THE BABY BOYS.

Two little baby boys I own;
The elder scarcely walks alone;
His sunny hair and light-brown eyes,
His earnest look of sweet surprise,
His funny ways and joyous shout,
I could not tell you all about
If I should try a year.

He creeps so fast to catch his toys,
And then he sets up such a noise;
His horse and dog, and book and bell,
He throws them all about pell-mell.
Oh, Mother Goose! if you could see
This little boy, so full of glee,
Your sides would ache, I fear.

In hammock low, among the trees,
Rocked back and forth by passing breeze,
The baby swings, and coos to see
The gentle rustle of the tree.
The lights and shade, the leaves that fall;
The sunshine brooding over all—
'Tis Indian summer here.

Way overhead, in the blue sky,
The down clouds float softly by.
A lullaby fair nature sings,
And through the air its music rings;
All things peaceful tenor keep;
My little one falls fast asleep,
His mother watching near.

Two baby boys! a God of love
Sends as a gift from heaven above;
And like the shifting rainbow bright,
Tinging the drifting clouds with light,
Their souls so fine and sweet shine out,
Breaking through mists of grief and doubt,
And make my pathway clear.

—*Boston Transcript.*

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

A Prophecy and Its Fulfillment.

"Curious, isn't it, how the old customs still hold their own? Here is the fashion of penance still in vogue, with the additional aggravation of calling it 'traveling for pleasure.'"

"Well, Edward," said a sweet voice, "that's a very pretty compliment to us, your companions. I think I ought to make you do penance for that."

"That's right, Miss Wentworth; keep him in order," chimed in a third speaker. "However, going abroad has this one advantage for us English, that there we can sometimes venture to be amused without thereby committing the seven deadly sins in one."

Such was the chat which passed among the group of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—seated at lunch on the balcony of the Hotel du Rhin, at Schaffhausen, one sunny afternoon in the latter part of May. The first speaker was a fine-looking young man of 23, whose comely features, dark curling hair, and tall, well-shaped figure amply bore out the name of "Handsome Ned," given him by his intimates. Young, rich, good-looking, popular with high and low, in the plentitude of health and vigor, lately betrothed to the charming girl whose soft, lustrous eyes were watching him half tenderly, half archly, from the other side of the board—Viscount Montague might fairly account himself an extremely lucky young fellow. But upon that bright young face, firm and manly as it was, brooded the doomed look which haunts one in the portraits of Montrose, of Claverhouse, of Charles I.—ominously bearing out the gloomy tradition current among the elders of his native country that "the last of the Montagues" was so in a double sense, and that with him the grand old line which had left its mark upon every age of English history since the days of the Tudors was doomed to pass away forever.

Beside him sat his inseparable associate, Sedley Burdett, whose square, muscular figure and frank, sunburnt face looked the very embodiment of Young England at its best. Side by side the two young men had shot buffaloes on the American prairies, stalked moose through Canadian forests, "bowled over" royal tigers in Bengal, and hobnobbed with negro Kings on the coast of Africa, and they were now, *faute de mieux*, escorting the "Flower of Kent" and her mother on the inevitable tour through Switzerland, not without a secret hope that some unscaled mountain might afford them a chance of breaking their necks in the good old British way.

"Did you see how old Johann eyed me as he brought in the lunch?" said Montague. "He's evidently a devout believer in the Continental creed, that an Englishman's natural pastime is to knock somebody down, or set a house on fire, or make a heavy bet that he'll jump headforemost out of the window, and then do it forthwith."

"Aye?" laughed Burdett; "just what Dr. Buchmann said to me yesterday: 'Mein Herr, those countrymen of yours! When I was practicing in Saxony I had no peace for them! First thing in the morning, kling! kling! at my door. "What is it?" "An Englander, who has broken his leg in trying to scale the Teufels-horn, which no one ever ascended yet." I set the Herr Englander's leg, and am making him comfortable, when kling! kling! again. "What now?" "An Englander, nearly drowned in swimming across the Elbe for a wager." I wrap the Herr Englander in hot blankets, and bring him to. Before half an hour is over, kling! kling! once more. "Mein Herr! what's the matter?" "An Englander, who has broken a blood-vessel in trying to run twelve miles an hour, because somebody said he couldn't." Mein Herr, I am sorry to have to say it, but your countrymen are equally devoid of fear and of reason.'"

"But you won't do any more of these horrible things now, Edward," said Marion Wentworth entreatingly; "you promised to be more careful, you know, while you were with us."

"Don't be frightened, my child," answered the Viscount, with his gay laugh; "believe me, I have no intention of being killed any sooner than is necessary. Would you believe it, Sed? this unreasonable young woman is making herself miserable, and daily expecting a notification to attend my funeral, on no better grounds than an old monk's prophecy."

"An old monk's prophecy?" echoed Burdett, inquiringly.

"What, haven't you heard of it?" cried Montague. "Well, this is a treat, to find one man to whom that story's new. You must know, then (as those fellows in 'Sandford and Merton' keep saying), that the estate which Harry the Eighth bestowed upon my respected ancestor, Sir Anthony Browne, included Battle Abbey and the lands belonging to it; and mighty short work he made of the poor old monks, if all tales be true. But after they were all expelled, it began to be whispered that one monk still remained in the old walls, and that he was not to be driven out by either King or lord."

"My word!" cried Burdett: "that's just the Black Friar of Norman Stone over again. Do you remember with what dramatic energy our old tutor used to repeat the verse:

Beware, beware of the Black Friar!
He still retains his sway,
For he is still the Church's heir,
Whoe'er may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night;
Nor wine nor wassail can raise a vassal
To question that friar's right."

"Well," pursued Montague, "when my worthy forefather came into his property, the first thing he did was to give a big dinner in the great hall of Battle Abbey (if he found it half as tiresome as the dinner I had to give when I came of age, the impiety must have been its own avenger), and they lighted up the old place with a perfect blaze of torches, and held high revel till midnight. And then, all of a sudden, a chill blast of wind came moaning through the hall, making all the old banners and mail-coats along the walls clank and rustle; and the huge door swung slowly open, and in the midst of the guests, no one could see whence or how, appeared the shrouded figure of a tall monk. It glided like a shadow up to the dais where my ancestor was seated, and said, in a deep, hollow voice that seemed to make the very torches grow pale as it spoke:

"'Anthony of Cowdray! thou hast enriched thyself with the spoils of God's church, and for that deed His judgments are upon thee and thine. As snow melts in the sunshine, so shall thy race decay, until the end come; and it shall come suddenly, in one day, by fire and by water!'"

It was strange enough to note how Montague's light tone deepened into tragic solemnity as the dismal tale proceeded, and how the shadowy impress of doom on his handsome face came out plainer and plainer with every word. The anxious look in Marion Wentworth's eyes grew into absolute terror as he ended; and she seemed about to speak when the waiter's entrance with a dish of fruit interrupted her.

As he entered, Mrs. Wentworth, evidently wishing to change the subject, spoke to him.

"Waiter! when did you say the night illumination of the falls was to be?"

"Thursday week, gracious lady; but it will hardly be so good as the one we had last year, when they sent a big boat over the falls, hung all round with lanterns."

"Was there anybody in her?" asked Montague.

"What do you say, milord?" gasped the old man, with a stare of blank amazement.

"Was there anybody in the boat?"

"The boat, milord? The boat went over the falls, I tell you!"

"Well, why shouldn't somebody go with her to keep her straight?"

"Why?" echoed Johann, goaded beyond endurance. "Because we Rhinelanders are no fonder of being drowned than other people. I've seen many a silly thing done in my time, but a man shooting the Schaffhausen falls in a boat is a thing I've never seen yet and never shall."

The sudden gleam in Montague's dark eye and the glow on his handsome features sufficiently betrayed the wild thought suggested to him by the honest German's last words. The significant glance exchanged between him and Burdett showed that the same idea was in the minds of both, though the latter accompanied his look with a warning gesture, reminding the reckless Viscount of the effect which the words that were just about to break from his lips would have upon the two ladies. But when they had retired Montague could contain himself no longer.

"Glorious idea! We'll do it—eh, Sed?"

"Do it? I should think we would! After the 'Gueule d'Enfer' rapids in Canada this thing'll be a joke! 'Never seen it yet, and never shall,' eh? We'll give Mr. Johann another story to tell to-morrow, one that'll last longer than any of his present stock."

Our two heroes were not the men to loiter over any enterprise, however desperate, upon which they had once resolved, and they lost not a moment in setting out in quest of a boat. But to find one was no easy matter. Some were unseaworthy; others failed to please the critical eye of Sedley Burdett, who, with all his recklessness, knew better than to leave any chance uncared for in a match where life itself was the stake. More than one conscientious native, on learning the nature of the proposed expedition, flatly refused to have anything to do with it, nor was it till late in the afternoon that they at length met with a less scrupulous individual, who, on receiving the full value of his boat in advance, and a handsome gratuity for the use of her, consented to let the "English madmen" have their way. He agreed to leave the boat in readiness at a convenient spot, and then took his leave.

It was considerably past 11 o'clock that night, and Burdett, mindful of the tough work that awaited him next morning, was preparing for bed, when Montague (who slept in the next room), burst in, with a flush of unusual excitement on his face.

"Sed, old fellow, we must alter our time of starting. These meddlesome asses, the local authorities, are going to put a spoke in our wheel!"

"Do you mean that they'll try to stop us?" asked Burdett, with the natural amazement of an Englishman at any one presuming to oppose his will.

"I do, indeed! That prating fool of a boatsman (see if I don't punch his head when it's all over!) must have let the cat out of the bag; for, as I came through the hall just now, I heard the landlady say to her husband: 'Ought we to let them go? It's really no better than a suicide!' and the old sinner answered with a chuckle: 'Be easy, my Gretchen—when these young distracted ones get to their boat they will find it in charge of certain Gerichts-Diener (policemen) who are less foolish than they, and no harm will be done.'"

"Just like their confounded cheek!" cried Burdett. "What shall we do, then?"

"Do? Why, set the alarm clock two hours earlier (I'm safe to hear it where I am) and start at 4 instead of 6; and we'll just meet the 'minions of the law' on our way back for breakfast, and a jolly sell it'll be for them! My word, every mortal thing seems to have conspired against this venture of ours; but I'll go through with it, no matter who stands in my way!"

For one moment a thrill of superstitious awe shot through the stout heart of Sedley Burdett. Could it be that these countless hindrances were really a last barrier vainly opposed to the fatal impulse which was hurrying them both to destruction? The unnatural excitement of his comrade's manner, the feverish luster of his eyes, the heated flush in his usually pale face, were all terribly suggestive of one goaded to his doom by some irresistible frenzy—flashing upon Burdett's mind, with ghastly vividness, the sudden memory of a long-forgotten painting of the young German knight lured to his death in the hungry waters of the Rhine by the siren-song of the Lorelei. He opened his lips to propose the abandonment of the whole project; but the fear of ridicule (that fear which has destroyed many a gallant man) withered the wholesome impulse, and the favorable moment went by—forever.

Morning at last—a bright, breezy, glorious Sunday morning, over which all things in earth and heaven seemed to rejoice. The blue sky, the waving woods, the green sunny slopes, the broad, bright stream of the great river itself, all seemed to smile a welcome to the eyes that might so soon be closed forever. Even the two English athletes, absorbed as they were in their perilous enterprise, felt the influence of the hour, and muttered with involuntary admiration:

"What a royal day!"

One vigorous stroke sent the light boat far out into the swift, dark current, down which it shot like an arrow from a bow. Rocks, trees, houses seemed racing past on either side. No need to strain at the oars now! all that could be done with them was to keep the boat's bow perfectly straight, so as to offer as little space as possible to the rush of a current which seemed well able to carry away an entire city.

Suddenly there came a dizzy plunge—a shock that threw both men from their places—and then all around was one boiling whirl of foam, and the boat was flung to and fro, and dashed up and down, amid an uproar that seemed to rend the very sky. For one feverish moment life and death seemed to hang by a hair; and then the two daring men found themselves floating on the little border-line of calm water that separated the first fall from the worse peril of the second.

"Hurrah!" shouted Montague, gleefully; "who says it can't be done now? Keep her head straight, Sed, my boy, and we'll come out all right yet."

The triumphant cheer was answered by a cry of dismay from the shore, and the two oarsmen, looking up, beheld Marion Wentworth rushing distractedly toward the edge of the high bank that overhung the second fall, followed by Montague's English servant. At the sound of his betrothed's voice, Montague turned his face toward her and waved his hand cheerily; and seldom has any painter conceived such a picture as the one which that moment branded forever on the memory of those who saw it. The stern black rocks on either hand, flecked with living green by the shrubs which clung to their craggy sides; the vast hill of leaping foam, half-way down which the frail boat hovered like a leaf; the rainbow-arch that spanned the black, howling gulf beneath; the glory of the sunrise-stealing softly into the pure, peaceful sky, in strange contrast with the rock-rending uproar below; the stalwart figures of the two gallant lads, straining every nerve to achieve their perilous task; the handsome, reckless face of the "last of the Montagues," with a gay smile on its short, curved lip, and an ominous glitter in its large, dark eyes.

"Good morning, my pet!" cried he, gayly; "you're just in time for the end of the play."

These were the last words that Viscount Montague ever spoke. That momentary negligence had allowed the boat's head to deviate slightly from the direct line, and in an instant the whirl of the current threw its exposed side full against the tremendous rush of the cataract. One frantic struggle to regain the lost ground, and then boat and men vanished forever into the mists of the roaring abyss below.

From that fatal hour life was over for the "Flower of Kent." All that remained of the once bright and beautiful girl was a pale, silent, joyless phantom—a body, as it were, without soul. Neither the tender care of her heartbroken mother, nor the skill of the most accomplished physicians, nor even the sight of her dead lover's ruined home (the burning of which, on the very day of its master's death, fulfilled, by a sheer coincidence, the dismal prediction) availed aught to break that deadly lethargy which endured for the brief remainder of her life, checkered only by the spasms of convulsive agony invariably produced by the one sound which her ear still had power to recognize—the sound of rushing waters.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

STANLEY.

His Wars With the Blacks of Interior Africa.

[From Harper's Magazine for October.]

Of Stanley's wars much has been written. Various Englishmen, from Lord Derby down, have expressed an opinion upon these conflicts, and the discussion bids fair to become a permanent chapter in African literature. The American observer will notice that at the time Stanley was adding fame to the names of the British Princess Beatrice and the future British Queen Alexandra, by giving these names to two important discoveries in Africa, Lord Derby was issuing orders to the British Consuls to prevent his carrying the British flag. This reminds us of Columbus returning home in chains a prisoner to the King to whose empire he had added continental dominion. It was rumored that Stanley was to be arrested when he came to the coast, if ever he did come; and the New York *Herald*, as his employer and champion, went so far as to advance his American citizenship as a reason why he should not be arrested without at least a protest from the American Government. But, as it happened that Stanley did return to British soil an honored guest on a British man-of-war and not a prisoner, and as the first to welcome him was the Prince of Wales, we may be justified in assuming that Lord Derby's action was an impulse based upon incorrect information, and never a serious purpose of the Government. Of course, if Stanley could have crossed the African continent without harming any one, his taking of life would have been massacre. The history of African exploration, like that of exploration in our own Indian territories, is, unhappily, the history of continued war. In our country white men were slain to gratify a savage's craving for blood. In many parts of Africa men are slain for food. Stanley, a good part of his time, was moving among people who would have killed him and his whole command, as our Indians kill the buffalo, namely, to eat them. "I don't choose," said Livingstone, "to be made meat for black men." This was one of the reasons why that gentle soul refused to go into the Congo country; and it was in the Congo country that Stanley fought most of his battles. We think the law of self-defense can be put on no higher ground than the dislike to be killed and eaten by your enemy. In other regions Stanley fought to save himself from being killed and his army robbed. His expedition was a tempting one to the black men. He carried his army chest with him in the shape of beads and cloths and wire and cowries, and articles of merchandise, which were as much the currency of his command as the greenbacks with which we paid our armies during the war. We take it no prudent commander would allow his army chest to be carried away without defending it, especially if he depended upon it, as Stanley did, for all his supplies. It was his army chest, and contained his provisions. He could only live by buying from the people, and he could only buy with his supplies. In some cases the people were in fear of the slave-traders. Stanley may have been attacked under the impression that he was coming to carry off men and women and children into slavery. If this led to the loss of life, then we must all lament it, but the blame is not upon Stanley, but upon the odious system which European civilization planted in Africa, which still flourishes, but which no one has done so much to destroy as our explorer. In all these savage countries the traveler is subject to one of those sudden, lawless gusts of passion which fell upon Capt. Cook in the Pacific and deprived science and humanity of that intrepid and glorious life. The difference between Stanley and Capt. Cook is that Stanley killed his assailants. If Capt. Cook had been so fortunate, we question if Lord Chatham would have been so eager to deprive him of his flag as Lord Derby was to withdraw from Stanley the flag which was the emblem of the English fraction of his expedition.

The People and Horses in the World.

In the last number of *Petermann's Geographische Mittheilungen* the number of inhabitants of the globe is estimated at 1,439,145,300, of which 312,398,480 are set down to Europe, 831,000,000 to Asia, 205,219,500 to Africa, 4,411,300 to Australia, and 86,116,000 to America. The number of horses existing (China and Japan not included) is said to be 58,000,000. Russia is stated to possess 21,570,000, the United States 9,504,000, the Argentine Republic 4,000,000, Germany 3,352,000, France 3,000,000, Canada 2,624,000, Great Britain 2,255,000, Hungary 2,179,000, Austria 1,367,000, Turkey 1,100,000.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

EDISON'S LAST MARVEL.

Sending Cheap Light, Heat and Power by Electricity—Illuminating Gas to be Superseded.

[From the New York Sun.]

Mr. Edison says that he has discovered how to make electricity a cheap and practicable substitute for illuminating gas. Many scientific men have worked assiduously in that direction, but with little success. A powerful electric light was the result of these experiments, but the problem of its division into many small lights was a puzzle. Gramme, Siemens, Brush, Wallace, and others produced at most ten lights from a single machine, but a single one of them was found to be impracticable for lighting aught save large foundries, mills and workshops. It has been left for Mr. Edison to solve the difficult problem desired. This, he says, he has done within a few days. His experience with the telephone, however, has taught him to be cautious, and he is exerting himself to protect the new scientific marvel, which, he says, will make the use of gas for illumination a thing of the past.

Mr. Edison, besides his power of origination, has the faculty for developing the ideas and mechanical constructions of others. He visited the Roosevelt pianoforte factory in this city, and, while examining the component parts of the instruments, made four suggestions so valuable that they have been patented. While in the mining district of the West, recently, he devised a means of determining the presence of gold below the surface without resorting to costly and laborious boring and blasting. While on a visit to William Wallace, the electrical machine manufacturer, in Ansonia, Ct., he was shown the lately-perfected dynamo-electric machine for transmitting power by electricity. When power is applied to this machine, it will not only reproduce it, but will turn it into light. Although said by Edison to be more powerful than any other machine of the kind known, it will divide the light of the electricity produced into but ten separate lights. These being equal in power of 4,000 candles, their impracticability for general purposes is apparent. Each of these lights is in a substantial metal frame, capable of holding in a horizontal position two carbon plates, each 12 inches long, 2½ inches wide and ¼ inch thick. The upper and lower parts of the frame are insulated from each other, and one of the conducting wires is connected with each carbon. In the center, and above the upper carbon, is an electro magnet in the circuit, with an armature, by means of which the upper carbon is separated from the lower as far as desired. Wires from the source of electricity are placed in the binding posts. The carbons being together, the circuit is closed, the electro magnet acts, raising and lowering the upper carbon enough to give a bright light. The light moves toward the opposite end from which it starts, then changes and goes back, always moving toward the place where the carbons are nearest together. If from any cause the light goes out, the circuit is broken, and the electric magnet ceases to act, instantly the upper magnet falls, the circuit is closed, it relights, and separates the carbon again.

Edison, on returning home after his visit to Ansonia, studied and experimented with electric lights. On Friday last his efforts were crowned with success, and the project that has filled the minds of many scientific men for years was developed.

"I have it now!" he said, on Saturday, while vigorously turning the handle of a Ritchie inductive coil in his laboratory at Menlo park, "and, singularly enough, I have obtained it through an entirely different process than that from which scientific men have ever thought to secure it. They have all been working in the same groove, and, when it is known how I have accomplished my object, everybody will wonder why they have never thought of it, it is so simple. When ten lights have been produced by a single electric machine, it has been thought to be a great triumph of scientific skill. With the process I have just discovered, I can produce 1,000—aye, 10,000—from one machine. Indeed, the number may be said to be infinite. When the brilliancy and cheapness of the light is made known to the public—which will be in a few weeks, or just as soon as I can protect the process—illumination by carbureted hydrogen gas will be discarded. With fifteen or twenty of these dynamo-electric machines recently perfected by Mr. Wallace, I can light the entire lower part of New York city, using a 500-horse-power engine. I purpose to establish one of these light-centers in Nassau street, whence wires can be run up town as far as the Cooper Institute, down to the Battery, and across to both rivers. These wires must be insulated, and laid in the ground in the same manner as gas-pipes. I also propose to utilize the gas-burners and chandeliers now in use. In each house I can place a light meter, whence these wires will pass through the house, tapping small metallic contrivances that may be placed over each burner. Then housekeepers may turn off their gas, and send the meters back to the companies whence they came. Whenever it is desired to light a jet, it will be only necessary to touch a little spring near it. No matches are required.

"Again, the same wire that brings the light to you," Mr. Edison continued, "will also bring power and heat. With the power you can run an elevator, a sewing machine, or any other mechanical contrivance that requires a motor, and by means of the heat you may cook your food. To utilize the heat it will only be necessary to have the ovens or stoves properly arranged for its reception. This can be done at trifling cost. The dynamo-electric machine, called a telemachon, and which has already been described in the *Sun*, may be run by water or steam power at a distance. When used in a large city the machine would of necessity be run by steam power. I have computed the relative cost of the light, power and heat generated by the electricity transmitted to the telemachon to be but a fraction of the cost where obtained in the ordinary way. By a battery or steam power it is forty-six times cheaper, and by water power probably 95 per cent. cheaper."

It has been computed that by Edison's process the same amount of light that is given by 1,000 cubic feet of the carbureted hydrogen gas now used in this city, and for which from $2.50 to $3 is paid, may be obtained for from 12 to 15 cents. Edison will soon give a public exhibition of his new invention.

Adventure With a Snake.

On Monday of last week, while a party of persons were gathering berries on Bear run, in Pike township, Clearfield county, Mrs. John Hegarty, who resides near Curwensville, had an adventure with a rattlesnake which will not soon be effaced from her memory. She was standing on a clear spot at the foot of slight rise of ground, and when her attention was attracted by a buzzing noise she thought it was an insect of some kind and never thought of a rattlesnake until the noise among the bushes caused her to look toward the high ground near her, which she did just in time to see an immense rattlesnake flying toward her face. She quickly threw her head to one side, and it shot over her shoulder, striking its loathsome body against her cheek. A scream from her attracted the attention of her husband near by, who ran up and pulled her out of the way just as the snake had coiled itself for another spring. He then killed the snake, which was a large one, sporting ten rattles. Mrs. Hegarty suffered considerably from fright, but her escape from a terrible death was very narrow.—*Altoona (Pa.) Sun.*

A MODEL FARM.

What Was Accomplished by a Connecticut Man.

[From Harper's Magazine for October.]

Why should farming not be scientific? Because the manufacturer labors in a scientific way, his profits are greater and surer than those of the agriculturist who has neither machinery nor system; but it is the unreasonable custom of many to sneer at all innovations, and to look at all methodic variations upon old usages as the fanciful and unprofitable schemes of visionaries with more money than common sense. It is the people who sneer that are usually most deficient in the latter quality, however; and had they a little more of it they might perceive that careful book-keeping and the adoption of improved methods and implements are as necessary in farming as in any other business.

In a side hollow of that hill from which Litchfield first became visible to us several distinct echoes can be obtained, and this responsiveness of the "purple glens" gave a name to this farm. It is Echo farm—a pretty and poetically suggestive name, indeed, which conjures up visions of loveliness, and sets one to dreaming of intertwining vines knitting their pliant tendrils and sweet-scented leaves through the hospitable porch and open lattice; the checkered orchard of fruity abundance; the garrulous brook that never tires of its own monody; the reverberant hills that appease life's turmoil with their easy undulations; lofty barns mossy with age; and clattering mills down in the seclusion of grassy hollows. But, alas! dear reader, model farming is not idyllic or Arcadian; it is inflexibly utilitarian; it keeps all its buildings in a perfect state of repair; it subordinates the picturesque, if it ever recognizes it; it pulls down the old mill because that venerable is in the way of the rectangular new dairy; it diverts the brook from its ferny course into the most commonplace of earthen pipes; it tears away the vines that obscure the light, and it looks upon everything with a pair of the most practical eyes set in a head that weighs, measures, audits, and analyzes with chemical exactness. The proprietor of Echo farm conducts it as a manufactory. A record is kept of the milk and butter produced by each cow for each day, each month, each year; all the feed is weighed, and the quantity entered upon books, both that purchased and that produced; and a separate account is kept of the yield of each field. Nothing is wasted, nothing done by guessing, and nothing passes unrecorded. The implements are of the latest or most approved model. Three sets of "horse" hay-forks are in use, by which hay is unloaded at the rate of a ton in four forkfuls and in four minutes, including in some instances the carriage of the hay 150 feet. The other machines also embody some novel labor-saving principles. No manure or fertilizers are found necessary, except the 1,500 loads made upon the farm, and a sort of muck, of which there are several beds.

The history of the farm is interesting. A gentleman of education, intelligence, and wealth came to Litchfield some nine years ago in search of a summer home. He had the most superficial knowledge of farming, and entertained no intention of entering that business. But, having purchased sixty-six acres and cleared them, he purchased additional tracts, which became the nucleus of Echo farm, whose area is now about 400 acres. His interest was enlisted in the raising of choice stock, and, beginning with a herd of five, he has gradually increased the number to 100, all the herd being pure Jerseys, with authentic and valuable pedigrees. The rocky fields were cleared, laid out, and inclosed by massive stone walls. Old and inadequate buildings on the consolidated land were demolished, and new ones of improved pattern erected. In 1873 a barn of 66 feet by 25 was built; an addition, 100 feet by 40, was made the following year; and in 1875 another addition was made, of 191 by 35 feet. These three buildings form the three sides of the barn-yard. They are built of pine upon massive granite foundations about two feet wide, which are laid in cement. All the wood-work is painted a soft drab color, even the proprietor's residence, and the telegraph poles that line the roadway. A desire for simplicity and durability in preference to ornamentation or showiness is visible everywhere; there is no litter, and there are no gaps in the fences or walls, which are from eighteen inches to twenty-four in thickness, every crevice being filled like a mosaic with a stone that exactly fits it. Care, thrift, and ingenuity have acted like three charms. When the fields were being cleared, such large quantities of stones were gathered that some perplexity arose as to where they should be put. Many hundreds of loads were used in the foundations of the buildings, in the fences, and in filling ravines, but more remained, and these were deposited upon several sterile hillocks of no value, where masses of swamp grass were laid over them, and covered with a light dressing of soil. Grass seed was sown upon the soil, and it took well, soon transforming the barren heaps to verdant knolls, whose blades are remarkably hardy. It was not so much for the sake of the land gained that the stones were thus disposed of, but it was rather to prevent the formation of nurseries of weeds, shrubs and brambles, which the heaps would have quickly become.

Two and a half acres are planted with beets, which are the only roots fed to the cattle, the crop averaging 1,000 bushels to the acre, and more than 2,000 tons of hay are housed a year.

Cure for Catarrh.

A writer in the Chicago *Tribune's* "Home Department" claims that the following is a simple and immediate cure for colds in the head, sore throat, asthma, sore nostrils, etc.:

The remedy is crushed cubeb berries, smoked in a pipe, emitting the smoke through the nose. After a few trials this will be easy to do. If the nose is stopped up so that it is almost impossible to breathe, one pipeful will make the head as clear as a bell. For sore throat, asthma and bronchitis, swallowing the smoke effects immediate relief. It is the best remedy in the world for offensive breath, and will make the most foul breath pure and sweet. Sufferers from that horrible disease, ulcerated catarrh, will find this remedy to be unequaled, and a month's use will cure the most obstinate case. A single trial will convince any one. Eating the uncrushed berries is also good for sore throat and all bronchial complaints. After smoking do not expose yourself to the cold air for at least fifteen minutes. The berries are perfectly harmless, and there is no use going to "catarrh doctors" while you can procure this remedy. They can be procured at any drug store.

This is the best season of the year to paint houses, as the paint will last longer than if applied in the spring or summer.

Fairbanks & Co., scale manufacturers, already get three gold medals at Paris.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.

The following remedy for consumption seems rather like a good stimulant than anything else, but it is said to produce wonderful effects: One-half pound finely-cut-up beefsteak (fresh); one dram pulverized charcoal; four ounces pulverized sugar; four ounces rye whisky; one pint boiling water. Mix all together, let it stand in a cool place over night, and give from one to two teaspoonfuls liquid and meat before each meal.

BEWARE OF COLD.

A cold is often the precursor of serious illness and death. Whatever weak place we have, whatever constitutional disease we are subject to, cold will surely discover. We take cold because our vitality is too low to ward off the effects of the reduced temperature around us. As a matter of the first importance, then, to resist cold and the various derangements of the system consequent, it is necessary by proper nutrition to maintain our natural animal heat; second, to retain this heat by a sufficient quantity of clothing; third, to regulate with care the temperature of the air we breathe. Contrary to the opinion current among lovers of cold weather, a fire in a bedroom in the winter is cheaper and better than a doctor's bill; for, owing to our inactive condition during sleep, the circulation of vitalizing blood is both slow and imperfect, and hence the danger of taking cold by breathing cold air is greatly increased. Never neglect a cold; it is a dangerous liberty to take with the healthiest constitution.

TREATMENT OF SLEEPLESSNESS.

So many persons suffer nowadays from sleeplessness that every contribution to the literature of the subject is of interest. Dr. Ainslie Hollis, in the *London Practitioner*, maintains that, although the quantity of blood in the brain is diminished during sleep, this diminution is not the sole cause of slumber, for we may have the former without the latter. One of the most efficient means of inducing natural sleep is the application of mustard plasters to the abdomen. Preyer, of Jena, advocates the administration of a freshly-made solution of lactate of soda, or of some milk or whey, on the hypothesis that sleep may be induced by the introduction of the fatigue products of the body. Where the insomnia depends upon brain exhaustion, Dr. Hollis recommends the administration, just before bed-time, of a tumblerful of hot claret and water, with sugar and nutmeg. The alkalies and alkaline earths are useful when acid dyspepsia is associated with the insomnia. Electricity has been used in the paresis of the vaso-motor nerves due to an overworked brain. In hot weather, sprinkling the floor of the sleeping apartment with water lessens the irritant properties of the air, adding much to the comfort of the sleepers; possibly the quantity of ozone is at the same time increased. When sleep is broken by severe pain, opium or morphia is of value, not only by relieving the pain, but by its action in producing anæmia of the cerebral vessels. In the wakefulness due to neuralgia, it is often better to inject a small dose of morphia hypodermically near the branch of the affected nerve than to administer it by the mouth. It is doubtful whether the bromides possess hypnotic properties, although they undoubtedly act as sedatives on the nervous system, and as such may occasionally induce sleep.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Environed with Danger.

The dweller or temporary sojourner in a malarious region of country is environed with danger. Besides inhaling at every breath an atmosphere saturated with an infectious poison, he also drinks water which is, in most instances, likewise impregnated with the fever-and-ague-breeding *miasmata*. If a bilious subject, deficient in stamina, or irregular in habit of body or digestion, his peril is much increased, as these abnormal conditions are extremely favorable to the contraction of malarial disease. But this danger may be safely encountered with the assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which completely nullifies the atmospheric virus, and neutralizes the constituents of miasma-tainted water. This benign antidote to disease eradicates and prevents fevers of an intermittent and bilious remittent type, besides effecting a thorough and permanent reform of those enfeebled or irregular conditions of the system which invite not only malaria, but other diseases equally to be dreaded.

Two Noted Grave Robbers.

Our readers will remember the account given in these columns of the robbing of the grave of the Hon. Scott Harrison, in Ohio, last May, the body being found in the dissecting-room of the Ohio Medical College. Public indignation justly brands any man as a scoundrel who will rob the grave of the dead. But there are two noted grave robbers in this country, so far from being the subject of the people's wrath, are universally lauded for their virtues. The reason is plain. While the former class steal the dead bodies of our loved ones to submit them to the dissecting-knife, these only rob the graves to restore the living victims to our hearts and homes. Their names—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets—are household words the world over. The Golden Medical Discovery cures consumption, in its early stages, and all bronchial, throat and lung affections; Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the most valuable laxative and cathartic.

Old age does not prevent you from being cured of your Heart Disease. Mr. Thompson says:

I have had Palpitation of the Heart for ten years. Two years ago I had a paralytic shock; since then I have been troubled very much worse. I found no relief until I had used Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR. I have used it for four months; the palpitation has entirely left me. I was so bad at times that I could not breathe freely, and used to have a faint, sinking feeling; was so bad that I could not sleep, and had to get up and walk around in order to get breath. I feel entirely well of all my heart troubles, and would advise all afflicted with Heart Disease to use it. I am seventy years of age, and live in Eskeeville.

JAMES THOMPSON, Manchester, N. H.

Send your name to F. E. Ingalls, Concord, N. H., for a pamphlet containing a list of testimonials of cures, etc.

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

Wilhoft's Fever and Ague Tonic.—This medicine is used by construction companies for the benefit of their employes, when engaged in malarial districts. The highest testimonials have been given by contractors and by the Presidents of some of the leading railroads in the South and West. When men are congregated in large numbers in the neighborhood of swamps and rivers, Wilhoft's Tonic will prove a valuable addition to the stock of medicines, and will amply reward the company in the saving of time, labor and money. We recommend it to all. Wheelock, Finlay & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans.

For sale by all Druggists.

Clock-work is not more regular than the liver, the stomach, and the bowels when they are put in order with Dr. Mott's Vegetable Liver Pills, a supremely effective and safe alterative, cathartic and blood depurent, which promotes thorough bilious secretion, a regular habit of body, sound digestion and nervous tranquillity. It is the best possible substitute for that terrible drug, mercury. For sale by all druggists.

From J. M. Pettengill, of Salisbury, Mass.—I have sold more boxes of Grace's Salve during the last four months than of any other like preparation in my store; in fact it is the only salve for which there is any sale. This bespeaks the confidence of the public in its virtues, and is in my opinion a valuable recommendation of its healing properties.

CHEW
The Celebrated
"Matchless"
Wood Tag Plug
Tobacco.
The Pioneer Tobacco Company,
New York, Boston and Chicago.

Dyspeptic symptoms, low spirits, restlessness, sleeplessness, confusion, sour stomach, pain in the bowels, sick headache, variable appetite, raising food, oppression at pit of stomach, low fever and languor, *Parsons' Purgative Pills* give immediate relief and will ultimately cure the disease.

If any of the readers of this paper do not know of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* we urge them to find out about it. Write to Dr. Johnson & Co., of Bangor, Me. It is the most marvelous remedy in the world.

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. 25 cts. a bottle.

What will you read when the evenings grow long and cool? Did you ever read The Best Family Paper in the United States? If not, send Ten Cents, and get three specimen copies. Address, The Ledger, Chicago, Ill.

To cleanse and whiten the teeth, to sweeten the breath, use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Farmers, Families and Others can purchase no remedy equal to Dr. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT, for the cure of Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Colic and Seasickness, taken internally (it is perfectly harmless; see each accompanying each bottle) and externally for Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Mosquito Bites, Old Sores, Pains in Limbs, Back and Chest. The VENETIAN LINIMENT was introduced in 1847, and no one who has used it but continues to do so, many stating if it was Ten Dollars a Bottle they would not be without it. Thousands of Certificates can be seen at the Depot, speaking of its wonderful curative properties. Sold by the Druggists at 50 cts. Depot, 42 Murray street, New York.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beeves	$7 25	@10 25
Hogs	4 50	@ 4 70
Cotton	11¼	@ 11½
Flour—Superfine	3 50	@ 4 00
Wheat—No. 2 Chicago	1 04	@ 1 05
Corn—Western Mixed	47½	@ 50½
Oats—Mixed	26	@ 35
Rye—Western	60	@ 61
Pork—Mess	9 10	@ 9 20
Lard	6¾	@ 7⅛

CHICAGO.

Beeves—Choice Graded Steers	5 00	@ 5 25
Cows and Heifers	2 90	@ 3 50
Medium to Fair	3 70	@ 4 10
Hogs	3 50	@ 4 10
Flour—Fancy White Winter Ex.	4 75	@ 5 50
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	4 75	@ 5 00
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	86	@ 87
No. 3 Spring	76	@