The Beach Tree's Petition.

Oh, leave this barren spot to me;
Spare Woodman, spare the beechen tree,
Though shrub or flow'ret never grow
My way unwaning shade below,
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn,
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
The ambrosial treasures of the hive;
Yet leave this little spot to me—
Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree.

Thrice twenty summers I have stood,
In bloomless, fruitless solitude;
Since childhood in my rustling bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture paid.
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carv'd many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the vows of gentle sound
First breath'd upon this sacred ground,
By all that love hath whisper'd here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear,
As Love's own altar, honor me—
Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree!

American Institute Farmers' Club.

Much interesting matter was brought before the meeting, which was commenced by the reading of a letter from Dr. Bowles, of Hammonton, N. J., on

THE PROPER TREATMENT OF COWS.—He said he had visited dairies in which cows were milked up to the last possible moment, kept in close stables, and fed highly stimulating food. All this was wrong, and the cows could not bear the unnatural strain on their system and gave way beneath it.

PLOWING.—Henry Stewart read a paper upon plowing, in which, after showing the folly of advising one kind of treatment for all varieties of soils, he explained the mechanism of plowing and the objects to be obtained by the operation. Our space does not even allow us o give an abstract of the essay.

HOW TO DESTROY STABLE MANURE.—Fell Taylor, Marionsville, Me., had been preparing manure for his wheat crop by mixing it in alternate layers with fresh lime, and asked whether it would do to apply it now. He was informed that he could not have taken a more certain method of rendering it worthless; it would make very little difference when he applied it.

GRAFTING GRAPES.—Mr. Fuller in reply to the inquiry of A. C. Fisk, said that grapes may be grafted during the winter before the sap begins to flow, and late in spring after the flow is partly ceased, by cutting off and splitting the stock three inches beneath the ground, inserting the scions, binding with the bass bark, and covering with soil. No grafting wax is needed.

DOES CLOVER SEED EXHAUST THE SOIL?—S. S. Caughey, Pa., asked if clover seed exhausted the soil as much as wheat. He was informed that the general opinion is, that a crop of clover benefits the soil to a greater extent than the seed exhausts it, so that there is a considable balance left in its favor. Wheat, on the contrary, is a decidedly exhausting crop.

SHALL HE THRASH HIS OATS?—A Pennsylvanian asked if it is economical to feed sheaf oats. Dr. Haxamer replied that it is better to feed the straw and grain separately. Oat straw is readily eaten by horses when tired of long feeding on hay, and is very nutritious.

WHO EATS THE BAD BUTTER?—A. J. Aldrich, Mass., asked if the English people eat all the abominable butter exported from the country. Mr. Lawrence stated that the paternal government of England took care of that, by ordering tar to be mixed with all butter unfit for use, so that it could not go into consumption as food, but should go to its proper use as grease for sheep diseased with the scab.

EVERGREEN SEED.—Mr. Fuller stated that they should be sprouted in a cold frame covered with cloth; no manure should be used in starting them, and the plants must be carefully shaded from the sun.

TO GROW HORSE-CHESTNUTS.—James A. Whitney, Natick, Mass., has had difficulty in growing hore-chestnuts from seed. Mr. Fuller said possibly he had allowed them to become dry, which was fatal. The nuts should be kept beneath leaves or straw in a cold, moist place until spring, then planted one inch deep. Few persons give sufficient care to grow them successfully.

A Hunting Party Frozen to Death.

Mr. Orrin Z. Whitford, who had lately taken up a soldier's claim at Oakland, Jewett County, Kansas, started on the 6th of November with four others, to hunt buffalo, intending to be gone about ten days. The party found the buffalo out farther than they expected. On the 16th a heavy rain commenced falling, lasting about twenty-four hours, then turning to snow with very strong wind, cleared up the 18th piercingly cold. On the 22d the wife of Whitford and other friends were informed that five men had been found frozen to death. The father-in-law of Whitford and four others started in search. They were gone eight days and brought in the bodies of four of the lost men; the fifth was still alive, but with both limbs most fearfully frozen; he had not had a mersel to eat for five days. It would seem that the party took with them a wagon, which they left in a ravine. They afterward found it covered with ten feet of snow, and started back toward home with their horses. Two of them, after traveling six miles, gave out; the third, four miles farther, and he too gave out; young Whitford pushed on for three miles yet further, then perished. Whitford, who was an Odd-Fellow, and wore a pin of that Order, was first found by a party of strangers, one of whom belonged to the Order, who buried his remains, and left his pocket book and pin with the nearest Sheriff. His body, with the others, was afterwards taken to Oakland. Whitford was formerly a member of Company A, Thirty-sixth Illinois Cavalry. He was a fine soldier, and thought much of by his officers and comrades, a kind and loving husband and father, son and brother.

AMENDING THE BANKRUPT LAW.—A bill introduced by Representative Duell, of New York, in the House proposes to amend the Bankrupt Law by suspending the 50 per cent. clause in the act of 1868 until January 1, 1873, so far as to allow discharges to be granted upon petitions filed prior to that time, although the assets of the bankrupt shall not be equal to 50 per cent. It also makes provision for reducing the expenses of the proceedings in cases of involuntary bankruptcy, and strikes out the clauses of the present law allowing courts to grant extra allowance to assignees, attorneys, and messengers.

PLEASANT FOR THE TEACHER.—The following notice was served upon a northern school teacher in Texas recently, signed by some eight or ten of the larger boys, three of them between seventeen and twenty years of age: "We the undersigned, require you to treat to a bushel of pecans, five pounds of raisins, and three of candy. If you refuse we will put you in the deepest hole of water within one mile of the school house."

A lady in Worthington, Ohio, recently aimed a kick at her husband, but, missing him, accidently killed a little child who was standing near-by.

A Model Home.

In her work "A Lost Life," published by G. W. Carleton, Madison Square, New York, Mrs. Emily H. Moore, thus allows one, of her heroes to describe a Model Home. The picture is a pleasant one and drawn with much life:—

"I see," began Seville, assuming a slow, dreamy tone, "I see a beautiful region of hill and valley—the hills crowned with forests, the hillsides speckled with grazing flocks, and the valleys in green and gold, with pure little streams slipping murmorously along under fringing grasses and whispering willows. Peaceful cottages look out from their overshadowing trees here and there, and chief among them is one stately roof, the roof of a spacious farm-house, with a broad verandah encircling it, and wide doors flung open like hospitable hands. The boundary between this pleasant home and the dusty highways is a green terrace, on which grow eternally beautiful pines. The wide carriage-way winds in and out among the groves and shrubberies, and lakelets of the grounds—which are not all in full dress, but are *neglige* here and there in chaotic thickets and little wildernesses. Some wild, rollicking brook from the mountains comes singing and laughing under the trees and across green glades, sliding under a bridge or two, leaping a rock, and then bounding away to tell its little pranks to the smiling meadows.

"I see a barn—a great, generous barn! I smell the new hay in its vast mows; I see little cosy holes where are fresh eggs by the dozen. In the stables are two magnificent horses, who rub their velvet noses against my shoulder and look in my face with the soft, fiery eyes of thorough-breds. Through the wide-flung doors I see in a distant field a span of stout Morgan beauties drawing the loaded harvest-wain, as if the work were a mere past time, their bright chestnut coats shifting the sun-light like satin.

"I see a vine-yard, a southern slope covered densely with fruity vines; the Delaware, with its rich fragrance, and the drops of sunlight in its heart; the Hamburg, with its dark, massive clusters; the Catawba, full of empurpled honey.

"I see orchards, with the scarlet of cherries and the deeper blush of peaches upon the boughs; and, if it were a little later in the season, I should see the russet-gold of pears, the vivid gleaming of Spitzenbergs, and the pippins, yellow and bright as 'stars dipped in sunset.'

"I see pastures—real, green pastures, and still waters, and spreading shade trees, and—such cows! Durhams, with coats as red as a rose, almost, coquettish, fawn-colored Devonshires, with the cream almost visible in them. Oh, my blessed cows—with their great serene eyes, their breath like clover, and their feet that never kick! If it were only milking-time I could tell you of the brimming pails, and the low lows of content, as one after another they are given a kindly slap and dismissed from the milking-yard. However, it is not milking-time, but the middle of the afternoon, and under the trees, or knee-deep in the brook, they stand, chewing and drowsing. Crossing to the hill yonder, where one tree is flaming in premature scarlet—like a radical leader of fashion dying to be weeks ahead of everybody—I come into my sugar orchard, and see a picturesque little hut, with a great chimney. This is the sugar-house. Inside are bright columns of tin buckets, and a huge pan for boiling the sap. It is not of much interest now, but in March a nectar fit for the gods is manufactured here.

"I enter a woodland path, bordered with sweet briar and woodland berries, and I saunter on through the cool green shade. I am enjoying a delightful walk, the world of God comes so near the world of man in the rich silence of this dark, sweet forest!

"I am in the garden—my kitchen garden, a place of sunny luxuriance, where every vegetable thrives and flourishes as if it were a candidate for an agricultural world's-fair. Mammoth squashes look upon the eye; melons, half-grown, lie among the vines like big sea-turtles; cabbages there are, meet to thrill the heart of Germany; soldierly ranks of marrowfats, and Laxton's Supreme stand guard over beds of crisp lettuce; and, although every known vegetable is here found growing in an unprecedented size, there is still room for stray patches of pinks and violets, or mounds of sweet peas, that rise amid the prose of beets and carrots like fair little poems.

"As I move on, the vegetable world ceases, and I come upon vast beds of strawberries—now, unhappily, gone by—and long rows of raspberries, white, red, and black. The vines are loaded with their beautiful fruit. I can think how, at a touch from light fingers, they would drop, and, having been touched by those light fingers, how very nice they would be for tea!

"And now picturesque portions of my castle begin to be manifest. I see the dairy-house, built of stone, standing over the brook which runs swiftly beneath, as if trying to bear it away on its light waves; the roof is shaded by a graceful willow; the air within is pure and cool, and the butter made here tastes of dew-drops and clover and all the sweets of the meadows.

"Close by is the ice-house. Ice in August is civilization.

"My path suddenly winds around a grove of lilacs; a world of flowers and shrubs opens upon my eyes, and here I am before my house. I can't afford a wonderful house, but it is very pleasant. I see high walls, cheerfully yet softly tinted, with a rare landscape or a lovely face smiling down here and there; fireplaces, for winter evenings; books, easy-chairs, open doors—showing vistas of home-like rooms,—and a broad, sloping stair-case leading up to breezy, sunlit chambers.

"I see one room particularly, a room looking down upon a parterre of verbenas, and looking out to the hills, beyond which faintly shine the spires and towers of a great city. The carpet is like woodland moss; curtains that might have come from Cloudland drape the windows; bright pictures of holy and beautiful things hang upon the walls; a tender-toned piano stands open in an arched recess; a pendent basket of roses swings with the light breeze in the broad, open window; an open book and a trifling bit of sewing lie on the open table; near at hand is a rocking-choir—wide, deep, sleepily-soft—in which somebody, when very tired, can find sweet rest; and standing by the window—watching for somebody, it seems to me—is a woman.

"I can't tell how she is dressed, exactly; but some simple fabric floats about her with an airy grace, and at her white throat and white wrists are knots of violet ribbon. This room in which she is standing is hers—though, for that matter, the whole house is hers; her presence pervades it; she goes flitting from duty to duty, from work to play and from play to work, like a singing-bird; in her every touch there is peace and order; she is everywhere the same radiant spirit, whether she is calling some tender ballad from the piano, staining her fingers with berries, or making my cream-cakes in the kitchen. She is the blessed Angel of the Farm!—my adored wife!"

The Heating of Our House.

Entering the door of one of our "comfortable" modern houses, what meets us? A puff of scorched air from a register, redolent of burning iron—or of boiled air from a steam heater. The thermometer is standing at about 74°. We advance to the parlor. There matters are even worse, for no outside cold has entered with momentary freshness. The plants in the window look yellow and forlorn. Ominous cracks are visible here in the furniture—nay, a strip of ornamental veneer has actually split off from the piano and lies on the carpet. Our hostess, coming forward to greet us, is wrapped in the shawl, and remarks that it is an awful day; that she hasn't been out, of course, but even in the warm house has felt the cold. In effect, she looks blue and pinched. Whereat we wonder, for the room feels insufferably hot; but we place ourselves besides her where she sits cowering over the register, and conversation goes on with what spirit it may under these circumstances.

At the end of an hour we are surprised to find ourselves a little chilly. That is, our head is hot enough—a little too hot, perhaps—but both hands and feet are cold, and we are inclined to agree with our friend when she opines that "the girl" must have let the fire go down. But glancing at the thermometer, we stare to see that the mercury has risen instead of fallen. It is now at 80°. And, after all, why should we wonder? Nature is inevitable in our retributions, and we, no less than the poor geranium in the window, must suffer the penalty of a deranged circulation when we violate her laws of temperature.

Bad enough, if this were all! One can live and be useful under the trifling discomfort of cold extremities, as our worthy forefathers sufficiently proved. But how much of life's best energies, of thought, of wit, of good-humor, of aspiration, goes down through those holes in the floor into nether silence? As from some Kobold's cave, the invisible gnomes of the furnace climb, emerge, and steal from us the choicest, finest, most intangible part of ourselves. No man ever lived and worked his best in a room heated over 80°—a sentence we should like to engrave in letters of gold on the iron plate of every register and the front of every steam heater in the land from this day forth and forever.

The time may come when a perfect system of house-warming, one combining healthfulness, comfort, and economy, shall be introduced. But certain it is, we have none such now. The hot-water furnace, in which a large chamber well supplied with fresh air is heated by coils of pipe filled with boiling water, and the warmth taken thence and diffused over the house, approaches more nearly to the ideal than any other in all respects save one; it is so costly that only the most luxuriously-built mansions can afford to enjoy it. Open fires are not sufficient, except in the most moderate winter cold, to supply the artificially-stimulated demand for heat made by the human race to-day; and even in the case of that cheapest of fuels, coke, they cost more than the furnace. The big base-burning hall stoves, which make many of our country-houses so comfortable, take room which cannot be afforded in city entries, where each inch of space is precious. And the air-tight variety—warranted, by a good deacon who dealt in the article in the days of our youth, to burn up every bit of a noxious gas which, as he was informed, abounded in the air, and the name of which was—oxygen!—what can be said in its favor? It is best left to silence, and to that necessity on which it bases its sole claim to human toleration.

There remains, then, for the average house only the hot-air furnace and the steam heater. Both have inseparable evils connected with them, both advantages equally inseparable. In one, abundant moisture is provided; in the other air. And either can be made tolerably comfortable and sufficiently wholesome only by intelligent watchfulness, by strict regulation of heat, by observation of thermometers, by periodical care of evaporators and water-pans, by renewing the air of rooms through open windows, and that perpetual vigilance which is the price of most of the good things we enjoy, and, above all, of that healthful food which we consume with our lungs, and without which we can enjoy nothing.—*Scribner's for February.*

THE SECRET OF IT.—An old farmer being asked why his boys stayed at home while others did not, replied that it was owing to the fact they he always tried to make home pleasant for them. He furnished them with useful and attractive reading; and when night comes and the day's labor is ended, instead of running with other boys to the railway station and adjoining towns, they gather around the great lamp and become absorbed in their books and papers. The boys were still at home when the elder was twenty-one, while those who were furnished with no reading at home sought city life and city dissipation as soon as they were seventeen or eighteen. All will do well to heed this testimony of a farmer who has known how hard it is to struggle for a foothold on a free soil without capital, and how valuable and comparatively cheap are the aids which good reading brings to him. In this age of general intelligence, the mind must be catered to, and books and papers furnished; and not only this, but cheap and artistic chromo pictures can also be bought to use in making home attractive. The farmer's life is the most independent of any, and there is no reason why it may not be as attractively surrounded.

INDIAN JUSTICE.—The Oshkosh (Wisconsin) *Times* learns from the Oneida settlement, near Wrightstown, that about ten days ago, two white men, while out hunting, came across an Indian, and from some cause they got into a quarrel, which ended in the Indian shooting one of the men, but not killing him. Considerable excitement grew out of the affair, and threats were made of lynching the Indian, but the Indians declined delivering up the culprit, took the matter into their own hands and brought the man to trial. After a hearing the culprit was found guilty, and was condemned to death. The sentence was carried into immediate effect. The culprit was taken to a tree and hung.

MRS. O'LEARY EXCULPATED.—The Mayor of Chicago has received the following communication: "SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 27, 1871.—Mr. Medill: It was me that set Mrs. O'Leary's barn on fire and my old man gave me $10 for it I set the Hay on fire and then Run. As I run out I met a man I thought he had seen me if he had it would have been the last of him I tell you this to clear Mrs. 'Leary of the charge of carelessness in setting her barn on fire with a lamp and am sorry that so much harm was done but I don't care I like to make a big noise Bye and bye I will give you some of the particulars but now I have no time Yours &c N

A $5 contribution to the conscience fund from a lady who had smuggled a silk dress pattern through the New York Custom-house was received at the U. S. Treasury.

Something about Pussy Cat.

A writer in *Chamber's Journal* not long ago gave a happy explanation of the mysterious term "caterwauling." Suppose, he says, you very much desired to visit a friend, a female friend, a lovely creature to whom you were paying your addresses; only an immense wall—which you could not blow down—intervened between you and the beloved object. Well, that is exactly the case with these poor, maligned pussies. "Come over the waur" (feline for wall, just as it is Scotch for worse), "the waur, the waur," cries the imprisoned puss. "Why don't you come over the waur?" "Spikes, spikes, spikes," cries Tom, explaining the nature of the obstruction, whereas we call it "swearing."

Theophile Gautier, in his account of his "Private Menagerie," tells us that one fine day a friend, setting out on his travels, left his parrot in his charge during his absence. The poor bird sat disconsolate on the top of his stand, while the author's cat stared at the strange sight, and tried to gather up all the strays and waifs of natural history which she might have picked up on the roof, or in the yard and the garden. The writer followed her thoughts in her large green eyes, and read there clearly the words: It must be a green chicken!

Thereupon Pussy jumped down from his writing-table, and assumed, in a dark corner, the air of a panther in the jungle lying in wait for a delicate deer; crouching flat down, the head low, the back stretched out at full length, the elbows out, and the eye fixed immovably on the bird. The poor parrot had followed all her movements with nervous anxiety; he raised his feathers, sharpened his bill, stretched out his claws, and evidently prepared for war.

The cat lay still, but the writer read again in her eyes: No doubt, though green, the chicken must be good to eat! Suddenly her back was arched like a bow that is drawn, and, with one superb bound, she was on the perch. The parrot, seeing the great danger, lifted up his sharp, eager voice, and screamed out: —Have you breakfasted, Jack?

The voice frightened Pussy out of her wits. All her ideas were overthrown; her eyes said, clearly: This is not a chicken; this is a gentleman! With one anxious glance at her master, she leaped down in sheer terror, and hid under the bed, from whence no treat and no caress could bring her out for the day.

ROWING OR SAILING.—Which is the more enjoyable, rowing or sailing? If you sail before the wind, there is the glorious vigor of the breeze that fills your sails; you get all of it you have room for, and a ship of the line could do no more; indeed, your very nearness to the water increases the excitement, since the water swirls and boils up, as it unites in your wake, and seems to clutch over the low stern of your sail-boat, as if to menace the hand that guides the helm. Or if you beat to windward, it is as if your boat climbed a liquid hill, but did it with bounding and dancing, like a child; there is the plash of the lighter ripples against the bow, and the thud of the heavier waves, while the same blue water is now transformed to a cool jet of white foam over your face, and now to a dark whirlpool in your lee. Sailing gives a sense of prompt command, since by a single movement of the tiller you effect so great a change of direction or transform motion into rest; there is, therefore, a certain magic in it; but, on the other hand, there is a more direct appeal to your physical powers in rowing; you do not evade or cajole the elements by a cunning device of keel and canvas—you meet them man-fashion and subdue them. The motion of the oars is like the strong motion of a bird's wings; to sail a boat is to ride upon an eagle, but to row is to be an eagle. I prefer rowing—at least till I can afford another sail-boat.—*T. W. Higginson, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

The Story Oil Case Decided.

The great Story oil farm case, after over two weeks' trial in the United States Circuit Court at Erie, Penn., has been decided. The story of the well is as follows:

Rickey & Co., conditionally bought the Story farm on Oil Creek, in April, 1871. Nobody knew of the existence of other than sand wells on the ground at that time; these failed rapidly. On April 1, 1861, the bargain for the land was consummated at a less figure than Rickey & Co., saying they would lose $2000 already paid rather than pay more specified in the original agreement, than $20,000 for the property. It was worth worth only $5,000 for farming purposes at that time. There were seven wells on the land, but none were pumping. Two months after the Steiner well—the first flowing well in the oil regions, flowing 500 barrels a day—was struck there, and the territory became immensely productive. Six years after, Story thought he had been defrauded and brought this suit.

The charge of Judge McKennan was direct for defendant, as was the weight of the evidence, but the jury found for plaintiff in the sum of $31,095. Judge McKennan indignantly set aside the verdict on the ground that it was against law and evidence, and and awarded a new trial. An attempt was made by plaintiff to impeach the integrity of C. E. Taylor, of Franklin, Story's former attorney, but this signally and utterly failed.

NOT A HARD DRINKER IN CONGRESS.—Senator Wilson gave a temperance lecture at Boston the other day, which is worthy of note. He said, among other things, that during the last seventeen years he had found that the members who used alcohol were invariably the first to be prostrated by protracted work. "In my experience," he said, "while chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, I always found that the men to be relied on were the men who drank not at all." Mr. Wilson thought that there were fewer drinking men in Congress now than when he first went to it. "Formerly the night sessions were dreaded on account of the debauchery to which they gave rise. Now about one quarter of the Senators are pledged temperance men, and there is not what may be called a hard drinker in the Senate at all. The facts are about the same in the House of Representatives. Once the departments were full of drunken men; now they are the exceptions." Coming from a source to be relied upon, these are interesting and cheering facts.—*N. Y. Paper.*

MRS. WHARTON ACQUITTED.—The jury in the Wharton trial at Anapolis, Md., after being out eighteen hours, brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." The verdict created the wildest enthusiasm among the friends of the prisoner in the court-room. Mrs. W., was charged with poisoning Gen. Ketchum.

Lewiston and Auburn, in Maine, two municipalities separated by the Androscoggin River, have $10,000,000 manufacturing capital, of which about $3,000,000 is private capital.

MILCH cows bring from $40 to $70 each in New York. All that arrive sell readily at these figures.

The Invalid—A Pen Picture.

See her pallid countenance, but a short time ago the picture of ruddy health, the envy of the school and the pride of the household. She was always welcomed by her schoolmates, for her lithe form and pleasing disposition carried cheerfulness into their ranks. Diligent, punctual and exemplary, obedient and graceful at home, she won the hearts of all. But alas, we are sorrowed. Those rosy cheeks and ruddy lips are blanched by consumption. The voice once so enchanting in laugh and song is feeble, husky and supplanted by a hollow cough. Let us approach her couch gently and take her hand. Do not shudder because of the feeble and passionless grasp. The hand once so hearty and plump is emaciated and shows bony outlines, while the cords and tortuous veins are plainly mapped upon the surface. The pulse that bounded with repletion, carrying vigor to the whole system and imparting life, beauty, vivacity, health and strength, is delicate to the touch. The feeble heart can not propel the thin, scanty blood with force. Must we lose her while yet in her teens? Companions and friends gather around with words of cheer and consolation and depart with moistened eyes and silent steps. Must we lose her? No! there is a relief! We can say this destroyer of our happiness and not suffer the loss of so bright a gem. Something more is required now than dietary and hygienic observance, for nature calls for aid and she shall have it. Take this pleasant medicine. It is invigorating. How it allays the irritable cough, improves the appetite and digestion and sends a healthy tingle through the frame. The blood is enriched, nervous force increased, and the heart bounds with a new impulse. See her face brighten by degrees the color is returning, her voice is getting clearer, and pleasant words are spoken. The strength falters yet but is gaining. Let us take her out in a warm sunshine. In a short time she will be able to go without our aid, a cheerful girl. This delightful medicine must be God-blessed. It is restoring health to our loved one. She is emerging from her sickness sweeter and nobler than before, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery must have the credit. It has raised her. Sold by all first-class Druggists everywhere. 582

WHAT BEFEL A CHAMBERMAID.—A chambermaid at the Seminary boarding-house, Bangor, Me., while shaking a rug out of a second story window recently, lost her balance, turned a complete somersault, and came down to the ground with a rush. An observer was horror-stricken at the sight, and supposed, of course, that the maid was killed; but to his utter astonishment, after a moment's rest jumped up, ran into the house, and resumed her work as if nothing had happened.

Water, such as is fit to drink, commands a price in Madrid as high as soda water in New York, as a summer beverage is more sought after than wine, and people like it better for having to pay for it than if it cost nothing. Ice is also scarce there, liquefying snow from the mountain tops being about the best to be had.

HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW IS ORDER.—Regularity in eating, sleeping and exercise, and abstinence from such dangerous irritants as alcohol and tobacco, tend to secure a long and healthful life. But even a strict observance of these wholesome rules will not always avert sickness. The best safeguard against epidemic and other diseases is DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, which, by promoting a regular and vigorous action of the digestive, secretive and excretive organs, keep the body in the best possible condition for resisting and repelling the causes of disease.—*Com.*

MUSIC AT HOME.—The Hostess—*Dear* Miss Linnet! would you—*would* you sing one of those charming ballads, while *I* go and see if supper's ready? The Companion—O, don't ask me—I feel nervous. There are so many people— The Hostess—O, *they* won't listen, bless you! not *one* of them! *Now* do!!!

A Stable Institution.—Just at the period when all *stable*-men were complaining that the horse-ointments of the day were *unstable* remedies, the MUSTANG LINIMENT made its entree in Missouri, without any flourish of trumpets, and within one year, became the favorite embrocation for the external distempers and injuries of horses and cattle in all the Western and Southern States. From that time to this it has never had a rival in the estimation of accomplished horsemen; nor is its household reputation as a cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore nipples and caked breasts, tumors, mumps, sore throat, earache, toothache, bruises, burns, wounds and sprains, a whit behind its celebrity as a horse Liniment. The mothers of America know its value, and apply it promptly to the external injuries of the "rising generation," and in fact there is not a city or township in the United States where the MUSTANG LINIMENT is not regarded by both sexes and every class, as a blessing to the community.

MESSRS. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., the celebrated and popular New York Advertising Agency, engage to advertise in gross and detail for large customers in a better and cheaper mode than they can do it themselves. This we sincerely believe they can do, because it is their sole business—*their specialty;* because they get space at lowest wholesale rates, and because of their intimate and confidential relations with publishers. If we wish to spend ten thousand dollars in general advertising over the country, notwithstanding our own experience and knowledge of advertising styles and of rates, we would employ them under certain directions. We would save money, trouble, worry, and the business would be done at least as well, if not better, than we could do it ourselves.—*American Manufacturers' Review and Pittsburgh Price Current.*

Pipes Introduced in Cabinet Organs.

Mr. Carl Fogelburg, a Swedish Organ builder, has succeeded in combining pipes with reeds; rendering it possible to use both in Cabinet Organs, and has secured patents for his inventions in the United States. The importance of doing this has long been appreciated, but heretofore it has been found impracticable, the difficulty arising from the fact that pipes vary in pitch with every change of temperature, while reeds do not, so that a change of ten or fifteen degrees made it impossible to use them together. Instruments which have been advertised as Pipe Cabinet Organs have contained no real speaking pipes, but only imitations of some sort. Mr. Fogelberg uses genuine wood pipes of the best quality. The substance of his inventions is an arrangement by which the pipes, when out of tune from a change of temperature, can be simultaneously and instantly restored to the same pitch with the reeds, by the turning of a single screw.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., have been thoroughly testing Mr. Fogelberg's inventions, and it is understood, are satisfied of their value, and will soon offer them to the public. If pipes are successfully combined with reeds, it will be the most important improvement ever made in Cabinet Organs.

It is now generally admitted by honest physicians that when once the consumption is fairly fastened upon the lungs, no human power can save the patient from death. They also say that about fifty per cent. of those who die from this disease can trace the cause to a neglected cough or cold, which might have been cured by a small bottle of Liquid Opodeldoc, or what is the same thing, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.—*Com.*

Cut this notice out and bring it with you. We are authorized to refund the cash to any person or persons who shall buy and use PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS and fail of relief and satisfaction. —*Com.*

FOR COUGHS AND THROAT DISORDERS, use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," having *proven* their efficiency by a test of many years.—*Com.*

Marriage is the result of love and admiration. J. Monroe Taylor's Cream Yeast Baking Powder the result of perseverence, science and skill. It has no equal.—*Com.*

RAILROAD BONDS.—Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to CHAS. W. HASSLER, No. 7 Wall Street, N. Y. *

FINANCIAL.

Investment Securities.

JAY COOKE & CO., are now selling, and recommend as a profitable and safe investment for all classes, the First Mortgage **7-30** Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, bearing Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than 8 per cent. currency), and secured by first and only mortgage on the entire Road and equipments, and on more than **23,000** Acres of Land to every mile of track, or 500 Acres of Land to each $1,000 Bond. The highest current price will be paid for U. S. Five-Twenties, and all other marketable Securities received in exchange. Pamphlets, maps and full information, as well as the bonds themselves, will be furnished on application by JAY COOKE & CO., Philadelphia, New York and Washington, and by most Bank and Bankers throughout the country.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.

BEEF CATTLE—Prime to Ex. Bullocks$	.11½@	.12½
First quality	.11 @	.11½
Medium, or first qual.	.10 @	.11
Ordinary thin Cattle	.09½@	.10
Inf'r or lowest grade	.06 @	.09
MILCH COWS	30.00 @	70.00
HOGS—Live	.67 @	.07¾
Dressed	.09 @	.10½
SHEEP	.05 @	.07½
COTTON—Middling	.21¾@	.22½
FLOUR—Extra Western	6.35 @	6.65
State Extra	6.50 @	6.65
WHEAT—Amber Western	1.61 @	1.63
" State	1.60 @	1.64
White Genesee Extra	1.60 @	1.70
RYE—Western	.90 @	1.00
BARLEY—State	.80 @	1.10
CORN—Mixed Western	.68 @	.85
OATS—Western	.53 @	.56
PORK—Mess	12.50 @	14.25
LARD	.9 @	.11
PETROLEUM—Crude	.13½	Refined .23
BUTTER—State	.29 @	.31
Ohio W. R.	.20 @	.23
" Fancy	.34 @	.36
Western ordinary	.08 @	.13
Pennsylvania fine	.34 @	.37
CHEESE—State Factory	.13 @	.15
" Skimmed	.05 @	.08
Ohio	.10 @	.13
EGGS—State	.41 @	.42
BUFFALO.		
BEEF CATTLE	5.75 @	7.50
SHEEP	3.50 @	7.25
HOGS—Live	4.20 @	5.00
FLOUR—No. 2 Spring	4.50 @	6.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1.28 @	1.45
CORN	.57 @	.58
OATS	.40 @	.45
RYE	.70 @	.75
BARLEY	.75 @	.80
LARD	.9 @	.10
ALBANY.		
WHEAT	1.48 @	1.65
RYE—State	.85 @	.90
CORN—Mixed	.70 @	.80
BARLEY—State	.90 @	1.00
OATS—State	.50 @	.52
PHILADELPHIA.		
FLOUR—Penn. Extra	5.87 @	6.50
WHEAT—Western Red	1.60 @	1.62
White	1.66 @	1.75
CORN—Yellow	.65 @	.72
Mixed	.72 @	.74
PETROLEUM—Crude	.13¼	refined 22½
CLOVER SEED	11.50 @	12.50
Timothy	3.50	
BALTIMORE.		
COTTON—Low Middlings	.18 @	.19
FLOUR—Extra	5.50 @	8.00
WHEAT—Amber	1.58 @	1.62
CORN	.65 @	.70
OATS	.53 @	.55

VEGETINE.

It extends its influence into every part of the human organism; commencing from the foundation, correcting diseased action, and restoring vital powers, creating a healthy formation and purification of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving Nature to perfom its allotted part.

A protuding toe is not a sightly thing, say nothing about health and comfort. SILVER TIPPED Shoes never wear out at the toe.

For Sale by all Dealers.

An Appeal to Reason.

Health would be much more carefully guarded than it is at present, and the average of human life lengthened by many years, if common sense and the light of experience were accepted by the universal public as their medical monitor and guide. The true philosophy of health is simple. It consists in refraining from indulgences and imprudences which impair the vital forces, and in supplying any deficiency of vital power and constitutional vigor that may exist, by invigorating and alterative treatment. To reinforce and regulate a feeble system, and to prevent a more vigorous physique from yielding to unhealthy and debilitating influences, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is unquestionably the most potent of all vegetable purifiers. As a stimulant, it is the purest ever administered in medical practice; as a tonic and stomachic, the most infallible; as an anti-bilious agent, the safest and surest, and as an aperient and regulating medicine, mild and painless, yet irresistible. It is a protection against disease of every kind, and all seasons, and is particularly efficacious as a means of forearming the system against the ailments generated by a raw, damp, ungenial atmosphere. Hence its great value as a winter tonic and invigorant. No one predisposed to indigestion, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism or nervous headache, should ever be without this Vital Elixir. As a certain class of country dealers are very anxious to close their customers with "local bitters," of a worthless or pernicious character, which they represent to be equal or superior to the great national tonic, the public is hereby *forewarned* against their "tricks of trade."

The Atlantic Cable unites two worlds, but not so close or sure as the celebrated CABLE SCREW WIRE unites the sole to the upper of Boots and Shoes—they will not rip or leak.

NATURE'S REMEDY.

VEGETINE

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

A valuable Indian compound, for restoring the health, and for the permanent cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, such as

Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Canker, Salt Rheum, Pimples and Humors on the Face, Ulcers, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Side, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Costiveness, Piles, Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Faintness at the Stomach, Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness, and General Debility.

This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks, that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it. There is no disease of the human system for which the VEGETINE cannot be used with PERFECT SAFETY, as it does not contain any metallic compound. For eradicating the system of all impurities of the blood, it has no equal. It has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease. Its wonderful effects upon these complaints are surprising to all. Many have been cured by the VEGETINE that have tried many other remedies. It can well be called

THE GREAT

BLOOD PURIFIER

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS,

BOST N MASS

Price $1.25. Sold by all Druggist

THE PUREST and sweetest Cod-Liver Oil in the world is Hazard & Caswell's, made on the sea-shore from fresh, selected livers, by *Caswell, Hazard & Co.*, of New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.—*Com.*

Everybody wants it, "How to Make the Farm Pay." Send to G. A. DEITZ, Chambersburg, Pa.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH.

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS, under other names, but resembling ours in shape and color of wrapper intended to deceive.

THE RISING SUN POLISH IN BULK, for stove dealers' use, at twelve cents per pound—twenty-five and fifty pound boxes. "Cheaper than any other Bulk Polish for nothing."

THE RISING SUN LUMBER PENCIL.—No Sharpening Cheap and Durable—supercedes other articles for purpose.

THE RISING SUN BLACK LEAD LUBRICATOR. For axles, bearings and machinery. Lasts six times as long as oil alone. 25 lb. and 50 lb. boxes, 15 cents per lb. Try it.

MORSE BROS., Prop'rs., Canton, Mass.

N Y N U—Feb 3 No 5

Verily It Hath No Equal.

CONSUMPTIVES READ!

Would you cure that distressing Cough and bring back that healthy vigor till lately planted in your cheek! If you would, do not delay, for ere you are aware it will be too late.

Allen's Lung Balsam is your hope; it has been tried by thousands such as you, who have been cured, many in their gratitude have lent their names to us that suffering humanity can read their evidence and believe. Don't experiment with new and untried mixtures, you cannot afford it, but try at once this invaluable article, it can be found in any Drug Store and at most general stores. It is warranted to break up the most