A TRIO.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

A whip-poor-will sat by the edge of the wood,
Perched on a log in his wonted mood,
And ever he chanted his plaintive strain—
"Whip-poor-will"—over and over again.

Under the log was a cricket's nest,
Who chirrruped away at his very best;
In a pool hard by, where the pond-lilies flaunt,
A bloated bull-frog had his haunt.

Just as the shadows of evening fell,
And the breeze to the leaves bade a soft farewell,
Chorused in song with the whip-poor-will
Were guttural bull-frog and cricket shrill.

"Fool! fool!" growled the old bull-frog.
"Sitting there on your hollow log,
Making night hideous with your cry,
While I charm all the passers-by!"

"Cheer up, cheer up," sang the cricket small,
"You break my heart with your strange sad call;
I shrink myself from the slightest touch,
And why should you want whipping so much?"

"Whip-poor-will," cried the lonely bird,
But flew as the leaves in the air were stirred;
And soon he repeated his mournful lay,
Softened by distance, far away.

Sometimes, in moods when the cricket's cheer
And the bull-frog's mutter offend my ear,
Far to the depths of the forest still
I, too, would fly, like the whip-poor-will.
—*Harper's Magazine for June.*

COME TOGETHER AT LAST.

Miss Carney walked up the long, green lane on her way home from a tea-party.

She wore a brown silk dress and a brown bonnet, and carried a large brown parasol in her hand.

The browns were of different shades, and ran softly into each other, like the tints upon a dove.

All the lines of her figure were smooth and rounded.

She was a very pretty old lady indeed, and must have been a very pretty girl, though she was a spinster, and people who believed that all unmarried women were left upon the boughs of single blessedness because they tempted nobody to pluck them must have owned that it could not be so in her case.

Down the lane, coming toward her, walked a gentleman.

He was tall and broad; his hair was gray, and his hat was gray; and his summer suit was gray; his beard was gray also.

He, oddly enough, was softly shaded off like another sort of dove.

The green trees were all about them both, the green grass beneath their feet. The roses nodded over the fence.

If these had been two young people instead of two old people, one might have fancied it a lovers' rendezvous, but they were old.

Of course there could be no romance about them.

In the middle of the lane, shaded by great chestnut trees, stood an old house.

Honeysuckle draped the porch.

There was an old-fashioned sweep to the well.

It was altogether a thing of the past—no modern cottage of architectural mysteries. It was so old-fashioned that it must have been the same when those two old people were young. Yes, when their parents were born doubtless it stood, by no means a new house, just as it stood now.

The pretty old lady in brown reached the gate of this house first.

She lifted the latch and stood looking down the road, thinking that it must be that the handsome old gentleman in gray had lost his way and would inquire of her, for the lane was no thoroughfare because of a fence and a gate and a sign, with "All persons are forbid to trespass upon these grounds" nailed upon it.

The old lady's father had put up the sign the day after the peddler had stolen all his pears.

No neighbor minded it, but strangers did.

So the old lady waited courteously to tell the stranger that he might take the short cut through the orchard if he chose.

"He walks like somebody I know. Who can it be?" she asked herself.

Then she suddenly blushed and looked prettier than ever. Yes, certainly, it could not be because no one had desired to pluck her that she remained a faded rose upon the branch—Miss Carney, not Mrs. anybody.

On came the old gentleman in his gray coat, and, as he looked at the little old lady, he doffed his gray hat.

"Madame," said he, "this is where Mr. Edward Carney used to live, I know. Does he live here now?"

But the old lady looked at him with a sudden start.

"Oh!" she cried; and added, "No, he does not."

"He is—" began the old gentleman.

"It is his tombstone that you can see under the great willow in the highest part of the churchyard," she said, pointing through the trees. "He was 80 when he died."

"Time flies fast," said the old gentleman.

"Fearfully fast," sighed the old lady.

She was not looking at him now, but at the flowers in the borders at her feet.

"Mr. Carney was a widower when I knew him, and had but one child—a daughter," said the old gentleman in grey. "She is living, is she not?"

"Yes," said the old lady.

"But she cannot be Miss Carney still," said the old gentleman.

"But she is," said the old lady, and looked him in the face again.

"But she is, said the old lady, and looked him in the face again.

Their eyes met. Hers were brown and his were grey.

"People alter out of knowledge in forty years," said she; "and how on earth I came to know you I don't know, for you look like your own grandfather, Mark Turner."

"Ask the old gentleman to walk in, then, Miss Carney," said he; "for he ought to be more weary than he used to grow on the same road a life time ago, coming from the mill, you remember, Priscy, every Sunday evening."

"Did you?" said she, pretending to forget. "Oh, yes! of course I'll ask you to walk in, Mr. Turner."

She turned. He followed her.

They sat down in the parlor—one on either side of the polished table.

Over it, between the windows, hung the looking-glass with its narrow gilt frame.

The book-case filled the recess.

On the mantel-piece were some shell flowers under glass.

There was the stiff sofa with the black cushion like a slice of a fluted column; there were the six chairs to match, and the claw-footed sideboard.

There had been no children to break or scratch things.

All was the same as when he left it last and saw Miss Carney standing in the middle of the floor with her long black hair in curls about her shoulders, and a blue ribbon around her taper girl's waist.

Now he looked at her, and she was really old and stout, but somehow she seemed to be nobody else but Priscy Carney.

She saw him looking from the furniture to her face, and interpreted his thought.

"Yes," she said, almost angrily, "is it not strange? There are the bits of wood, and glass, and china, just as they used to be. There are the oak trees, only finer and greener. The very grass and flowers might be the same; and here am I, old, faded and lonely, and my handsome, bright-eyed father dead in his grave, and all I care for gone. I wish I were gone also. I think people who have not seen each other for forty years need not seek each other again. I wish they would not come to me after being all the same as dead for forty years. It is precisely like seeing ghosts."

She looked as though she wanted to cry.

"Poor old ghost," said he, "whom no one wants to see—not even those who promised to remember him forever."

"Forty years is much worse than forever," said she, "and 56 is a terribly unromantic age."

"Yes, it is," said he; "but it is a good age enough for ghosts. By the way, do you like ghost stories? Let me tell you one.

"Once there was a ghost—now I think of it, he wasn't always a ghost; he was a boy once—the son of a miller down by the water-side. He worked in the mill, and was floury and white as a ghost should be most of the time; but he was happy and gay, and many things happened as he liked. One of them was when a certain rich farmer in the neighborhood came to the mill. The grain his servants brought in the great wagons, but he, the farmer, used to drive to the mill with his little daughter in the gig beside him. She was a pretty child, with long curls, and her eyes were big and brown.

"She made a pretty picture in her white dresses and bright ribbons, and she came when she was so young that she used to hold her hands out to this boy and cry, 'Come here, 'ittie boy. Show me where the flour siffs from.'

"For that was what she liked to see the best, the flour sifting through the fine muslin. Every week she used to come until the miller sent his boy away to school. When he came home again she was a girl of 16, prettier than ever, and she remembered asking him to let her see the flour sift, and she talked to him while her father was attending to his business; and the days when she did not come the boy cared nothing for, and the days that brought her were marked and picked out as blessed days.

"After a while he got over the shyness that kept him from going to see her, and went, and she was not displeased. She was the mistress of the house, for her mother died young. She used to make tea for him on Sunday afternoon, and after tea her father would put his handkerchief over his head and fall into a nap. Then they used to whisper together. Long after the poor boy came to be a ghost he remembered those evenings, when he was a bright-cheeked young fellow, the son of a rich miller, and had the hope of marrying the girl he loved before his eyes.

"He thought the girl loved him as well as he loved her, and he had no fears of the future, no thought that trouble could come to him in any way until misfortune overtook his father. The good old man failed. The mill was sold. There was nothing but anxiety at home. At last worse came—his father died soon after his mother. He was very sad; he was poor, also; but he had hope, for he was beloved by the one he loved.

"One day he went to her for comfort. He remembered the day ever after. The low-built, old-fashioned house, the great oaks, flower garden, the girl in her white dress and blue ribbons who came to greet him. He was full of life still, but that night, when he turned away from the house, he was a ghost—the miserable ghost of his old self, for he no longer had any faith in love.

"Standing before him, pale and sad, and with tears in her eyes, it is true, he had heard her who had made the world bright for him say: 'It is my father's will that we should part. I cannot disobey my old parent.'

"Then she had told him that she loved him as well as ever; but he did not believe her.

"He thought his poverty had turned her heart from him, that she had never felt tenderly toward him, and he left her in anger, believing all that had been said and written about the falsehood of women. Yes, he was turned into a ghost."

"He might have known she was as unhappy as he was," said Miss Carney, from behind her handkerchief; "but what can a girl do when her father threatens to curse her, and she the only child he has! Only nothing could make her marry any one else—nothing. That she could do at least."

"But the poor ghost did not know that," said the old man. "It wandered away broken-hearted. It found its way to the sea first, and then into the battle. For years it was a wretched ghost, greatly to be pitied, and only wishing to die; but at last it grew content, though never happy, and worked in a great city at a trade it had until it had made a fortune.

"All the same, it was a miserable old-bachelor ghost, and never found a mate, and used to say, often and often, over and over again, to itself, that women were all false, and that the woman he loved had been utterly false to him. He supposed her married to some one else, and all this time he grew older and older, and long years lay between him and the happy time when he was a boy."

"Long, long years," sighed Miss Carney. "Long, long years."

"But one day," proceeded the old gentleman, "one day there came to him out of the past an old, familiar face; and, amidst the whirl of the great city, this ghost talked to it of the green lanes and rippling streams of the spot where he was born, and asked of the house under the oaks, and the girl who dwelt there once—the girl who had been, as he thought, false to him. And this old friend told him something that made him feel suddenly that he might come to life again.

"'She never married,' she said—it was a woman. 'She lives in the old house now. Other men loved her, but she never loved any other man but you. We all know that.'

"And then the ghost said to himself—'Forty years of life lost,' and went down to that green country place to haunt his old love, and hear her say she was sorry to see him."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the little old lady in brown. "How could she help it? All her beauty gone, all her youth; what could she feel but sorry, and just a ghost herself."

She arose and turned away. He arose and followed her, putting his arm about her waist.

"Priscy," he said, "you are the only woman I ever loved. Is not that something for a man to say, when it is true as gospel?"

"Yes," said she; "and I almost believe you, for—for I never cared for any one else either."

"Then why not do our best to be happy now, Priscy? Why not marry each other and live again, not two poor old ghosts?"

"Well, because folks would call us two old fools," said she.

"Well, let them," said he.

"Very well," said she, "I don't care."

Then the old gentleman in grey kissed the old lady in brown, and said, "What day shall we set, my dear?"

What her answer was may be guessed when the village bells, one month later, rang the wedding peal of the old lovers.

Fashion News.

Fans bearing Biblical quotations are a novelty.

Ladies' kid gloves have a heavy stitching on the outside.

"Mother Hubbard" is the name of one of the latest bonnets.

Velvet pocket-bags have a monogram in silver upon the outside.

A new design for a pin is a bundle of wood with a hatchet across it.

The cottage-shape bonnet seems to be the favorite for straw and chip.

Gold thread is a novelty used for stitching some of the new short dresses.

Wide belts fastened with buckles are seen on the latest imported costumes.

"Modesty, rare, delicate and lasting," is the name and the claim of a new perfume.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

The Husbandman.

Give fools their gold, knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven!
—*John G. Whittier.*

Around the Farm.

SEE that the coops of young chickens are kept decently clean and comfortable.

THE hatchway is now open, and thousands of chickens are entering the world through it.

THE gape-way is open, too, and thousands of chickens go out of the world by that way.

ENGLISH breeders use blankets made of silk for horses and cattle, for the prevention and cure of colds, chills, and rheumatism. Moths will not touch them, and their warmth, comfort and lightness render them invaluable.

HOT-BEDS and cold-frames, in which seeds have been sown, will need increased care as the sun gets warmer. Let them have abundant ventilation during the day, early closing of the frames, and covering in cool nights.

THE English feed for fattening sheep consists of cotton-seed and turnips. They claim that it will put on the most fat, is the safest feed, makes the best mutton at a less cost, and produces the best and strongest manure.

WHERE it is suspected that cut-worms exist in a cornfield, more grains should be dropped to the hill than usual; then if the worms appear and go to work it is an easy matter to go over the field and kill them one by one. A field can soon be gone over. This idea appears in the *Country Gentleman*, and seems like a sensible one. Throwing salt or lime on its tail won't destroy the cut-worm.

AS to rods to protect buildings from lightning, use round iron an inch in diameter, which your blacksmith will put together for you; tip it with gold or platinum; let the lower end run deep into the ground, say four or five feet. Have no sharp bends in it. When a lightning man comes around give him a $5 bill for getting away as quick as he can; if he then don't go, boot him.

DAIRYMEN—the wide-awake ones—will not fail to plant a patch of corn now, to cut for fodder during July and August, when the pastures are short. Drill in rows and cultivate; don't sow broadcast. Field corn will do; certain kinds of free succoring sweet is better. Holsteins and Ayrshires are the best breeds to cross with native stock for milk producers; butter producers should have a big streak of Jersey blood in their veins.

AFTER a wet piece of land has been underdrained it may be best seeded by plowing and sowing with oats rather thinly. Oats succeed well upon cold, moist ground and upon a sod, and if there are no more than two bushels of seed per acre used the grass seed will take very well with this crop. A mixture of four quarts of timothy, a bushel of red top and a bushel of blue grass per acre would be preferable.—*American Agriculturist.*

TOWARD the last of May and during June the codling moth will lay its eggs on the young fruit of the apple and pear. Each female lays between 200 and 300 eggs, distributing them over the tree, one to an apple or pear. Wherever an egg is laid the fruit will be destroyed almost certainly. Hogs should run in every orchard; (1) to root up the ground; (2) to fertilize the soil; (3) to eat the fruit that falls in consequence of being injured by the larvæ of the codling moth. If all wormy fruit is eaten as soon as it falls to the ground there will soon be no moths to trouble the orchard. It is the second crop of the insect that does the most mischief, which hatches out in August and burrows in the full-grown fruit; but destroy the first crop and there will not be a second.

AGRICULTURAL writers are inclined to recommend small farms. As well advocate doing business of any kind on a small scale. Better have a small farm paid for and well managed than to owe for a large one, without the means to work it well. But, if a farmer is able to own a large farm, and has the ability to manage it, no one need to waste any sympathy on him. Large farms are often poorly farmed, so are small ones. The difficulty is not so much with the size of the farm as wit the capacity of the farmer. Good farming can be done just as well and more economically on a large farm than on a small one. Teams, implements and farm-hands can be used to better advantage on the large farms, for the farmer can afford to have a variety suited to his needs. It is foolish to seek to get a large farm just for the sake of room, but if the large area is fully utilized then we see no objection to it.—*Husbandman.*

About the House.

GOOD biscuit is made with one quart of flour, one table-spoonful of baking powder, butter the size of a walnut; use water, don't mix stiff, bake quick.

A LADY writes: "To wash quilts, comfortables, tickings, sackings, etc., soak in pure cold water twenty-four hours or more, then rub through warm water with a little soap and rinse well." It is worth trying.

LEMON JUMBLES.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three teaspoonfuls of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one of cream of tartar, juice of two small lemons, and the grated rind of one; mix stiff.

A THICK flour bag, that will hold twenty-five pounds of flour, is excellent to put hams away in for the summer. Wrap the hams first in brown paper, several thicknesses; tie the bag tightly and hang up. No flies will disturb the hams.

RHUBARB ought not to be stewed for pies, but cut the sticks in small pieces; fill your dishes, already lined with the lower crust, and cover thick with sugar. After placing on a thin lid, bake in a moderate oven.

BATTER PUDDING.—One pint of milk, four well-beaten eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of soda. Bake three-quarters of an hour or boil in a buttered mold or floured bag two hours; serve with sauce, and eat at once.

GERMAN PUFFS.—Three beaten eggs, three cups of milk, three teaspoonfuls of melted butter, three cups of flour, a small spoonful of salt; pour into nine well-buttered cups, same size as used in measuring; bake to a fine brown, and eat as soon as done with sauce.

MRS. A. had some marking done with indelible ink, which in washing became partly transferred to the fabric, causing ugly stains which it was feared could not be removed. However, 5 cents worth of cyanide of potassium, obtained at the nearest drug store, dissolved in three table-spoonfuls of water, with a little rubbing, entirely took out the blotches without injuring the fabric. Our readers can try this with certainty of success.

PICKLED FISH.—Clean the fish thoroughly and cut into pieces about five inches long; rub each piece on the cut side with salt. Take a stone jar which will about hold the fish, put a layer of fish on the bottom, then a few whole peppers and allspice and a blade of mace, then another layer of fish, spice, etc., till the jar is nearly full; then pour good cider vinegar over it until the fish is quite covered. Tie a paper over the top of the jar, and cover this with flour paste; this keeps in all steam. Put the jar in the oven and bake for three hours. The fish is fit for use as soon as cold, and will keep, in the pickle, for six months. Shad is excellent pickled, as all the bones disappear.

HARD TIMES.

A New and Novel Theory.

A correspondent of the New York *Daily Bulletin* propounds a new theory of the causes of the last commercial crisis, whose devastating effects have been so widely felt. The universality of the collapse leads him to reject all the local American causes assigned for it, such as the currency, the protective tariff, political disturbances, etc. He finds its prime mover in the revolution in communication and transportation consequent upon the rapid extension of telegraph lines all over the world and their connection by submarine cables—the vast increase of steamship traffic and the opening of the Suez canal, whereby the products of the world were thrown on the markets weeks, months, and even a year sooner than they otherwise would have been. This theory is illustrated by the change in the East India cotton trade. It is but ten years ago that cotton grown in India was taken, often in seed, in carts to Madras and Bombay. This required weeks, and the preparations for shipping consumed a good deal of time. The voyage to England was made around the Cape of Good Hope in slow vessels that took six or eight months to reach Liverpool. By the time the cotton had been manufactured into goods in Lancashire, and reconveyed to India, not less than two years generally elapsed. All this is amazingly changed. The cotton is carried to Bombay by railroad instead of bullock carts, shipped through the Suez canal instead of by the Cape of Good Hope, and, passing through the looms of Manchester, returns to India in cloth in less than half the time consumed under the former system. The writer declares that this acceleration has been such that at least one full India cotton crop has been marketed, made into goods, and thrown on the market of the world ahead of time. Or, to state the case differently, the world has, during the last five or eight years, taken one crop of India cotton (and consumed it, for the stock is less by about 500,000 bales than it was four years ago) more than has been grown.

The conclusion drawn is that the world has not been producing too much, but has marketed more than it has produced. The writer thinks the full effect of the revolution has been felt, and that, as no further considerable improvement can be made in transportation, all that now remains is that something or anything should happen to restore general confidence. These views have the merit of novelty, and are interesting, even if they cannot command general assent.

Why Senator Mitchell Changed His Name.

I saw seated on a sofa in the Senate chamber the other day two men, whose presence in Washington is a coincidence if nothing more. These two men were Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, and Representative Thompson, of Pennsylvania. These men were law partners in Butler, Pa., in 1860. Mitchell had studied law with Thompson, and subsequently became his partner, under the firm name of Thompson & Hipple. The young firm was going on admirably in business, but Hipple's domestic relations were of the most unhappy nature. Everybody sympathized with Hipple, and, as Thompson said to me recently, nobody would have blamed him if he had announced to the public that he could not live with her any longer, and left town. At that time Thompson was in the Pennsylvania Legislature. During a visit to Butler, in either 1860 or 1861, Hipple told him he was going to Pittsburgh for a day or two. Hipple thereupon packed up a few things and departed, taking with him about $2,000 belonging to the firm. Nothing was heard of him for several days, and Thompson began to grow uneasy. Hipple's wife was also becoming troublesome. Finally, after several days' anxiety, a letter came to Thompson from Hipple, dated from "The Wide World," in which he said he could not live with his wife, and had gone away forever. He secured Thompson by mortgage, etc., but Thompson for many years did not know where his old partner was, but Hipple managed by sending letters to be remailed from various parts of the country to settle every account he owed and to forward money to Thompson for the support of his wife. After many years had passed the two partners met by accident in Pittsburgh, the old friendship was renewed and the warmest feelings have existed ever since. Now both of them are in Congress. What became of the old wife I do not know. A divorce was obtained, and Hipple married again on the Pacific coast. After leaving Pennsylvania, in 1860, Hipple changed his name from John Mitchell Hipple to John Hipple Mitchell, and by that name he has been known ever since. His present wife is a very charming lady, and he has two of the handsomest daughters in Washington. No man stands higher among his associates, and no Senator is more faithful to his duties.—*H. J. Ramsdell, in Philadelphia Times.*

A Centennial Celebration.

About the only centennial celebration this year is the one to take place along the Susquehanna river. On the 3d of July, 1778, the celebrated Wyoming massacre took place and added a tragic historical interest to the beautiful Wyoming valley. Three hundred men, women and children met a sudden and terrible death. Their fate has given to literature poetical tributes from Campbell, Halleck, and Mrs. Sigourney which have rendered the fame of Wyoming world-wide. The celebration of the events of 1778 will take place on the 31 and 4th of July next. A classic ode has been written for the opening song, and will be rendered by 100 choirs, and addresses, orations, and poems commemorative of the event will be delivered by some of the leading literary men of the land. The Committee of Arrangements are actively engaged rebuilding the old forts and huts along the Susquehanna, so as to appear precisely as they did 100 years ago, and neither time nor expense will be spared in making the celebration a crowning success. So as to render the scene as realistic as possible, the services of a tribe of Indians—proffered by their chief—have been accepted, and they will appear upon the ground in their wild and picturesque costumes. The proceedings of the 3d of July will partake principally of a solemn character, consisting of commemorative hymns and orations, and on the Fourth there will be a grand procession, followed in the evening by a display of fireworks, illuminating the Susquehanna river from Campbell's Ledge to Nanticoke, a distance of twenty miles, by a line of boats burning tar barrels.

A Suit for Seventeen Millions.

When the end of the gigantic exposure of the frauds known as the Credit Mobilier, 1871, had been reached, and Oakes Ames, then a Congressman from Massachusetts, returned to his home broken in spirit and ruined in prospects, the country at large, the pulpit and the press generally dropped the subject, until it ceased altogether to provoke any comment. Once or twice a ghost has arisen, in a legal shape, from the ashes of the buried fraud, but these have occupied but little of the time or attention of the public. Yesterday, however, a ghost of immense proportions loomed up in the Circuit Court of the United States in this city, in the shape of a suit for $17,000,000 damages brought by Judge John Leisenring, of Mauch Chunk, Pa., against the representatives of the original Union Pacific Railway Company. The ground for the action is stated by Judge Leisenring to be the revoking of a contract between himself and the Union Pacific Company, under which he was to build the road, and that, being thus defrauded out of his legal right to construct said road, he suffered to the extent of the amount claimed.—*New York Star.*

Doesn't Want to be Paraded.

"The Lotus Club and other clubs want to give you a reception, Mr. Edison," said I. "The Secretary of the New Jersey Association to-day obtained Cyrus W. Field's promise to preside at a dinner in your honor over at Newark."

Mr. Edison said: "I have heard from several clubs, but I didn't know anything about this New Jersey affair. They may eat their dinners as much as they please, but they must excuse me. I shall not attend any of them. I should not enjoy them."

"But you are being much talked about, Mr. Edison; and you have made some great inventions; and these gentlemen wish to testify their appreciation."

"Yes; I am not indifferent to expressions of approval," he explained; "I suppose complimentary dinners and receptions will have to be given, in the present state of society, and it is very kind of the gentlemen, and all that, you know; but such affairs are ceremonious and not in my line. I cannot be a party to them."

"I don't see how you are to forever escape," I persisted. "You shouldn't have been famous if you didn't want to be talked about and bored by dinners. How are you going to escape this tide of congratulation, when it bears down on Menlo Park?"

"Well," said he, with a puzzled expression, disposing of the last strawberry, "I shall run away. I went to Menlo Park to get where the people wouldn't come much, and if they invade that I shall take to the woods again."

Let me say here that Mr. Edison is as bashful as a school-girl (of the last century). He has much less than his proportion of the brass of the period, and to this in part I refer his disinclination to be "received." Besides this, he probably considers that sort of thing more or less flummery and humbug, as others do who have seen a good deal of it.

It is not true that he is slovenly and uncouth in appearance. It is a fact, however, that he is not particularly careful in dress, and frequently goes unshaven for a good many days in succession, but this is because he is an intensely busy man. You may, perhaps, have noticed that no man who shaved and changed his shirt every morning ever invented a phonograph and took out 162 inventions before he was 31 years old. Edison is far above all affectations, either in diet or dress, and is as simple-minded as a child.—*New York letter.*

Obituary of a Bonanza King.

By the death of William Shoney O'Brien, California is minus one rich man, and that is all. The riches are still here, and so the rich man will not be regretted by the community at large. On the contrary, it is possible that some of the wealth that he had accumulated may be distributed, and then his death will be a source of good. It is sad that a man with such opportunities as Mr. O'Brien should have died and left behind him no record; that his memory should depend for perpetuity simply upon the amount of money he was able to grasp between his two hands. The height of his ambition was simply to be rich; the most refined of his enjoyments was a game of seven-up in the back room of a saloon. He might have been a philanthropist; he was only a sensualist. He might have left a name that would have been remembered with honor and gratitude for ages, whereas his only epitaph can be, "He was very rich." But if he did very little good to other people with his money, he took very little enjoyment out of it himself, and California may be thankful that fortune placed wealth in the hands of a man who was not capable of using it for worse purposes than the gratification of mere sensual desires. We may congratulate ourselves that O'Brien, if he did little good, was debarred by nature from doing much harm with his gold.—*San Francisco Daily News.*

Travels of a Letter.

From the New York *Tribune* we cut the following account of a letter's remarkable journeyings:

"A letter was mailed in the New York Postoffice on February 6, 1876, containing ten gold sovereigns, and directed to Mary Botten, Aschueha, Australia. The letter was sent to San Francisco, and was returned to New York. Thence it was sent to London, to Australia, to the dead-letter office at Sydney, and thence, at the request of the sender, it was forwarded to Demmuquillen, New South Wales. Not delivered there, it went next to the dead-letter office at Melbourne, thence to the dead-letter office at Washington, and finally it came back to New York, almost two years after it started. But the sovereigns were missing. Inquiry at the Foreign Office elicited the response that the case was closed. It was afterward found from marks on the envelope that the loss must have occurred between Sydney and Melbourne. Renewed investigation was made, and the sovereigns were found in the Melbourne office, in their buckskin covering. George Wilson, the sender, recently received the money from Postmaster James. More than forty letters were sent from New York office regarding the matter."

Our Mining Industry.

The milling industry of the United States ranks next to the great iron interest in point of magnitude. Unlike the iron interest, however, it is not confined to spots here and there throughout the country, but is spread over the entire land. The flour-mills number over 25,000, employing over 60,000 men, who are paid annually in wages about $20,000,000. The yearly production of these mills is nearly 50,000,000 barrels of flour, of which about 4,000,000 are exported to foreign countries. Pennsylvania has the largest number of mills, there being nearly 3,000 in this State. Next stands New York, with nearly 2,000 mills. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, North Carolina, Virginia, Georgia and Tennessee have over 1,000 each. Other States range from 700 down to less than a 100. Some of the largest milling States, such as Minnesota, Michigan, Iowa and Illinois, while they have not proportionately so many mills, employ the greatest average of men. This is accounted for by the greater number of merchant mills and the larger mills there found.

Chess Tourney.

The French Government has inaugurated a grand chess tournament to be played in the Exposition Building, at Paris. There are four prizes, aggregating 10,000 francs. Mr. James Mason, the winner of the prize in our Centennial Chess Tournament at Philadelphia, and who vanquished the celebrated Mr. Bird, chess champion of England, has sailed for Europe to enter in the Paris tournament as the representative of the United States.

JOHN TAYLOR will probably be hanged a second time for a murder committed ten years ago in Danville, Ky. He was lynched immediately after the crime, but was cut down by his friends before life was extinct, and hurried off to Kansas, where he lived under an assumed name until he was recently recognized.

Adam and Eve and That Apple.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also. Total, 16.—*Boston Journal.* We think the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82—total, 163.—*Gloucester Advertiser.* Wrong again; what could be clearer than, if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total was 893?—*Lawrence American.* If Eve 811 st and Adam 812, would not the total be 1,623?—*Boston Journal.* I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 814 Adam, Adam 8124 Eve—total, 8,938.—*Veritas.* Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve—total, 82,967. We think this, however, not to be a sufficient quantity, for, though we admit that Eve 814 Adam, Adam if he 8081242 keep Eve company—total, 8,082,056.—*New York Mail.* All wrong. Eve, when she 81812 many, and probably felt sorry for it, but her companion, in order to relieve her grief, 812. Therefore, Adam, if he 81814240ly Eve's depressed spirits. Hence both ate 81,896,864.—*Rosston, in Quincy Whig.*

Flight of Storks.

In their preparations for migration storks are very interesting. They are never heard to utter any sound until the time of their departure has arrived. They then begin to make a very singular kind of clatter, communicating with every member of their flock. They never start until each individual is collected together. Night is the time chosen. Strict silence is then preserved, and they rise immediately high up in the air, forming themselves into a triangle, and one bird takes the apex. The duties of this position are too laborious to be long sustained, and therefore when fatigue is felt the leading bird retires and another takes its place. We could not manage better ourselves.

MACKINAW is a great resort for hay-fever patients. As soon as the fatal August day arrives victims rush to this most sacred of Indian islands. Here the distemper at once disappears, and the patient stays in delightful rural quarantine until the first frost strikes the place he left.

Common Sense.

Many imagine all advertised medicines to be worthless nostrums, and indiscriminately condemn them; but is it not an injustice to the thousands of respectable citizens who give voluntary evidence of benefits received, to thus question and doubt their veracity and integrity? Fairbanks' standard scales are extensively advertised. Does it necessarily follow that they are inferior in make, and less accurate than others? Have they not been demonstrated to be among the best? Again, is it common sense to suppose that a physician with capital could be induced to hazard it and a hard-earned reputation upon a worthless article? R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., is the proprietor of the most popular family medicines in the market. His reputation as a skillful surgeon and physician has been fully established for many years. Would physicians and clergy, after having tested his medicines thoroughly, unite in commending them to the afflicted, if they possessed no merit? The undersigned take pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce and his Family Medicines to all who may need them:

C. R. Fairchild, M. D., Seneca, N. Y.; W. B. Cousins, M. D., Albia, Iowa; M. J. McClellan, M. D., Garrattsville, N. Y.; W. F. Hazleton, M. D., Silver Lake, Kan.; F. S. Miner, M. D., Veazie, Nev.; Geo. Dieterich, M. D., 105 Vine street, Baltimore, Md.; J. H. Sherrod, M. D., Paoli, Ind.; Geo. B. Chapman, M. D., Plattsmouth, Neb.; T. J. Casper, M. D., Springfield, Ohio; James H. Porter, M. D., Gorham, N. H.; D. E. Wells, M. D., Bristol, N. H.; J. A. Miller, M. D., San Leandes, Cal.; J. N. Camp, M. D., Baladan, Mo.; Jos. S. Burr, M. D., W. Lafayette, O.; Rev. E. N. Harmon, Elsah, Ill.; Rev. Isaac N. Augustin, Shipman, Ill.; Rev. Thos. O'Reilly, Newman, Kan.; Rev. L. Weston, Bucklin, Mo.; Rev. L. A. Dawson, Homer, Ill.; Rev. W. S. Long, Graham, N. C.; Rev. Andrew Adams, Calhoun, Ga.; Rev. A. P. Moore; 712 Washington street, Boston, Mass.; Rev. L. A. Thayer, M. D., Baconsburg, Ohio; Rev. I. P. Profitt, Palmyra, Ill.; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Boyd, Falls City, Pa.; J. Spencer, Union City, Mich.; Geo. C. Bazzill, Renovo, Pa.; Mrs. M. Kerns, Palmyra, Mo.; Mrs. E. R. Daley, Metropolis, Ill.; Samuel Farner, Java, Ohio; Sisters of Charity, St. Vincent's Asylum, Troy, N. Y.

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Judiciously used in Chicago grain operations invariably makes money. The old commission house of W. T. Soule & Co., 128 & 130 La Salle st., Chicago, Ill., issues pamphlet and report gratis.

NERVOUSNESS and Sleepless nights are cured by the use of Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR. We have the grateful testimonials of many who have been cured of this disorder. For subduing the Nerves and bringing the Heart to its natural functions Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR has no equal; it is not claimed a cure all but is a medicine which goes straight to its work, relieves the Heart of its burden, and enables it to produce the blood as it should, giving life and tone to the system. If you have any trouble with your Heart, no matter how slight, try the HEART REGULATOR and you will say it is a blessing. Send your name to F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H., for a pamphlet containing a list of testimonials of cures, etc.

Price 50 cents and $1; for sale by druggists.

MOTHERS! Mothers!! Mothers!!! Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for all diseases incident to the period of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

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DON'T FORGET that the country is full of tramps and thieves, and that you ought to be provided with a weapon of defense. See advertisement in another column headed "DON'T FORGET IT."

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	$8 00	@11 50
HOGS	3 50	@ 3 80
COTTON	11	@ 11¼
FLOUR—Superfine	4 00	@ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 22	@ 1 24
CORN—Western Mixed	48	@ 51
OATS—Mixed	33	@ 34
RYE—Western	71	@ 72
PORK—Mess	9 00	@ 9 15
LARD	6¾	@ 7
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	5 25	@ 5 60
Choice Natives	4 75	@ 5 15
Cows and Heifers	3 00	@ 4 00
Butchers' Steers	3 75	@ 4 00
Medium to Fair	4 40	@ 4 65
HOGS—Live	2 50	@ 3 20
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	6 00	@ 6 50
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 00	@ 5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 10	@ 1 11
No. 3 Spring	1 01	@ 1 02
CORN—No. 2	39	@ 40
OATS—No. 2	26	@ 27
RYE—No. 2	58	@ 59
BARLEY—No. 2	51	@ 52
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	18	@ 20
EGGS—Fresh	9	@ 10
PORK—Mess	7 75	@ 8 05
LARD	6¾	@ 7
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 12	@ 1 13¾
No. 2	1 09	@ 1 10
CORN—No. 2	37	@ 38
OATS—No. 2	25	@ 26
RYE—No. 1	58	@ 59
BARLEY—No. 2	66	@ 67
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 3 Red Fall	1 10½	@ 1 11½
CORN—Mixed	38	@ 39
OATS—No. 2	25	@ 25
RYE	57	@ 58
PORK—Mess	8 60	@ 8 75
LARD	6½	@ 6¾
HOGS	3 00	@ 3 15
CATTLE	2 75	@ 5 25
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—Red	1 15	@ 1 19
CORN	42	@ 43
OATS	28	@ 31
RYE	60	@ 62
PORK—Mess	8 60	@ 8 75
LARD	6½	@ 7½
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 25	@ 1 26
No. 2 Red	1 18	@ 1 19
CORN	43	@ 44
OATS—No. 2	27	@ 28
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice White	5 50	@ 6 00
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 28	@ 1 29
No. 1 Amber	1 25	@ 1 26
CORN—No. 1	42	@ 43
OATS—Mixed	28	@ 29
BARLEY (per cental)	1 00	@ 1 40
PORK—Mess	9 50	@ 9 75
**EAST L