AS THE SEASONS COME AND GO.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

The fresh young leaves are coming, dear!
In the genial prime of May;
And the bees in the blooms are humming, dear!
And the world is glad and gay;
Is gay and glad in the ripe bright spring,
Forgetting the winter snow;
But winter again the snow must bring,
As the seasons ebb and flow;
And so the world goes round a ring,
As the reasons come and go.

As the seasons come and go, and the years
One after another die,
With wan, sad faces wet with tears,
And the laugh that ends in a sigh;
In a sigh—and, sighing, our hopes and joys
Pace after them, sad and slow,
With our manhood's baubles and childhood's toys,
As the seasons ebb and flow.
Leaving us only the pleasure that cloys,
As the seasons come and go.

The lads are the fair girls wooing, dear,
In the rash glad days of spring,
And the greybeards for young loves suing, dear!
While the thrushes, mating, sing.
They are wise—for the young grow old and grey,
And time is a fair girl's foe;
And maids are fickle, and men will stray,
As the seasons ebb and flow;
For love's forever is but a day,
As the seasons come and go.

In the new love's lap all the old are forgot,
When the mouth new kisses craves;
They are gone, like players, remembered not,
One after one, like the waves;
On the dead loves' ashes the live loves tread,
And into its fires we throw
The false girl's picture, the tress of the dead,
As the seasons ebb and flow,
Forgetting the once sweet lips so red,
As the seasons come and go.

No, no!—there loves we cannot forget,
Charming faces, forever dear;
Sweet lips, with whose kissing ours tingle yet,
Loving words we shall always hear;
Eyes that we always shall look into,
Whether they love us or no;
Adorations immortal, tender and true,
Through the seasons ebb and flow;
Immortal, oh, darling! as mine for you,
While the seasons come and go.

MY INHERITANCE.

So Aunt Susan had left me heir to her little all. I had often been to the small house in the out-of-the-way country village, and it must have been that my visits had pleased her. At any rate, in the letter I now held, she wrote:

MY DEAR HERBERT: I haven't much to leave, as my annuity dies with me; but my house and furniture, such as it is, I wish you to have. Of all my nephews, you have been the only one who has seemed to care for me, and I wish my possessions were more valuable for your sake. You are at liberty to sell the house, if you wish, and all it contains, excepting one thing, and that is the picture of my grandmother, which was left to me in her will. That I have always valued, and I would like you to value it also, for my sake.

This was part of the letter handed to me by the lawyer, when I came to my aunt's on receiving news of her death.

I had entered into my inheritance, but, as Aunt Susan had said, there was nothing of much value. The house was old and rickety, and the furniture in the last stages of wear. Before the picture in the sitting-room I paused. It was, as I remembered it before, a full-length portrait of a very handsome woman, with a dark, haughty beauty, dressed in a rich, old-time costume of velvet and lace, and with diamonds around her white neck and wrists.

Leaving things in old Margery's charge, I went back to my office in the city. There I found a little note on my desk, inviting me the following week to "Cragghead," Mr. Roscoe's country-seat, to attend a garden party.

I must now describe the girl whom for a year I had loved to distraction (though as I felt) hopelessly. Adrienne Roscoe was a true type of an American girl; tall and slender, her figure possessed that dignified grace which distinguishes our countrywomen, with a face fair, proud, delicate, sweet, intelligent—all these adjectives are none too many to do it justice. I had become acquainted with her father during one of my business trips, and had afterward been favored with an introduction to his daughter. Mr. Roscoe was a self-made man, one to whom the "chink, chink, chink" of gold was sweeter than any sound besides, as one could easily see. I had in some way found favor in his eyes, and he had asked me to his house, apparently never fearing in the slightest that the poor, struggling lawyer could dare to look up to his incomparable daughter. Indeed, he had once told me in confidence, "Adrienne is a beauty, and I intend her to make a fine match."

I took the day boat, and arrived at "Cragghead" late in the afternoon. The party was at its full height, and, after making myself presentable, I sauntered down to find my host and his daughter.

Such a cordial grasp of the hand I had seldom seen Mr. Roscoe bestow, and then, after conversing a few moments, he said, it seemed to me in a very significant tone, "Have you seen Adrienne yet?"

Just then she came toward us. I had never shown by word or look my daring love; but, as she approached in an ethereal costume (which surely could have been fashioned by none but fairy fingers), I stood rooted to the spot, every emotion merged into one wild wish to then and there throw myself at her feet and declare my love.

But, of course, all I did was to take the sweet hand so frankly extended, and utter a few words of greeting. Just then a group of gay girls flitted toward us, calling "Adnin One!" and in their midst she was wafted away.

My host and I wandered to a grove near by, and under the shadow of an old elm we seated ourselves. Mr. Roscoe had always been polite and courteous to me, but to-day I felt a difference in his manner, and by-and-by something he said sent the blood bounding at fever heat through my veins.

Laying his hand (with the large solitaire on the little finger) confidentially on my arm, he said:

"Herbert, I think a father's eye cannot be mistaken. Have I not seen for a long time that you have entertained for my daughter a feeling warmer than mere friendship?"

In surprise I looked into his face, and then with a sudden wild hope at my heart as I saw the benignant, kindly look with which he regarded me, I told him all—how passionately I worshiped Adrienne, and that it was through fear that, because of my poverty, I would be no fitting mate for her, I had not ventured to declare my feelings. As I spoke, a rather peculiar smile passed over his features, but it vanished quickly, and in the same kindly tone he replied:

"Mr. Lisle, you underrate yourself. What is money where the heart is concerned?"

So I was free to love, and, if possible, to win the "queen-lady of my dreams."

Not then, while my pulses throbbed so wildly, could I trust myself to express my sentiments in fitting words. Evening came. Surely, such a fairy scene never existed on this prosaic globe before. A flood of golden moonlight paled and put to shame the myriad of colored lights, which made the spacious grounds as bright as day.

The fair and young seemed fairer and younger in the magical radiance which inhaloed them. A fountain flung its jeweled spray high into the air; satiny roses and stately lilies lifted their lovely heads, and shining with a beauty far above all was the queen of the *fete*—Adrienne.

It was long before my opportunity came; then, with faltering words, all my fine rhetorical sentences forgotten, I told my darling (what I felt she knew full well) that I loved her, and that, with her father's full consent, I asked for her dear hand.

There were snowy flowers in her hair, and with the moon's pale beams bathing in an almost spiritual radiance the white robe which fell softly and clingingly about her, and disclosing the rapt glow in her sweet, fond eyes, it was no wonder that she seemed to me, not a mortal, but like unto the angels.

The following day we parted, and Mr. Roscoe himself drove me to the station in his stylish dog-cart, drawn by a spirited team of bays.

"Truly, how different he is," I thought, "from what I have always judged him to be!"

"Come again soon, Herbert," Adrienne had whispered, as I pressed a kiss upon her lovely lips.

My office seemed meaner and duller than ever before when I entered it, and, sitting down, I tried to realize what a change had come to my future within the last few hours. Then I settled down to business again. No hanger-on upon a rich father-in-law would I be, and, if I meant to have a home and a wife, I must work.

The days passed laggingly along until the time came in which I intended to visit "Cragghead" again. But that morning the postman handed me a letter. A large, cream-tinted, monogramed envelope, with my name—Herbert Lisle—in a bold hand. I opened and read. Then how long I sat there in the same position I know not; but when I came back to myself, and chanced to glance up into the dingy little glass hanging over my desk, I vaguely wondered if that pale, drawn face could be my own.

"I was deceived," the letter ran, "and my daughter was, too. We heard of an inheritance left to you by a deceased aunt, and have only just ascertained its amount. It is out of the question that Adrienne should marry a poor man—" and so forth.

"I was deceived, and my daughter was, too." Could it be that Adrienne was mercenary? In sudden fury I cast the cruel letter from me. Then a man's hard, bitter tears rose to my eyes, and, leaning my head on my desk, I fought them back. A gentle footfall came up the stairs, through the narrow hall, and paused at my door. Some one tapped.

"I am engaged," I cried, in a voice I tried in vain to render calm; but the door opened, and there, enveloped in a dark mantle, with a veil covering her face, was a slight figure.

It was Adrienne! She flung back her veil and sprung to my side.

"Herbert, my love, I have come to see you. What care I for riches? Make me your wife now, for then nothing can part us!"

I clasped her convulsively to me; we kissed each other, and then, holding her away, I looked into her tearful eyes.

"Adrienne," I said, solemnly, "do you realize that you will leave a life of luxury to be a poor man's wife?"

"I have made up my mind," she answered, resolutely. "It is the only thing I can do. My father declares that in a week's time he will expect me to marry one he had chosen for me before he formed such a mistaken idea of the extent of your inheritance."

We left the dingy little office, and in less than an hour's time we were man and wife.

Adrienne wrote to her father, telling him of what she had done, and pleading for forgiveness.

The answer said: "When I can visit Mrs. Lisle in a home as handsome as the one Adrienne Roscoe enjoyed, then, and not till then, will I forgive my undutiful daughter."

We were happy, my wife and I, in the little home which was my heritage, and after a while a visitant strayed from paradise to fill our hearts with her childish grace and beauty. The little one used to sit for hours before the portrait of my ancestress. The dark, haughty face seemed to fascinate her.

One day, as I sat quietly with Adrienne by my side, on the piazza, a sudden crash brought us both to our feet. Then came a child's cry of distress. We both ran to the sitting-room, whence the sounds had proceeded. There on the floor lay little Addie, almost concealed by the great picture, which had fallen from its fastenings.

After Addie had been picked up and consoled, I turned my attention to the mischief which had been done. As I raised the heavy picture, the broken frame fell apart, and a long, narrow, oblong package dropped at my feet, Adrienne stood with wondering eyes as, after removing the wrappings, a leather case was disclosed.

"What a strange hiding-place! and what can it be?" she exclaimed.

It was opened, and there before our dazzled eyes flashed a necklace of diamonds. Three rows of large brilliants, each having one magnificent gem for its central ornament; and a pair of old-fashioned bracelets, studded with the same priceless stones. I could not estimate the value of this discovery, although I knew it must be immense. In the case was a paper, and on it was written:

My wedding jewels. SUSAN DINSCOMB.

And, as I read, I remembered hearing of the great fear of robbery, amounting almost to a mania upon the subject, which my ancestor had always labored under, and of the strange places from which the family silver and other articles of value were unearthed after her sudden death.

So Adrienne and I found ourselves rich people. The jewels realized far more than I had imagined they would; and, by buying more ground, on the spot of the old house I built such a home as Adrienne was fitted to adorn.

Then came a telegram to my wife, telling of a fall her father had received, and that his life was in danger. We found him sadly changed from his former self, and when, in a feeble voice, he called "Adrienne!" and held out his weak arms to my wife, all my anger vanished.

We did not tell him of the difference in our fortunes, but, after he had sufficiently recovered, we brought him by slow stages to our home, which Adrienne had named "Ingleside." Then he was told the wonderful story of the treasure-trove we had found through little Addie's desire and attempt to kiss "the pitty lady." The old man held out his hand to me.

"Herbert, I am almost sorry for this. I had thought to prove my changed feelings by sharing with you the wealth, which has only been a burden to me since, in my pride, I refused to listen to my daughter's request for forgiveness."

"Say no more, sir;" I replied. "Let bygones be bygones—but for you I would never have had my wife, my dear Adrienne—"

"Nor 'ittle Addie, papa," cried a sweet, small voice, whose owner had come unnoticed to my side, and overheard my words.

Looking around me, I sometimes sigh as the memory of old Aunt Susan comes back to me; of how she pinched and struggled to live within her small means and keep her little home, while all the time the legacy which had been left her by her grandmother, and which would have made her beyond want, was, all unknown to her, within her very reach.

THE kind-hearted publisher of the Little Rock (Ark.) *Gazette* printed this announcement one day last week: "As our printers wished to join in the Mardi-Gras festivities yesterday, and requested that but little original matter be given to set in type, we prepared no editorial for this morning's issue of the paper."

EMPLOYES of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have been notified that drunkenness and frequenting of liquor saloons will be considered sufficient cause for immediate discharge.

HORSE-BREEDING FOR GENERAL FARMERS.

The following is a portion of an address delivered by J. H. Sanders of the *National Live Stock Journal* before the Iowa Fine-Stock Breeders' Association, at its late meeting in Des Moines:

It is one of the peculiarities of the business, that ever man should exaggerate the value and promise of his own horse. To use a slang phrase, but a very expressive one, "I know how it is myself; I've been there." I have also seen many of my friends in the same condition and have noted the effect upon their purses. The situation was tersely expressed by a friend of mine, who upon a certain occasion, was listening to the glowing account a third party was giving of the wonderful promise of his little bay mare, that, "without any training to speak of, could trot in 2:50." My friend heard him through, then shrugged his shoulders, and said, "So you have a 2:50 trotter, have you, and you intend to have her trained? Well, now, if you will go and buy a cow that sucks herself, you will have two pieces of property about equally valuable." And my friend afterward found out to his cost that it was true.

We meet with cases of this kind almost every day; nearly every neighborhood has some of these horses of wonderful promise, that are supposed to show marvelous bursts of speed. Their unsophisticated owners imagine that they possess the favored one that is to "set the world on fire." They put the price up in the thousands, spend hundreds of dollars upon training, buy boots, and straps, and toe-weights, and bits, without number; talk horse on every street corner; attend races; read the *Spirit of the Times*, and *Turf, Field and Farm* more closely than they read the Bible; and imagine that the royal road to fame and fortune lies straight before them, and they are traveling upon it with a trotting horse at a 2:20 gait. You see one of these enthusiastic men next year; his ardor has perceptibly abated; he talks less *horse*; and, when you ask about his wonderful trotter, he talks about the crops or the weather; when pressed he reluctantly tells you that his mare has gone amiss—a little lame or tangled in her gait—and he has concluded to give her a season's run at grass. You see him again next year. He has lost all interest in turf sports, and denounces them on account of their immoral tendency. He has quit taking the *Turf* and *Spirit*, because he thinks "the influence on his boys is not salutary!" And when you ask him what has become of his little bay mare, he looks absent-minded, and at once remembers that he has an urgent business engagement around the corner!

This is no fancy sketch; the shoe will fit hundreds of cases in various parts of the country—the legitimate result of the disappointment which, in nineteen cases out of every twenty, follows the exaggerated hopes of those who breed or train trotting horses. There is any amount of fun in the business, but precious little profit.

The conviction grows stronger upon me, with each year, as I review the previous season, that the breeding of fast trotting horses must be left to gentlemen of large means, who, by the selection of the choicest strains of blood in both sire and dam, and by superior facilities for breaking, training and selling, may meet with a measure of success that will warrant its continuance as a business.

This has for many years been true of the business of breeding running horses in this country, and it is each year being concentrated into fewer hands. A half-dozen breeding establishments furnish 90 per cent. of the race-horses that appear on the American turf; and general farmers cannot compete with such establishments with any prospect of success. They cannot afford to train for themselves; they have but few opportunities for selling; and even were they able to secure brood mares of the choicest strains, and to secure the services of the most renowned sires of racers, they would be at a decided disadvantage as compared with such establishments as those of Mr. Alexander and Col. Sanford.

If we confine our discussion to the question—How can we breed the horse that is best adapted to the farmer's use? I cannot too highly recommend a cross of the thoroughbred. I have on many occasions, with both voice and pen, advocated the use of good, stout thoroughbred stallions upon the half and three-quarter-blood French or English draught mares, that are becoming so plentiful throughout the Western States, for the purpose of producing a class of horses pre-eminently suited to the uses of the farmer. And I am fully convinced that such a course of breeding will be found much more certain to produce from these grade draught mares a horse especially adapted to the farmer's use than a further infusion of the cart or draught horse; because the thoroughbred possesses, in a marked degree, action, courage and energy—qualities in which these heavy draught horses are usually deficient. It is true that all thoroughbreds are not superior horses even in these respects; but, from the very fact that for centuries they have been bred with an especial view to to the race course, we find that they have been perfected to a wonderful degree in speed, stoutness, energy and resolution as a breed. But with these qualities there have been perpetuated, and perhaps intensified, some vices—as a restless, nervous, excitable temperament—which certainly are not desirable qualities in a farmer's horse.

The various breeds of heavy draught horses, as a rule, are just the reverse of the thoroughbred in these respects. They are rather heavy, dull and sluggish; hence that which in its intensified form is a vice in the thoroughbred, being carried to the opposite extreme in the draught horse, has also become a fault; and for this reason no fears need be entertained, as a general thing, in the matter of disposition from a cross of these breeds. If a change occurs in this particular at all, as a result of cross-breeding, it is almost certain to be for the better; although it is a well-known principle of breeding that the produce will sometimes inherit the disposition or temperament of one parent, and the form of the other; but, as a rule, there is a more or less perfect blending of the peculiarities of the ancestry, modified somewhat by each other, in the produce.

If the object of the breeder is to produce horses especially adapted to driving on the road, or for the trotting-course, from good road mares, I should very much prefer a well-bred trotting sire to any thoroughbred; because I believe that, for this purpose, our American trotter is the best horse in the world. In many cases I would prefer a good, stout, well-bred trotting stallion to a thoroughbred for getting general-purpose or farmers' horses; the choice depending entirely upon the class of mares that are to be used. But in all cases, whether a thoroughbred or a trotting sire be chosen to produce a farmer's horse, the qualities of the animal himself should never be lost sight of in our admiration of the breed or family from which he springs. It should never be forgotten that he is quite as likely to transmit his defects, if he has any, as his good qualities.

THE sleeping hours of a plant were changed recently by a French chemist, by exposing it to a bright light at night and placing it in a dark room during the day time. At first the leaves opened and closed irregularly, but at length submitted to the change, unfolding at night and closing in the morning.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

RENOVATING MANUSCRIPT.—Take a hair pencil and wash the part that has been effaced with a solution of prussiate of potash in water, and the writing will again appear, if the paper has not been destroyed.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Into one quart of perfectly boiling water, into which a small teaspoonful of salt has been added, stir one teacupful of granulated oats, and let them boil actively two hours. Boil them in a double boiler, and do not take off the lid or stir them until the very last, when they may be stirred thoroughly and poured into a mold.

OATMEAL BLANC-MANGE.—Take one quart of boiling milk, slightly salted, or boiling water will do, and two heaping table-spoonfuls of oat flour, mixed in a little cold water to form a paste, and stir into the boiling milk, and continue to stir it twenty minutes. Turn it into a mold. May be eaten either cold or warm, with sugar and cream. Total expense, 14 cents.

POTATO PUFFS.—Take cold roast meat—beef, mutton, or veal and ham together—clean from gristle, cut small, and season with pepper and salt; also cut pickles, if liked; boil and mash some potatoes, make them into a paste with an egg and roll out, dredging with flour; cut round with a saucer; put some of the seasoned meat upon one half and fold the other like a puff; pinch neatly, and fry a light brown.

STUFFED EGGS.—Boil the eggs hard, cut them in two lengthwise, and remove the yelks, which chop, adding to them some cooked chicken, lamb, veal or pickled tongue, chopped fine; season the mixture, and add enough gravy or the raw yelk of egg to bind them. Stuff the cavities, smooth them, and press the two halves together; roll them in beaten egg and bread crumbs. When just ready to serve, dip them, in a wire basket, into boiling lard, drain, serve on napkin. Garnish with parsley or leaves, or serve with tomato sauce.

DYEING BLUE AND GREEN.—For five pounds of goods, take one ounce of prussiate of potash, 3 cents' worth oil of vitriol, one-quarter pound of copperas; dip your goods first in the copperas water, then in the potash; then pour in the vitriol, part at a time; prepare the copperas in porcelain, and heat it boiling hot; the potash in brass; now put as many of your blue goods as you want green into the sugar-of-lead water, and from that to potash the same as the yellow, and rinse in cold water; thus you have a beautiful green.

IMITATION MARBLE.—Make your bracket of smooth, seasoned pine, or other soft wood. Cover every part with white muslin or linen—the latter is best if pure white. Secure it firmly either with liquid glue or with small tacks. There must be no wrinkle or unevenness whatever. Now mix, a little at a time, the finest plaster of Paris, in which a little white glue has been dissolved, and apply with a brush and work it thin. It sets at once, and rapid work only will succeed. Continue to coat it till the surface is a clear, even marble white.

THE RIGHT WAY TO BRUSH VELVET. The art of removing lint, dust and light matters adhering to velvet consists in the proper mode of managing the brush. Take a hat-brush—not too soft, but having the bristles elastic, and returning at once to their original state after being pressed aside—hold it firmly under the palm of the hand, in the direction of the arm, and with the bristles downward, and pressing them first gently into the substance of the velvet, then twist round the arm, hand and brush all together, as on an axis, without moving them forward or backward. The foreign matters will thus be drawn up and flirted out of the flock without injury to the substance of the velvet, and the brush must be lifted up and placed in a similar manner over every part required to be brushed. By this means velvet will be improved instead of deteriorated, and will last for years.

The Rights of Passengers in Sleeping Cars.

In a Massachusetts case, decided last summer, a San Francisco passenger over the Lake Shore road bought a sleeping-car ticket at Cleveland for a berth in the car China. At Toledo he left the car for dinner, but first asked an employe in the car if he should leave his baggage, and would it be safe. The employe answered yes. But, when the traveler returned, the China had been switched off and the hand-baggage of the passengers carried into another car, which had been substituted for it. In this transfer the passenger's valise was lost; he could never get any account of it; and he sued, not the Wagner Car Company who owned the China, but the Lake Shore Company. They were for referring him to the owners of the China, but the court decided against the defense. The traveler's contract for transportation being with the Lake Shore Company, the fact that they had private arrangements with another corporation as to the terms for drawing a particular car, in which the traveler was not interested or concerned, made no difference in his right to sue them for negligent loss of his baggage. In a very recent case in Ohio the same question arose as to personal injury. The traveler in a sleeping-car had his head bruised by the porter letting the upper berth fall upon it as he was arranging the car for the night. The blow affected the spine, and partial paralysis resulted. The injured person sued the carrying company, which sought to throw the responsibility on the sleeping-car owners. And this case seems stronger than the other, for the negligence was in the manipulation of the berths, and had no direct relation to the transportation which the railroad company had undertaken. But the court held that the case could not be shifted upon the other corporation. The railroad company was responsible to travelers for its whole train, for all cars alike.—*New York Tribune.*

Our Enormous Losses by Fire.

The loss caused by fire still continues to be enormous in this country, the figures reaching a total which must surprise many people. During last year this loss amounted to $64,315,900, of which the insurance covered $36,575,000. For the four years from 1875 to 1878, inclusive, the total loss was $275,314,585, of which the insurance companies bore $147,674,700. The greatest destruction by fire of course occurred in this State, the leading one in population and in the number of its buildings. The loss last year was over $9,000,000, Pennsylvania coming next with over $6,000,000, then Massachusetts with about $5,500,000, Ohio $3,250,000, and Illinois about $3,000,000.

Of the establishments which are classed by the insurance companies as extra hazardous on account of their special liability to fire, due to the nature of the business carried on in them or to their construction of inflammable materials, the total number burned in 1878 was 5,229, valued at $42,557,200, and insured for $23,970,990. Thus, though these specials, so called in insurance parlance, were numerically a very small minority of the whole number of risks, the loss by them footed up to about two-thirds of the total losses of the year.

The establishments of this character of which the largest number were burned in 1878 were the following; and the table is instructive as showing the sort of buildings most liable to fire:

Hotels	407	Blacksmith shops	82
Grocery stores	376	Carriage factories	71
Liquor stores	284	Bakeries	68
Drug stores	191	Ice houses	65
Gin houses	183	Carpenter shops	61
Saw-mills	173	Churches	58
Restaurants	152	Lumber yards	58
Livery stables	149	Newspaper offices	56
Flouring-mills	115	School-houses	54
Furniture factories	101		

—*New York Sun.*

How Lincoln Relieved Gen. Rosecrans.

Gen. James B. Steedman, familiarly known as "Old Chickamauga," was never in happier frame than at the Ford Post reunion the other night, when, with other valuable anecdotes and incidents of the war, he related the following: "Some weeks after the disastrous battle of Chickamauga, while yet Chattanooga was in a state of siege, Gen. Steedman was surprised one day to receive a telegram from Abraham Lincoln asking him to come to Washington. Seeking out Thomas, he laid the telegram before him, and was instructed to set out at once. Repairing to the White House, he was warmly received by Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln's first question was abrupt and to the point: "Gen. Steedman, what is your opinion of Gen. Rosecrans?" Gen. Steedman, hesitating a moment, said: "Mr. President, I would rather not express my opinion of my superior officer." Mr. Lincoln said: "It is the man who does not want to express an opinion whose opinion I want. I am besieged on all sides with advice. Every day I get letters from army officers asking me to allow them to come to Washington to impart some valuable knowledge in their possession." "Well, Mr. President," said Gen. Steedman, "you are the Commander-in-Chief of the army, and if you order me to speak I will do so." Mr. Lincoln said: "Then I will order an opinion." Gen. Steedman then answered: "Since you command me, Mr. President, I will say that Gen. Rosecrans is a splendid man to command a victorious army." "But what kind of a man is he to command a defeated army?" said Mr. Lincoln. Gen. Steedman in reply said cautiously: "I think there are two or three other men in the army that would be better." Then, with his quaint humor, Mr. Lincoln propounded this question: "Who, besides yourself, Gen. Steedman, is there in that army who would make a better commander?" Gen. Steedman said promptly: "Gen. George H. Thomas." "I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Lincoln; "that is my opinion exactly. But Mr. Stanton is against him, and it was only yesterday that a powerful New York delegation was here to protest against his appointment, because he is from a rebel State, and cannot be trusted." Said Gen. Steedman: "A man who will leave his own State—Thomas was a Virginian—his friends, all his associations, to follow the flag of his country, can be trusted in any position to which he may be called." That night the order went forth from Washington relieving Gen. Rosecrans of of the command of the Army of the Cumberland and appointing Thomas in his place.—*Toledo (Ohio) Journal.*

Bananas.

Few people who see bananas hanging in the shops of fruit dealers think of them as more than a tropical luxury. The fact is, they are a staple article of food in some parts of the world; and, according to Humboldt, an acre of bananas will produce as much food for a man as twenty-five acres of wheat. It is the ease with which bananas are grown that is the great obstacle to civilization in some tropical countries. It is so easy to obtain a living without work that no effort will ever be made, and the men become lazy and shiftless. All that is needed is to stick a sucker into the ground, and it will at once sprout and grow, and ripen its fruit in twelve or thirteen months without further care, each plant having from seventy-five to 125 bananas; and, when that dies down after fruiting, new suckers spring up to take its place. In regions where no foot ever reaches, bananas are found in all stages of growth, ripening their fruit every day and every month in the year.—*Scientific American.*

The Way They Rob in Russia.

Russian baggage cars do not carry baggagemen. The car is sealed when it leaves, and the seal broken when anything has to be taken out or put in. At least, that is the explanation of some very ingenious stealing which went on flourishing month after month on the Kursk, Charkov and Azov railroad, until last December, when it was detected. There were several accomplices, who used a great trunk or chest. One of them was put in this and shipped in the baggage car. As soon as the car was sealed he crept out, broke open the best-looking trunks of the other passengers, selected the most valuable articles and put them in his own chest until there was only room enough left for himself, when he shut himself in. At the next station his accomplices received the chest, and unpacked the thief and his booty.

AN intellectual member of the Arkansas Legislature has introduced a bill abbreviating the season of Lent from forty to twenty days. He explains that everything else has come down 50 per cent. since the war, and there should be no discrimination in favor of Lent.

A Disease That Wrecks the System.

Every function is deranged, every nerve unstrung, every muscle and fiber weakened by fever and ague. It is, in fact, a disease which, if unchecked, eventually wrecks the system. In all its types, in every phase, it is dangerous, destructive. Stupor, delirium, convulsions, often attend it, and cause swift dissolution. But when combatted with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters its foothold in the system is dislodged, and every vestige of it eradicated. That benign anti-febrile specific and preventive of the dreaded scourge is recognized not only within our own boundaries, but in tropic lands far beyond them, where intermittents and remittents are fearfully prevalent, to be a sure antidote to the malarial poison and a reliable means of overcoming disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, of which a vitiated, torrid atmosphere and brackish, miasma-tainted water are extremely provocative. All emigrants and travelers should be supplied with it.

The Only Way.

The only way to cure catarrh is by the use of a cleansing and healing lotion, applied to the inflamed and diseased membrane. Snuffs and fumigators, while affording temporary relief, irritate the affected parts and excite a more extended inflammation. Besides, no outward applications alone can cure catarrh. The disease originates in a vitiated state of the blood, and a thorough alterative course of treatment is necessary to remove it from the system. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has long been known as an efficient standard remedy for this disease, but, to insure a radical and permanent cure, it should be used in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the best vegetable alterative yet discovered. The Discovery cleanses the vitiated blood, while the Catarrh Remedy allays the inflammation and heals the diseased tissues.

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

EACH maker of Cabinet or Parlor Organs advertises his own as best. But the examinations at the great world's exhibitions have but one result. At every one for a dozen years Mason & Hamlin Organs have been found best. They were awarded the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition last year.

EXPERIENCE HAS CONCLUSIVELY SHOWN that for cutaneous eruptions, open sores, leprous exfoliations and rheumatic complaints, HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is more efficacious than any ointment, lotion or embrocation that has ever been devised. Physicians admit this and the popular verdict confirms and ratifies the professional dictum, and assigns this salve the foremost place among the remedies of its class. Sold by all Druggists.

VALUABLE AND RELIABLE.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are invaluable to those exposed to sudden changes, affording prompt relief in Coughs, Colds, etc. 25 cents a box.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES	$7 75	@	10 25
HOGS	3 80	@	4 00
COTTON	9¾	@	10
FLOUR—Superfine	3 25	@	3 60
WHEAT—No. 2	1 04½	@	1 14½
CORN—Western Mixed	44	@	46
OATS—Mixed	33	@	34
RYE—Western	60	@	62½
PORK—Mess	9 23	@	10 37½
LARD	6½	@	6¾
CHICAGO.			
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 50	@	5 00
Cows and Heifers	2 75	@	3 75
Medium to Fair	4 00	@	4 35
HOGS	3 00	@	3 75
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 25	@	5 60
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	3 75	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	88	@	90
No. 3 Spring	73	@	80
CORN—No. 2	33	@	34
OATS—No. 2	25	@	24
RYE—No. 2	45	@	46½
BARLEY—No. 2	75	@	76
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	22	@	26
EGGS—Fresh	16	@	17
PORK—Mess	8 00	@	9 00
LARD	6¼	@	6½
MILWAUKEE.			
WHEAT—No. 1	99½	@	1 00½
No. 2	90	@	91
CORN—No. 2	33	@	34
OATS—No. 2	24	@	25
RYE—No. 1	45	@	46
BARLEY—No. 2	72	@	73
ST. LOUIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	1 00	@	1 00
CORN—Mixed	31	@	32
OATS—No. 2	26½	@	27
RYE	48	@	48½
PORK—Mess	9 70	@	9 80
LARD	6¼	@	6½
CINCINNATI.			
WHEAT	1 00	@	1 06
CORN	35	@	37
OATS	27	@	30
RYE	55	@	56
PORK—Mess	9 75	@	10 00
LARD	6¼	@	6½
TOLEDO.			
WHEAT—Amber Michigan	1 03	@	1 04
No. 2 Red	1 04	@	1 05
CORN—No. 2	37	@	38
OATS—No. 2	27	@	28
DETROIT.			
FLOUR—Choice	5 00	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 04	@	1 05
No. 1 Amber	1 05	@	1 06
CORN—No. 1	37	@	38
OATS—Mixed	29	@	30
BARLEY (per cental)	1 40	@	2 10
PORK—Mess	10 00	@	10 50
EAST LIBERTY, PA.			
CATTLE—Best	5 00	@	5 25
Fair	4 50	@	4 75
Common	3 50	@	4 25
HOGS	3 60	@	4 40
SHEEP	50	@	5 2

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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

FREE Advice to all Invalids: Men, Women: Call or write case. N. J. AIKIN, M. D., 184 Clark st., Chicago.

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

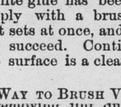
OIL CANDLE—New Invention! State and County Rights for sale. Samples by mail 25c. Address BOX 112, Stenbenville, Jeff. Co., Ohio.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. 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.

$8 A DAY PROFIT. Agent wanted. Sample, 25 cents. "The Nassau Delight," Nassau, N. Y.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY!



Product of the Soil. Sent free with Seed and Wheat, will be 52½ Cents, with your age, height, color of eyes and color of hair, and to you a correct picture of your future husband or wife, locality of your home, the time and place where you will first meet, and the date of marriage. Address, Prof. MARTINEZ, 4 Trenton Place, Lynn, Mass. *This is no humbug!*

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.

Consumption, Rheumatism and Drunkenness. I will send simple, plain and well-tried Receipts for curing all, by mail free for $1, or single Receipts for 50c. Stamps taken. J. V. S. Adriance, Buffalo, N.Y.

GOOD NEWS TO ALL OUT OF EMPLOYMENT. We will send free, by mail, to any one desirous of 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. SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 East 14th St., Union Square, New York. Catalogues sent FREE!!!

MILITARY and Band Uniforms—Officers' Equipments, Caps, etc., made by *M. C. Lilley & Co.*, Columbus, Ohio. *Send for Price Lists.* Firemen's Caps, Belts, and Shirts.

SCROFULA.—Persons afflicted with Scrofula, Hip-disease, Ulcerous Sores, Abscesses, White Swelling, Psoriasis, Goitre, Necrosis, Eczema, Diseased Bones, will please send their address to Dr. JONES, CHEMIST, New Lebanon, N.Y.

TEAS! AHEAD 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, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York. P. O. Box 4235.

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.

BIG PAY—With Stencil Outfits. What costs 4 cts. sells rapidly for 50