THE FIRST CLIENT.

John Smith, a young attorney, just admitted to the bar,
Was solemn and sagacious as—as young attorneys are;
And a frown of deep abstraction held the seizin of his face—
The result of contemplation of the rule in Shelly's case.

One day in term time Mr. Smith was sitting in the court,
When some good men and true of the body of the county did on their oath report
That heretofore, to-wit: upon the second day of May,
A. D. 1877, about the hour of noon, in the county and State aforesaid, one Joseph Scroggs, late of said county, did then and there feloniously take, steal and carry away

One bay horse, of the value of fifty dollars, more or less
(The same then and there being of the property, goods, and chattels of one Hezekiah Hess);
Contrary to the statute in such case expressly made
And provided; and against the peace and dignity of the State wherein the venue had been laid.

The prisoner, Joseph Scroggs, was then arraigned upon this charge,
And plead not guilty, and of this he threw himself upon the country at large;
And, said Joseph being poor, the court did graciously appoint
Mr. Smith to defend him—much on the same principle that obtains in every charity hospital where a young medical student is often set to rectify a serious injury to an organ or a joint.

The witnesses seemed prejudiced against poor Mr. Scroggs,
And the District Attorney made a thrilling speech, in which he told the jury that if they didn't find for the State he reckoned he'd have to "walk their logs;"
Then Mr. Smith arose and made his speech for the defense,
Wherein he quoted Shakspeare, Blackstone, Chitty, Archbold, Joaquin Miller, Story, Kent, Tupper, Smedes, and Marshall, and many other writers, and everybody said they "never heerd sich a bust of eloquence."

And he said: "On this hypothesis, my client must go free;"
And: "Again, on this hypothesis, it's morally impossible that he could be guilty, don't you see?"
And: "Then, on this hypothesis, you really can't convict;"
And so on, with forty-six more hypotheses, upon none of which, Mr. Smith ably demonstrated, could Scroggs be derelict.

But the jury, never stirring from the box wherein they sat,
Returned a verdict of "guilty," and His Honor straightway sentenced Scroggs to a three-year term in the penitentiary, and a heavy fine, and the costs on top of that;
And the prisoner, in wild delight, got up and danced and sung;
And when they asked him the reason of this strange behavior, he said: "It's because I got off so easy—for if there'd ha' been a few more of them darned *hypothesise*, I should certainly have been hung."
—*Scribner.*

LOVE AND TURNIPS.

His name was John Goodwin Emerson, and his works and ways were these: Tending a pegging machine in a New England shoe shop, and thinking much of Patience Lovering, the primary-school teacher. When the 6-o'clock whistle brought welcome release from the weary clatter of the pegging machine, he betook himself to the society of Patience or books. That is, Patience would not always receive him, and then he read books in a species of mad fury.

Patience Lovering seemed in some manner above him. He knew this, and had wisely thought to raise himself to her level. Finally the time came when the word that was in his heart came out, and, upon a suitable occasion, he told her that he loved her, and had hoped to make her his wife.

The result was peculiar and most unhappy. This modern maiden met love's advance with a kind of iron-clad common-sense, and bluntly told him his income was insufficient. Her own earnings were enough for her support, and a little more. She lived in comfort, and had some leisure, to say nothing of an occasional taste of the drama and music. As his wife she would have none of these, besides many household cares and that sort of thing.

Did she not love him? She looked at him with a sad smile, and said, "I will not say whether I love you or not; perhaps—perhaps not." Seeing that he was greatly cast down, she added, playfully, "Am I not worth winning? Why do you not try?"

"What can I do?" said he, bitterly. "I am only a mechanic."

She made no reply for a moment, and then she said, slowly, "That is nothing—I mean it is nothing against you. The point is that you must be more. It is not for me to say what or how. You are a man. I make no promise, but you may win me—if you can."

With this she turned away quickly and walked on alone before him, leaving him standing in the middle of the rural lane where they had been walking. He saw her put up her hands before her face, but whether it was in shame or grief he could not tell. It was both—shame that she had been forced to speak so plainly, and grief that—but, really, her grief was so mingled with other sentiments that it was part sorrow and part hope.

The young man gazed after her till she had disappeared, and then he turned side to the stone wall that bound the lane, and looked out over the wide expanse of a very fine turnip field. There were millions of turnips in majestic rows, rank beyond rank, their plume-like leaves waving as an army with banners. Of these 10,000 one alone attracted his attention. It was a mighty turnip, fair to see, and of goodly size and shape. It was the king turnip of the field, and the disconsolate lover studied it with interest.

It is a curious fact that sometimes, when the mind is suffering from a great shock or sudden revulsion of feeling, the most trivial things absorb the attention. It is as if the will was too weary to trouble itself about the directing of the mind, and any chance object absorbed the whole attention. The young man considered this superior turnip with profound interest. Why was it so mighty while all its million brothers were no more than ordinary turnips? Traces of an old compost heap near by seemed to explain the turnip's glorious proportions. At once his mind skipped nimbly to the future. If this turnip, so goodly in shape and size, were selected for seed, would not its seed retain something of its noble proportions? If the fittest were made to survive, would not a superior race begin?

Having considered these deep and momentous questions for some time, the young man turned away and went home, feeling much better. Such is the effect of labor, particularly mental labor, on sorrow. The next day they both resumed their labors in school and shop, and none guessed that aught had passed between them.

Months passed away, and already the winter was far spent. She taught the infant mind and he tended the pegging machine, and it seemed as if all were lost between them. Wait! The spring sun already mounts the sky, though the wind blows and the snow flies. It was the 15th of February when the young man went to the savings bank and drew out some money. He remembered the days when he had saved these dollars for another purpose, and now it was all over, and he might as well spend the money in another direction. Before night he had purchased two hot-bed sashes, a load of stable manure and a few boards. From these he constructed a hot bed, such as he had seen gardeners make for early lettuce. Two days after, he found a chance hour when the wind was lulled, and he opened the hot-bed. The soil was soft and warm, like a bit of spring land in the midst of snow. Taking a paper from his pocket, he began to sow a quantity of seeds—white turnip.

Now it happened that the yard where he worked was next the street, at the side of the house where he lived with his mother. He was aware, after a while, that some one had stopped in the way and was looking over the fence at him. Little caring who it might be, he went on with his labor. Presently there was a little cough—a highly suggestive cough, full of curiosity and dashed with pique. He looked up. It was Patience Lovering.

"What are you doing?"

"Sowing the seeds of good fortune," said he, gravely.

"Dear me! how interesting! Have you any of that kind of seed to spare?"

"No. But you shall have the whole crop."

"Ah! thanks. You are very kind. I hope it will bear 'some an hundredfold, some two hundredfold.'"

He stood up and looked at her, with a new light kindling in his eyes. "I hope it will be a thousandfold, if you will accept it."

This disjointed speech he uttered with ill-suppressed eagerness, and she observed it and blushed. Nothing more passed between them, save a few commonplaces, and then she moved on, and he finished his work with renewed hope and courage.

Weeks grew to months, and still he tended the pegging machine, and slowly added to his savings in the bank. With all this, he was not patient. He had not Patience, and yet she daily walked before him. Thus was he doubly sorrowful, for he had neither the woman nor the virtue. He cast about in many ways to see whereby he might better himself. Moreover, he read books, and thus, while he knew it not, he grew in mental stature.

Meanwhile the turnips grew. They sprung up quickly in the gentle heat of the frame, and, acting on the advice of a gardener in the neighborhood, and such books on horticulture as he could find, he transplanted the tiny plants to small flower-pots. As they grew he removed them to still larger and larger pots. When the spring came he hired a few rods of ground outside the town, and in June removed the turnips from the pots to the open ground. He gave each turnip three square feet of space, and he digged about each plant and enriched it to the utmost. The result was as he had expected. In August he had some 100 or more most mighty turnips. The like had never been seen in all the land. Envious passers-by looked over the fence and remarked that "them roots would eat bad; too big and corky, you know." To all of which the young man said not a word.

In all this Patience Lovering took no interest. She could not understand it, and she had belied her name. She had become weary of waiting. Instead of leaving his pegging machine and starting out in the world to make his fortune, after the manner of the various knights of whom she had read, he went to that dull shop every day—and cultivated turnips. The truth is, she was blind. She saw not the cords of duty that bound the young man to his pegging machine, that his widowed mother might live in decent comfort. With the summer came her vacation, and she went away to the sea-shore for a little pleasure trip. It was her first journey away from home, and it is small wonder that she met and was dazzled by a creature of seemingly fairer shape. He made love to her, and—poor little goose!—she accepted him without even asking whereby he earned the wherewithal to be clothed in such gorgeous apparel. There is a trace of the eccentric in every mind, and the wise virgin who counseled her poor lover accepted a rich one without a question. She returned to her native shoe town with a diamond ring, and announced that she would teach school but one year more.

It was admitted on every hand that the like of these turnips had never been seen before. A single turnip was sufficient for a family of six for two days—half a turnip at a meal. Moreover, they "ate very well," as reported by the editor of the local "weekly." The turnips grew to the sere and yellow leaf, and then they were carefully gathered and stored for the winter in the cellar of Mrs. Emerson's house.

Suddenly there appeared in the town a creature new to the experience of the sober inhabitants. The younger feminine populace declared that it was "Patience Lovering's beau." So it seemed to the cultivator of turnips as he came home from the shoe shop and met Patience on the man's arm in broad daylight. He bowed to her as they passed, but she only replied with a distant nod. The young man stood for a moment gazing after them, and then he hastened home and put on his best suit as if to go out. No, he would not. She would not listen to his warning; she would probably resent it. There was nothing to do but to suffer in silence, and to be as patient as he might.

Then came another surprise. Patience Lovering, the wise and sensible school-teacher, suddenly resigned her school, was married at the minister's house, and went away before the village had time to say a word. After that the tongues wagged nimbly, but the young man minded his pegging machine, and kept his thoughts to himself.

Again the advancing sun warned of spring, and the gardeners got ready their frames. The young man selected from his monster turnips a number of the best, planted each in a large flower-pot, and put them in a new hot-bed. Day by day he watched them grow, tending them with minute care and persistent nursing. They rewarded him abundantly, and by April showed signs of throwing up flower-stalks.

Patience Lovering disappeared utterly. It was said she had gone to Boston, but some said it was New York or London. Yet one remembered and knew, because he still loved her; but he held his peace—for grief.

At last it came—the harvest of seeds. He had now seeds of the monster turnips. By every means possible he kept some of the turnips back late into the summer as samples of the variety. He called it the "Good Friend Turnip," with a touch of sentiment, and he took pains to make it known that he had seed of this superior variety of turnip for sale. He raised a new crop in the same manner as before, and at the horticultural exhibition he exhibited the "Good Friend," greatly to the astonishment of the rural mind. The like of these turnips had never been seen, and every farmer for miles around was in want of the seed. A certain seed-dealer came anxiously to the house one evening, and asked the price of the whole lot of seed—about half a pint. The young man suddenly changed his tactics, and said there would be no seeds of the "Good Friend" for sale till another year. The result was that every one was more eager to purchase, and the young man took orders for the next crop of seeds, at the rate of 20 cents for a single seed.

The snow covered all the land and blocked the railroads in every direction. It was past 9 o'clock when the last train came in from the city, four hours late. The passengers straggled sleepily out of the snow-covered cars, and stood shivering in the desolate station, fearing to venture into the deserted streets of the town. The tall shoe shops stood grim and white in the night, their many windows, dull like glazed eyes, staring out on the night and storm.

"All out, John?" said the station-master to a brakeman who had passed through the train.

"No; there's a woman asleep here. What shall I do with her?"

"Rout her out. We can't stay here all night."

The brakeman did his duty as kindly as he knew, and the woman took up her child, wrapped it in a faded shawl and stumbled out of the car, and crept along the platform to the street door. The station-master stood by the door, keys in hand, as if to lock up. The woman paused a moment at the entrance of the deserted snow-covered street, and asked if there was a cheap boarding-place near by. The man knew of none, save the hotel up in the town, and then he moved the door as if to urge her out into the street. She took the hint and went out, and instantly the door closed behind her, and she was alone in the streets of her native town. She tried to recall the houses and streets, but could make nothing familiar, so greatly had everything changed.

She walked on for some time, little heeding or caring, so long as she went on and on from the terror behind. She passed several streets, and she saw a light, and, going toward it, found it was a warehouse, where the clerks were still busy late into the night. By the aid of the street lamps she made out the figure of a golden turnip, with this legend beneath it—"The Good Friend."

Suddenly the door opened, and some one came out and started to walk briskly up the street. It seemed as if her knees gave way beneath her, and she sank down in the snow.

"My good woman, it is late to be out. Why do you not go home? Ah! pardon me. Perhaps you are ill?"

He took a match from his pocket, and when it blazed up he held it close to her face. She tried to hide her face with her arm, but he gently drew it away. Suddenly there was a loud call, and—that was all she remembered, till some time after she was awaked to sense and feeling by warmth and light. She was upon a bed, and an elderly gentleman stood over her with a bottle and spoon in his hand.

"Take a little of the wine, madam, and we'll soon have you all right." Seeing that her eyes wandered, he added: "Never fear; I am the doctor. The child is safe."

She sat up on the bed, and looked round the room.

"This is not the hospital?"

"No; something better. Drink this, and you will soon feel stronger."

She drank the wine, and then lay back on the pillow and tried to recall her scattered thoughts. On the wall was a lithograph of a number of turnips—absurd and monster turnips, fit for the feeding of a mighty family. Beside this were pictures of other vegetables, and all of inordinate proportions. Suddenly she laughed, and then the tears came. It was all so strange and so wildly improbable.

There were footsteps in the room, and she listened eagerly. A shadow fell on the bed, and some one stood before her.

"Patience."

She was startled, and turned away in mingled shame and grief. It was true; it was his house, his home, and—Ah! there was another near—a woman.

"Patience, do you not know me?"

What could she do or say? Her mouth was parched, and the sobs choked her speech. She did nothing, till at last he took her hand, and then her thin fingers tightened round his as if seeking help, protection, forgiveness—everything. But that woman—who was she?

"Mother, she knows me. Please leave her to me."

Her fingers tightened closer on his, and there was a movement of the arm as if to draw him nearer. He came nearer, till at last her head was pillowed on his arm. For a moment she lay thus in silence, while the tears flowed. At last she said, slowly: "Can you forgive me, John?"

"Forgive you? Yes, and more. Now that I have you safe, you shall never more leave me."

"But, John, he—"

"He is dead. He was killed in some street brawl yesterday. It is in all the evening papers."

She neither cried nor in any manner noticed this, save to say, sadly: "I am glad. He—he was not a good man. I loved him once; but it is better so."

Then he found words to say all that had been in his heart these years.

She heard it all in happy silence, and then she said, with a faint trace of her old manner, "How came you so rich, John? You are well off. I see it plainly."

"Turnips, my love, only turnips. The house of 'Emerson & Co., Seed Growers and Dealers,' is founded on turnips. You shall have a quarter section of a Good Friend Turnip for dinner as soon as you are able to come down."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Grandfather Lickshingle on the Hot Weather.

"This is very unpleasant weather," said Grandfather Lickshingle, yesterday. "I am goin' on 200 years old now, an' I don't remember ever seein' nuthin' like it."

"It's awful," growled a member of the family; "if it doesn't soon get cooler I do think we shall die."

"Cooler? die?" exclaimed grandfather, "wh—wh—what d'ye mean, child? I wasn't compiainin' about the heat," he went on, buttoning up his dressing-gown. "I was about to remark that I never see such confoundedly cool weather at this time of year. Why, only think, here's it's the middle of July, and the thermometer down to a hundred and ten in the shade," and he shrugged his shoulders as if a lump of ice had slid down his back.

"I wouldn't be surprised, he continued, "if the blamed mercury should git down to a hundred afore it stops, and freeze half of us to death, same as it did once out West."

"Out West?"

"Yes; in St. Louis."

"You must be mistaken, grandfather; St. Louis is the hottest place in the world. People are dying there from the heat by dozens."

"Oh, I know they are *now;* and I don't wonder at it—people have become so everlastin'ly delicate these days that they can't stand nothin'. Now, when I lived in St. Louis it was inhabited by a different breed of cats. In them days the reg'lar temper'ture was from 250 to 300 in the shade."

Here the member got out of the room, unperceived by grandfather, who continued:

"That made it kind of pleasant and healthy. But one summer, right in the middle of harvest, the thermometer fell down to a hundred an' five, an' I never see such distress in all my life. People just literally froze to death. If your grandfather hadn't been tougher than a pine knot-hole, I'm sure he wouldn't be here now to tell it. But I had lots of heavy clothin' and managed to worry through. There's somethin' in the air now that reminds me of that desp'rit time, an' I'm afraid history is to be repeated," and he began blowing on his fingers' ends, at the same time turning around to see what effect was being produced by the recital.

Finding himself alone, he said:

"All right; I can stand it if they can. I was only tellin' the story that they might know a little of the history of their own country; but if they don't want to hear it they needn't. If they prefer to remain as ignorant as the beasts of the field, it ain't my loss. For my part I'll go down to the ice-house. It can't be very much cooler there than it is here," and picking up his cane and fan he went.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A Californian Wheat Farm.

The largest farmer in the State is Dr. Glenn, of Colusi county. He farms 20,000 acres. He sold his last year's wheat crop for more than $600,000. His farms are constantly being improved by fencing, the erection of good permanent buildings, etc., and his stock of farming machinery is extensive and complete.

NO MATTER how fine and fashionable a woman's attire is, she never appears well dressed when she looks as though her clothes hurt her.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

FARMERS, if they did but know it, are under lasting obligations to the unassuming sub-soiler, the angle-worm.

ACCORDING to the Toronto *Globe*, the simplest way to waterproof muslin or canvas, for hay-caps or similar purposes, is to give it, on one side only, three or four coats of a dressing composed of a quarter of a pound of soft-soap and a gallon of linseed oil.

FERTILIZER FOR WHEAT.—One of the best artificial fertilizers for wheat, to be applied in the spring, is nitrate of soda. One hundred pounds of this per acre should be sown evenly over the wheat as soon as it begins to grow in the spring. —*American Agriculturist.*

NO ONE, a German writer says, succeeds well with bees who keeps them with only large profits in view; for it is especially true here that "he who maketh haste to be rich" will surely fall into a snare. There must be a genuine enjoyment of the business and a real love for bees.

SULPHUR FOR CATTLE VERMIN.—Let every man that keeps a cow sprinkle an ounce of sulphur along the back of the animal from the horns to the tail twice at least during the summer, and rub it well with a corn-cob so as to work to the skin; then the animal will not be troubled with grubs in the back or vermin of any kind, and will be more quiet every way. —*Semi-Tropical.*

CHEESE, as met with in the market, varies greatly in composition. Good kinds contain from 30 to 35, and inferior kinds 38 to 45 per cent. of water; rich sorts include from 25 to 30 per cent. of fats and about the same proportion of albuminates. Poor cheese often contains only 6 per cent. of fat, and 40 to 50 per cent. of water. The amount of ash varies from 3 to 10 per cent.

SIMPLE TEST FOR MILK.—The *Milch Zeitung* communicates a plan for testing milk which possesses the merit at least of simplicity. A well-polished knitting-needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position, when, if the sample be pure, some of the fluid will be found to adhere to it, while such is not the case if water has been added to the milk even in the smallest proportions.

MR. WM. SANDERS, Supperintendent of the Agricultural Grounds at Washington, says he has been experimenting a long time to try to prevent blight, and whether or not he has an infallible remedy he is unable to determine—he only knows that for ten years he has painted or washed apple and pear trees once or twice a year with a lime white-wash strongly impregnated with sulphur, and such trees have thus far escaped the blight, though it has appeared in the adjacent orchards.

APPLE WORMS.—An extensive fruit grower of Western New York states that while scraping his apple trees he found lodged in the crotch of nearly every tree a nest of worms identical with those found in an apple; that the worm was safely secreted beneath the bark, where washing the surface of the tree over its bed would not affect or even disturb it. By removing the scaly bark and applying a coat of weak lye, the insects were at once killed, and thereby, in his opinion, an immense army of worms indirectly exterminated.—*Exchange.*

CURRANTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.—Much pruning in the fall may be avoided by removing shoots which push now where stems are not needed; they are easily pulled out. Generally the bushes are too full of wood and leaves for the most abundant fruit. In some markets both these fruits bring a better price when picked green—indeed, gooseberries are rarely sold otherwise. By heavy mulching, the fruit of the currant may be kept on the bushes a long while in good condition for table use. For jelly, currants should be gathered as soon as fairly colored.

CHARCOAL IN TURKEY-FEEDING.—An old turkey-raiser narrates the following experiment: Four turkeys were confined in a pen, and fed on meal, potatoes and oats. Four others of the same brood were also, at the same time, confined in another pen, and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of very finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their food—mixed meal and boiled potatoes. They had also a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with charcoal, they being much the fattest and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor.—*Cultivator.*

About the House.

BEEF LIVER.—Cut it in slices half an inch thick, pour boiling water over it, drain, and broil it with thin slices of pork dipped in flour; cut it in mouthfuls, and heat it with butter, pepper and salt for three or four minutes.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—Two cupfuls of sour milk, half a cupful of molasses, a teaspoonful of soda, a heaping cupful of flour and Indian meal to make a stiff batter. Add a little salt, and fry as griddle cakes.

DEODORIZERS.—A pail of clear water in a newly-painted room will remove the sickening odor of paint. Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of the sick-room are excellent deodorizers.

FOR BURNS.—Strong, fresh, clear lime water mixed with as much linseed oil as it will cut; shake the bottle before applying; wrap the burn in cotton wadding saturated with the lotion; wet as often as it appears dry, without removing cotton from burn for nine days, when new skin will probably have formed.

CITRON CAKE.—1½ cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 6 eggs, 1 teaspoonful "royal baking powder," or ½ teaspoonful of soda and ⅔ ditto cream of tartar, 1 pint flour, 1 cup citron, cut in thin slices. Rub, the butter and sugar to a smooth cream, add the eggs two at a time, beating five minutes between each addition. Sift the flour and baking powder, add it to the butter and sugar with the citron.

ONION TOAST.—Boil some small onions, changing the water twice, and salting the last time. When done, take the onions up with a skimmer. Thicken the water, which should be boiled away to about a pint, with a very little corn-starch; add butter, pepper and salt to taste. Have toasted some thin slices of bread, lay them in a dish, put the onions on the slices, and pour the gravy over.

CELERY LEAVES.—Most housekeepers throw away the leaves and green tops of celery. There is a better way than this. Dry them thoroughly in the oven, then pulverize to a fine powder, and they make a very delicious seasoning for soup, the aroma and strength of the celery being remarkably preserved. After being pulverized, the powder should be kept in a jar or closed bottle to preserve the strength.

COOKING CALF'S OR PIG'S LIVER.—Put a little lard into a sauce-pan, and when hot throw in onion chopped fine, and the slices of calf's liver floured. Turn the liver several times, allowing it to cook well and imbibe the taste of the onion. When done, drain out the liver, and put into your pan a piece of butter the size of a large hickory nut and a heaping teaspoonful of flour, stir it until it assumes a fine brown color, then pour in a cupful of boiling water, stirring it well with the egg-whisk, add pepper, salt, and a heaping table-spoonful of vinegar; put the liver slices into the sauce, and let them remain at the side of the fire until ready to serve.

Facts of Great Interest to All—Time and Money Saved.

All families are interested in their family physicians. They may take quack medicines for slight ailments, but when true sickness comes then must come the family doctor. All are interested then in this matter, and every family newspaper should give them valuable information and advice.

Every one knows that, in times gone by, the great family doctors were educated in New York and Philadelphia, but that in these days such is no longer the case. The great cities of the West, Louisville, Chicago, Cincinnati, all contain medical colleges in which the very best education is to be obtained.

The cost of this education is far less than it is in Eastern cities; a fact of great interest to parents and guardians, and to all interested in medical students. Indeed, so important is this money question to our readers, that we must give them information which will save for themselves and their friends both time and money.

In the Atlantic cities a student has to pay for two courses of lectures $155 each; or $310 for the two. His diploma fee is $30; all fees amounting to $340. His board for two sessions is $280, or $140 for each. His fees and board costing $620. These facts and figures are official.

In Louisville, Chicago, etc., where the medical colleges are equally as good as they are in New York, the student pays for his two courses $65 each, or $130 for the two. His diploma fee costs $30. All fees amounting to $160 for the two sessions. His board for two sessions costs $160, or $80 for each. The entire fees and board costing $320. These figures are also official, and show that the student who goes to the great colleges of the West saves fully $300 in the cost of a first-class medical education. If to this amount be added that of the increased cost of travel, it is evident that $400 would be a moderate estimate of the amount saved by him. Indeed, students residing in the New England and Atlantic States can, by going to first-class medical colleges in the West, save from $200 to $300 in the cost of a medical education. Surely these great money facts cannot fail to interest every reader, and cause him to bring them to the attention of all studying or about to study medicine. Parents and preceptors will, we feel sure, thank us for this valuable information.

But these are other facts now to be given of even greater interest; facts which show that a student can not only save $300 in the cost of his medical education, but that he can gain one full additional course of lectures. That is to say, the student will, in seventeen months, obtain three instead of two courses of lectures, and save also $300.

Among the many new catalogues of medical colleges recently issued, that of the Louisville Medical College (Louisville, Ky.) is exceedingly interesting. Indeed, the facts presented therein are so important that we must present them to our readers.

It appears that the Faculty of the Louisville Medical College have been also elected to fill the vacant chairs in the Kentucky School of Medicine—one of the oldest and best medical colleges in this country, this great compliment having been extended to this Faculty on account of the triumphant success of the Louisville Medical College. As the result, this Faculty teach in the Louisville Medical College from September to March, and in the Kentucky School of Medicine from March to July.

Both of these colleges are first-class institutions, both being connected, we see, with the Association of American Medical Colleges, of which the colleges at New York and Philadelphia are also members.

From the fact of this faculty teaching in these two great medical colleges, there spring some curious and interesting results.

Students who enter the Louisville Medical in September or October can, at the close of that session in February, at once enter the Kentucky School of Medicine, which commences its session in March and closes at the end of June. In the following September or October these students can again enter the Louisville Medical College and graduate in February. Thus having, in seventeen months, passed three complete courses of lectures; whereas, in seventeen months, any other faculty can give but two courses of lectures.

The student's entire fees for the three courses in these two Louisville colleges are, we see, but $187, and his board for seventeen months but $200, or $367 for the entire cost of his medical education, board and all fees included.

When it is remembered that in Eastern colleges the student gets but two courses of lectures, and has to pay for these $340, with $280 for his board ($620 in all), it will be seen that in Louisville he gets one full course of lectures more in the same time, and saves in fees and travel fully $300. A GREAT ECONOMY OF TIME, A GREAT SAVING OF MONEY, AND THE GAINING OF ONE ENTIRE COURSE OF LECTURES. Indeed, it is evident from the facts and figures afforded to the public in these catalogues, that IN NO OTHER WAY, IN NO OTHER CITY, AND IN NO OTHER MEDICAL COLLEGES, CAN A STUDENT IN SEVENTEEN MONTHS OBTAIN THREE FULL COURSES OF LECTURES AND YET SAVE IN MONEY FULLY $300.

Every student or guardian or parent who reads these remarkable facts should send at once for catalogues. It is stated in the catalogues just issued that all applications for them should be addressed simply to the Dean of the Louisville Medical College, Louisville, Ky.

We see that five per cent. of the class are granted beneficiary privileges.

We also see in the catalogues issued that students who desire it will be educated by the graded system adopted at Harvard, Mass.

One is not surprised to read, after learning these remarkable advantages offered by this Faculty, that ninety-five students have been graduated by it in the last year.

The class list as published shows students from almost every State, the best evidence of the fact that the public throughout this country is rapidly obtaining and appreciating the valuable information here given to our readers.

It seems only natural that so many students from the Northern States should seek in winter the mild and temperate climate of Kentucky; for thus they escape their harsh winter weather, and return home in time for the cool Northern summer.

Louisville, the geographical center of this country, bids fair to be one of its greatest medical centers.

While newspapers seldom furnish the information which we have herein given, we are satisfied that our readers will value these interesting and profitable facts, and will agree with us in saying that all which is of interest to the family circle belongs of right to the family newspaper.

Sly Old Bismarck.

There seems to be a general feeling of disgruntlement over the decisions of the recent European congress. Russia is dissatisfied, but keeps quiet about it. Italy, however, is openly growling, and claims that Austria, having obtained Bosnia, ought now to give her the South Tyrol. Servia is grumbling, and thinks she ought to have had Bosnia, instead of Austria. Roumania is mad because she has lost Bessarabia. Greece is surly because she gets next to nothing for doing nothing. Last of all comes France, who is every day getting madder and madder because of England's special convention with Turkey, by which she occupies Cyprus, and, as the French think, threatens Egypt. For how many of these soreheads is Bismarck responsible? In occupying Cyprus as part of her scheme for protecting Asiatic Turkey aginst Russian aggrandizement, and agreeing to oppose Russia if she moved her frontier beyond Kars and Ardahan, did he foresee that it was inevitable Russia would extend her frontiers and thus provoke a bloody war with England? When the English occupied Cyprus, did he forsee that it would superinduce a constantly-increasing coolness between England and France, and soon smash the strong alliance that has stood in his way so long? Did he foresee that in each case, or in any case, Germany would be the gainer? And yet the cynic in the spiked helmet, who could have removed every possibility of trouble between the powers by a word, allowed them to go on, in the interests of peace!—*Chicago Tribune.*

Grant's Cigar, and Its Effect.

Gen. Grant's inevitable cigar is credited with greatly promoting the export of American tobacco to England. Soon after he reached Great Britain he met a New York tobacconist and complained about the "devilish bad" cigars they have over there. The New Yorker drew some American ones from his pockets, and Grant, while enjoying one of them, asked the giver why he didn't introduce them in England. The tobacconist took the hint, sent over samples of his choicest brands, advertised well, and has already built up such a trade that he visited the Treasury Department the other day to see about paying the tax on 90,000 cigars he had just shipped to England.

Milestones on the Road to Health.

The recovery of digestion and the resumption of activity by the liver, bowels and kidneys are milestones which mark our progress on the road to health. They speedily become perceptible when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is used by the invalid. Nothing so surely and expeditiously consumes the distance to the desired goal. As no bodily function can suffer interruption without impairing the general health of the system, so the system can never acquire perfect vigor, health's synonym, until that function be actively resumed. Take, for instance, digestion, a suspension of which is invariably rectified by the Bitters. If the organs upon which it devolves grow weak, biliousness, constipation, headache, poverty of the blood, and a hundred other symptoms supervene, which indicate unmistakably the baneful general influence of dyspepsia. The disappearance of all these symptoms, through the use of the Bitters, shows with what thoroughness it removes their cause.

Economical Tea Cake.

Two quarts of flour, sift through it four teaspoonfuls DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER, two tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, one pound and a quarter of sugar, dissolved in two and a half cups of sweet milk. Spice to taste, and bake in small molds.

REAL MERIT will win, and the merit of Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR has won for itself a deserved reputation in the cure of Heart Disease. A well-known firm in Manchester, N. H., say:

We have sold in the last three months forty bottles of Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR. Every one that has used it says that it has proved satisfactory.
LITTLEFIELD & HAYES.

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, etc.

The HEART REGULATOR is for sale by druggists at 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

WILHOFT'S ANTI-PERIODIC OR FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.—This invaluable and standard family medicine is now a household word and maintains its reputation unimpaired. It is indorsed by the medical profession, and prescribed daily in hospital service. Why? Because, after years of trial in the worst malarial districts of the United States, it has proved itself a positive antidote for all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TRAVELERS by railroad or steamer should always have a box of GRACE'S SALVE with them ready for immediate use in case of an accident. There is nothing like it for the relief of Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, Bruises and Sprains, while for the cure of Felons, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Corns, old Sores, etc., it is a specific.

WE have a list of a thousand country weeklies, in which we can insert a one-inch advertisement one year for two dollars and a quarter a paper, or for the same price we can insert fifty-two reading notices (a new one every week), averaging seven lines each. For list of papers and other particulars, address BEALS & FOSTER, 10 Spruce street, New York.

WE know of no way that we can benefit our readers more than by calling attention to *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* It is the oldest and most valuable patent medicine in the world. Everybody should keep it in the house. It will check diarrhea and dysentery in one hour.

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

FOR upwards of 30 years Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery and diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. 25 cts. a bottle.

IF the fountain is pure the streams will be pure also. So with the blood. If that be pure the health is established. *Parsons' Purgative Pills* make new rich blood, and taken one a night will change the blood in the entire system in three months.

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	$7 50	@10 50
HOGS	4 50	@ 4 70
COTTON	11¼	@ 12
FLOUR—Superfine	3 60	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 02	@ 1 07
CORN—Western Mixed	45	@ 49
OATS—Mixed	32	@ 35
RYE—Western	60	@ 61
PORK—Mess	10 35	@10 60
LARD	7¼	@ 7¼
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	5 60	@ 5 50
Choice Natives	4 50	@ 4 90
Good next quality	4 50	@ 3 80
Butchers' Steers	3 50	@ 3 90
Medium to Fair	4 00	@ 4 40
HOGS—Live	3 50	@ 4 60
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	5 75	@ 6 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	4 80	@ 5 12½
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 04½	@ 1 05
No. 3 Spring	90	@ 91
CORN—No. 2	39	@ 40
OATS—No. 2	26	@ 27
RYE—No. 2	53	@ 54
BARLEY—No. 2	72	@ 73
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	18	@ 20
EGGS—Fresh	7	@ 8
PORK—Mess	9 62½	@ 9 75
LARD	7	@ 7¼
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 15	@ 1 16
No. 2	1 15	@ 1 16
CORN—No. 2	39	@ 40
OATS—No. 2	26	@ 27
RYE—No. 1	53	@ 54
BARLEY—No. 2	85	@ 86
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 3 Red Fall	92	@ 93
CORN—Mixed	35	@ 36
OATS—No. 2	25	@ 25
RYE	47	@ 48
PORK—Mess	9 80	@10 00
LARD	7	@ 7¼
HOGS	2 90	@ 4 40
CATTLE	2 50	@ 5 00
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—Red	93	@ 95
CORN	43	@ 44
OATS	27	@ 30
RYE	52	@ 53
PORK—Mess	10 00	@10 25
LARD	7	@ 7¼
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 05	@ 1 07
No. 2 Red	98	@ 1 00
CORN	39	@ 42
OATS—No. 2	27	@ 29
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice White	4 75	@ 5 25
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 10	@ 1 11
No. 1 Amber	94	@ 95
CORN—No. 1	43	@ 44
OATS—Mixed	29	@ 30