A COLLEGE WIDOW.

What, been in the city all summer,
And grinding away on your Greek?
Well, well! You'll excuse me, old fellow,
But, really, you are getting weak.
Conditioned. What of it? I'm always
Conditioned—a regular stack;
But I work them off somehow or other,
And keep myself straight with the Fac.

Why, of course, Tom, you ought to have cut it
And gone off with me and St. Clair;
No end of nice girls and salt water,
And lots of our fellows down there.
If you want any "points" on Nantucket,
Or any adventures to hear,
Just call for them and an infinitum,
While Fritz has gone after the beer.

Any snab? We'l, you'd think so to see them!
Every girl was a regular belle;
All the tone of New Haven and Boston,
And other ones equally swell.
But one of them, Tom, was a stunner;
She brought down her game on the wing,
For in less than six hours, by jingo!
She had every man on a string.

Pretty? Rather! Her teeth were like pearls, sir,
Peeping out between coraline bars,
And her eyes, when she smiled on a fellow,
Just twinkled like midnight cigars!
She captured our whole delega ion,
A Trinity junior (a swell),
Two cheeky sub-Freshmen from Harvard
And a couple of Sophs from Cornell.

Well, we used to walk out in the evening
To watch the moon's crescent arise,
And some of us thought of the landscape,
But the rest of us thought of her eyes;
And when on the murmuring water
The silvery light was aglow,
It appeared like a vision of Eden
(To the Freshmen especially so).

Such is life! Here, I'll show you the locket
She gave me at parting; and Will
Has a band e of hers in his pocket—
We keep them for a memorabil.
As for me, though, I wasn't enraptured,
In spite of the rose-tint and pearl,
For somehow I'm never contented
With only a fr nth of a girl!

And she's not very young, let me tell you—
Ten years since they shipped her from school—
And I don't think she'll ever get married;
She can't find a big enough fool.
Her name! Miss Van Arsdel, of Brooklyn.
You met her, you say, in July?
You're engaged to her, Tom? Oh, the dickens!
Beg par—, I—well, hang it—good-by!

—Acta Columbiana.

A SECRET OF THE WHITE CHEST.

It was just the house I wanted. In size and situation it suited me exactly, as the phrase goes, literally down to the ground. Facing Hyde Park, and placed back from the high-road, with nothing in front of it but the broad strip of garden belonging to the terrace in which it stood, and the open stretch of turf and trees, it was the very abode for a London season. Its rent, too, was extremely moderate; it was in sound repair; drainage without flaw; fixtures, furniture and decorations in the best taste; the owner only desiring to let it occasionally, because he went away from town each spring. Why then did I hesitate to take it? Why did everybody hesitate to take it? For the last seven years and more it had never been let. All the house-agents at the West End had had it in hand one after another. The terms had been reduced each season that it came into the market, and still there was no finding a tenant for it. Everybody who went over the house was charmed with it. The entrance being in the rear, all the best rooms had a delightful southern aspect; and going up from floor to floor on their first visit of inspection, everybody grew more delighted the higher they got. The apartments increased in cheerfulness, if not in size, the outlook from the windows became more extensive and airy, while, when one reached the top story, and ascended by a narrow stair on to a leaded flat roof, with a high balustrade running round it, the view was, as the house-agent expressed it, "quite unique."

Nevertheless, everybody, having reached the roof, and having looked round for a minute or two, descended with a firm determination not to take the house. Now what was the reason? It was not haunted, no ghost had ever been seen, or mysterious noises heard—such things were never hinted at. There was nothing about it in appearance like the gloomy, forbidding mansion in Severn square, concerning which so many queer stories are told, and which, like the house in question, no one will take. No, it was the very reverse, in all respects, of that long (and still) untenanted abode. I had heard the rumors about the Hyde Park house often when I had been in London, and my curiosity had always been piqued, so that now, when I wanted just such a house for the season, I determined to go and look at it for myself.

Finding all satisfactory, and just as I expected from bottom to top, I was stepping out on the roof with Mr. Crumble, the agent, and was saying to him:

"Well, I can't conceive why people won't live here," when my eye fell upon a curious object erected upon the leads at the rear and surrounded by a high railing. It looked like a huge sky-light or glass lantern, about ten feet long, three high and three broad. But, instead of forming a light for a staircase or room beneath, it seemed to have been built for the purpose of covering another curious object, which, occupying nearly the whole of the space under the glass, was plainly visible through it. This was a long white box, resembling a seaman's chest more than anything, only much larger. It rested upon four legs or feet, which raised it about a foot from the flat surface of the roof. It was painted a creamy white and varnished, and, apparently not being intended to open, any more than its glass covering, had no hinges or lock to its top or lid.

"What the deuce is that?" said I to Mr. Crumble.

"Ah!" replied that functionary, with an odd expression in his face, "that's it, sir!"

"What's it, pray?"

"Why, the secret, sir."

"The secret? how is it a secret? what do you mean?"

"Well, sir, what it is, what it's meant for, what's inside of it."

"Don't you know?"

"No, sir."

"Doesn't any one know?"

"I suppose somebody does, sir, but we don't; we are forbidden to inquire, or to attempt to find out; if we knew we should be able to let the house, perhaps."

"How long has it been there?"

"A long while, I believe, sir—ten or twelve years. Before my time."

"But who put it up?"

"Well, Mr. Gayling, we suppose; nobody seems to know exactly when it first appeared there."

"But the servants," I protested, "they must know."

"Oh! I have heard there were none in the house at the time; they were all dismissed just before it was put up. Mr. Gayling never keeps many servants; sometimes he has only one, sometimes none. Nobody lives in the house when he's away, but he always leaves the keys with us. He is always changing his servants, Mr. Gayling is; I have often heard him say that he likes new brooms."

"What is he, or what was he?"

"A gentleman in the naval line, I believe, sir; they are rather rum 'uns, I'm told."

"Humph!" I said; "very odd. But do you mean to tell me that nobody will live here because they don't know what's in that box?"

"That's partly the reason, I'm told."

"Absurd," I was going on, when the man continued:

"But there's a clause in the agreement about it; that's what does it, sir."

"Explain," I said.

"Well, sir, here is the clause," and he produced the document; "perhaps you would like to read it yourself?"

Thus it ran:

"And in taking the house, at the rental, and for the term specified as above, I hereby solemnly pledge my oath never directly, or indirectly, through my own agency, or that of others, to attempt to meddle with or disturb the white chest under the glass case of the roof, or to seek in any way to discover for what purpose it has been placed there, or what it contains; and I further guarantee that no person in my employ, nor any one entering the house during my tenancy thereof, shall make any such attempt, and I hereby undertake that in the event of their being detected in doing so, or of my doing so, to forfeit the sum of £1,000, and, in accordance with this agreement, have, in proper legal form, lodged the said sum with the bankers of Thomas Gayling, Esq., the lessor, as a guaranty of my good faith."

"But for that clause," went on the agent, as I finished readingit with some surprise, "we should have no difficulty in letting the house."

"Pray, is the owner out of his mind?" I asked in a minute.

"Not that I am aware of, sir; he is a very pleasant, affable gentleman, Mr. Gayling is, only, as I say, a little rum on some points; nothing will induce him to strike out that clause, for instance. Lor' bless you, sir, parties never entertain it for a moment when they come to that part of the business, they drop it like a hot potato."

"Humph!" said I again, "it's queer certainly, but I don't see why one shouldn't acquiesce; it doesn't matter a rap to me what's inside the chest; I should never want to meddle with or disturb it, and I'd take very good care no one else did; I would padlock the trap-door on to the roof, and that would settle that. Ah!" I continued, after walking round the structure and looking about me a bit—"ah! I see; precautions have been taken to prevent any access to this roof from others on either side, by this iron chevaux-de-frise; yes, no one can get over this. Well, it's an odd freak, but I am not sure that I am going to be balked by it; I'll think about it, Mr. Crumble."

And the result of my thinking was, that I signed the agreement two days afterward, having conformed to the peculiar stipulation regarding the deposit. I had no fear of losing the £1,000; the interest on it was a mere addition of the rent, and the house was so exactly what I wanted that it would even then be cheap to me, with my large family of motherless children.

Nevertheless, I do not deny that, after all was signed, sealed and settled, I was conscious of a lurking curiosity and suspicion regarding that mysterious erection. What could it be? What could it contain? I was constantly saying to myself. What strange freak could possess the man to take such strong measures to guard against any penetration into the secret—measures, by-the-by, which, in themselves, were rather calculated to provoke investigation, to draw attention to the very thing he wished one to overlook? Was Mr. Gayling a miser, hoarding up some unknown treasures in this strange fashion? Probably that was it. Well, if it was, it was no business of mine after all. My Parliamentary duties would be too urgent, I hoped, to let me dwell upon much else, so I would dismiss it, and, beyond putting the padlock on the trap-door of the roof as threatened, I took no measures to prevent any of my household indulging in speculations. I at least would not direct attention to the matter, as Mr. Gayling did, and contented my family and domestics by saying that I didn't consider it safe for people to go on the roof.

Now, in spite of my resolution, I found myself perpetually recurring to the strange chest. For the sake of quiet and air, I had appropriated the two large back and front rooms at the top of the house for my bedroom and study, and thus slept every night just beneath the white chest.

Before I had been in the house a month, it began to act as a nightmare on me, an incubus I could not shake off. I was oppressed and depressed by it, in a way quite unaccountable. I was puzzled at myself; I could not have believed four weeks before that I should ever have become so affected by such contemptible restlessness, disquiet and distrust. These feelings at last reached such a pitch that I finally changed my bedroom. I would not sleep any longer directly underneath this accursed mysterious fabric.

Another month passed, during which, more than once, I was tempted to go secretly onto the roof and look at the thing again; there was no harm in that, that was not forbidden in the bond, and, I need hardly say, I saw nothing to provoke any new comment.

About a week after my last visit to the roof, a lengthy debate kept me late at the House of Commons, and, walking home for the sake of fresh air, I found the midsummer dawn breaking as I struck into Park lane. Reaching Oxford street I was startled by observing in the western sky a strong light, not due to reflected sunrise. At the moment I saw it a fire-engine passed me at full speed, and presently the first sign of the commotion which a conflagration causes in the streets became evident. No man undergoes this experience, when he has been away from home many hours, and sees the red glare rising in the direction of his own house, without a pang of anxiety, if not of terror. How well-founded was this sensation in the present case was made evident ere I had walked another 200 yards; yes, merciful powers! roof had only crashed down, as yet, as far as the drawing-room, and there, when my eyes had become accustomed to the spectacle of the indescribable debris, I plainly beheld, resting slantways across a stubborn remnant of wall, what had been the white chest; it was now split and smashed, and its contents were revealed.

Good Heavens! what was it that I looked down upon? I turned my face away for a moment with a shudder, for there, protruding through the splintered fragments of its once creamy-white wooden case, was a huge leaden coffin, which, in its turn, melted, and, bursting with the heat, displayed within the unmistakable form of a shrouded corpse! I was in the act of drawing my companion's attention to it in horror, when suddenly there flew up around it, with redoubled fury, such a mass of flame and smoke that it was entirely hidden, and soon the fire had so spread and burst out again that the horrible spectacle of this unintentional incremation was shut from sight, and the house was finally burned to the ground.

I pass over what immediately followed after I had made my way back to the friendly abode where the members of my family were sheltered. In a few days they were snugly settled again in another home, fortunately not much the worse for the terrible scare. In due course the time arrived for looking into my losses, and while I was doing so I received a letter from Mr. Gayling, who had come to town, requesting an interview. I was glad of this, for I foresaw it must lead to some explanation of the strange circumstances surrounding the agreement I had signed. My curiosity as to the contents of the white chest had been rudely satisfied, it was true, but what had been the reason for placing such an object in such a place? and this I was determined to find out. Unexpectedly Mr. Gayling disclosed it to me immediately we met. "I have asked for this interview, sir," he said abruptly, "because I am a ruined man."

"But," I interposed, "I am told you were fully insured."

"That has nothing to with it," he answered; "No insurance can restore the £3,000 a year which I lose by what has happened. I am simply going to tell you certain facts; because, when you have heard them, I shall put it to you whether you will not, out of your ample means, feel that some compensation is due me. The fact is, that it has been through your tenancy of my house, and through accident or negligence on the part of some one for whom you are responsible, that my ruin has been brought about."

"I don't understand you."

"Listen, sir," he went on, "and you will. I was brought up to the sea and followed it till mid-life, for I was entirely dependent on my own earnings. My only relative at this time was an old uncle, also a sailor, and a most eccentric man, as you will presently see. Fifteen years ago he suddenly came into a large sum of money; I never knew how, but he retired and took that house. He had only been in it three years when a mortal sickness overtook him; he sent for me.

"'Tom,' said he, 'I am dying, and I don't like it; I am terrified, not so much at the thought of death as at the thought of burial; a sailor's grave I would not mind, but to be boxed up and thrust into the earth, no, Tom, I won't stand it. I look to you to see that it doesn't happen; and I have taken measures to make sure that you do see that it doesn't happen. I've made my will, Tom; I've left you all I possess, but on one condition, and it is that you are my heir so long as I am well above ground, and no longer—mark the words, "Well above ground." Directly I am buried, or my remains are allowed to mingle with mother-earth, as she is called—she was no mother to me; the sea was my mother, for I was born at sea—all my money, mind, goes straight to the Seamen's Hospital, every penny of it.'

"'But what am I to do?' I asked of my uncle; 'how shall I be able to carry out such a strange condition? Have you so expressed it in your will?'

"'Yes, indeed, I have,' he answered; 'and legal and binding you'll find it, as expressed in the words, "so long as I am well above ground."'

"'But what am I to do with you? I again asked.

"'Oh, run me up aloft; masthead me; anything you like, but don't bury me.'

"Well," went on Mr. Gayling, "to make a long story short, I found that the conditions of the old man's will were binding, and his executors and myself hit upon the plan of hoisting the coffin on to the roof of his house. Under certain conditions we found that it was possible for us legally to do this. So I dismissed my three servants, employed a country undertaker, my old ship's carpenter, and a foreign glazier, in order that the matter should not be talked of in the neighborhood, and personally saw the arrangements carried out. You can now understand my reasons for not having it meddled with: yes, sir; and you can now understand that the condition of the will must take effect. No sign of the coffin or the body even was to be discovered in the ruins of that house. I have had a rigid search made, to no purpose; the old gentleman's remains have been consumed, have mingled with mother, earth, and the money passes as a matter of course to the Seamen's Hospital. I have not a penny in the world. What can you do for me?"

It is not necessary for me to say what I did for Mr. Gayling, but finding by a visit to Doctors' Commons, and other evidence, that his story was substantially correct, I felt his case was a hard one, certainly a strange one, and I acted, I hope, not ungenerously toward him.—*All The Year Round.*

A Colored Voter's Advice to Grant.

After the arrival of Gen. Sherman in this city, on Thursday, one of our colored men visited him in the Larkin House parlor, and, extending his hand, opened fire thusly:

"How yo' is, General?"

"How are you? how are you? Where did I first have the pleasure of your acquaintance?" replied the General, shaking hands.

"O, I was wid yo' down dar at Shiloh! I reckon yo' must hab seed me for I was dar."

"Who was your officer and what regiment were you in?"

"Well, now, I don't zac'ly 'member dat, but I was dar, an' was wid yo' up at Columby, Souf Kaliny, too. By de way, Gen'ral, whar's Gen'ral Grant?"

"Ah, he is in Egypt, and is about to visit Eden!" was the reply.

"Haw, haw, haw! Dat's too good, too good; but look here, Gen'ral Grant's a moughty smart man, an' we gemmen of de Souf would like to hab him for de three term, but if he gwine to Edum he had better stay dar, for he mought nebber git de chance agin."—*Palatka Herald.*

Ice for Diphtheria.

O. E. Miles, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, says he cured his wife of diphtheria, after kerosene and sulphur had been tried in vain, by the use of ice, having her hold pieces in her throat, where the white fungus was formed, and applying it in cloths on the outside. The applications were renewed as fast as they disappeared, and soon the patient was out of danger. Mr. Miles' theory is that the low temperature caused by the ice kills the deadly fungus.

FARM NOTES.

It is about time to begin preparing hot-beds.

Some imagine that the perfection of farming consists wholly in aptness to labor and strength of muscle.

In the spring the farmer should see the end from the beginning, then he will work from the beginning toward that end.

Never try to beat a colt into doing a thing; or, if nervous, he may turn out a vicious horse, and, if stupid, he may become stubborn. Remember that by patience and gentleness he can be got to do anything that will not hurt him.

All kinds of stock will be the better for moderate exercise. This advice applies especially to animals which are kept in stables. Cows and horses should be let out for a part of each day, unless the weather is exceedingly severe or stormy.

Farmers and poultrymen have learned that there is a difference in the flesh of fowls, as there is a difference in the flesh of cattle, and that it is as desirable to have a hen that will lay as long as possible as it is to have a cow that will give milk the longest possible time.

There is no reason why farming may not be made to pay much oftener than it does. Very few have learned to regard it as a business. It is a sort of chance-work all round. Most men look on it as a sort of real-estate transaction. They hope one day to sell out at a big figure, hence are afraid to improve their farms with a view to agricultural operations, for fear that whoever buys the land will not care for these little things. We have often heard some improving farmer ridiculed by some knowing ones, who were very sure so-and-so would get no more for his place than if he had thrown the money in the dirt.—*Des Moines Register.*

The *American Agriculturist*, in its notes on swindlers, gives the following timely warning to farmers: There is a set of swindlers whose operations are especially directed toward farmers. It is no reflection upon the intelligence of farmers that this is so. These rascals know that all kinds of fish are not to be caught with one bait; hence they operate upon clergymen, doctors, merchants and farmers, each in a different manner. It is safe to predict that there is a new set of traps ready this spring to catch farmers. Of late years the "agency" dodge has been played successfully, and it has already been started thus early in the season. These swindlers are all after one pattern. A glib-tongued chap, No. 1, wishes to establish an "agency" for some crinkum. It may be a stump-puller, a machine for grinding the knives of mowing-machines, it may be a churn power, or a spring bed. Whatever it is, chap No. 1, somehow, or in some way, contrives to get the signature of the farmer. Here is where the trouble begins. We have cautioned and reiterated the caution: "Farmers, be careful what you sign," but this does not seem to be enough; no matter how much care is exercised, the smooth-tongued chap, No. 1, is usually too much for the farmer. So we say to farmers, don't act as agents to anything, but if you will not heed this, and the temptation as to profit is too great to resist, and you will disregard warnings, we beg of you, farmers, don't sign anything. You may be asked to agree to become an agent, you may be asked to give your address, so that the sample machine, to be sent free, will come all right; you may be asked for merely your postoffice address. Take our advice—which is the same as *Punch's* advice to young people about to marry: Don't! don't!! Don't, do not—pray, refrain from signing your name to anything whatever. Observe this, and you are safe. Sign your name on any pretense to anything whatever, and you open the way for the visit of chap No. 2. He is not smooth-tongued or persuasive. He has come to collect his bill. You have ordered so and so. The goods are at the depot. Here is the bill, and he wants the money, as he must take the next train. Don't say that you never ordered the goods, for there is your signature! You can't deny it, but you signed it as an agreement to act as agent, or signed it as your address—No. 2 knows nothing about it, but wants his money. Here we say again, don't. Don't be bullied into paying it, but let him do his worst. Show him the door and let him appeal to the courts if he dares. The game has already begun, and hundreds of farmers, to avoid trouble, will throw away thousands of dollars the coming season. Don't be bullied into paying a dollar on any such claim. At the most, it can only go to a jury of your neighbors to decide, but not one case in a hundred will ever come to that.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Kerosene lamps should never stand near hot stoves, or where the heat is so great as to convert the oil into gas. This practice is one cause of explosions.

To Lessen Friction of Furniture.—Black lead is excellent to lessen friction between two pieces of work. The slides and rests of desks or bureau drawers may be made to move easily by spreading common stove-blacking evenly with a cloth or the finger over their surfaces. Time and patience may thus be saved.

A Good Test of the Purity of Milk.—A German paper gives a test for watered milk, which is simplicity itself. A well-polished knitting-needle is to be dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the milk is pure, some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.

Washing Colored House Linen.—1. To wash towels with colored borders let them soak in a pailful of cold water containing one teaspoonful of sugar of lead; let them remain ten minutes before washing; to make the colors look clear and bright, use pulverized borax in wash-water, very little soap and no soda. 2. To wash red table linen, use tepid water, with a little powdered borax, which serves to set the color; wash the linen separately and quickly, using very little soap; rinse in tepid water, containing a little boiled starch; hang to dry in the shade, and iron when almost dry.

Lime Incrustation in Kettles.—1. When there is much lime in the iron teakettle, set it on the stove or on the fire without any water in it, and let it stay there until red-hot; then take off and set it on the ground to cool, when the lime may be taken out easily. 2. To remove lime from teakettles where hard water is used, set the kettle out doors and let it freeze over night. In the morning thaw and rap off. 3. Boil clabber in the kettle two or three times; if it will not scrape off, let it stand a while. 4. The deposit of the crust in kettles may be prevented by placing an oyster shell in the kettle. The particles of lime will adhere to the shell.

Cleaning Corsets.—The directions given by the correspondents of our exchanges for cleaning corsets are noteworthy for their variety. We reprint two of them: 1. Take out the steels at front and sides, then scrub thoroughly with tepid or cold lather of castile soap, using a small scrubbing brush; do not lay them in water. When quite clean let cold water run on them freely from a spigot to rinse out the soap thoroughly. Dry, without ironing (after pulling lengthwise until they are straight and shapely) in a cool place. 2. Remove the steels from your corsets and wash them on a board with a stiff brush in water in which borax is dissolved; do not boil them; rinse thoroughly and dry in the sun.

Washing with Hard Water.—To those who have to use hard water for washing, this method may be recommended: Procure a large barrel, set it close to the well, and let some one who is able, if you are not, fill it with water; then put in two panfuls of wood ashes, skim off the coals, let it stand two days at least; wash your white clothes as for boiling, soap them, and lay them in a clean tub; have sufficient broken water boiling hot to cover them, pour it on them, and cover immediately with one or two thick woolen blankets, and let them stand until the next morning; then wring them out, and you have a splendid suds with which to wash your colored clothes, also, with the broken water, and your clothes will look as nice and white as if you had used rain-water. This is a good way for women who are not strong, as they are not so liable to overwork as if they did it all in one day.

BAD BANKING.

Archbishop Purcell's Financial Troubles.

The complete story of the troubles that have come upon Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, through the dreadful financeiring of himself and his broker, Father Edward Purcell, as told by the New York *Sun*, is a pitiable one—pitiable more when one considers the victims than the prelate. The broker began to discharge his duties as financial agent of the then Bishop in 1838, the year of ordination. In 1850 the Bishop was made Archbishop, and from that time to this the savings of the many congregations in his diocese have been intrusted to the Purcells for safe keeping. The panic weakened confidence in them, but the run did not commence until the recent bank failures in Cincinnati. Then the scared depositors flocked to the Episcopal residence to get their money, only to find it gone. Several prominent persons in Cincinnati and the priests in the diocese contributed $40,000 for the relief of the Bishop, not knowing the extent of the disaster, and supposing it would be ample aid in the emergency. It was but a drop in the bucket, for $6,000,000 had gone—an utter, helpless, irretrievable loss to the creditors—gone as completely as if he had piled it in a heap and burned it. The other day we asked the question what had become of this money. The *Sun's* article answers it. The money received has been used as revenue for church purposes. It has built churches, schools, and convents, been expended in support of the poor, and been squandered in gifts. How recklessly and cruelly the trust was administered is shown by the following statement:

"From what I can learn, the facts seem to be that the Rev. Father Purcell paid the whole cost of the Cathedral, as now appears, *from the depositors' money.* To encourage depositors he paid interest, at first 4 per cent. only, but very soon thereafter 6 per cent.—a rate as high as is paid by solid and well-managed savings banks to their depositors. Yet he at no time invested even a tithe of the funds so obtained in any way that would return him 6 per cent. Father Purcell let out large sums of money to private individuals and business firms without adequate security, often without written acknowledgment. He loaned money at stipulated rates of interest, and then, when the borrowers pleaded poverty, would remit the interest—sometimes the principal also. He would receive deposits, give the depositors mere memoranda on bits of paper, and fail to make any entry of the sums so received upon records for his own information. When interest was claimed he would jot down the amount on the back of the old memorandum. When he made loans to churches, in many instances he did not take notes or other records. The Archbishop knew he was faithful, industrious, frugal, and honest, and believed him capable, but the Archbishop was no judge of capacity in that direction. As one who has known him for many years said of him to-day: 'He knows the difference between the figures on a $5 and a $500 note, but attaches no more importance to one than the other, and anything deemed by him a deserving object of charity would get the latter just as readily as the former.'"

In its extent the disaster exceeds any of the recent collapses of insurance companies or savings banks, as there are no assets left. Suits have been brought, but nothing can be recovered unless the church property can be taken, and none of the plans suggested for relief, such as fairs, lotteries, and national subscriptions, will commend themselves to popular favor or come within the limits of propriety. It is a gigantic disaster, with little or nothing to relieve its misery. Whatever other result may happen from it, it ought to be a solemn and lasting warning to church authorities to keep out of the banking business, especially when an utter ignorance of financiering will defeat the best and most honest of intentions.

A greenback party has been organized in Canada. It wants the Dominion Government to have legal tenders.

Not Symptoms, but the Disease.

It would seem to be a truth appreciable by all and especially by professors of the healing art, that to remove the disease, not to alleviate its symptoms, should be the chief aim of medication. Yet in how many instances do we see this truth admitted in theory, ignored in practice. The reason that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is successful in so many cases, with which remedies previously tried were inadequate to cope, is attributable to the fact that it is a medicine which reaches and removes the causes of the various maladies to which it is adapted. Indigestion, fever and ague, liver complaint, gout, rheumatism, disorders of the bowels, urinary affections and other maladies are not palliated merely, but rooted out by it. It goes to the fountain head. It is really, not nominally, a radical remedy, and it endows the system with an amount of vigor which is its best protection against disease.

Somebody's Child.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face and an indescribable yearning to live and take an honored place in the world beside the companions of his youth. And somebody's mother is thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—when her heart and home will be left desolate—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart *before it is too late.* Tell her that consumption *is* curable, that men are living to-day, aged, robust men, whom the physicians pronounced incurable at the age of twenty-five, because *one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease.* Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a most efficient alterative for separating the scrofulous matter from the blood and lungs, and imparting strength to the system. It has cured hundreds of consumptives.

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.

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

Prices are a little higher for the Mason & Hamlin Organs than those of very poor organs, but the quality is a great deal better. It is certainly good economy to obtain the best, when there is no more difference in the price.

Coughs and Colds.—These who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., should try "Brown's Bronchial Troches." 25 cents a box.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beeves	$7 75	@ 9 50
Hogs	4 25	@ 4 40
Cotton	9¾	@ 10
Flour—Superfine	3 50	@ 3 70
Wheat—No. 2	1 14	@ 1 17
Corn—Western Mixed	44	@ 45½
Oats—Mixed	33	@ 34
Rye—Western	60	@ 63
Pork—Mess	9 60	@10 90
Lard	6½	@ 6¾
CHICAGO.		
Beeves—Choice Graded Steers	4 50	@ 5 00
Cows and Heifers	2 75	@ 3 75
Medium to Fair	3 90	@ 4 15
Hogs	2 75	@ 4 25
Flour—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 00	@ 5 50
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	3 75	@ 4 00
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	92	@ 93
No. 3 Spring	80	@ 81
Corn—No. 2	33	@ 34
Oats—No. 2	24	@ 25
Rye—No. 2	46	@ 47
Barley—No. 2	75	@ 77
Butter—Choice Creamery	22	@ 26
Eggs—Fresh	17	@ 18
Pork—Mess	8 75	@ 9 80
Lard	6¼	@ 6½
MILWAUKEE.		
Wheat—No. 1	99	@ 1 02½
No. 2	92	@ 93
Corn—No. 2	32	@ 32½
Oats—No. 2	24	@ 25
Rye—No. 1	46	@ 46½
Barley—No. 2	69	@ 70
ST. LOUIS.		
Wheat—No. 2 Red Fall	1 03	@ 1 03¾
Corn—Mixed	33	@ 34
Oats—No. 2	26	@ 27
Rye	47	@ 48
Pork—Mess	9 50	@ 9 75
Lard	6	@ 6¼
CINCINNATI.		
Wheat	98	@ 1 05
Corn	35	@ 37
Oats	26	@ 30
Rye	54	@ 55
Pork—Mess	9 75	@10 00
Lard	6¼	@ 6½
TOLEDO.		
Wheat—Amber Michigan	1 05	@ 1 06
No. 2 Red	1 07	@ 1 08
Corn—No. 1	38	@ 40
Oats—Mixed	28	@ 29
Barley (per cental)	1 00	@ 2 10
Pork—Mess	10 25	@10 50
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
Cattle—Best	5 00	@ 5 25
Fair	4 50	@ 4 75
Common	3 50	@ 4 25
Hogs	3 25	@ 4 75
Sheep	3 25	@ 5 40

The Phonetic Rover, Washington, D. C., 3c. Year, 30c

A BLESSING TO WOMANKIND. Send stamp for circular to G. Y. Pierce, M.D., Chicago.

OPIUM HABIT & SKIN DISEASES Thousands cured. Lowest Prices. Do no fail to write. Dr. F. E. Marsh, Quincy, Mich

X NEW BOOK for Fruit Growers.—Elliott's Fruit Growers' Hand-Book. Paper 50c. Bound $1. Fill. X ott's Practical Landscape Gardener. 8vo. Bound $1.50. By mail, postpaid. Address D. M. DEWEY, Rochester, N.Y.

PIANOS $175. $55 for Nine-Stop ORGANS Don't fail to send for Illustrated Circular. BUNNELL & MILLER, Lewiston, Pa.

$8 A DAY PROFIT. Agents' sample, 6 cents "The Nassau Delight," Nassau, N.Y.

WANTED One Live Man for each State to sell goods by manufacturer. Fair salary paid. La Belle Rfg Co., 93 Clark St., Chicago.

PIANOS $140 to $400—factory prices—highest honors—Mathushek's scale for squares—finest upright in America—12,000 in use—Pianos sent on trial—Catalogue free. MENDELSOHN PIANO Co., 21 E. 16th Street, N. Y.

BIG PAY—With Stencil Outfits. What costs 4 cts. sells rapidly for 50 cts. Catalogue free. S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St., Boston, Mass.

$7 A DAY to Agents canvassing for the Fireside Visitor. Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

POCKET DICTIONARY, 30,000 Words, and Dr. Foote's Health Monthly, one year, 50c. Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 28th St., New York.

ALL WEAKLY PERSONS send $1 for a package of the Celebrated Root and Herb Cure. Take it *strictly according to directions*, then I will give you a chance to make $3 to $5 a day selling the same preparation in your localities. Packages sent by mail. Address DR. S. D. WILLIS, Wallace, Indiana. ☞ Cut this out.

$3300 A YEAR. How to Make it. *News Agents Goods.* COE & YONGE, St. Louis, Mo.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief Price 25 cts. ASTHMA by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address R. Valentine, Manager, Janesville, Wis.

PINAFORE! Every popular melody in the Opera, arranged as an Instrumental *Potpourri*, complete in Stoddart's Opera Series, "Musical Library." Only 10c. Mailed on receipt of price. J. M. STODDART & CO., Publs., 737 Chestnut St., Phila.

Bankrupt Stock of Splendid Masonic Books and Regalia. Bought at auction, and will be sold at auction prices. A rare chance for Agents. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Redding & Co., Masonic Publs., 731 Broadway, New York. Beware of spurious Rituals.

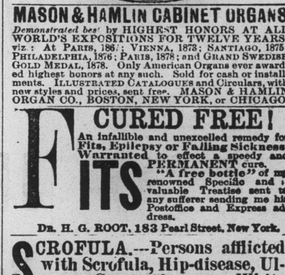
$350 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—36 BEST selling articles in the world; one sample *free.* Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich

GOOD NEWS TO ALL OUT OF EMPLOYMENT. We will send free, by mail, to any one desiring pleasant and profitable employment, a beautiful Chromo and confidential circular of the American and European Chromo Company, showing how to make money. We have something entirely new, such as has never been offered to the public before. There is a lot of money in it for agents. Address, inclosing a 3-cent stamp for return postage on chromo,

F. GLEASON, 46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Largest Assortment in the World of Plays, Dramas, Comedies, Farces, Ethiopian Dramas, Plays for Ladies only, Plays for Gentlemen only, Wigs, Beards, Mustaches, Face Preparations, Burnt Cork, Jarley's Wax-Works, Tableaux, Charades, Pantomimes, Guide to the Stage, and, for Amateurs, Make-up Book, Make-up Boxes, New Plays. SAM'L FRENCH & SON. 38 East 14th St., Union Square, New York. Catalogues sent FREE!!!

FREE Advice to all Invalids; Men, Women. Call or write case. N. J. AIKIN, M.D., 134 Clark st., Chicago



MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS *Demonstrated best* by HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL WORLD'S EXPOSITIONS FOR TWELVE YEARS, viz.: At PARIS, 1878; VIENNA, 1873; SANTIAGO, 1875; PHILADELPHIA, 1876; PARIS, 1878; and GRAND SWEDISH GOLD MEDAL, 1878. Only American Organs ever awarded highest honors at any such. Sold for cash or installments. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES and Circulars, with new styles and prices, sent free. MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., BOSTON, NEW YORK, or CHICAGO.

FITS CURED FREE! An infallible and unexcelled remedy for Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness. Warranted to effect a speedy and PERMANENT cure. "A free bottle" of my renowned Specific and a valuable Treatise sent to any sufferer sending me his Postoffice and Express address.

Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl Street, New York.

SCROFULA.—Persons afflicted with Scrofula, Hip-disease, Ulcerous Sores, Abscesses, White Swelling, Psoriasis, Goitre, Necrosis, Eczema, Diseased Bones, will please send their address

Dr. JONES, Chemist, New Lebanon, N.Y.

IN THE WHOLE List of Medicines there are none that are equal to HUNT'S REMEDY for curing Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Complaints.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Excessive Intemperance, General Debility, Gravel, Diabetes, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, and all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs. Physicians prescribe HUNT'S REMEDY. Send for pamphlet to WM. E. CLARKE, Providence, R. I.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD It contains 672 fine historical engravings and 1260 large double-column pages, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill.

TEAS! All the Time. The very best goods direct from the Importers at Half the usual cost. Best plan ever offered to Club Agents and large buyers. ALL EXPRESS CHARGES PAID. New terms FREE. The Great American Tea Company, 51 and 53 Vesey Street, New York. P. O. Box 4235.

SAPONIFIER Is the Old Reliable Concentrated Lye FOR FAMILY SOAP-MAKING. Directions accompanying each can for making Hard, Soft and Toilet Soap QUICKLY. *IT IS FULL WEIGHT AND STRENGTH.* The market is flooded with (so-called) Concentrated Lye, which is adulterated with salt and rosin, *and won't make soap.* *SAVE MONEY, AND BUY THE* SAPONIFIER MADE BY THE Pennsyl