CHRISTMAS COMING.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

Feathery flakes are dancing, dancing
In the gray morn's frosty gleam;
Heralds they of reindeer prancing
From the gardens of our dream—
From the bright land of the elf-king,
Where the bon-bons gayly grow
Just like sweets of summer gardens,
When the tulips smile in row.

Feathery flakes are falling, falling
From the skies in softest way,
And between are voices calling—
"*Soon it will be Christmas day.*"
Don't you know how in the spring time
Wintry snows are scattered wide,
Ere the lovely purple blossoms
Dare to peep from where they hide?

Feathery flakes are sifting, sifting
Through the chill December air—
Here, and there, and yonder drifting,
Making everything more fair;
Laying whiter folds than linen
On the houses and the trees,
Softer than the richest damask
Spread our dainty guests to please.

Soon the bon-bons will be falling
As the flakes have fallen to-day,
And the children will be calling
To their patron saint so gay:
"Ah! we knew when came the snow-flakes,
You would come, dear Santa Claus;
For we always (you remember)
Know the wind's way by the straws."

Soon the trees, as fair as any
That the elves have wreathed with snow,
Will be planted—oh! so many
In our many homes—and lo!
Something better far than snow-flakes
Shall be hung about their green—
Candies, toys, and fairy-tapers
Lighting up the merry scene.

And the children dancing, dancing,
Till, all tired their little feet,
Shall, with half-shut eyes up-glancing,
Wonder, "why is life so sweet?"
And some tender voice shall whisper—
Flake-like falling from above—
"Christmas is so sweet my darling,
Just because it's King is *love!*"

A HOLIDAY TRIP.

"I'll have a nice Christmas, won't I?"

"Oh, I declare, it is too bad, uncle, rushing off to such a place, and, as usual, taking cold and laying himself up for an indefinite period."

"Suppose you go instead of me?"

"He would have me, of course! Well, Pen, there's one consolation—he will have to remember you in his will."

"He ought to, considering all the pleasure this deprives me of. I had three parties and two concerts on hand for this week, besides the matinee at Booth's. You'll have to accept Carrie's invitation for the holidays. So farewell to our grand toilets on New Year's day, and all the beaux, compliments, flowers, and so forth. What would you take?"

"Just your traveling-dress and the camel's-hair suit. Perhaps you'll want a black silk—there may be a church in the town."

"Oh, it's quite a place for manufacturing engines, and that fact has drawn a number of mechanics there with their families. There must be votes to be had, or uncle wouldn't spend so much time there."

"You'll have to fill up your trunk with fancy work and new novels, and, if it comes to the worst, you can flirt with the doctor, or correspond with your relations."

"Thanks," said Pen, laughing; "the former alternative for me."

The two sisters put on their bonnets and went for a farewell stroll down Broadway.

Very fine-looking women were the Misses Irving, well dressed, well preserved, and well-enough educated. They had taste in dress, were witty enough not to say stupid or silly things, bright enough to keep informed on all points that interested general society, and old enough to thoroughly enjoy life in its every-day phases, and cease building air-castles of future bliss.

Their having remained single surprised none of their old friends. Brought up in the midst of luxury, they required for husbands men of equal means and similar tastes. Sentiment never outran common sense.

Sometimes, when the Irvings were under discussion, people would recall an old love affair of Pen's when she first appeared in society. But the lover had lacked in some way, old Mr. Irving had frowned on the attachment, and the young fellow had gone away.

There were people who credited Pen with the virtue of remaining true to her old love, but such a statement always brought forth laughter and sneers; perhaps, a recital of her many and desperate after-flirtations.

She certainly did not let concealment affect her cheeks. On the contrary, having few household cares, she devoted much time and thought to personal ones, and, by guarding what nature had given her, and dressing expensively as well as becomingly, still held the title of belle.

A long-suffering, ardent admirer went to the cars with her, checked her trunk, put her sachel in the rack, arranged her shawl, gave her the last novel, and watched her departure from the platform.

The train being well under way, Pen straightened herself, pulled up her gloves—although not a wrinkle could be detected in them—reflected with inward satisfaction on the fit of her dress and the looping of her overskirt, and then took a survey of her companions.

Every one had bundles, and all looked homeward-bound. Unused to winter traveling, Pen was surprised at the general shabbiness. She saw nothing interesting within or without, so she opened her book and read descriptions of French scenery till her head swam. Then she leaned her head on her hand and thought of all the real enjoyment she was going to miss.

All this time a tall man, with a slouched hat concealing his forehead, a long duster on his figure, and dark whiskers and mustaches concealing his mouth, kept a pair of very bright eyes fixed on Pen. When they neared a station he watched her motions, but it was dusk before Pen spoke to the conductor and had him show her how many times they would stop before reaching Port Jervis.

So the lights burned dimly on, and people dozed and nodded in their seats, and Pen counted the stops, and at last took down her sachel and put her shawl over her arm.

The man in the duster also picked up his valise; and when a hoarse voice shouted "Port Jervis" in one word, letting in with it a freezing current of air, and Pen rose half decided, he was near enough to her to be interrogated.

"Is this Port Jervis?" She was too anxious to glance above the sleeve of the duster.

"Yes, madam."

"Thank you."

The sleeve seemed to hold open the car-door. Pen passed out; was assisted to the platform; and then, in the dusk, a man approached and asked:

"Is this Miss Irving?"

Pen bowed.

"Mr. Irving sent me to meet you. The hotel is across the street. May I take your things?"

As Pen followed the hotel clerk the owner of the duster, who had heard the short monologue, started in an opposite direction.

Pen found her uncle in the best room in the house. He was lying in an easy chair; his feet, resembling little pillows, rested on a footstool; a shaded lamp, on a table near him, threw a strong light on a pile of New York papers, and a tray of empty dishes indicated that the inner man had not been neglected.

"So, my dear, I see you lost no time."

"No, indeed," Pen said, as she lightly put her arm round his neck and kissed him. "Well, are you better to-night?"

"Worse, I think. The best doctor here went off to attend the funeral of some forty-fifth cousin and left a substitute that knows as much about medicine as a butcher. How did you leave everybody?"

"Quite well. Sallie will spend the holidays with Carrie, so we are all provided for. What did you have for supper?"

"Nothing with any taste to it. I don't doubt they send to New York, but the things are frozen on the way up."

"Well, frozen or not, I am hungry enough to enjoy anything."

"Well, they'll send up your dinner in a few minutes. Your room is just across the hall."

"I'll take off my hat, then, and be ready to eat my dinner when it comes."

Pen and her dinner arrived simultaneously at the door of Mr. Irving's room.

"You need not stay," she said to the waiter, and as he disappeared she drew the little table near the fireplace and sat down facing her uncle.

"That's really comfortable, and how well you look to-night!"

Pen put her hand to her bright cheeks and laughed.

"The cold air has given me my old color. This isn't such very bad soup."

"Oh, you're hungry."

"Doctor Stuart," said the clerk, opening the door for a tall man who stood behind him and took in the scene at a glance.

Pen's color deepened as she rose. Mr. Irving said, carelessly: "My niece, Doctor Stuart, Miss Irving. I am very glad to see you. Eat your dinner, Pen. If the doctor is not in a hurry we can chat, or perhaps he will join you. Have you dined, doctor?"

"Thanks, I've had a lunch."

"A railroad one, I suppose. Just ring that bell, Pen. By the way, is there room at that table?"

"Oh, plenty, uncle," and then, as the doctor looked meaningly at her, "Uncle, Doctor Stuart and I are old friends."

"Indeed! Well, then, you can enjoy yourselves, as I suppose you have not met very lately."

"Not for fourteen years," said the doctor.

"Almost to a day," Pen said, her eyes flashing.

Mr. Irving, stupid man, saw nothing, but, as soon as the two were seated, and another tray brought, turned to the financial columns of the newspaper.

The embarrassment and hunger of the pair were mutual. The doctor did not mention having been on the train with Pen, and she helped him and managed some table-talk with so much of her accustomed grace that her guest began to consider that the years had increased and matured Miss Irving's charms. With all his knowledge of human nature he did not understand this woman. He glanced at her fingers. Two large diamonds, each a solitaire, sparkled on her left hand. He grew still more silent—Pen correspondingly brilliant.

She told him how much she enjoyed hearing Titiens, and how delighted were Thomas' concerts. She described the latest velvet walking-dresses, referred to the fall races, and, after a moment's silence, asked how he happened to be in Port Jervis.

"I reside here, Miss Irving."

"Oh."

Then they finished their mince-pie; and she asked him to ring the bell, and, after a little, Mr. Irving became conscious that his niece had left the room, and that the doctor was standing meditating with his back to the fire.

Miss Irving, in her own room, raised the wick of her lamp, drew a chair to the table, and sat down to think.

Undoubtedly the doctor was by this time married; he had, she thought, the look of a married man, with children to provide for. Of course it was all past now, yet she could not but live over some of the pleasant, happy moments she had spent in his society, when both were younger, gayer, more unselfish. "Here I am with no one in particular to love or to love me. Uncle thinks he is fond of me, but it is just because I amuse him when he can't go out to amuse himself. Sallie will marry Mr. Harper, and then I'll be all alone. I suppose father did right, but this life is not all roses."

After indulging in a little cry, Miss Irving recovered herself. She unpacked her trunk, pulled out her camel's-hair and some cardinal bows, rearranged her pretty hair, and, looking the dashing belle she felt herself, went back to her uncle's room. Mr. Irving was reading a prescription; the doctor was gone.

"Is that the man you say knows as much of medicine as a butcher?"

"Dear me, no; that's the right man. He has ordered an entirely different course of treatment. He says he'll have me out in three days. If so, we'll be home before Christmas day, after all."

Pen did not echo his delight. She turned over the books and papers, took up one a week old, and went to her seat near the fire.

"Quite a nice fellow, Stuart is. Where did you meet him so long ago?"

"He used to come to the house with Ed. Parker. Did he say anything?"

"Oh, nothing. He knew brother John."

"Yes."

"Did I ever see him?"

"I think not. He only came when the young folks had something going on. He was studying at the time."

"Poor, I suppose?"

"Yes, that was his chief fault"—her voice shook. Mr. Irving put down the prescription and, steadying his glasses, looked at Pen.

"Was there anything between —?"

"Yes; he and I thought we loved each other. Father said it was nonsense, and so —"

"And so, here you are, Miss Penelope Irving, and the doctor, I'll warrant, still a bachelor."

"I'm sure he is married."

"He had a very old-bachelor look to me."

"Well, uncle, there is no use fretting about it now."

"No, you like New York society life, and can marry any day. I'll send for this stuff now, and there is an article, a good one, on the Tammany ring, that I wish you would read to me."

The immediate surroundings of the hotel were very disagreeable—tracks filled the road in front, and a narrow, dingy street bounded it on each side. Beyond in all directions stretched what was in summer a lovely landscape, with the mountains in the distance. Now snow lay on everything, and the dreariness was intense, and to Pen most dispiriting.

When her uncle fell asleep, late in the afternoon of the following day, she put on her traveling-dress and started out with the determination to walk off the impending blues. She went up one street and down another, looking in the stores, and pitying the people who had to put up with such commodities.

At length she came to a little church of an indescribable style of architecture. The gate and the door of the basement were open, and piles of cut evergreens within the inclosure suggested "dressing the church for Christmas."

Pen went in and down the steps, and found herself in a long, narrow room, the ceiling and walls of which were snugly boarded. A number of young people were making wreaths, and the spicy odors mingling with the warmth from a large heater gave Pen the first sensation of being at home that she had experienced since leaving New York.

She sat down on one of the long benches, put aside her muff, and silently enjoyed the familiar ideas suggested by the scene. Here and there a lamp was in requisition, and the corners of the large room were lost in shadows.

A pretty young girl was filling in a cross shaped with laurel and holly. She had light hair, shading her forehead with little fluffy curls, and her small hands, protected by fingerless gloves, moved rapidly as she talked to her companions.

"Kate, he wants a crown made to match that and the star," said one of the girls, stopping to admire the cross.

"I would not attempt it. I told him so!"

"If you can't make it, Kate, no one can."

"We'll have enough, anyhow. He is making all the sentences at home; he told us so last night. He cuts the letters out of green paper and pastes them on white muslin. All the fine wreaths for bordering have to be done yet, and I have work at home, presents that I must finish. So there is no use promising the crown; I never tried one."

"He will be disappointed, Kate."

"Here he comes!" cried another girl, glancing beyond the group. Pen turned to the door to see this very important and particular individual; but he came forward from one of the dark corners, and standing near Kate inspected her work, saying something in an undertone which made her color and look up, showing a pair of merry blue eyes.

Pen's heart contracted as she recognized Dr. Stuart. While she tried to be sensible, and feel indifferent, he chatted and laughed with the gay group, and at length, pleading a visit to make, left them. A minute after he had passed Pen, seen her, and turned back.

"So you found the church, Miss Irving? I'm glad to see you. I saw your uncle this afternoon; he is really improving. How do you like our Sunday-school room?"

"Very much. The signs of Christmas attracted me, so I came in."

"Won't you let me introduce you to some of the young people?"

"Is it worth while? I was thinking of going to the hotel."

"I'll see you safe there. It won't take a minute to introduce you, and then you can drop in when you like, and feel at home here."

"Very well." She rose and took his arm.

The introduction over, Miss Irving had much to say about Christmas decorations generally, and those before her in particular.

Meanwhile, she noted every girl in the group, and mentally weighed her. Nor were her new acquaintances at all behind in interest and curiosity. They admired her from head to foot, and, as she disappeared with the doctor in the gray shadows near the door, they whispered, "How handsome!" and, "Is not her hat lovely?"

"You used to take a great deal of interest in church work," said the doctor, when they were outside.

"I do still, at home."

"I wish I could interest you in it here."

"You have a good working corps."

"Yes, but they are young, and require so much overlooking."

"I hardly think a stranger would be pleasant to them. They might consider it an intrusion."

"I had set my heart on having a few pieces. They declare it impossible to make them; you could."

"If it would really oblige you, Dr. Stuart."

"I don't wish to tax you, Miss Irving."

"I'll come down to-morrow afternoon as soon as uncle falls asleep, and you can leave directions what you want made."

"Thank you."

The next afternoon Pen found the doctor on the hotel porch ready to escort her to the church. There she found a little table, twine, scissors, shapes, and baskets of fine greens, in waiting for her. While she took off her hat and drew on her gloves the doctor hung up his hat and overcoat. Then he sat on a stool beside her, and bunched while she arranged and tied.

Then he alluded to an evening fifteen years ago when, in the basement of an old city church, he and she had held the same relative positions.

The voice more than the words touched Pen. She forgot to be cautious and cool. Memory began to work, and in a few minutes she and the doctor were exchanging the confidences of fourteen years.

It grew dusk; the children trooped in and gathered around the melodeon to practice their carols. The doctor's voice sank in whispers, and at times ceased, the pauses being filled with words that he and Pen had often sung together in old days.

Now they listened with softening hearts and glances that betrayed what was uppermost in each mind.

"Uncle will be awake and anxious."

"Yes, we'll go; nothing here need be disturbed."

It was cold and slippery when they got in the street. Pen was unconscious of how eagerly she took the strong arm that was offered her. They walked some blocks in perfect silence.

"Do you really think we'll be home for Christmas?"

"You speak as if you would rather not, and I have been doing my best to get you there."

Pen sighed. "I suppose you'll stay here forever."

"You are your own mistress now."

"Entirely so."

"Then you can decide whether I shall stay here or go back to New York. My uncle, Dr. Stuart, died last week. I can have nearly all his practice if I like to take it. I know I am asking a great deal. Still I am not such a fool as to see my happiness within reach and not try to grasp it. Your uncle tells me you have many admirers. Will you take time and consider my claim on you? At least I have loved the longest."

Pen laughed a merry, rippling laugh.

"Won't I hug uncle when I get home! Only for him I never would have known what a good, loving man you've been. They'll tell you I've been in love half a dozen times since I saw you; but, if I ever fancied myself in love, I never really liked any one well enough to give up my recollection of you for him."

"I think that ought to satisfy me."

Thus it happened that the dreaded Christmas was to be the nicest Pen had ever anticipated. Mr. Irving sent orders to have everything ready for many guests. Nephews and nieces had invitations to eat their Christmas dinner and dress the Christmas tree at his house. Dr. Stuart prepared to accompany his patient to New York, and Pen finished her pieces to the admiration and satisfaction of every one interested.

On Christmas day she astonished her friends by appearing in church with her old lover on duty. Some shook their heads, and many indulged in unkind reminiscences; a few understood her, rejoiced with her, and at the church door wished "A merry Christmas" to her and Dr. Stuart.

The First Greenback.

The first $5 bill issued by the Government, known as greenback money, turned up not long since in a deposit of the Third National Bank of Nashville, being letter A, No. 1, dated Washington, March 10, 1863. J. E. Goodwin, the teller, called attention to the fact, and the note was sent to the Treasury Department for identification as the original $5 issued. The bank was answered that it was, and the officers and directors immediately decided to present it to the Tennessee Historical Society. E. D. Hicks, the Secretary of the Commercial Insurance Company, had the note put in an elegant frame, with glass on both sides, showing the back as well as the face of the note, and the bill, thus secure from wind and weather, will be presented to the Historical Society.—*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*

FRANCE can put on a war footing 1,758,000 men and 209,400 horses.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

DECAYING vegetable matter about the houses, around the walls and in the cellar are prolific causes of diseases in the farm-house.

ILL-TREATMENT of cows, getting them excited, and then feeding the milk to children, is a practice liable to be attended with fatal results.

BAD ventilation, attended with impure air, causes catarrhal and skin diseases of our animals, especially when obliged to breathe the impurities of decaying manure. Better ventilation of sleeping-rooms is urged, and more out-door exercise for the farmer's wife.

YOUNG chickens frequently go blind in one or both eyes. Glycerine is a sure remedy. One small drop applied to each eye will soon cause the eyes to open, or soften the edges of the lids so as to admit of their being easily opened with the point of a penknife.—*Poultry Bulletin.*

IT is estimated that fifty head of poultry will make more than enough manure for an acre of land—700 weight of guano being the usual quantity applied per acre, and poultry manure being even richer than guano in ammonia and fertilizing salts. No other stock will give an equal return in this way, and these figures demand careful attention from the large farmer.

A CANADIAN writer in the columns of the *Cultivator* is making it appear that a farming family disposed to home industry might squeeze their sweetening out of the beet without any great waste. Grind the washed beets, boil down the juice and feed the pummace to cattle—that's the short of it. Of course there will be no fine pastry pulverized sugar to serve with fruit produced by such a rude performance.

FERTILIZING STRAWBERRIES.—When stable manure cannot be obtained, superphosphate of lime may be used to advantage, if it be pure. Five hundred pounds per acre will suffice, spread broadcast and harrowed in; then sprinkle a little in each hole as the plants are set. Ashes are also a good fertilizer. Or, in place of ashes, muriate of potash will do as well. It contains 50 per cent. of pure potash, and is now quoted at $3 to $3.50 per 100 pounds, and less by the ton. The following formula is said to produce very large crops of strawberries: "One quart nitrate of potash, one quart glauber salts, and one quart sal soda," all to be dissolved in water, one barrel for three pounds of the mixture, which is enough for a bed forty or fifty feet square; apply early in the season, from a wateringpot, several times till the fruit sets.—*Exchange.*

I HAVE increased the fertility of my land by feeding shorts, corn meal, brewers' sprouts, brewers' grains, and beef scraps, and buying some hay. Then, in order to keep up, or rather increase, the fertility of my soil, I feed shorts to my milch cows, because they contain phosphate of lime, ammonia and potash. I also feed brewers' grains, because the brewer has removed only the sugar from them, and I feed a little corn meal. These are fed to make, in the first place, more milk; in the second place, better milk, and, in the third place, more and better manure, because, by feeding these, I am enabled to keep more stock and make more manure, and enrich my land so that I can keep more stock, consume more shorts, more meal, more grains, more hay, and more manure. To this, I suppose, there is a limit, but I have not reached it yet.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

About the House.

TO PREVENT BLISTERS.—A plaster composed of ground mustard, mixed with white of an egg in place of water, will prevent a blister upon the surface of the skin.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One cupful sweet milk, two of sugar, one cupful molasses, one-half cupful Baker's chocolate, grated; flavor with vanilla to suit the taste; boil for one and a quarter hours; cool on buttered tins.

COOKING CAULIFLOWERS.—Three answers were given the lady wishing to know how to make cauliflower white for the table, none of which show knowledge of the great secret, which is to boil it in two-thirds milk and one-third water, or even more milk if it can be spared.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take two parts common soda, one part pulverized pumice-stone, one part finely-powdered chalk; sift the mixture through a fine sieve and then mix with water; rub it thoroughly over the surface of the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble over with soap and water.

LOOSE BUT SOUND TEETH.—Turkish myrrh diluted in water—at first a teaspoonful to a tumbler and gradually strengthened—and used as a wash four or five times a day, will generally give relief. There are only two causes for the above trouble, viz., calomel and soda, and the use of both must be stopped entirely.

CRUST FOR MEAT-PIES.—One quart of sifted flour, three table-spoonfuls of good firm lard, well chopped in, two and one-half cupfuls of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, wet with a very little hot water and mix in with the milk; two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, sifted into the dry flour; little salt; work quickly, and not make very stiff.

POACHED EGGS.—When the water has boiled in the frying-pan break the eggs separately in a saucer; remove the pan from the stove, and slip the eggs (one at a time) on the surface of the water; when all are in place the pan again on the fire, and boil about three minutes; take them out with a skimmer, drain well, lay them upon pieces of buttered toast, place on a hot dish, salt to taste; garnish with parsley.

TO PRESS FERNS.—Gather before the sporangia break open and carefully place between the leaves of a large book, leaving several thicknesses of paper between each frond; put the book under heavy pressure and in a moderately warm place. The ferns should be changed at least every other day; if fertile fronds of the Osmunda are pressed, the change should be made much oftener.

A PASTE FOR FAMILY USE.—The *Druggists' Circular* gives the following recipe for making a paste similar to that used on postage stamps and gummed labels: Dextrine, two ounces; acetic acid, four drachms; alcohol, four drachms; water, two and a half ounces. Mix the dextrine, acetic acid, and water, stirring until thoroughly mixed; then add alcohol. For attaching labels to tin, first rub the surface with a mixture of muriatic acid and alcohol; then apply the label with a very thin coating of the paste, and it will adhere almost as well as on glass.

The Great Coal Fields of Arizona.

The great carboniferous basin of Arizona, and in all probability the greatest of the world, exists within 140 miles of Prescott. This immense coal deposit makes its first appearance in Southwestern Colorado and Northwestern Mexico, but its great nucleus extends from Tierra Ausarilla, in Rio Arriba, New Mexico, to the Colorado river, a distance of 276 miles, and from the San Juan river, a distance of 138 miles. This immense area of 38,088 square miles is one continuous mass of coal. It lies between the parallels of 109 and 112 degrees longitude, and 35 and 37 degrees north latitude, and all in Yavapai county.

The great Appalachian coal fields, covering parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama, is estimated at 40,000 square miles. The Illinois and Missouri, covering a very considerable part of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas, is estimated at an area of 40,000 square miles. The estimated area of the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia coal fields, covering parts of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward island, and Newfoundland, is 18,000 square miles. So that all the coal measures known on the American continent amount to 98,000 square miles. In this vast area the coal does not crop out or disclose itself on the surface, but simply the geological carboniferous area is exposed. So that in Yavapai county we have nearly one-half the whole known coal area of this great continent!

In the 38,000 square miles of coal area in our county, the coal crops out or exposes itself on the surface over the entire space.—*Prescott Miner.*

Interesting Statistics.

Kansas leads every State in the Union in the yield of corn per acre, being 43.5 bushels. Little New Hampshire, strange to say, comes next, with a yield of 42. Vermont follows with 39; Ohio, 36.7; Wisconsin, 34; Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska, 30; Michigan, 29; Missouri, 27.8; Minnesota, 25.4; Texas and Illinois, 26 each.

Illinois takes the lead in the oat crop, growing 43,789,581 out of the total 282,107,159 bushels.

Iowa produces the largest spring-wheat crop of any State, the production of the United States being 112,549,533 bushels, and that of Iowa 28,707,312 bushels, while Wisconsin ranks next, with 24,375,435 bushels.

Ohio raises the most winter wheat, 27,625,759 of the 175,195,193 bushels produced in the United States, and also more than half the flax produced in the country. The wool yield of the State is one-fifth that of the United States and double that of California.

Pennsylvania supplies one-fifth of the rye produced in this country, or 3,577,641 bushels out of 16,918,795.

California produces the largest barley crop, or 8,783,490 out of a total of 29,761,305 bushels, and also nine-tenths of our native silk cocoons.

New York is the largest cultivator of buckwheat, raising 3,904,030 of a total of 9,821,721 bushels.

Mississippi takes the lead among the cotton-growing States.

Kentucky grows more than half the hemp crop of our country.

New York produces more than one-fifth of the hay crop, or nearly twice as much as Pennsylvania, which furnishes the next largest figure in that line. New York furnishes, also, more than two-thirds of the hop crop of the country.

South Carolina supplies nearly half the rice produced in the country. Georgia is next, or 7,000,000 pounds ahead of Louisiana. Nearly all the rice comes from these three States.

Of the 272,734,341 pounds of tobacco produced in the country, 105,305,828 pounds are grown in Kentucky. Virginia comes next, with 38,086,364 pounds.

Louisiana contributes nearly all the sugar and molasses from cane, and Vermont nearly one-third of the sugar of maple, while New York produces one-fourth the sugar from maple.

Ohio and Indiana produce each one-eighth of sorghum molasses.

New York grows one-fifth of the whole potato crop. North Carolina produces more sweet potatoes than any other State.

New York raises one-fifth of the national supply of peas and beans.

California produces more than one-half of the native wine.

Disappointment and Insanity.

From Texas comes the story of a pretty German girl, Barbara Felchan, who has become crazed through faith in a fortune-teller. About nine months ago one of these prophets told her that she would meet her future husband in Dallas, Tex., and gave her his photograph. She accordingly left her home, and on arriving at Dallas, without any means, obtained a place as cook in a private family. Then she began to search for her husband, and found a gentleman resembling the photograph in the person of a leading merchant. She claimed him at once, but he did not accede to her demand, and this so preyed upon her mind that she became insane.

Invigorate, and Be Healthy.

The source of nine-tenths of the bodily ills of mankind is a deficiency of vital power. No portion of the physical machinery can efficiently perform its allotted duty if there is insufficient motive force in the system. Invigorate, therefore, in order to regain health. For the restoration of lost vitality, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are the best tonic that can be selected, since they not only impart fresh vigor into the debilitated system, but overcome disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels which interfere with complete assimilation of the food, and thus perpetuate weakness. The Bitters likewise cure and prevent malarious fevers, remedy debilitating urinary troubles, and eliminate from the blood through the kidneys the impurities which originate gout, rheumatism and dropsy. Appetite, digestion, sleep—in short, *every* essential condition of health—are promoted by their use.

An Alpine Avalanche.

In the summer of 1864, a party of tourists, while visiting the Alps, climbed, with great difficulty, to an elevated and snow-covered plateau, in order to obtain a better view of Swiss scenery, and contrast the beauty and richness of midsummer below with the bleakness and sterility of midwinter around and above them. In play they rolled the moist snow into large balls, they crowded it over the edge of the plateau. In falling it struck softer snow, which immediately gave way, and soon an avalanche was tearing down the mountain side, burying and destroying everything in its course. As the handful of snow became the irresistible avalanche, so the hacking cough with sore throat and Catarrh, if neglected, speedily developes into that dread destroyer, Consumption. In the early stages, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will effect a cure, though if the blood be affected or impoverished it must be purified and enriched by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the liver and bowels kept active by his Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Many who despaired of life and had been given up to die by physicians and friends owe their restoration to the above remedies.

ELY, Linn Co., Iowa, May 8th, 1877.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir: I was prostrated some three years since with pleuro-pneumonia, which left me with a troublesome cough, that gradually grew worse until physicians gave me up to die with consumption. I tried several remedies that are advertised to cure consumption, but without obtaining any relief or benefit. Seeing your Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets advertised, I concluded to try them, and I found them to be all that you claim for them. My restoration has remained complete for over two years. Inclosed find $1.50 for a copy of your Common Sense Medical Adviser. Ever gratefully yours,

JASON C. BARTHOLOMEW.

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER for a copy of THE CHICAGO LEDGER, the best story paper in the West.

To Dyspeptics and Invalids.

Biscuits, rolls, bread, cakes and pastry, made with DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER, can be eaten with impunity and relished by the most sensitive dyspeptics as healthy and nutritious.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS. They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

Mrs. General Sherman,

Wife of the General of the United States Army, says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with Rheumatism, and in every instance it worked like magic." Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

CHEW
The Celebrated
"MATCHLESS"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
New York, Boston and Chicago.

DO NOT GO HOME Saturday night without a copy of THE CHICAGO LEDGER. You can get it at the news depots.

IT will pay to read advt. "Florida Homes!"

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

"Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great *Internal Medicine*, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price, $1 a bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

I HAVE sold Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup for about three years. I keep all cough remedies that are considered standard in this section. None sell so well as the "Universal." My customers speak uniformly in its favor. I can refer any who may inquire to those who have been cured of the most severe chronic coughs. It is said also to be unfailing in all cases of croup. S. F. MASON, Webster, N. Y. Sold by H. A. Hurlbut & Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES	$8 00	@	11 50
HOGS	4 75	@	6 50
COTTON	11¼	@	11¾
FLOUR—Superfine	5 00	@	5 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 32	@	1 33
CORN—Western Mixed	62	@	65
OATS—Mixed	35	@	41
RYE—Western	71	@	72
PORK—New Mess	13 50	@	13 75
LARD	8¼	@	8¾

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	5 25	@	5 50
Choice Natives	4 60	@	5 00
Cows and Heifers	2 25	@	3 50
Butchers' Steers	3 25	@	3 75
Medium to Fair	3 90	@	4 40
HOGS—Live	3 50	@	4 40
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	6 75	@	7 25
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 25	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 09	@	1 10
No. 3 Spring	1 03	@	1 04
CORN—No. 2	42	@	43
OATS—No. 2	25	@	26
RYE—No. 2	54	@	55
BARLEY—No. 2	62	@	63
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	30	@	33
EGGS—Fresh	20	@	21
PORK—Mess	11 90	@	12 00
LARD	7¾	@	8

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 1	1 11¼	@	1 12½
No. 2	1 09	@	1 10
CORN—No. 2	44	@	45
OATS—No. 2	25	@	26
RYE—No. 1	56	@	57
BARLEY—No. 2	67	@	68

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—No. 3 Red Fall	1 23	@	1 24
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	45	@	46½
OATS—No. 2	27	@	28
RYE	55	@	56
PORK—Mess	11 85	@	12 00
LARD	7¾	@	7¾
HOGS	3 75	@	4 40
CATTLE	3 00	@	5 00

CINCINNATI.

WHEAT—Red	1 18	@	1 25
CORN—New	41	@	42
OATS	29	@	32
RYE	65	@	66
PORK—Mess	11 80	@	12 00
LARD	7¾	@	8

TOLEDO.

WHEAT—No. 1 White Michigan	1 30	@	1 31
No. 2 Red Winter	1 27	@	1 28
CORN	45	@	50½
OATS—No. 2	29	@	30

DETROIT.

FLOUR—Choice White	5 80	@	6 50
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 29	@	1 30
No. 1 Amber	1 26	@	1 27
CORN—No. 2	51	@	52
OATS—Mixed	29	@	30
BARLEY (per cental)	1 30	@	1 60
PORK—Mess	12 60	@	12 75

EAST LIBERTY, PA.

CATTLE—Best	4 90	@	5 40
Fair	4 30	@	4 60
Common	3 00	@	4 75
HOGS	4 25	@	4 60
SHEEP	4 00	@	4 70

THE GREAT REGULATOR.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

PURELY VEGETABLE.

An Effectual Specific for
Malarious Fevers,
Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia,
Mental Depression,
Restlessness,
Jaundice,
Nausea, Colic,
Sick Headache,
Constipation and Biliousness.

ASK the recovered dyspeptics, Bilious sufferers, victims of Fever and Ague, the mercurial diseased patient, how they recovered health, cheerful spirits and good appetite—they will tell you by taking Simmons' Liver Regulator.

This justly celebrated medicine Regulates the Liver, promotes digestion, and fortifies the system against malarial diseases.

Extract of a letter from Hon. Alexander H. Stephens: "I occasionally use, when my condition requires it, Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator, with good effect. It is mild, and suits me better than more active remedies."

CONSTIPATION.

TESTIMONY OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF GEORGIA.—"I have used Simmons' Liver Regulator for constipation of my bowels, caused by a temporary derangement of the liver, for the last three or four years, and always, when used according to the directions, with decided benefit. I think it is a good medicine for the derangements of the liver—at least such has been my personal experience in the use of it."—HIRAM WARNER, Chief Justice of Georgia.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE,
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Price, $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

FLORIDA HOMES!

Location elevated, fertile and healthy. Close to R. R. Stations and Northern Colonies. Price ONLY $1.25 PER ACRE. Church privileges. Settlers are delighted. Send stamp for State Map, Views, and Report Chicago Excursion. Brainerd T. Smith & Co., 202 LaSalle st., Chicago.

MARY J. HOLMES.

The new novel, MILDRED, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of those splendid books—*Edith Lyle—West Lawn—Tempest and Sunshine—Lena Rivers*—etc., is now ready, and for sale by all booksellers. Price, $1.50. It is one of the finest novels ever written, and everybody should read it.

G. W. Carleton & Co., Pub'rs., New York.

THE CHEAPEST & BEST
ADVERTISING
TO REACH READERS OUTSIDE OF THE LARGE CITIES.

We represent over 1,000 Newspapers, having a weekly circulation of over 600,000 Copies, divided into six different lists, covering different sections of the country.

Advertisements received for one or more lists. For catalogues, containing names of papers and other information, and for estimates, address

BEALS & FOSTER,
41 Park Row (Times Building), New York.

DELICIOUS!
WALTER BAKER & CO.'S
BREAKFAST
COCOA!
(IN TINS.)

This article meets all the requirements of a FOOD for DYSPEPTICS, being so delicate as not to disagree with the most sensitive, while for the HEALTHY it is a delightful beverage. It is the most ECONOMICAL preparation of Cocoa for consumers, as well as the most DELICIOUS.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S
Vanilla Chocolates
are said by CONNOISSEURS to excel all others in richness and
EXQUISITE FLAVOR!!
If your Grocer has not these goods, ask him to send for them.