using accompany each bottle.

Few people are exempt from toothache, and even poets have written on its terrors. But this ache and every other ache yields to St. Jacob's Oil, which simply conquers pain.

A Strain on the Family Bible.

(From the Savannah News.)

The following is a list of names of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Rabun, of Augusta, Ga.:

First—Mary Ann Elizabeth Rabun.

Second—Cornelia Ann Miranda Jane Rabun.

Third—Effie Ann Savannah Rabun.

Fourth—James William Theophilus Patrick Rabun.

Fifth—Sarah Bun Melissa Vanduzen Iantha Rabun.

Sixth—Drusilla Ann Francis Rowens Rabun.

Seventh—Lanie Lucinda Liza Willie Ann Alice Rabun.

Eighth—Margaret Amazon Archibald Roxie Ann Rabun.

Ninth—Mozelle Jerusha Ann Ce Syvira Rabun.

Tenth—Anienette Sophronia Martha Ann Arastus Rabun.

Eleventh—Eldora Matilda Louisa Annie Pilcher Rabun.

Twelfth—Pilcher Wicker Brihson Franklee Jackson Beauregard Swain Rabun.

Thirteenth—Ella Ann Seneil Virginia Theodosia Willanta Lugenia Gibson Rabun.

Fourteenth—Lovia Ann Stella Belle Callie Dona Dessie Linda Lucretia Borgia Neil Rabun.

HUMPHREYS'

Manual of all Diseases, [illegible] RICHLY BOUND IN CLOTH AND GOLD [illegible]

[illegible]

HOMEOPATHIC

[illegible]

SPECIFICS.

[illegible]

PENGUIN

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GUANO.

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