LEAVING THE HOMESTEAD.

You're going to leave the homestead, John,
You're twenty-one to-day,
And the old man will be sorry, John,
To see you go away.
You've labored late and early, John,
And done the best you could;
I ain't going to stop you, John,
I wouldn't if I could;
Yet something of your feelings, John,
I s'pose I ought to know;
Though many a day has passed away—
'Twas forty years ago—
When hope was high within me, John,
And life all lay before,
That I with strong and measured stroke
"Cut loose and pulled from shore."
The years they come and go, my boy,
The years they come and go,
And raven locks and tresses brown
Grow white as driven snow;
My life has known its sorrows, John,
Its trials and troubles sore,
Yet God with all has blest me, John,
"In basket and in store."
But one thing let me tell you, John,
Before you make your start,
There's more in being honest, John,
Twice more than being smart;
The rogue may seem to flourish, John,
And sterling worth to fail,
O! keep in view the good and true,
'Twill in the end prevail.
Don't think too much of money, John,
And dig and delve and plan,
And rake and scrape in every shape
To hoard all that you can.
Though fools may count their riches, John,
In shillings, pounds and pence,
The best of wealth is youth and health,
And good, sound common sense.
And don't be mean or stingy, John,
But lay a little by
Of what you earn—you will soon learn
How fast 'twill multiply;
So when old age comes creeping on,
You'll have a goodly store
Of wealth and youth and health,
And maybe something more.
There's shorter cuts to fortune, John,
We see them every day,
But those who save their self-respect
Climb up the good old way.
"All is not gold that glitters," John,
And makes the vulgar stare,
And those we deem the richest, John,
Have oft the least to spare.
Don't meddle with your neighbors, John,
Their business or their cares,
You'll find enough to do, my boy,
To mind your own affairs;
The world is full of idle tongues,
You can afford to shirk;
There's lots of people ready, John,
To do much dirty work.
And if amid the race of fame
You win a shining prize,
The humble worth of honest men
You never should despise;
For each one has his mission, John,
In life's unchanging plan;
Though lowly be his station, John,
He is no less a man.
Be good, be pure, be noble, John,
Be honest, brave and true,
And do to others as you would
That they should do to you;
And place your trust in Christ, my boy,
Though fiery darts be hurled,
And you can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.
Good-bye, John; may Heaven guard
Your footsteps day by day;
The old home will be lonely, John,
When you have gone away.
The cricket's song upon the hearth
Will have a sadder tone;
The old familiar spots will be
So lonely when you're gone.

THE THREE WISHES.

George was a stupid fellow; so stupid that his father, when dying, willed all his possessions to his younger son, Hans, who he trusted knew enough not to make nine into one, or ten into naught, as George would surely have done. Shortly after his father's death, as George had not a penny, nor was likely to have one unless he earned it, something he was not at all willing to do, he went to borrow or beg one from his richer brother; but his affectionate relative told him to "go to the devil" when he heard his request.

Thereupon George immediately ran to the schoolmaster, who was, he thought, most fit to tell him how to follow his brother's advice, he being the most learned man in the village, but the schoolmaster thought very naturally that George wished something more substantial than mere good advice; so, first looking carefully to see that no one was near, he too said, "go to the devil," and shut the door in his guest's face.

Poor George was puzzled as to the manner of finding the person he was sent to, but he resolved to go out into the world, where perhaps he might meet him. However, he first went to say "good-by" to Elise, the belle of the village, with whom he had been in love since he wore petticoats. Strange to say, she repeated the advice already given him, in a most emphatic manner, with a shrug of her pretty, plump shoulders.

Just at this time the devil had certainty broken loose, for it was during the thirty years' war; but, though there were to be seen his footprints everywhere, it was difficult to catch him in *propria personæ*. In order to have food and drink, George enlisted, and among his comrades our friend heard many stories of his Majesty, though when his ardent desire to make his personal acquaintance was known, the soldiers fled in terror. One night, however, he sat around a watch-fire with some of them, endeavoring to keep awake and warm by exciting stories of witches and wonders, and such pleasant things.

At length one more venturesome than the rest offered to sell himself to Beelzebub for a sack of gold. "And so would I, if I only knew where to find him!" said George, eagerly.

"To find him! That's easy enough," laughed an old Walloonet. "Will you try?"

"I should like nothing better," replied our hero, but his comrades crossed themselves.

When they had all gone to sleep, except George and the Walloonet, the latter asked George if he was serious in his desire to make acquaintance with the devil.

"Certainly," replied George. "I was advised to do so by all my friends, and have only not done it before because I could not find him."

"Well, I can teach you quickly enough, but you must promise me $100 if I do."

George declared his willingness to do so, but his inability also, for he had spent all his pay, and plunder had been scarce in the few days preceding.

"Stupid head!" growled the Walloonet. "I don't mean now, but when you have ended your contract with the devil."

To this George acceded, and the old soldier gave him all the proper instructions.

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The following midnight found George where the four cross-roads meet; magical roots were in his hand; a charmed circle had been made around him with human bones, which besprinkled plentifully the fields about. After George had fearlessly uttered the necessary invocations a number of times, he felt some one pull his ear, and, turning around, he saw a hunter by his side, but with horns, tail and cloven feet, which he took no pains to hide.

George touched his cap politely and said, "Good evening, Mr. Satan!"

"It is you, is it, George? Well, what do you wish?" said his Majesty, smiling.

"I would like you to make my fortune," was the ready answer.

"Well, I shall not have to waste very many words on you, I foresee. But do you understand the terms which I require?"

George assured him of his readiness to agree to anything, provided he could have a merry life here on earth.

"Well, I will allow you twenty-five years of merriment and pleasure, but then you are mine."

"All right," said George.

"And now what am I to give you in exchange for your soul?"

George thought a moment or two, but the only thing of which he could think was the asking for three wishes, which he did. The devil laughed aloud at this. "What! that old story not dead yet! But it's all right. Come and sign the contract."

He took a sheet of paper from his breast pocket, the only clean thing about him, showed George how to draw blood from his finger-tip to sign it with; then placed his own signature upon it with a pencil of sulphur and phosphorus, tied the roll carefully with a long worm, put it in his coat pocket, and said with a pleased grimace:

"Now, wish quickly; I have much work to do."

"First, I wish for a great bag of gold and a wheelbarrow to carry it on."

The devil nodded, and quick as flash a wheelbarrow with a bag of shining gold stood beside the delighted George.

"Secondly, I wish Elise would love me enough to wish to marry me."

The devil nodded again with half-closed eyes, made a waving motion in the air with his hand, and said—

"That will be all right, and now your third wish."

But George's thought had gone as far as possible in one day, so he said he would like to talk the matter over with Elise and find out what she would like.

"Very well. You have enough to torment you for the present; a wife and money," sneered the devil. "Farewell and be happy." So saying, he vanished.

George seized the wheelbarrow with a gay heart, paid the Walloonet the sum promised, and trundled off toward his native village. By dawn, to his surprise, he saw Elise running and springing to meet him. How delighted he was. They hastened to the nearest church, were made one in a trice, and then proceeded homeward.

I cannot picture Elise's surprise when she heard of the contents of the great sack. No matter how often she rubbed her eyes or how widely she opened them there still shone the bright gold—a solid reality, not a dream.

She felt a little frightened when she heard that her husband had only twenty-five years in which to enjoy the honey of life, but by degrees she became accustomed to the idea, and concluded with him that it was better to live a quarter of a century in *dulce jubilo* than drag along double that term in misery and discontent.

"We will buy a good farm with a new house," said Elise, "and twenty head of cattle. And you must wish the enemy would never come in our neighborhood and that you had only black hair instead of your stiff, yellow hair, and smooth, rosy face instead of your pocked-marked one, and a long blue coat with bright silver buttons."

George nodded his head contentedly, though a little doubtfully.

"Then I must have something for myself. So I wish that I may always be young and pretty as now, and have the nicest dresses in the whole country."

George nodded again with a pleased face.

"Then we will need more money, and we must have a closet that no thief can enter."

"And a great cask of Nuremberg beer that will last forever," added George, phlegmatically.

"And an invisible servant to do all the cooking and housework for me while I am asleep," said Elize.

"And a soft arm-chair which will carry me all over the house," added George, quite lost in delightful anticipation of his prospective luxury.

"And a pair of gold shoe-buckles for me!"

"Roast pork and cherry cake for me every day!"

"And a——Oh, dear," said Elise, suddenly checking her enthusiasm.

George looked at her questioningly.

"Ah! we have wished for so much already, and yet there is still so much we need. How can all that be got with one wish?"

"I'll see to that," said George, composedly. "The devil must keep his word, and I'll call him to-night, and talk the matter over."

But George did not need to wait for midnight and a magic circle, for Satan is never far from the soul he owns. Indeed, during this conversation he had been listening behind the bushes which bordered the roadside, and now nodded and winked to George to come to him.

"I have heard your whole conversation," he said, laughing till poison ran like tears over his red face. "But the 500 things you have wished for cannot be got at once. So choose which you want most, make your third wish, and let's end the affair."

Now in the whole world there was not a more cool, collected person to be found than George, so he was not the least disturbed by Satan's jokes or ridicule.

"Come, hurry up," added the devil. "Do you suppose I have time to bother with you for an hour?"

"You see that since I cannot have all I have wished for out of this third wish——"

"Well!"

"Then," said George, scratching his head thoughtfully, "then I wish that I had three more wishes."

Our hero said this as simply and quietly as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and in truth so it appeardd to him. It was like the egg of Columbus—a perfectly simple thought, but one which would never have occurred to any one less stupid than George.

When Beelzebub heard the wish he stared a moment as if almost disconcerted. He felt almost as if he had gone on the ice for the first time to skate, a little tottering and a trifle cold, for he foresaw at a glance to what such a wish might lead. But he trusted to George's stupidity not to see it also, so he replied in a manner-of-fact tone:

"Very good. Go on, I am in a hurry!"

"I want a fine farm, with twenty cows and a handsome house."

The devil waved is hand of phosphorus through the air, and suddenly the roof of a stately house arose above the bushes and the lowing of cows sounded melodiously in George's ear.

"Next, I want a great cask of Nuremberg beer that will never give out."

Again Satan's hand made signs hither and thither.

"Done! now thirdly and lastly!" he said, a little uneasily.

"Thirdly, I want——" George paused.

"Make an end—I've no time to spare," growled Beelzebub.

"Thirdly, I wish—I wish—I had three wishes more".

"Thunder!" shouted the devil—"go on!"

Now came the various wishes for Elise and himself; for continued youth of the one and moving arm-chair for the other, but he recollected the roast pork for himself and the golden shoe-buckles for the other in time to say:

"Thirdly, I wish for three more wishes."

By this time George had begun to think it would be better, perhaps, to reserve some of his wishes for the twenty-five years of his life, so he laughingly said he would keep the third wish for the next day. To this Satan was obliged to agree, willing or not; so, green with rage and howling with fury, he ran away.

But George, with curly black hair and blue coat with enormous silver buttons, walked proudly into his new house with Elise on his arm—the prettiest woman with the prettiest dresses to be seen in the entire neighborhood—with everything ready to their hand, and nothing to do but enjoy themselves and fancy what they needed next.

At midnight George went to the cross-roads again, for he and Elise thought of a host of needful things. The devil came when called, spitting fire and flame from fury, and George wished again! He wished to be the richest peasant in the country; that his fields should yield harvest without planting; that if the enemy came his property should be invisible; and then that there might be peace, for fear the sound of the cannons should disturb his afternoon nap.

But after a time these wishes grew tame and he began to amuse himself at Satan's expense. Once he wished that his Majesty should dance a minuet before him, which he did, though yellow with wrath. Then, again, that he should stand on one foot for an hour and listen to hymns!

So time passed away—twenty-four years, eleven months and twenty-nine days—and now the final hour had come. Long before he had wished that he and Elise should be good and true people, this too had come to pass. So he waited without anxiety for the coming hour. At 11 o'clock he sat in his arm-chair, placidly smoking his meerschaum, when Satan appeared before him, without waiting for a call.

"Eleven o'clock!" hissed the tormented devil—"one hour and you are mine; then I will pay you these twenty-five years that are gone. Now what do you want?"

"Three wishes more!" said George, with composure.

"Well!"

"First play a game of cards with me and stake the tip of your tail on it."

"Have you nothing better to think of in your last hour than jokes?" inquired Satan, sullenly.

"No!"

"Then we'll play," taking a pack of cards from his pocket.

"Secondly I wish for all the trumps!" The devil groaned aloud. They played, he lost and George pocketed the bit of tail with visible pleasure, while Satan gritted his teeth with pain. In a few seconds it would strike twelve. Beelzebub's face grew bright, his eyes rolled with anticipation and he leaned eagerly forward.

"One more wish!" said George, quietly.

"Out with it," croaked the devil.

The clock began to strike. One—two!

"Thirdly, I wish," said George, thoughtfully, three!—four!—"I wish"—five!—six!

"What?" howled Satan.

Seven!—eight!—nine!

"That our contract should be null and void," exclaimed George, triumphantly.

A clap of thunder shook the house, the devil vanished in a flash of lightning, and the clock struck loudly, ten, eleven, twelve.

The thunder had awakened Elise and she rushed into the room to find George standing before his chair laughing till his sides ached.

"What is the matter? Have you lost your senses?" demanded Elise.

"No, but come to bed, or I shall laugh myself dead."

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Since this adventure, the devil has been very shy about moking bargains with people noted for stupidity.—*From the German, by Lizzie P. Lewis.*

Remarkable Recoveries.

A Confederate soldier from the valley of Virginia, in one of the battles of the late civil war, was struck in the head by a minie ball. The ball passed through the skull, and the surgeons, afraid to probe the wound in search of it, left the man to die. In the course of time he recovered, but had lost his reason, and was sent to the insane asylum at Staunton, where he remained for eleven years. At length Dr. Fauntelroy, an eminent physician of that city, obtained permission from the hospital authorities and friends of the insane man to make a surgical examination of the head, with the hope of finding the ball. He was successful, and found the ball imbedded on the inside of the skull and pushing against the brain. Unable to extract it with any instrument at hand, he took a chisel and mortised it out. As soon as the ball was removed reason resumed its control, and the deranged one was in his right mind. He says that he is not conscious of anything that occurred during the interval of eleven years. From the time he was struck on the battle-field to the moment the pressure was removed from the brain all was a blank to him.

Another case, in the same county of Augusta, was that of a boy whose gun burst while shooting, and drove the lock into the brain. The piece was taken out by a skillful surgeon without serious injury to the patient.

But the most remarkable case that I hear of was in the same neighborhood. It was that of a woman subject to fits of mental derangement, who while in a spell of lunacy drove an eight-penny nail into the top of her head, penetrating down into the brain—the nail having been driven up to its head. The nail was drawn out, and the woman has been in sound mental condition ever since.—*Wheeling (Va.) Register.*

Egypt in New York.

The New York *World* states by authority that the Khedive of Egypt has signified his willingness to present to the city of New York, upon proper application, the twin "needle," the sister-obelisk of that now floating toward England. This shaft stands upon the seashore, a monolith of the granite of Syene, seventy feet in height, and is a familiar landmark to all travelers who have visited Alexandria. The hieroglyphics on its seaward face have been partly effaced by the action of the salt wind and spray during more than 1,800 years, and its base is so much worn and mutilated that it is likely to be prostrated by a Mediterranean cyclone at some future day. It is, we believe, of the same age as the English obelisk—that of Thothmes III., which gives it an antiquity of 3,400 years. The English contractors, who are now conveying the latter to London, are said to have offered to transport the Khedive's gift to this city, and to erect it in any location which may be chosen, for the sum of $100,000, taking upon themselves the whole risk of the enterprise.—*New York Tribune.*

A Brave Engineer.

The theater train was standing in the depot nearly full of passengers, and the engine, detached, standing some distance in front of it, when a freight train was, by some blunder, backed down at a rapid rate directly toward the passenger train. Fortunately Billy Whalen, the engineer in charge of the engine, saw the situation, and, understanding the danger, sprung at once into his engine, which was yet detached from the passenger train, and, turning on full steam, shot her ahead into the rear of the coming freight train. The shock was a terrible one. The trucks of the rear car of the freight train climbed up the front of the engine; the headlight of Whalen's locomotive was smashed, and considerable other damage incurred. The bold Billy was badly shocked, but the force of the freight train was checked, and though it struck the passenger train, driving it back to the rear of the depot and shaking up the passengers at a pretty lively rate, none of them were seriously injured, for all of which they may thank the quick-witted and brave Billy Whalen.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Latest Curiosity.

Kentucky has her Mammoth Cave and other natural curiosities, and now comes a human curiosity that may be considered great in the nineteenth century. In Henderson county, in the State aforesaid, lives a man, "sober, sensible, and 42 years of age," and in the enjoyment of a good common education. His neighbors regard him as an intelligent biped, and yet "he never wrote a letter in his life, never owned a postage stamp, and never received but one letter," and that he wore out carrying in his pocket. He does not know the contents of the sealed missive. This man could never have been in love, never have had any important business with other men, never have had but one friend, or relative, or acquaintance who thought him worth a drop of ink.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Harvest Verse.

From the broad fields, their golden glory shorn,
And sunny uplands of their beauty reft,
Through the still sunlight of the autumn morn,
And hedgerows, with their lingering jewels left
By the brown river, through the leafy lanes,
On to the farmsteads move the loaded wains.

The stalwart reaper bears his brightened scythe,
Or tracks the course the great machine has made,
And bonnie lass and lad, sunburned and lithe,
Round whose straw hats woodbine and poppies fade,
Wake all the meadow land with harvest strains,
Clustering and laughing round the loaded wains.

Tis soft September nature's harvest yields,
But all through life our ripening fruit we reap,
Now storing violets from sweet April fields,
Now roses that bright July sunshines steep,
Now garnering gray October's sober gains,
Now Christmas hollies pile our loaded wains.

Ah me! how fast the fair spring flowers die,
How summer blossoms perish at the touch;
And Hope and Love, in useless sympathy,
Weep for the faith that gave and lost so much!
From half our sheaves drop out the golden grain;
Small is our portion in the loaded wains.

Yet ere the mighty Reaper takes it all,
Fling out the seed, and tend it rood by rood;
One ear is full, though hundreds round it fall;
One acre 'mid a mildewed upland good;
Eternity will rear on heavenly plains
The smallest treasure won from loaded wains.

Around the Farm.

TEMPERING STEEL FOR ROCK DRILLING.—In tempering steel for rock drilling be careful not to overheat it in hardening and forging, and finally quench in salt water.—*American Cultivator.*

THE Potter *Journal* says that the farmers in that part of Pennsylvania have discovered that the thrush will not only eat the potato bugs, but that it soon succeeds in exterminating that pest.

CORN AS HUMAN FOOD.—One pound of corn is equal as food to three and three-quarters pounds of potatoes, or eight and one-half pounds of cabbage, or eleven and one-half pounds of white turnips.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A PENNSYLVANIA butter-maker tests his salt by dissolving a little in a glass tumbler; if the brine formed is clear and free from bitter taste, he pronounces the salt good; if, on the other hand, it presents a milky appearance, leaves any sediment or throws scum to the surface, he rejects it.—*Chatham Courier.*

ARE POTATO BEETLES POISONOUS?—A question is: "Are the beetles and larvæ poisonous?" The juices of the insect on the human skin "are as a rule harmless," says Riley, "yet the rule is not without exceptions." But the exhalations resulting from bruising and crushing large masses of them, or of burning or scalding large numbers at a time, have, when breathed, frequently proved fatal. They should be avoided.—*Maine Farmer.*

STRAIGHT paths and stiff rows of shrubs and flowers should not be left to remind one of plats in a graveyard. Walks should wind up among the trees and shrubs, as the path winds on through the beautiful groves God has made. The child will carry with him the sweet visions of such a home to the ends of the earth. In that nook of beauty will be laid his scenes of fancy and fiction. Around it will cluster the memories of guidance and love.—*Dr. W. W. Newell.*

AFTER experimenting with all varieties of corn, sowing broadcast, in drills, and cultivating by hoeing it, I have come to the conclusion that the best and most profitable way to raise corn fodder is to plant sweet corn, put your rows three feet apart, plant thick, not more than two feet apart, put in six to eight stalks to a hill, manure heavily, keep it clear of weeds, hoe two or three times, and you will not fail to have an abundant crop of the best kind of fodder for milch cows.—*New England Homestead.*

FEEDING FOR MANURE.—We must not forget that in all food, rich or poor, there is a certain amount of indigestible matter, and some of this contains elements as rich in plant food as that which is digested. This also tends to still further enrich the manure pile. Linseed meal, cotton-seed meal and corn meal are the articles generally used as food for fattening cattle, and, while these contain the elements of fat, they are also rich in the elements of nitrogen and minerals, which are so necessary for plant growth.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

SOMETIMES in dragging drilled wheat lengthwise a single tooth will get into a row and drag up all the plants in it, while when the harrow is dragged across the rows the wheat is not dragged out, as the teeth are all evenly supported, and do not touch at a time more than a single plant. Harrowing wheat in the spring is only a light hoeing that breaks the crust of the ground and exposes the soil to the air, and hence promotes the growth of the young plant by encouraging it to push out its roots. The wheat hoe following as a second operation, ought to have a very salutary effect on the growth of the wheat plant at that season, aiding to make more roots and to stool out for a longer season. At the same time the very stirring of the soil makes it more able to sustain a greater growth, and to retain the rains and dews while resisting with iron power the heat of the sun. On clay soils that are apt to crust over and become baked in the spring it is a most effective operation, leaving the soil in a good condition for the whole season of the growth of the wheat plant and up to its ripening. The advantage of hoeing wheat ought to be more thoroughly tested in this State than it has yet been.—*Michigan Farmer.*

About the House.

BAD cooking spoils good food.

EAT licorice to sweeten the breath.

APPLY common baking soda to burns.

THERE is no dignity in work half done.

BOTTOM heat is not good to raise bread.

COLD corned beef is best for making hash.

EAT what your appetite craves if you can get it.

DO NOT entertain visitors with your own domestic troubles.

HUSBANDS must not expect their wives to make good, white bread from poor flour.

A PLACE for everything, and everything in its place, is the secret of good housekeeping.

ONE-HALF cup of corn starch improves any common cake; less flour, however, must be used.

FEVER AND AGUE.—Sweet fern tea has cured chills and fever at the South, where it is very prevalent. Make a tea of the leaves and drink of it freely every day.

FRIED SCOLLOPS.—Dry the scollops in a towel; beat an egg, and roll soda crackers very fine; dip the scollops into the egg, and then roll in the cracker dust; have very hot equal parts of butter and lard, and fry the scollops in it.

OX GALL.—One table-spoonful of gall in one pail of water will set the color. To make the goods look bright and clear use borax when washing; do not rub soap on, but have a weak suds made; rinse in clear water.

COLD RICE PUDDING.—Three table spoonfuls of rice; five table-spoonfuls of sugar; a piece of butter as large as a hickory nut and a little salt. Let the rice boil up three or four times in a gill or more of water, then stir in the sugar, butter and salt, and add one quart of milk; boil one hour. Let it get cold—the ice-box is the best place—grate nutmeg over it and serve.

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—Half an ounce rhubarb, half an ounce snake root, two ounces wild cherry, one cubebs, two ounces sweet fern, one ounce prickly-ash bark. Put these into two quarts of water and let it slowly simmer until reduced to a pint, then put it into one quart of the best gin, and take a wine-glassful before each meal.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Skin the tomatoes put into a baking dish a layer of rolled cracker and small pieces of butter, then a layer of tomatoes, sliced; add another layer of cracker and butter, with pepper and salt to the taste; then a layer of green corn, cut from the cob; repeat until the dish is filled. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

I WANT every mother in the land to know what is a certain cure for cut or bruise, or any kind of hurt. Soft hot water is. Immerse the injured part into as hot water as can be borne, until the pain and inflammation is relieved. I know a little 2-year-old upon whose tender, soft little hand a heavy window came crushing. In its frantic efforts to get the hand out, the poor little fingers were so terribly lacerated and torn that amputation was deemed inevitable. The mother would not listen to it, but kept the hand for hours in a basin of as hot water as the child could bear. In a few days the fingers healed beautifully, without scar or fester.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Where Bedbugs Come From.

About a score of the members of the Academy of Natural Sciences assembled last evening at the regular weekly meeting. Two stalactites from J. Heistand, Middleton, this State—a curasson egg, three and one-half inches long, and a cocatoo egg, one and one-half inches long—were presented to the museum, and then Dr. Leidy informed the assembly that it was generally supposed that the homes of swallows, pigeons, and bats, like houses, were infested with bedbugs. It was certain that they were to be found in the bark of the cotton-wood wherever people were dwelling in the immediate vicinity. From specimens he had obtained he was sure that the bedbugs in swallows' nests were different from those to be found in houses, and consequently people could allow the birds to build their nests under the eaves without fear. Prof. Koenig, of the University of Pennsylvania, spoke of a mineral from Mine Hill, Sussex county, N. J., which he called calceosteatite. He was not prepared to give it a name.—*Philadelphia Times.*

American vs. English Railways.

The Engineer-in-Chief of the Australian colony of Victoria has during the past two years made a tour of the world to examine the railway systems of all countries. The result is given in an elaborate report. He is of the opinion that our ordinary passenger cars are decidedly inferior to English first-class carriages, especially in long journeys. "The want of support for the head and shoulders, the draughts and chills which from one window will sweep over fifty or sixty passengers, are all drawbacks to the American system. Again, the newsboys and hawkers passing up and down become an insufferable nuisance. On the other hand, there is no doubt but that the American cars do give great facilities for collecting and examining tickets, and consequently do save many delays."

An Affectionate Pig.

The hog is not usually classed among the affectionate animals. There is one instance of his display of this quality, however, to record in his behalf. Henry Turner, aged 9, died in Maysville, Ky., and was buried at Orangeburg, some seven miles distant. When the funeral procession left Maysville, a small hog, which the child had fed and petted, got behind the hearse, and, despite repeated efforts to drive it back, followed the procession all the way to the burying-ground. There it attempted to enter the ground, but a fence prevented it doing so.

Wonder Upon Wonder.

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OATS—Mixed	32	@ 37½
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LARD	9	@ 9¼
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Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 60	@ 5 75
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OATS—No. 2	22	@ 23
RYE—No. 1	52	@ 53
BARLEY—No. 2	61	@ 62
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WHEAT—No. 3 Red Fall	1 30	@ 1 31
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PORK—Mess	14 37½	@14 50
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HOGS	5 10	@ 5 65
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WHEAT—Red	1 25	@ 1 35
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LARD	9	@ 9¾
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