HAYMAKING.

Across the sunny field she went;
Who is our sovereign lady?
She said, "Such days were never meant
To waste in corners shady."
She would not take a single nay,
Excusing or denying;
"Come out," she said, "and turn the hay,
Because the sun is shining."

Some pleaded letters: "Why, you see,
'Tis mail-day for Golconda!"
Another: "When I've read these three
Last pages of 'Deronda.'"
Two miscreants who had slyly fled
(Straw hat and Dolly Varden)
Were captured, lips and fingers red,
Deep in the kitchen garden.

No pleading was the least excuse,
She brooked no contradiction;
"The heat you cannot make excuse,"
"Those letters are a fiction!"
"You've played lawn tennis half the day,
Than which my work is cooler!"
And so, at last, she got her way,
Our most despotic ruler.

She sat our stations row by row,
And marshaled us sedately;
"See, now, this is the way to go,
The swathes want turning straightly.
Don't seize your rakes like whips and oars,
Nor drag them limp and lazy."
The haymakers who drank their "fours,"
In shadow, thought us crazy.

But, not five minutes' work was done,
'Ere defalcations tried her:
Dick's line and Kate's merged into one,
And Jack must taste the cider.
While some would loiter, some would play,
And some would rest already—
"Alas!" she sighed, "for all I say,
I cannot keep you steady."

Across the field there swept a tide
Of voices, songs and laughter;
She raked her line with honest pride,
I followed silent after.
We left the others far behind,
O'ermastered by the weather,
And finished where the roses bind
The further hedge together.

What made me bold? Some words we spoke
By chance, or silence sweeter,
While all the summer sounds awoke
And sang in tender meter.
I only know, my fate essayed,
I won her sweet, resigning;
Nor did she blame me that I made
Hay while the sun was shining.

—*The Argosy.*

THAT LITTLE PLACE OF BROWN'S.

The place was mine, and we lived as cosily there, my wife and little daughter and I, as birds in a nest, until the Blacks, some old friends of ours from the city, came to live in our neighborhood.

We were at supper one night when my wife told me.

"They're going to take the French-roofed house around the corner," said Sally, "with the big extension and the conservatory, and as I happened to be walking out just as the trucks came down I couldn't help seeing that the parlor furniture is of crimson satin damask and ebony—I think it's ebony, but I wont be sure," continued my wife, "but at any rate it's inlaid."

"Well, that's a comfort, anyway," said I. "If your positive it's inlaid, Sally, you can perhaps go on with your supper."

"Yes," she said, so preoccupied with her theme that she hadn't eaten a morsel, "and there's the handsomest bedroom set for Jane that I most ever laid my eyes on; it's one of these dressing bureaus, Joe, with a magnificent plate glass that reaches down to the floor."

"That's good," said I. "You can run around there when you have your next gown fitted, and see the hang of it."

"I don't expect to run around there," said Sally, craning her neck up stiffly, turning up the end of her nose, and drawing her lips down.

"Why, what's the matter?" said I, "Wasn't Jane friendly? I've done many a good turn for Black in my day, and I hope they're not going to turn the cold shoulder now—

"Oh, she was friely enough," said Sally, "but we can't expect, Joe, that people living in that kind of style can be on terms of intimacy with people that live as we do. There are certain restrictions in society—"

"Restrictions be hanged!" said I. "I'm as good a man as Black any day in the week."

"You're as good as the President, for that matter," said Sally; "but it's all like a pair of scales, Joe; when one goes up another goes down, and, from the way things look, it'll take a pretty heavy weight on the Black side to bring them down to our position."

I must own this kind of logic vexed me a little. I knew pretty well how Black stood commercially, and I told Sally there wasn't a feather's weight on his side, so far as the favors of fortune were concerned. "If he has a mind to live above his means," said I, "he can do it and take the consequences."

"He has as good a right to live above his means," said Sally, "as you have to live beneath yours."

This was her Parthian arrow as I went out of the door, and rankled a little all the way down in the train, the more sharply that I found Black the center of an admiring bevy at the depot. He had quite an imposing make-up and a glib tongue, which he used in inveighing against our system of paving. He complained of the condition of a good many things in our young township, and seemed to gain popularity with every fault that he found. At last he spied me, and was exceedingly loud and effusive in his salutation.

"Hallo, Brown!" he said, shaking my hand again and again, and declaring to the people about him that I was an old friend whom he was glad to unearth. "I've run you down, you sly fox. That's a very snug little place around the corner, very snug, indeed."

I wouldn't have believed it possible I could have been such an ass as to feel flattered by this familiarity of Black's, but I found myself smirking and nodding with great complacency. Here were at least half a dozen of the gentry about me who lived in big houses in my neighborhood, that I had been going up and down to the city with for years, yet scarcely knew them well enough for an exchange of civilities, and here was Black already hand and glove with the finest of them. It makes me sick now when I remember that I turned my back on poor old White, and went toadying on with this aristocracy. White lived in even a smaller house than mine, and had hard enough work to pay for that. He had failed in business some years before, and I don't know what they would have done without their boy Bob. He was with me in the city, and I knew that a goodly portion of the lad's earnings were given over to the support of the house. It was rather hard for Bob, but he bore his lot with great resignation. He came over pretty often to have a game of cribbage and talk over business matters with me, and I found him sharp enough at both. Then he had a pleasant way with the women. Our little Rosalie was little more than a child, but Sally used to brighten up when Bob came in, till she got into that kink about the Blacks.

"You'll stay here with Rosalie, won't you, Bob, till we come back?" I said to young White; and as I spoke I felt Sally give a savage pinch to my arm. No sooner were we out the door than she began about poor Bob.

"If you have no regard for your daughter's future, and choose to throw her away on a poor miserable beggar like Bob White—" began Sally.

"Why, my dear," I broke in, "Rosalie's a mere child. Don't begin to plan about her future, I beg of you. She's scarcely left off her pinafores, and if ever there was 'maiden meditation, fancy free,' anywhere, it lies in the brown eyes of our Rosalie."

By this time we had reached the imposing portal of Black's house, and were soon ushered into the presence of the satin and damask ebony. Black's children were none of them grown, but were precocious enough to take the lead in conversation; and we sat for a whole mortal hour and listened to the eldest girl hammer out on the piano what Mrs. Black called a "reverie." I was glad when Black took me into his library, where there were some good cigars and some pretty fair wine, and we left the women to themselves.

But a goodly quantity of poison was infused into Sally's system and mine before we left the big, luxurious house, and we went home together as changed as if touched by the wand of an enchanter.

"Dear me!" said Sally, "what a little cubby-hole this is! I declare, it's quite like a baby house."

"I'd like to have a library like Black's," said I, taking up the refrain. "It's nice to have a room," I continued, to Bob White, "where a man can take his friends. It would be far pleasanter, for instance, if you and I could have our game of cribbage without the continual gabble of women in our ears."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Bob—"I don't think so at all."

The lad looked over at Rosalie and blushed ingenuously. The color deepened in Rosalie's cheek till it went far ahead of the crimson in Black's satin damask upholstery, and a shy gleam shot from her brown eyes that sent a flood of light into my obtuse cranium.

I began to think Sally was right. Bob White was all very well in his way, but no sort of a match for my daughter Rosalie. She was my own ewe lamb—the bonniest, best and dearest little girl the sun ever shone upon. And besides all this, there was the secret consciousness that she could, if she wanted to, dress "in silk attire, and siller hae to spare." I hadn't lived in a plain way all these years for nothing. People about me began to realize that although Brown lived in a small house, he was a man of no inconsiderable means. Black had managed to convey this information to them, and I found no fault with this friendliness on his part. Old White never thought of such a thing as taking the seat beside me now on our way down in the train; it was generally filled by more popular parties, and I began to take quite an interest in the social and political discussion.

All this cost me considerable in the way of time and money. My games of cribbage were few and far between, and I put my name to all the subscriptions they chose to get up; but I didn't mind the money, and I had long since determined that the less Rosalie saw of young White the better. The color grew a little less vivid in her rounded cheeks, and the light less mischievous and joyous in her eyes; but Sarah said—I thought this was really a more suitable name for my wife's years and dignity—that her beauty was growing more and more refined every day. It has lately even attracted the attention of Mr. Percival Green, the junior member of Black's firm, and Green was one of those active business fellows who was sure to make his mark in the world. I told my wife to spare no expense for Rosalie's advancement and happiness, but was sorry to see a lack of spirit upon her part, and a quiet denial to partake of these new pleasures of popularity.

One thing was certain—radical measures must be taken to put a gulf between her and Bob White that could not be readily bridged over. The whole White family were as proud as Lucifer, and I knew I should have very little trouble in convincing them that the old intimacy had better be broken off. My new house on the boulevard began to take noble dimensions, and had already cost me a mint of money. Its marble halls were spacious enough to chill me to the bone, and there was quite a melancholy expanse of mud and masonry in its vicinity.

It rather surprised me, when I put our snug little place in the hands of the agent, that my wife was so willing to part with the furniture, too. I thought a few of the familiar old time-servers might be used to advantage somewhere in the new house, and I confess to a feeling of keen astonishment when she decided that everything must go. "We don't want to set up a second-hand junk shop on the boulevard," said Sarah; and I was ashamed to foster those old-fashioned sentiments, till one morning I found Rosalie crying over my old arm-chair in the sitting-room. It was a bungling old trap, covered with a queer pattern of chintz, where the tail of each bird of paradise had gradually faded with many a washing. But the bulgy back seemed to have fitted itself to my weary spine, and the well-worn arms of the chair were always cordially held out to me.

"I'm glad you've got a tear or two to spare, Rosy," I said, "at parting with old friends. I'll never get another so lenient with my rickety bones."

"I'll never part with it, father," said Rosalie; and I didn't care to tell her of her mother's decree.

In the meantime, however, I had broken the intelligence to poor Bob, as kindly as I could, that it would be better to cease his visits to the house. I think, as well as I remember, that I did put the blame upon my wife. I was glad to see that he took my communication in a manly, practical way, and bore up under it wonderfully. It troubled me that Rosalie seemed to take the matter so much to heart. Young Green's turnout was seen quite frequently at our door that winter, and I was tired of my wife's apologies about the house and its appurtenances. Every day that drew me nearer to the draughty chaos on the boulevard lent a warmer charm to the snug little home I was leaving, and I was not alone in my appreciation. No sooner had it become known that my little place was in the market than offers began to pour in from different quarters. All these offers were referred to the agent, who told me one morning as he was passing that the house had been rented and the furniture sold some time since to a young married couple.

"Here's another pair in search of a nuptial nest," I said, as I propped up an ingeniously-carved bit of a cigar box on the maple tree beneath my window. I felt a little blue as I went in to my breakfast, and had scarcely broken my egg when the door-bell rang, and I found Black at the door. His face was ashy pale, and his hand trembled upon his gold-headed cane.

"No more bad news," I stammered out, for some speculations of ours had turned out very disastrously of late.

"I'm a ruined man," said Black, sinking into a chair by the parlor door.

Big beads of terror started to my own forehead.

"Green has disappeared, the scoundrel," said Black, "and of course I shall be accused of complicity with the defaulter."

"Naturally," I said, dryly, for I was too wretched myself to have any sympathy to spare.

"This is a confidential visit, Brown," continued Black. "I shall have to fall back upon what little money remains to my wife, and I've come around here at her suggestion to hire this little place of yours for the coming year."

"My good gracious!" said a voice behind us; and there stood Sally, as red as the feathers in the duster she held in her hand.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown," said Black, "we've always been fond of this little place, and I really believe we will be as happy here in our adversity as you will in your fine new house."

"Perdition seize my fine new house and every one that has led me into this muddle!" I cried, beside myself with fright and vexation. "You know well that I shan't have the money now to go on with it. It will be all I can do to keep from bankruptcy myself."

"God forbid that I should refuse to aid my husband in this extremity," said Sally, with great nobility of accent and manner. "We'll make the sacrifice ourselves, Joe; we'll keep our own little place; we'll go on in the old way, dear. We'll stay here ourselves, Joe."

"I'm obliged to you for your consideration, madam," I replied; "but when the horse is gone, it's too late to shut the stable door. The house is let and the furniture is sold."

"My furniture sold!" shrieked Sally. "Oh! oh! oh! my furniture, my furniture, my dear old furniture taken from me! Why, they can't do it! They shan't. It's mine. It ain't yours. They can't take my things for your debts."

"Just wait," said I, "will you, till you're called upon to pay my debts. You gave orders for the furniture to be sold and the house to be rented yourself. The agent had told me this morning that a young married couple had taken them. We'll have to go to town and take a furnished flat."

"A furnished flat," echoed my wife, sinking into a chair and covering her face with her apron—"a furnished flat!" And, although I can safely swear she had time and again held this way of living to be a domestic felicity, there was an unspeakable misery in her view of it now. "I wish I was dead," she said. "I'd rather go to my grave than to a furnished flat—just in the lovely springtime, when the Brahmas are beginning to set, and the strawberry bed is one mass of bloom. Oh, my poor child!" she cried, to Rosalie, who had run in and thrown herself at her mother's knee, "your Mr. Green has turned out to be a nasty defaulter. A young married couple have robbed us of house and home, and your father has the cruelty to talk to me of a furnished flat."

"He isn't *my* Mr. Green," Rosalie broke in, "nor ever was, and the married couple won't rob you of anything but—but a—a bad, undutiful daughter. You shall stay here, mother dear, and—and Bo—Bob and I will go to the city and take the furnished flat."

"Am I to understand," said I, advancing to this dear, blushing, weeping child, and feeling a singular warmth and cheer creep about my fainting heart—"am I to believe that you and Bob are the married couple in question?"

Rosalie hung her sweet head, and my wife cried out to me, with the coolest assurance, that she told me how it would be all along, and that all further opposition on my part would be useless.

"You'd better go to the train, Joe," she said; "poor old Black has been gone this ten minutes. And bring home some garden seeds with you, and bring Bob to supper. We'll all live here together. And, please God, my darling," she said, flinging her arms about our little daughter, "we'll all be happy yet!"

"These Birds Are Sweet."

They were a primitive pair; a Chemung county Adam and Eve. His name was Richard Hatfield, better known as the "Honest Farmer of Chemung." Her name was Dorothy Ann Stubbs. They were walking up Fifth avenue, reading the signs. Suddenly he stopped and began reading D-e-l-m-o-n-i-c-o.

"Wilt fodder, Stubbs?"

"I willest," said the maiden.

"Here is the place," said he. "Name thy indigestion."

"Beefsteak and onions, hot."

"Nay, nay, sweet lass, it may not be. This is our natal day. Two brace of birds, waiter, and a bottle of fiz. Independence now and independence for ever."

THE FEAST.

"These birds are sweet," said he.

"But small," said she.

"Another bird, waiter. Dost thou love me, Stubbs?"

"Birds is in, talk's out. Another bird, waiter."

The bird appeared and disappeared.

"Why do summer roses fade?"

"Gitting old, I reckon. Another bird, waiter."

"Shall I call thee pet names? Call thee a bird!"

"Yes, Ostrich. Another bird, waiter."

Waiter—"The birds are all gone, mam, but there's an emu just arrived from Australia, if the lady would like it boiled."

"Never mind. I'll try the emu some other day."

THE SETTLEMENT.

Honest farmer reading slowly:

9 Woodcock	$17.00
1 Bottle champagne	5.00
Total	$16.00

"Six—teen, six—teen dollars," he softly sighed. "How high is that window from the ground, Stubbs?"

"Fifty feet," answered the maiden, "and a picket fence right under it."

Slowly the honest farmer dove into the sub-cellar of his coat pocket and brought up a female hose. In the foot was carefully tied $20 in 10 and 5-cent pieces. A tear trickles down his face.

"You appear to be affected, sir. I hope nothing serious," said the waiter.

"This—this was my late wife's stocking. There is an affecting leg-end connected with it—hence these tears," said the honest farmer, wiping his eyes and counting out the money.

"There you are; six-teen dollars; many of those birds around here?"

"No. Scarce."

"Expensive?"

"I hope you did not find them expensive," answered the waiter.

"Oh, no! oh, no!" answered the honest farmer. "Cheap enough! cheap enough!" Then turning to the maiden he softly ejaculated: "Another bird would have broke the honest farmer."—*New York Graphic.*

Legal Advertising in Co-Operative Newspapers.

An important decision, touching the legality of advertising in newspapers printed on the co-operative plan, has been rendered by the New Jersey courts. A mortgage sale was advertised in a newspaper printed on this plan, and the property was sold as advertised. The owner of the property protested against the proceeding, on the ground that the advertisement thereof was not legal, because the newspaper printing it was a so-called "patent inside." A petition to set aside the sale was accordingly filed in chancery. The petition fully and squarely raised the issue as to whether a newspaper using a "patent outside," printed outside the State, was a newspaper printed and published in the State, in which land sales might be legally advertised. The question was fully argued before the Vice-Chancellor, at Newark, N. J., and a decision rendered "that such an advertisement was legal and sufficient, and was both a substantial and literal compliance with the statutory requirement;" and the motion to set aside the sale was denied and petition dismissed.

The Chinese Famine.

It is estimated that in the famine-stricken districts of China the population has been reduced over 5,000,000 by actual starvation, and the prospect continues as gloomy as at the beginning. An idea of the isolation and suffering may be gathered from the official report of Gov. Honan to the Pekin *Gazette*, in which he says: "In the earlier period of distress the living fed upon the bodies of the dead; next the strong devoured the weak, and now the general destitution has arrived at such a climax that men devour those of their own flesh and blood. History contains no record of so terrible and distressing a state of things, and if prompt measures of relief be not instituted the whole region must become depopulated. Local sources of supply are entirely exhausted; the granaries are empty and the treasury drained dry, while the few wealthy people in the provinces have helped with contributions and loans till they themselves are impoverished."

THE *Reformer and Jewish Times* thinks that the example of emigration to America set by the Russian Mennonites might be profitably followed by the Russian and Eastern Jews, and proposes a new Judea in the far West.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

THE indications of good health in fowls are a florid color of the combs, bright eyes, free from moisture, dry nostrils, and bright, glossy plumage.

MR. DONALD G. MITCHELL thinks "the time is shortly coming, if it be not already come, when Americans will not look so scornfully as in the past upon 3 or 4 per cent. of revenue from landholders" or from productive farms.

A WRITER in the *Poultry World* argues that there is no foundation for the theory that one breed of domestic fowls is more tender and juicy than another; any fowl badly fed or cared for is, necessarily, poor, "stingy" and unpalatable, but, other things equal, no difference can be discovered in the taste of the flesh of the various breeds.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Canadian *Entomologist* has been experimenting with a view to induce chickens to eat potato-bugs. He first mixed both larvæ and beetle with the food offered the chickens, but they refused to touch them. After a few days, by keeping the insects in their food constantly, they began eating the beetles, and soon appeared to relish them about as well as the corn. After this the chickens ate them from the vines, and so reduced them in numbers that they did no material damage.

MR. CLEVELAND thinks there can be no more mistaken and foolish economy than shallow draining, which, in his opinion, is simply the abandonment of the chief advantages which can accrue to the soil from drainage. No person whose experience has been sufficient to give weight to his opinion will admit that a less depth than three feet is worthy of consideration in any case, and in clay soils, or loams having a clay sub-soil, the advantages of a greater depth are so obvious and important that it may be said—speaking comparatively—that no man can afford to lay his tiles at a less depth than four feet.

IT is a little odd that in this country, where every facility exists, so few ducks and geese are raised. These are proverbially the most hardy and long-lived of all our poultry. In places where cholera, croup, etc., sweep off the fowls and turkeys, geese and ducks, which are not subject to these diseases, should be tried. In densely-populated Great Britain and even in Belgium, where one would suppose there was little room, more geese are raised to the square mile than in the United States. In the interior ducks and geese can be raised about as profitably as other kinds of poultry, and, where diseases prevail, more profitably.—*Exchange.*

A METHOD in practice among the best butter makers in England for rendering butter firm and solid during hot weather is as follows: Carbonate of soda and alum are used for the purpose, made into powder. For twenty pounds of butter one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and one teaspoonful of powdered alum are mingled together at the time of churning, and put into the cream. The effect of this powder is to make the butter come firm and solid, and to give it a clean, sweet flavor. It does not enter into the butter, but its action is upon the cream, and it passes off with the buttermilk. The ingredients of the powder should not be mingled together until required to be used, or at the time the cream is in the churn ready for churning.—*Dairyman.*

THE farmers will thank ex-Gov. Seymour, of New York, for his suggestion that Government include cheese among the rations for the army. Gov. Seymour is a farmer himself, and has for years taken a deep interest in the manufacture and sale of that staple. No doubt the army, now composed of 25,000 men, would welcome cheese as a portion of its edibles; and it is to be wondered at that this nutritive and healthy article has not before found itself among the rations of the men who constitute the strong arm of the law. The army of the United States would require of cheese as a ration about 50,000 pounds per week, or at the rate of 2,540,000 pounds annually. This amount of cheese consumed in each year would add considerably to the demand for good cheese, and at the same time cultivate a more extensive taste for the article, which at the present time is used only to a limited extent in this country.—*American Cultivator.*

MR. M. B. PRINCE asks whether thorough cultivation is any protection against insects. All insects which infest the soil itself, or which bore the roots of plants beneath the soil, are wonderfully fond of a quiet life; they cannot stand a constant disturbance of their haunts, and will leave for quieter places. On the other hand, vigorous plants of all kinds are produced by very frequent cultivation, and are able to repel insects because they are vigorous. In the same way, a vigorous, healthy animal never becomes lousy or sickly, because it is only weakness which invites the enemy. Therefore, frequent cultivation kills two birds with one stone. Mr. P. will, probably, never again apply unrotted manure to his land, unless he wants to perpetuate some pet variety of weed, of which he may accidentally have lost the seed. He should at once mulch his small fruit-bushes heavily, after a thorough hoeing and loosening of the soil for two feet, at least, around each one.—*Rural New Yorker.*

About the House.

OLD POTATOES.—Peel and boil in salted water, and take up as soon as done, that they may remain whole; have ready some rolled crackers and a beaten egg; dip the potatoes into the egg and then into the crackers, and fry in boiling lard.

TO MAKE SILVER PLATE BRIGHT.—Silver-plate jewelry and door plates can be beautifully cleaned and made to look like new by dipping a soft cloth or chamois skin in a weak preparation of ammonia water and rubbing the articles with it.

PATTI VEAL.—Take a knuckle of veal and cover with water, boil two hours. Take out the meat, chop coarsely, strain the liquor, season with salt, pepper and sage, pour over the meat, and let it cool in a jelly mold.

TOMATO PUDDING.—Slice thin good Graham bread or gems, place in a baking-dish with an abundance of sliced tomatoes, arranging in alternate layers; cover close, and bake an hour. Serve with sweet sauce.

TO WHITEN PORCELAIN SAUCEPANS.—Have the pans half filled with hot water, throw in a table-spoonful of powdered borax and let it boil. If this does not remove all of the stains, soap a cloth, sprinkle on plenty of powdered borax. Scour it well.

RAISIN PIE.—One cup of raisins, chopped fine; one cup of sugar; two eggs; one cup of vinegar; one cup of sirup; one cup of water; one-half cup of flour; one teaspoonful of cloves; the same of cinnamon and soda; butter size of an egg; two crusts.

TARTS.—Make a stiff dough of two cups of Graham flour and one of grated cocoanut, with cold water, kneading well. Add a cupful of boiled rice. Mix those nightly, and roll thin; bake in gem pans, watching carefully. Fill with grape or berry sauce just before they are to be eaten.

CLARET PUDDING SAUCE FOR THE ABOVE.—Let one pint of claret, a little stick of cinnamon, rind of half a small lemon, eight ounces of sugar, and three table-spoonfuls of well-washed currants come to a boil, then add a very little corn starch thinned with water to give a proper consistency to the sauce.

SAGO WINE PUDDING.—One quart of California rhine wine and one pint of water; three pints of milk can be used instead of the wine; add to the wine or milk three ounces of butter; let it come to a boil, then add four table-spoonfuls of sago; let it cook for five minutes, continually stirring; in a different dish mix four ounces of sugar with the yelks of three or four eggs; beat the whites to a stiff froth; all to be well mixed; bake in a moderate oven for one hour and a half.

MR. SCHROEDER'S AIR-SHIP.

The Inventor Proposes to Cross the Ocean

"I am not an enthusiast, but a practical man," said Prof. F. W. Schroeder, the aerial navigator, who is building an air-ship in this city with which to journey to Europe in forty-eight hours, as he sat on one of the benches in Stuyvesant park yesterday, with drawings of his inventions spread out on his knees. "Nor am I a mere adventurer, but the son of a distinguished nobleman of Hanover, a Colonel in the Prussian army, and I have just as good a home as a man can want. Some of the papers have been trying to make me out a crazy adventurer, and, two years ago, when I was trying my experiment, the Baltimore papers ridiculed me as a lunatic, but after some of my inventions had been adopted in France they wanted to lay claim to them as of American origin."

"I am so firmly convinced," continued Mr. Schroeder, "of the practicability of going to Europe on a current of air that I will risk my life in the trial. Why, I have received dozens of letters from all parts of the world from persons begging to be allowed to go with me. Among others, the most celebrated aeronaut in Europe, Christopher Collier, of Brussels, has asked me, but I shall take only two beside myself. I have no fear of accidents, for the material of the balloon or gas receiver will be wonderfully strong, closer knit even than silk—here is some of it," and he exhibited a white fabric of stout texture. "They called it batiste," and it cannot be procured in Europe. If the receiver should explode, there is, above the balloon, a piece of canvas so arranged as to act as a parachute to let me down slowly. With the same arrangment, when a balloon burst with me once in Brazil, I came down so slowly that I took out my pistol and fired holes into the canvas in order to hurry. The published description of my balloon is fantastical and incorrect. The distance between the car and balloon is two instead of twenty feet; the length is ninety-six feet. It is twenty-five feet in diameter, with a capacity of 45,000 cubic feet of gas, the lifting power of the gas being one ounce to the square foot. I have made upward of 400 ascensions, and never met with an accident. Heretofore I have worked the machinery by hand. On my ocean trip I shall have an electric engine. On all my trips across the ocean before this I would let up from the steamer's deck small balloons, which I observed would be caught in a current of air and carried east; higher up they would be caught by a contrary gust of wind and whirled west, which proved to me that a lower and warm current of air blew from west to east, while the upper current blew from east to west. Now I shall get in the lower current and go straight to Europe. I cannot fly in the teeth of the wind, but, if necessary, by using the wings of my machine, I can mount to a favorable current and continue my progress."

Intellectual Test of Nations.

So far as the general ability of the people of a nation to read and write is a proof of their superior enlightenment, the Americans have no rivals in the world. As readers we lead all nations. We are 42,000,000. The population of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland is 33,000,000; of France, 36,000,000; Germany, 45,000,000. In 1870 there were published in the United States 274 daily, 4,295 weekly and 1,002 other papers and periodicals. In 1877 the figures were: Dailies, 709; weeklies, 6,221; all others, 1,014; total, 7,914. England has but 2,252; Germany but 1,985; France but 1,559 and Italy but 835. The total for the four nations, embracing an aggregate population of 137,000,000, is but 6,731, or 1,213 less than supplies the American population of 42,000,000. The distribution of our daily and weekly papers among the several States is instructive. They are not by any means apportioned according to population, though New York is always first. It appears that New York has 87 dailies; Pennsylvania comes next, with 79; Illinois third, with 47; curiously enough, California fourth, with 43. In that State of less than 850,000 of the European race, they have 4 more daily papers than Ohio, with her 3,000,000, 15 more than Massachusetts or Indiana, 17 more than Missouri, 20 more than Iowa, as many, lacking one, as Wisconsin, Virginia and Georgia combined, and more than eight times as many as either Minnesota, Delaware or Oregon. If, then, the reading of current publications is an irrefragable test of the superior instruction of a community generally, the population of California stands at the very summit of modern civilization—so says a California exchange.

Ye Deadly Duello.

Two young men loved the same lass in Kinderhook, N. Y.; one was accepted and the other rejected; and the unsuccessful suitor challenged his rival to a duel with pistols, which was fought last Sunday afternoon under the trees on the old Wild farm. There were two seconds. The ground was duly paced off, and the two rivals, with faces as pale as death, were being placed in position, when the discarded lover demanded a parley. The seconds looked at the other man. A tumultuous struggle was raging in his breast. To die was not a pleasant trick, and there was many a girl in the world. While these thoughts flashed through his brain, the courage of his opponent was rapidly oozing out at his finger ends, and simultaneously they cast down their weapons, and, to the intense surprise and disgust of the waiting seconds, rushed upon each other. A short, sharp struggle followed, and at its close the disappointed swain lay with a bleeding nose at the feet of his foe, who demanded the immediate surrender of all claim to the beautiful cause of strife. The jealous soul surrendered and the victorious lover went home to his bread and cheese and kisses.

George Washington Revised.

"George, did you chop down the cherry-tree?"

"What do you soy?"

"Did you chop down that tree?"

"Ax me no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

"George, you have a hatchet."

"So's a hen."

"You chopped down that tree?"

"Didn't."

"Young man, commere to me."

"What d'you want?"

"To play hide and seek."

So the old man went out to seek the hide.

The scene which ensued in the woodshed beggars description. It was touching in the extreme.

Beheading a Rattlesnake.

A young man named Penny, while out hunting his steers, barefoot, the other day, stepped on the head of a large rattlesnake. He had his heel on the snake's head, and, being afraid to move, did not know what to do for some time, while the hideous thing was writhing and squirming and vigorously lashing the youth's legs. Penny was badly frightened, but recovered presence of mind sufficient to take out his knife and reach down and cut off the snake's head. *Cherokee Georgian.*

THE HOME DOCTOR.

CABBAGE FOR HEADACHE.

Last evening you were drinking deep,
So now your head aches. Go to sleep;
Take some boiled cabbage when you wake,
And there's an end to your headache.
—*Dr. Pickwick.*

CURE FOR IVY POISONING.

Many persons are poisoned by contact with the wild ivy and sumac, and in some cases the poisoning is very severe. To such it may be of interest to know that Dr. Brown, of the United States navy, claims to have discovered a certain remedy for such poisoning. It is bromine dissolved in olive oil, cosmoline or glycerine. He used twenty drops of bromine to an ounce of oil, rubbing it on the affected part three or four times a day, and washing it off occasionally with castile soap.

HOW TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.

Dr. Nichols, who has made a series of dietetic experiments on himself, has arrived at the conclusion that, if the stomach is allowed to rest, any case of dyspepsia may be cured; that the diet question was at the root of the disease; that pure blood can only be made from pure food, and that, if the drink of a nation were pure and free from stimulating qualities, and the food was also pure, the result would be pure health.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.

Dr. G. F. Waters, of Boston, has found in the juice of the milkweed a remedy for suppurating wounds. The time of healing varied from twenty-four to thirty-six hours; but in each instance new skin formed completely across. The doctor states that the only essential point is to dry the wounded surface gently and thoroughly with blotting-paper before applying the milkweed juice. After the juice is applied, and while the healing is in progress, a piece of blotting-paper is used to cover the surface.

A HEALTHFUL PRACTICE.

Loosen the clothing, and, standing erect, throw the shoulders well back, then hands behind, and the breast forward. In this position, draw slowly as deep an inspiration as possible, and retain it by an increased effort for a few seconds, then breathe it gradually forth. After a few natural breaths, repeat the long inspiration. Let this be done for ten or fifteen minutes every day, and in six weeks' time a very perceptible increase in the diameter of the chest and its prominence will be evident.

GLYCERINE AS A MEDICINE.

In moderate doses, not exceeding thirty grammes per diem, which should be taken all at once, diluted with about ten times the quantity of water, Catillon affirms that glycerine improves the appetite and the digestion, and acts gently on the bowels. He does not recommend a larger dose, but Harnack gave diabetic patients as much as 180 to 360 grammes daily, in association with animal food, and found a marked improvement in their general condition, and a reduction in the quantity of urine sugar and urea exerted, the latter two results agreeing with those obtained by Catillon in his experiments on dogs and on himself. It is important, however, to notice that glycerine is a poison in large doses.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Prof. Germain See has recently read a paper before the Paris Academy of Medicine, in which he expresses himself very enthusiastically concerning the efficacy of iodide of potassium and iodide of ethyl in the treatment of asthma. He dissolves 10 grammes of iodide of potassium in 200 of wine or water, and gives before each meal, twice a day, a dessert-spoonful (8 or 9 grammes), so that the patient takes daily 16 or 18 grammes of the solution, or 1.8 grammes of the iodide. After some days this quantity is gradually doubled. The same doses may be taken in sirup of orange peel. If the patient become disgusted with the taste he may take the iodide in waters. There is no definite time for the duration of the treatment, but generally at the end of two or three weeks, when the attacks are mitigated or abolished, the dose may be diminished to a gramme and a half per diem. From time to time the treatment may be interrupted for a day, but a longer interruption may be followed by a relapse. In one case a patient who had been cured for a year, having given up the iodide for four days, was again attacked. Any accompanying cough may be relieved by the addition of a little extract of opium or sirup of poppies; where, when there is not much cough or catarrh, two or three grammes of chloral given in the evening assist in diminishing the dyspnœa. The general result is that a cure takes place in almost all cases, even when the patients are placed amid atmospheric conditions which are habitually injurious. No precaution has to be taken as regards hygiene and regimen, and the use of coffee and tobacco has not seemed to be injurious.

Ingenious Counterfeiting.

An ingenious case of counterfeiting coin was recently discovered at Hoshungabad, in India. Natives, when testing mohurs, or other gold coin, generally take them to a jeweler to have a hole drilled half way through them, for the purpose of seeing that they are of genuine metal. The coiner, a jeweler by trade, manufactured silver imitations of gold mohurs, and, having drilled two or three holes half way through them, to make it appear that they had been as often tested, thickly gilded them over. By these means he, for some time, imposed even on members of his own craft, till one, more wily than the others, proceeded to test some of the counterfeit coins for himself.

OGONTZ, the former residence of Jay Cooke, a few miles from Philadelphia, has had no occupants for four years. The house is of stone, very spacious, and the grounds are beautiful. The man in charge opens the windows once a week to give the interior an airing; but all the furniture has been removed. SIGNS of neglect are numerous. Cooke lives quietly in Philadelphia.

Clear the Way

For the escape from the system of its waste and debris, which, if retained, would vitiate the bodily fluids and overthrow health. That important channel of exit, the bowels, may be kept permanently free from obstructions by using the non-griping, gently acting and agreeable cathartic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only liberates impurities, but invigorates the lining of the intestinal canal when weakened by constipation or the unwise use of violent purgatives. The stomach, liver and urinary organs are likewise reinforced and aroused to healthful action by this beneficent tonic and corrective, and every organ, fiber, muscle and nerve experiences a share of its invigorating influence. Unobjectionable in flavor, a most genial and wholesome medicinal stimulant, and, owing its efficacy to botanic sources exclusively, it is the remedy best adapted to household use on account of its safety, wide scope and speedy action.

A DANGEROUS Sickness can often be averted by prompt use of remedies; so if you have any disease of that delicate organ, the Heart, do not delay, nor promise yourself that you will be better in time, but procure a bottle of Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR, and find relief. It is guaranteed to cure all symptoms of Heart Disease, either organic or sympathetic. 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 for a pamphlet of testimonials to F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H.

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

EVERYBODY knows that, so long as there is proud flesh in a sore or wound, it will not heal. The obstacle is speedily removed and the flesh reunited by HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, the finest embodiment in existence of that supreme purifier, carcolic acid. Its emollient ingredients modify its pungent acid basis, so that it never cauterizes, stings or scarifies the diseased part. Sores and eruptions of all kinds are cured by it. All Druggists sell it.

Nutritious Cookery.

Nothing is so well calculated to promote good health and good humor as light, easily-digested, nutritious cookery. With that unrivaled article, DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER, in the kitchen, elegant, white, light and wholesome bread, rolls, biscuits, cake of every kind, and corn-bread, waffles, muffins, buckwheat-cakes, etc., are always possible in every household.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.—For all diseases caused by malarial poisoning of the blood, a warranted cure. No poison, no arsenic, no mercury, no quinine; no bloated face or glaring eyes, no bursting head or breaking back, no weak knees or *paralysis agitans* from its use! It is safe, invigorating and leaves the patient renewed in mind and body and sound as a dollar. It wipes out all sallowness, and gives a blooming complexion in the place of that sickly, dirt-eating color peculiar to Chills and Spleno-hepatic derangements. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MEDICAL students will be pleased to learn that the Faculty of the Louisville Medical College (Louisville, Ky.,) now give three complete courses of lectures in seventeen months, and so arrange their lectures that a student saves $297 in his medical education, and gains his third course of lectures; all other colleges give, in this time, only two courses. Beneficiary privileges are limited, we see, to five per cent. of the class. Next session begins October 1, 1878. Students should at once apply, as above, for catalogues.

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.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER is the only reliable Story Paper published in the West, and is sold for half the price of Eastern papers of the same kind. Three specimen copies sent to any address for TEN CENTS. Address, THE LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

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.