THE NEW CHURCH DOCTRINE.

BY WILL CARLETON.

There's come a sing'lar doctrine, Sue,
Into our church to-day;
These cur'us words are what the new
Young preacher had to say:
That literal everlastin' fire
Was mostly in our eye;
That sinners dead, if they desire,
Can get another try;
He doubted if a warmer clime
Than this world could be proved;
The little snip—I fear some time
He'll get his doubts removed.

I've watched my duty, straight and true,
An' tried to do it well;
Part of the time kept heaven in view,
An' part steered clear o' hell;
An' now, half of this work is naught,
If I must list to him,
An' this 'ere devil I have fought
Was only just a whim;
Vain are the dangers I have braved,
The sacr.fice they cost;
For what fun is it to be saved
If no one else is lost?

Just think! Suppose, when once I view
The heaven I've toiled to win,
A lot of unsaved sinners, too,
Comes walkin' grandly in!
An' acts to home, same as if they
Had read their titles clear,
An' looks at me, as if to say,
"We're glad to see you here!"
As if to say, "While *you* have b'en
So fast to toe the mark,
We waited till it rained, an' *then*
Got tickets for the ark!"

Yet there would be some in that crowd
I'd rather like to see;
My boy Jack—it must be allowed
There was no worse than he!
I've always felt somewhat to blame,
In several different ways,
That he lay down on thorns o' shame
To end his toyhood's days;
An' I'd be willin' to endure,
If that the Lord thought best,
A minute's quite hot temperature,
To clasp him to my breast.

Old Captain Barnes was evil's son—
With heterodoxy crammed;
I used to think he'd be the one
If any one was damned;
Still, when I saw a lot o' poor,
That he had clothed and fed,
Cry desolately round his door
As soon as he was dead,
T were came a thought I couldn't control,
That in some neutral land
I'd like to meet that scorched up soul
An' shake it by the hand.

Poor Jennie Willis, with a cry
Of hopeless, sad distress,
Sank sudden down, one night, to die,
All in her backy dress;
She had a precious little while
To pack up an' away;
She even left her sweet, good smile—
'Twas on the face next day;
Her soul went off unclothed by even
One stitch of saving grace;
How *could* she hope to go to heaven
An' start from such a place?

But once, when I lay sick an' weak,
She came, an' begged to stay;
She kissed my faded, wrinkled cheek—
She soothed my pain away;
She brought me sweet bouquets of flowers,
As fresh as her young heart—
Through many long an' tedious hours
She played a Christian part;
An' ere I long will stand aroun'
The singin' saints among,
I'll try to take some time down,
To cool poor Jennie's tongue.

But tears can never quench my creed,
Nor smooth God's righteous frown,
Though all the preachers learn to read
Their Bibles upside down.
I hold mine right side up with care
To shield my eyes from sin,
An' coax the Lord, with daily prayer,
To call poor wanderers in;
But if the sinners won't draw nigh,
An' take salvation's plan,
I'll have to stand an' see 'em try
To dodge hell if they can.

—*New York Times.*

A STRANGE DREAM.

The Consequences Which Flowed From It.

When I was about 12 years of age, I was invited by Mrs. Hall, my godmother, to pay her a visit before going to a boarding-school, where I was to remain for a few years. My mother had died when I was very young, and my father thought it better for me to be at a nice school, where I would be among girls of my own age, than in the house with only his sister and himself. Mrs. Hall was very fond of me; she had no children of her own, and, had my father consented, she and Mr. Hall would have taken me to live with them entirely.

It was a lovely day in June when I arrived at my godmother's, and she was delighted to see me. The house was beautifully situated on high ground, surrounded by grand old trees, and at one side was a flower-garden.

One morning godmother said to me: "Come up-stairs with me, Lilian, and I will show you some Indian jewels that my uncle left me lately."

She opened the drawer of an inlaid sandal-wood cabinet and took out a small case, in which were a pair of ear-rings, a brooch and necklet of most beautiful diamonds. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful before.

"My dear Lilian," said she, "I intend to give you these on your 16th birthday. I see, however, there is a stone loose in one of the ear-rings, so I will take it into town and have it repaired."

She folded it up carefully and put it in her purse; the case with the other diamonds she put in one of the drawers of her dressing-glass.

After lunch Mr. and Mrs. Hall took me with them to the town, which was about four miles distant. The ear-ring was left at the jeweler's, and, as we were to spend the day at a friend's house, we arranged to call for it on our way back. But you will say, what has all this to do with your dream? Well, wait a little and you will see.

We spent a pleasant day, called for the ear-ring on our way, and arrived home about half-past 9 o'clock. As I was taking off my bonnet godmother came into the room.

"Lilian," said she, "I cannot find the case of diamonds anywhere. Did I not leave it in the drawer in my dressing-glass before I went out? I went to put in the other ear-ring now, and it was not there. Who can have taken it?"

"You certainly left it in the dressing-glass drawer," I said. "Could any of the servants have taken it, do you think?"

"I am sure they would not," she answered. "I have had them with me for years, and never missed anything before."

"Are there any strangers about that could have come in through the window?"

"No, Lilian; there are no strangers about the place except the gardener, and he seems a most respectable man. I got a very high character of him from his last place; in fact, we were told he was a most trustworthy person."

Next day there was a wonderful commotion about the missing jewel-case. The police were sent for, and every place was searched over and over again, but to no purpose. One thing, however, puzzled us: On the window-sill was a footmark, and near the dressing-table a little bit of earth, as if from a shoe or boot, which led us to think that the thief must have come in through the window. But how did he get up to it? It was a good height from the ground, and the creeping plants were not in the least broken, as would have been the case had any one climbed up by them. A ladder must have been employed, and it was little to the credit of the police that this fact had not been properly considered. As the matter stood it was a mystery, and seemed likely to remain so, and only one ear-ring was left of the valuable set.

In a few days I left for school, where I remained for four years. I spent every vacation between my home and my godmother's. We often spoke of the stolen diamonds, but nothing had ever been heard of them, though a reward of fifty pounds had been offered by Mr. Hall for any information that would lead to the detection of the thief. On my 16th birthday my godmother gave me a beautiful watch and chain and the diamond ear-ring which she had got arranged as a necklet.

"I am so sorry, Lilian," said she, "that I have not the rest of those diamonds to give you; but, if ever they are found, they shall be yours, my dear."

I must now pass over six years, which went by quietly and happily, nothing very important taking place until the last year, during which time I had been married. My husband was a barrister. We lived in the North of England. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Benson, and Mary, one of her daughters, lived some miles away from us near the seacoast. It was a very lonely place, a long way from the little fishing town, or rather village, of Burnley. I confess I often felt very nervous about Mrs. Benson and her daughter living alone (her husband being dead for many years). Except three women servants in the house, and the coachman and his family who lived in the lodge, there was no one nearer than Burnley, four miles off. Beside, it was known that there was a large quantity of plate in the house; and the little seaside village was often the resort of smugglers and other wild and lawless characters. One day, while thinking of them, I felt so uneasy that I said to my husband:

"I hope, Henry, there is nothing wrong with your mother; she has been in my mind all day."

"Oh," said he, "why should you feel anxious about her to-day? I saw her Tuesday; and, if she were ill, Mary would be sure to let us know. It is only one of your 'fancies,' little wife."

Still I did not feel easy, for more than once before my so-called "fancy" had proved to be a "reality;" so I determined that in a few days I would go and see Mrs. Benson. All that evening I could not get her out of my thoughts, and it was a long time before I went to sleep. I think it must have been about 9 o'clock in the morning that I awoke in a state of horror. I had dreamed that I saw Mrs. Benson standing in the window of her bedroom, beckoning me to come to her, and pointing to a female figure; who was stealing along under the shade of the trees in the avenue, for the moon was shining brightly.

I started up, thinking I heard her calling me. And here is the most extraordinary part of it all—though I was now quite awake, I heard, as I thought, a voice saying to me:

"Go, tell Mrs. Benson Martha is deceiving her; tell her to send her away at once."

Three times these words seemed to be repeated in my ear. I can't describe exactly what the voice was like; it was not loud, but quite distinct; and I felt as I listened that it was a warning, and that I *must* obey it. I woke my husband, and told him my dream and the words I had heard. He tried to calm my mind, and evidently thought me foolish to be so frightened by only a stupid dream. I said I would drive over the first thing after breakfast, and see if anything was wrong with Mary or her mother. The only thing that puzzled me was, that Martha should be mentioned as deceiving Mrs. Benson. She acted as housekeeper and lady's-maid to her, and was believed to be most trustworthy in every way. She had been four years with her, and was much respected. She was a silent, reserved kind of person, about 35 years of age. One thing I had often remarked about her was that when speaking to any one she never looked straight at them; but I thought it might be from a kind of shyness more than anything else.

As soon as breakfast was over I set off, telling my husband I would very likely not return until next day, and, if possible, he was to come for me. He could drive over early and spend the day, and we would return home together in the evening, if all was well with his mother.

When I arrived I found Mrs. Benson and Mary looking as well as ever, and everything seemingly just as usual. Martha was sitting at work in her little room, which opened off Mrs. Benson's dressing-room. I could not help looking at her more closely than I would have done at another time, and I thought I saw a look of displeasure cross her face at seeing me. Mary and her mother were of course delighted to see me, and asked why Henry did not come, too. So I told them I would stay till the next day, if they would have me, and Henry would come for me then. They were quite pleased at that arrangement, for it was not very often my husband could spend a whole day with them.

As the day passed on and nothing out of the way happened, I began to think I had frightened myself needlessly, and that my dream or vision might have been the result of an over-anxious mind. And then Martha, what about her? Altogether I was perplexed. I did not know what to think, but I still felt a certain undefined uneasiness. I offered up a silent prayer to be directed to do right, and determined to wait patiently and do nothing for a while. I almost hoped I might hear the voice again, giving me definite instructions how to act. Lunch passed and dinner also, and the evening being very warm, for it was the middle of July, we sat at the open window enjoying the cooling breeze that set in from the sea.

As they were early people, shortly after 10 o'clock we said "good night," and went up to our bedrooms. My room looked on the avenue, some parts of which were in deep shade, while in other parts the moonlight shone brightly through breaks in the trees. I did not feel in the least sleepy; and, putting out my candle, I sat by the window, looking at the lovely view, for I could see the coast quite plainly, and the distant sea glistened like silver in the moonlight. I did not think how long I had been sitting there until I heard the clock strike 12. Just then I heard, as I thought, a footstep outside my door, which evidently stopped there, and then in a few seconds passed on. I did not mind, thinking it might be one of the servants, who had been up later than usual, and was now going quietly to bed. I began to undress, not lighting the candle again, as I had light enough from the moon. As I came toward the window to close it I saw, exactly as in my dream, a female figure—evidently keeping in the shade of the trees—going down the avenue. I determined to follow and see who it was, for I now felt the warning voice was not sent to me for nothing, and I seemed to get courage, girl though I was, to fathom the mystery. I hastily dressed, threw a dark shawl over my head, and, going noiselessly down stairs, opened the glass door in the drawing-room window, and left it so that I could come in again. I kept in the shade of the trees as much as possible, and quickly followed the path I had seen the woman take. Presently I heard voices; one was a man's, the other a woman's. But who was she? I came close, and got behind a large group of thick shrubs. I could now see and hear them quite well; they were standing in the light; I was in deep shade.

Just then the woman turned her head toward me. It was *Martha.*

What did she want there at that hour?—and who was that man? I was puzzled. Where had I seen that face before?—for that I *had* seen it before I was certain; but where and when I could not remember. He was speaking in a low voice, and I did not hear very distinctly what he said, but the last few words were:

"And why not to-night? Delays are always dangerous, especially now as they are beginning to suspect me."

"Because Mrs. Benson's daughter-in-law is here, and she is sleeping in the room over the plate-closet, and would be sure to hear the least noise. Wait until to-morrow night—she will be gone then. But indeed, John, I don't like this business at all. I think we'd better give it up. No luck will come of it, I am sure."

"Look here, Martha," said the man. "I have a chance of getting safe off now. I have it all settled, if you will only help me to get this old woman's plate. With that, and a few little trinkets I happened to pick up a few years ago, you and I may set up business in America. The other fellows will help me. Meet me here to-morrow night, to let me know that all is safe for us. See here. I have brought your a valuable present. Keep it until the plate is secure with me, for you must stay here until all blows over; then make some excuse for leaving, and come over and join me in New York. If you want money, sell these diamonds in Liverpool—they are worth no end of money."

I could see quite well that he took something out of his pocket and gave it to her. She held it up to look at it; and there, glistening in bright moonlight, I saw—my god-mother's diamond ear-ring! the one that had been stolen over nine years ago with the other jewels from her room.

Here then at last was the mystery solved, everything made clear, and all through my dream! Presently the light fell on the man's face again, and I instantly recognized my god-mother's very respectable gardener. A decent man he was believed to be, but a thief all the time, and one who hid his evil deeds under a cloak of religion. And who was this woman he seemed to have got such power over? Evidently his wife; for I gathered that from his conversation with her. I waited where I was until they were both gone—Martha back to the house, and her husband to the village; then as quietly as I could I returned to the house and reached my room. Falling on my knees I gave thanks to God for making me the means of finding out such a wicked plot, and perhaps saving the lives of more than one under that roof; for it is more than likely that, had those desperate men been disturbed in their midnight plunder, they would not have hesitated at any deed which would enable them to carry out their wicked plans.

I slept little that night, and next morning tried to appear calm and composed, though I was frightened and really ill. I was longing for my husband to come, that I might tell him all, and consult what was best to be done, to prevent robbery and perhaps bloodshed. At last, to my great relief, I saw him coming. I ran to the gate to meet him, and told him what I had seen and heard the night before.

"Now," I said, "will you ever laugh at my fancies again?"

"No, my dear little wife," said he, "I never will."

We then arranged that we should tell his mother and sister everything, and he was to go the nearest police station and arrange with the chief officer to have a number of men ready in the wood, near the house, at 12 o'clock that night; that after dinner we were to say "good-by" to Mrs. Benson and drive home, but would return and join the police in the wood, and wait there until we saw Martha leave the house to meet her husband. We were then to go in and wait until the thieves came in, when they were to be surrounded and taken prisoners. My husband wanted me to remain at our own house, but I would not do so, as I said I would only be imagining all sorts of dreadful things; besides, I knew his mother and Mary would like to have me with them.

It all turned out as well as could be. The night was very fine and, just at 12 o'clock Martha stole down to the place where I had seen her the night before; then we all, about a dozen policemen and ourselves, went into the house. The men were stationed out of sight in different rooms, waiting for the robbers' entrance. Henry came up to Mrs. Benson's room, where all of us women were, including the two servants.

With breathless anxiety we watched and waited. From where I stood I could see the way they would come.

It was about 2 o'clock when I saw Martha coming up the walk and four men with her.

"Look!" I said; "there they are." They went round to the back door, and we heard them stealing along the passage in the direction of the plate closet. Then a sudden rush—a scream from the wretched Martha—imprecations loud and bitter—a shot! another scream!

"May God grant no lives will be lost!" we prayed

Poor Mary nearly fainted. At last we heard the officer call Henry to come down. The four men were well secured and taken to the police station. Martha was taken there too. She confessed she had let them in for the purpose of stealing the silver. One of the robbers was slightly wounded in the arm, but no one else was hurt. Very thankful was I when I found, next day, that none were the worse for having gone through such a terrible scene.

The house where Martha's husband lodged was searched, and the case of diamonds and many other valuable articles found there. This immensely respectable gardener had been a disgrace to his family and his profession. Left very much to himself through the indulgence of his employer, he had contracted habits of tipling with low associates at the neighboring village, and become so completely demoralized as at length to assume the degraded character of a burglar. Now came the retribution which attends on wrong-doing. The thieves were all tried at the next assizes, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

It is now many years since all this happened; but I can never forget what I went through those two dreadful nights; though I remember with thankfulness that, through my dream and the warning voice I heard, I was the means of averting a great wrong, and perhaps a murder. I do not impute anything supernatural to my dream. It may have merely been the result of tension of feelings, supported by some coincidences. At all events, the results were such as I have described.

Tramp Legislation.

An effort is to be made in New York, as well as in Maryland and some other States, to suppress the tramp evil. A bill for that purpose has been introduced in the New York Assembly by a Mr. Robertson. It provides for the appointment of a State Superintendent of County Workhouses. It makes it the duty of the Superintendent (who is to be subordinate to the State Board of Charities) to rent buildings in the several counties, such as may be required for the confinement and employment of vagrants. It makes him the judge of the kinds of employment to which they shall be put, and directs him to regard the interests of the vagrants in respect to morals, and the acquirement of habits of industry. When any workhouse is ready for the reception of guests it is his duty to notify the various magistrates of the judicial department within which the workhouse is situated of the fact, and to furnish them with blank forms for the commitment of tramps. It requires the magistrates to sentence persons convicted of vagrancy under existing or future laws to labor in the workhouse for not more than three nor less than six months for the first offense; for not less than six nor more than twelve months for the second, and for an indefinite time for the third or any subsequent offense. Further, the bill provides that the vagrant shall be allowed fair compensation for his work at the expiration of his term. And, still further, it provides that, in order to avoid needless competition with "honest labor," the vagrants shall not be hired out to private employers, but shall be set at some kind of public work.

THE Springfield *Republican* did not put in any black rules when Mr. Bowles died. It is good to see that this antiquated style of expressing grief is passing away. Nothing is more horrible or in worse taste than a newspaper with its column rules upside down.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

A WESTERN NEW YORK farmer is credited with the noteworthy remark that he once carefully observed the effect of the application of stable manure which had been saved under shelter till needed for use, and he concluded that one load of it was worth about as much as two loads of that exposed in the usual wasteful way; which is scarcely stating the case too strongly.

EX-PRESIDENT HOUSLY, of the Kansas Horticultural Society, says he has for several years protected fruit trees against teeth of rabbits by applying with a brush to the bark, say one and one-half feet up from the ground, a mixture of one-third lime and two-thirds soft soap, with water enough added to thin, the whole boiled, and while boiling a little flour stirred in to make the wash adhesive like paste.

A WESTERN writer dares to maintain that to deprive a horse of nature's coat when winter comes on—having let him run through summer's heat with a full suit of hair—is not only absurd, but cruel, and "highly injurious." That does look like a common-sense view of the clipping business, but then there are glib scientific gentlemen who can talk on the other side of the subject for six hours at a time.

AN Illinois cow, having turned up her dainty nose at a pail of slop, fresh from the mill, investigation revealed the fact that, instead of meal of maize, the slighted grist was nothing less or more than "the bran, or outer covering of corn, which had been ground and then bolted, with an addition of two-thirds bulk of finely-ground cobs," and we are assured that this is not by any means a new trick of the trade. So it appear that the "sawdust-pudding" philosophs of diet is not acceptable to the unty tored bovine, at least not in Illinoi s. u

PEARS IN MISSOURI.—More than 50,000 pear trees are annually set out in Missouri, not one in ten of which survives the ninth year in the orchard. They grow vigorously at first, and afterward gradually perish under a modification of the blight. Yet here and there a tree is found that has remained sound for more than half a century, yielding annually wagon loads of fruit. It would be worth a good deal of investigation to find out the reason of the difference, so as to profit by it in planting.—*Cor. Rural World.*

WATERING.—I wish to add my testimony as regards the necessity of watering horses sufficiently. For twenty years we have kept in our stables an average of ten horses. We have never known a day's illness among them; several are over 30 years of age, and capable of any amount of work. I attribute this entirely to my daily visits to the stable, when I always find either a trough or a pailful of water within reach of each horse. By this means I know that at least once a day they are able fully to quench their thirst. I never had dealings with a coachman who did not think it a risk to let his horses have more than a modicum of water.—*Cor. English Journal.*

COAL ashes as a fertilizer are said to be very beneficial for tomatoes and potatoes, and to a less extent for peas and beans. Moreover, they improve the mechanical condition of the soil, and are therefore especially beneficial to clayey and rigid land generally. They should be worked in deeply and uniformly in the proportion of, say one part of ashes to two of mold. As it takes a long time to decompose them, their fertilizing properties are slow in action, but continuous. To obtain the best advantage from their use, some other kind of manure should be applied in conjunction with them. As there are seldom enough for field culture, the garden is the best place in which to use them, and, inasmuch as they are generally considered mere inconvenient refuse, all the advantage secured from their use will be a clear gain.

CARE OF YOUNG DAIRY STOCK.—We regard it necessary often to call the attention of dairymen to the necessity of giving the best attention and food to the heifer calves designed for dairy cows. This is just the season that these calves need the best care. As it is important that the heifer should be developed in muscle and frame, rather than in fat, not much corn or other highly fattening food should be given. Feed rather upon oats and bran, or middlings, with a little corn, beside early-cut hay. Calves should have shelter from all cold storms; in fact, they require for the best treatment a comf table stable. It is not only the heifer calf that needs good attention, but the yearling heifer. She is now fast developing into a cow, and needs the best food and care. She does not need much grain; if the farmer has early-cut hay, and especially nicely-cured clover, this, with a little bran or corn fed sparingly, will keep up a steady growth. The yearling heifer should be handled by the herdsmen daily, so as to become familiar with attention, and she will give no trouble in breaking to milk after coming in.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

About the House.

ENGLISH BREAD SAUCE.—Cut some light bread in small pieces; boil sufficient milk with a good-sized onion in it to thoroughly soak it; and mix and let stand awhile, then boil and add butter, pepper, and salt and a few black peppercorns; take out the onion before serving.

CEMENT FOR MENDING TABLE KNIVES.—Cutlers' cement, for fastening the blades of dinner knives in their ivory handles, consists of resin, four parts; beeswax, one part; brick-dust, one part. Fill the hole in the handle with the cement, heat the tang of the blade and press in.

WEDDING CAKE.—One pound of powdered sugar and one pound good butter, rubbed to a cream; next the well-beaten yelks of 12 eggs; mix well before adding one-half pound sifted flour; then one table-spoonful of cinnamon, two table-spoonfuls nutmeg, one teaspoonful cloves; then the well-whipped whites of 12 eggs, added little at a time with another one-half pound of sifted flour; next one pound well-washed and dried currants, dredged with flour, one pound of raisins, seeded, dredged with flour; one-half pound citron cut into slips, dredged; at the last, one wineglass of good brandy. This recipe makes two large cakes. Bake two hours or longer in a moderately hot oven in deep tins lined with well-buttered paper.

TO KEEP LOOSE SASHES FROM RATTLING.—Make four one-sided buttons of wood and screw them to the heading which is nailed to the casings of the window, making each button of proper length to press the side of the sash outward when the end of the button is turned down horizontally.

MISS ROSELLA RICE communicates to *The Practical Farmer* a statement of her successful experience in keeping butter: For the thirty-five pounds put down in rolls wrapped in thin muslin, she made a brine so strong with salt that it will float an egg. Into this is put one pound of brown sugar and one-fourth of a pound of saltpeter; let it come to a boil, skim well, and, when cold, pour it over the butter, which is kept in a clean, well-scalded oaken cask made for that purpose. Miss Rice adds: "The last roll of butter, which will be used in March, will be as fresh and sweet as this is now. My neighbor puts down her butter on a different plan altogether. She packs hers in gallon crocks, and then she puts on a layer of salt about two inches thick. She hoots at me, and thinks my way is not half so nice as hers. Now, any woman will see the difference in appearance of the slice of butter on my neighbor's plate and mine. Of course her way is good, but I think my way is preferable. The slice on my plate will be clean, and whole and dewy; hers broken and uneven, with bits of salt sticking to it."

The Last Picture of Lincoln.

Mr. Noah Brooks, an intimate friend of Lincoln, writes as follows in the "Midwinter" *Scribner* about the last photograph of the President, a drawing of which by Wyatt Eaton has been engraved by Cole as a frontispiece to the same number of the magazine:

One Saturday night, the President asked me if I had any objection to accompany him to a photographer's on Sunday. He said that it was impossible for him to go on any other day, and he would like to have me see him "set." Next day, we went together, and as he was leaving the house he stopped and said, "Hold on, I have forgotten Everett!" Stepping hastily back, he brought with him a folded paper, which he explained was a printed copy of the oration that Mr. Everett was to deliver, in a few days, at Gettysburg. It occupied nearly the whole of two pages of the Boston *Journal*, and looked very formidable indeed. As we walked away from the house, Lincoln said, "It was very kind in Mr. Everett to send me this. I suppose he was afraid I should say something that he wanted to say. He needn't have been alarmed. My speech isn't long."

"So it is written, is it, then?" I asked.

"Well, no," was the reply. "It is not exactly written. It is not finished, anyway. I have written it over, two or three times, and I shall have to give it another lick before I am satisfied. But it is short, short, short."

I found, afterward, that the Gettysburg speech was actually written, and rewritten a great many times. The several drafts and interlineations of that famous address, if in existence, would be an invaluable memento of its great author. Lincoln took the copy of Everett's oration with him to the photographer's, thinking that he might have time to look it over while waiting for the operator. But he chatted so constantly, and asked so many questions about the art of photography, that he scarcely opened it. The folded paper is seen lying on the table, near the President, in the picture which was made that day.

So far as I know, this was the last time Lincoln ever sat for his photograph. Unfortunately, the negative plate was broken after a few impressions had been printed from it, and, though Lincoln promised to give the photographer another sitting, he never found time. The illustration which forms the frontispiece of this magazine is the first engraving which has ever been made from the sun-picture. Mr. Wyatt Eaton has reproduced with great fidelity and with loving conscientiousness the sentiment and the details of this admirable likeness.

Frank Rande to the Younger Brothers.

A St. Louis paper publishes a letter from the notorious Frank Rande to the Younger brothers, in the State prison at Stillwater, Minn. Rande commences by asking the acceptance of his photograph, feeling, he says, an interest in favor of men who acquired such general fame over the world, and then says:

As for who and what I am, I will let others inform you; but I suppose you have probably heard about me ere this. Keep up courage, and *nil desperandum.* I was almost mortally wounded in a little fracas, and suppose came as near hand ng in my checks as the Northfield bank robbers. We are worth more than a dozen dead men each, and I will never die until I can help it, by God. If you write, please tell me where I can get a copy of the history of your lives, if you have had one published. Also, where I can find your photos for sale. I would put a small photo in this, but wish to send you a large one, which represents my looks better. There is a short history printed on the back of my cabinet photo. I write this to cheer you, and you know, also,

A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,
With high respect, your friend,
FRANK RANDE.

Galesburg, Ill.

P. S.—My trial commences in this city Feb. 18, 1878, and there are seventy-nine or more witnesses in the prosecution. If you are allowed to receive newspapers I will send you some, and if I ever write my history, as I expect, will send you a copy. I once cut open the Ottumwa jail and let out seven or eight prisoners, among whom was Clell Miller, a chap who was worth $5,000 in gold to the Corydon, (Iowa), authorities, and think he was one of your "b'hoys."

FRANK RANDE, alias CHARLES C. SCOTT.

The Clell Miller alluded to, it will be remembered, was killed at Northfield, Minn.

A Journalist's Will.

The late Samuel Bowles had an insurance of $25,000 on his life, and his will leaves $10,000 of this to Mrs. Bowles, together with all the personal property at their home on Central street; $5,000 to Miss Alathea Easter, long an esteemed inmate of the house and a friend of the family; and the remainder of the insurance money and all his other personal property and real estate to Samuel Bowles, his son, and Charles Allen, of Boston, as trustees, who are charged with the duty of paying all debts, maintaining a family home for his wife and children, and administering the property; finally, at their discretion, making an equitable division of it among the heirs. The will bears the date of Nov. 14, 1877.

Railroad Accidents in 1877.

The *Railroad Gazette* reports the number of railroad accidents in this country during 1877 at 891, in which 214 persons were killed and 1,047 were injured. This is the smallest number of serious railroad accidents reported for five years. Of these accidents 137 were caused by "defects or failures in a permanent way;" 67 by "defects or failures in rolling stock;" 97 by negligence, carelessness or malice, and 113 by unforeseen obstructions not malicious. There were 268 collisions, 581 derailments, and 42 from other causes. These figures do not include persons casually run over while walking on tracks, jumping from cars, or teams demolished, but only accidents to trains.

Treaty with Samoa.

The treaty with the Samoan islands, in the Pacific ocean, has been ratified by the United States Senate. It is signed by Senor L. Mamea, the Ambassador on the part of the Samoan people, and by Mr. Evarts, for the United States. It is the usual treaty of amity and peace, and, in addition, grants to the United States the exclusive possession of the harbor of Pago to be used as a coaling station. The possession of this harbor by the United States will, it is supposed, extend a sort of protectorate over the whole islands.

IN 1876 seven and a-half miles of railroad were built in Tennessee; in 1877, twenty-one and three-quarters miles. Up to date Tennessee has 1,967 miles of railroad. Five hundred miles are projected, but it is a question of time and money whether they will be put in operation.

A Wonder-Working Remedy.

No remedial agent has ever been offered to the sick and debilitated at all comparable to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, in cases of remittent and intermittent fevers, constipation, nervous ailments, rheumatism and disorders involving constitutional weakness or physical decay. It literally "works wonders." The botanic ingredients, which its spirituous basis holds in solution, act like a charm upon the stomach, and through the stomach upon the brain, liver, bowels and nervous system. There is nothing in its composition that is not salubrious. It contains some of the most potent tonics of the vegetable kingdom and the juices of the best aperient and anti-bilious roots and herbs, combined with a perfectly pure, stimulating element. The Bitters are peculiarly adapted to those engaged in exhausting or unhealthy occupations, as by its use strength is sustained, and the ability of the system to resist atmospheric and other influences prejudicial to health largely increased.

Mt. Vesuvius.

Should an eruption occur in this volcano and cause the destruction of one-half of the inhabitants in the vicinity, the remainder, who barely escape with their lives, immediately move back upon the half-cooled lava, and there live in constant fear of another eruption, foolishly fancying that the only tenantable portion of the earth rests within the shadow of the great volcano. This fairly illustrates the force of habit and the persistency with which people cling to opinions when once formed. For example, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures incipient consumption, coughs, colds, and all affections of the liver and blood, yet, some still depend upon physicians and remedies that have naught but repeated failures to which they can refer. And, although Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold under a positive guarantee to cure those weaknesses peculiar to women, and, notwithstanding that thousands of women bear testimony to its efficacy, and the truth of all statements made concerning it, many yet submit to the use of caustic and the knife. Again, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, no larger than mustard seeds, will positively cure constipation, whereas it is dependent upon dyspepsia or torpid liver; yet some still depend for relief upon the "blue pill" or huge doses of drastic cathartic medicine. In the face of such facts, can we wonder at the blindness of the poor Italians?

Remarkable Success.

The success of the leading literary paper of the West, THE CHICAGO LEDGER, is truly remarkable. Since its introduction to the reading public, six years ago, THE LEDGER has steadily advanced in favor, and is now acknowledged second to no paper of the kind in the country. Its circulation is national, and has been obtained through the efforts of its publishers to produce a paper of high moral character, and at the same time sell it at a price consistent with the present hard times. That they have succeeded, and well, too, the thousands of readers of THE LEDGER scattered from Maine to Texas and from Oregon to Florida will bear testimony. THE CHICAGO LEDGER is a large forty-eight column weekly paper, which contains stories both complete and continued, in each number, written by the best authors of the day, and a great variety of information interesting to every one. The subscription price of THE LEDGER is only $1.50 per year, postage paid, and it is equal in every particular to other papers of the same character which sell for $3 a year. Three copies of this valuable paper will be sent to any one who sends 10 cents and their address to THE LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

Light, Wholesome, Delicious

Are biscuits, bread, rolls, dumplings, etc., made with DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER. Always use it for the delicious Vienna rolls. Should your grocer not have, and refuse to get, DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER for you, send 20 cents for ¼ lb., 35 cents for ½ lb., or 60 cents for 1 lb., direct to DOOLEY & BROTHER, New York, and it will be sent by mail, post-paid.

THE *possession* of riches will bring you no enjoyment unless you have good health; therefore, if you are troubled with any Disease of the Heart, no matter how slight, it is well to look to its immediate cure. Your physician may say, "I will give you relief," but notice that he does not say he will cure, but in Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR we have a cure, and can substantiate it by the many testimonials we have received. Among the many forms of Heart Disease are Palpitation, Enlargement, Spasms of the Heart, Stoppage of the Action of the Heart, Trembling all over and about the Heart, Ossification or Bony Formation of the Heart, Rheumatism, General Debility and Sinking of the Spirits. Send your name to F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H., for a pamphlet containing a list of testimonials of cures, free of charge.

Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR is for sale by druggists, price 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

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

DR. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., of Bangor, Maine, proprietors of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, will send free, to all who will write for it, reliable information how to prevent diphtheria—the most to be dreaded of all dreadful diseases. Write your name, postoffice address, county and State plainly.

An English veterinary surgeon, now in this country, says that "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders are superior to any he knows of in England, as they are absolutely pure." He denounces the large package fraud, and warns people not to buy them.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
194 Penn Street, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age is Dr Tobias' celebrated Venetian Liniment! 30 years before the public, and warranted to cure Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic and Spasms, taken internally; and Croup, Chronic Rheumatism, Sore Throats, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores, and Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, externally. It has never failed. No family will ever be without after once giving it a fair trial. Price, 40 cents DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in Pint Bottles, at One Dollar, is warranted superior to any other, or NO PAY, for the cure of Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores, etc. Sold by all Druggists. Depot—10 Park Place, New York.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	$9 00	@11 25
HOGS	4 25	@5 10
COTTON	11	@11¾
FLOUR—Superfine	4 00	@4 60
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 25	@1 26
CORN—Western Mixed	47	@55
OATS—Mixed	38	@39
RYE—Western	70	@72
PORK—New Mess	11 62½	@11 87½
LARD	7⅛	@7¾
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	5 15	@5 65
Choice Natives	4 50	@5 00
Cows and Heifers	2 25	@3 50
Butchers' Steers	3 25	@3 50
Medium to Fair	3 80	@4 35
HOGS—Live	2 50	@3 90
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	6 25	@6 75
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 25	@5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 04	@1 05
No. 3 Spring	99	@1 00
CORN—No. 2	39	@40
OATS—No. 2	25	@26
RYE—No. 2	50	@51
BARLEY—No. 2	49	@50
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	30	@35
EGGS—Fresh	13	@14
PORK—Mess	10 60	@10 70
LARD	7¼	@7⅜
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 08	@1 09¾
No. 2	1 04	@1 05
CORN—No. 2	39	@40
OATS—No. 2	23	@24
RYE—No. 1	50	@51
BARLEY—No. 2	56	@57
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 3 Red Fall	1 15	@1 16
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	40	@41
OATS—No. 2	25	@26
RYE	49	@50
PORK—Mess	10 80	@11 00
LARD	7	@7¾
HOGS	3 45	@4 05
CATTLE	2 50	@5 00
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—Red	1 12	@1 18
CORN—New	39	@40
OATS	28	@31
RYE	56	@58
PORK—Mess	10 80	@11 00
LARD	7¾	@8
TOLEDO		
WHEAT—No. 1 White Michigan	1 21	@1 22
No. 2 Red Winter	1 16	@1 17
CORN	46	@47
OATS—No. 2	25	@26
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice White	5 75	@6 25
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 24	@1 25
No. 1 Amber	1 21	@1 22
CORN—No. 1	41	@47¾
OATS—Mixed	27	@28
BARLEY (per central)	1 05	@1 60
PORK—Mess	11 50	@11 75
EASS LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE—Best	4 50	@5 75
Fair	4 00	@4 30
Common	3 00	@4 00
HOGS	4 00	@4 75
SHEEP	3 00	@5 25