NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed and birds of spring-time sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer sun are nursed;
But, oh! the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born,
Where we lifted up our eyelids on the splendors of the morn!
From the milk-white breast that warmed us; from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days!
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise!
Fame is the scentless flower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old, that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side:
There are blossoms all around us with the colors of the dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like the old friends—may Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like the old loves—God bless our loving wives!

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

Hunting and Fishing Among the Mountain Regions of North Carolina.

BY W. W.

The extensive mountain district at the South comprised in certain portions of three or four States, beginning with Eastern Kentucky and going in a sort of circle, irregular enough in shape, to be sure, but taking in East Tennessee, the Western portion of North Carolina and Southwestern Virginia, however well known by the events of the late war, were, as far as the average traveler was known there, almost—certain portions of them—a real *terra incognita* before the war; and undisturbed by any marked event from the time they were peopled by emigrants, principally from the older settlements of North Carolina and Virginia; they contain a population as peculiar in many respects, and as well worthy of study, as any known to the nationality.

So rough was the eastern portion of Kentucky, for instance, before military roads were made a necessity to some extent there, that the traveler on horseback might ride almost from the mouth of Big Sandy, on the Ohio river, to Cumberland gap, without seeing a wheeled vehicle; the carrying of goods being done, as intimated in another place, on the backs of horses, and the "hauling" for the little farms or "clearings" done on "slides or "lizards," a rough kind of sled made to go, not on the snow or ice particularly, but on the ground; while the fire-wood, which fortunately was always abundant and handy, was procured by hitching horses or oxen to logs or limbs of trees, and "by main strength and awkwardness" snaking them to the wood pile in front of the cabin.

East Tennessee and the other sections named, with larger valleys, more open land, and great rivers like New river, the Holston, French, Broad, and others which made wide tracks of arable land, had, of course, great leading stage roads in ample supply; but even East Tennessee and Western Virginia had, right adjacent to these great through routes, the most primitive of populations—people of very much the same stamp as those I have been describing as residents of the mountain districts of Kentucky. The valley of Clinch river, and the valleys that supplied the affluents of the Holston, French, Broad, Tennessee and Cumberland had populations kindred in character in many respects; and only by hunting expeditions, jaunts to medicinal springs, etc., was the traveler likely to be led very far into these districts, and so enabled to become acquainted with the people who had made them their home.

I remember striking such a section as this on a jaunt as an invalid, for the time being, in the very heart of the hill region, perhaps eighty miles north of Cumberland gap. I state only the fact when I record that in the family we sojourned with, in a remote and deep valley, the boots of the party were literally a curiosity for their rarity, the family knowing of nothing in that line but "moccasins." The older people had left Virginia as emigrants when children, and had never been twenty miles from home; and an amusing feature in the case was the "stuck-up" knowledge of an old contraband, who had somehow broken from his moorings about Richmond to drift in there, and who prided himself upon knowing more about the conveniences and luxuries of civilization than his master and the family.

With a mild and healthful climate, and generally a very rich soil in those narrow valleys, few portions of the Union have presented equal advantages for getting an easy and comfortable living, where a person's ambition and wants were limited to the bare comforts, without the luxuries of life; for with the most scant, or next to none at all, means of transportation, and no market, even if they could get their little produce out of the country, they were obliged to content themselves with the few resources for enjoyment immediately around them.

On one occasion, I remember, I was on a hunting trip in the mountains of North Carolina, not far from the French Broad river, when a laughable and spasmodic attempt at unusual enterprise was initiated, or sought to be, by a sharp mountaineer, who took a notion to go into an "Irish potato" speculation. On a flat-boat jaunt down the Tennessee, of which the French Broad is a branch, he had discovered a market for potatoes somewhere in North Alabama, I believe. So, on his return home, having a very rich and suitable piece of land for the growth of potatoes in a sort of valley or crater high up in the hills, he determined to appropriate that for his purpose.

Well, he went into the undertaking with a will, and the result was an enormous crop, which he proposed to dig and market. He had already built the flat-boat which was to transport them, and the next thing was to get them to the landing on the river. Going up there with some hands, he turned out some hundreds of bushels of noble tubers, stacked them about, covered with potato vines—for the nights were frosty, it being in the fall—and, this work all complete, he proceeded to get his ox wagon to the place to transport them down the side of the mountain. To his dismay he hadn't reckoned up the engineering difficulties at all. Loading his huge wagon heavily, for it was not to go up but down hill, down it went, sure enough, with a vengeance.

The first go-off, and with all hands at the wheels and holding back, and the best plows and yells he could rain upon the poor oxen from the front, there was no going slow. But he undertook to describe it himself. He was a rough old chap, and he told us, garnishing his story with some expletives which I shall not put in here:

"Why, sir, I hitched a small tree to each hind wheel of the wagon as a drag, after taking out half the load, and I started 'em agin, sir! But I may swear, sir, they slid fifty yards at a single shoot, and toward a deep ravine, sir, whar, if they'd gone over, they'd all landed in kingdom come! The end of it was, sir, that I had to give it up—raised the finest potatoes you ever saw on that cussed mountain, and then had to leave them thar, sir, to rot—yes, sir, to rot!"

That the "Old Major"—as he was termed—did not overstate the case was true enough, for a friend told me that he himself, on a hunting expedition in the vicinity of this remarkable potato patch that same season, saw the crop rotting there, since it was impossible to get it down unless a man carried them in a basket or in his pockets, and that wouldn't pay, especially when the enterprise included the climbing of the tremendous mountain as well as its descent.

The occasion which took me to the vicinity of the potato speculator's place was a deer and bear hunt, to be carried out on the very summit of the mountain range which traverses the western part of North and South Carolina, ending with Stone mountain, a remarkable spur in Georgia.

In climbing to the top of the mountain ridge, upon this occasion, we went up "Boone's Trail"—his usual pathway in and out of North Carolina—a very rocky, irregular pass, which proved so steep that it was all our horses could do to get up it at all; and at times in danger of falling over backward as they reared and plunged in the worst places; our only chance was to hold on to manes and saddle-pommels to keep from sliding off over the crupper. Our saddles were kept on for this mountain climbing by passing one of the two girths forward and around the horse's breast, and, compelled to make slow work of it, we let the animals have it all their own way. And yet there was a fascination and a pleasure in this wild mountain climbing which enables any one who has tried it to account easily enough for the passion exhibited by Boone and his men for it. At every landing place or slight plateau, as ridge after ridge was reached, there was spread out before our delighted vision a new and glorious expanse of hill and valley, such as somehow for the time being made the works of civilization tame in comparison. Magnificent forests and far-off rolling rivers, like the French Broad and Holston, with range upon range of blue mountains fading into gray against the distant horizon, were among the surprises awaiting us; and, looking upon these as Boon looked upon them, and familiar, too, with the beautiful and rich valleys of Kentucky, it seemed no wonder that those brave and wide-awake adventurers and lovers of the chase could ill brook a tamer life in the older settlements of Virginia and the Carolinas.

We had been out two or three days with varying "luck," in one case coming plump on a huge black bear, but without getting him, and seeing besides plenty of "bear signs" where they had turned over rotten logs to get the grubs which generally abounded under them, when one morning, while on the very top of the ridge, waiting for the hounds to drive the deer to the "stands" or gaps where several of us were posted to receive them, we discovered that the mountain was on fire and the flames coming up the sides of it before a fierce wind, at almost horse-race speed. We at once secured our horses—they had been hitched out on one side until the expected deer should have passed—and for a little while the chances of entire safety looked squally enough. The woods were very dry, the ground several inches deep in leaves, and the roaring and crackling of the flames and falling limbs was at times appalling; but there was a ludicrous aspect in the case, after all.

The fire had driven in the chief huntsman—a tall man mounted on a mule—and the hounds; and they made their appearance on the mountain top at a time when the excitement was at its height. The patron of the hunt—as he might well be termed—a friend who had gotten it up, and who was too corpulent and unwieldy to run, or even to risk much of a gallop over ground like that, was—as well he might be—thoroughly alarmed; and, standing by his horse quite beaten out as the dense smoke came in waves around the party, he declared he "should die if he couldn't get a drink of water." Driven by dire necessity of the case, and anxious to serve my friend in his extremity, this is how I accomplished it.

As there was not a drinking cup or vessel of any kind up there, everything in the way of lunch appurtenances having been left far off at another point, I at once borrowed the "hunting horn" of the tall contraband who led the hounds, and, remembering a moist place in a small ravine not far off, down I went to it, and after digging with my hands in the moist ground for a few moments I was rewarded by seeing about a pint of muddy though cold water trickle into the place. Then stopping the small end of the horn with my finger, I succeeded in scooping it up and carrying the water to my distressed friend on the mountain side, and he tossed it off without hesitation, declaring it was "the best drink he'd ever had in his life!" This, for a gentleman who lived luxuriously at home, himself—for he was a planter of large means in one of the broad valleys below—was something to note; for, beyond a doubt, that hunting horn had done duty at that contraband's lips any time, perhaps, for years, before it was selected to serve as a drinking horn for his master.

We got safely out from the flames at last, by selecting a bald spur of the mountain close by, known to one of the party, and staying there until the fire went roaring past us; but the hunt was at an end for that time, for the fire had driven all the game out of that section of the mountain district, and we were forced to postpone it to a further opportunity.

While on the subject of deer hunting, I must tell the story of another "deer-drive" which was *not* a failure. Let me say in advance, however, that in the whole region I am dealing with deer will always abound more or less, if some legislation can be had to protect them a portion of the year; and provided, also, they are not hunted too persistently and industriously with *hounds*. So long as the sport could be confined to "still hunting"—quietly moving through the hills with a rifle to take one's chances—the deer would have some opportunity to escape a wholesale slaughter. But a good pack of hounds can soon clear out any section, for they scour the most inaccessible places—inaccessible readily to the hunter by himself—so that driving the deer to their regular pathways through gaps in the hills and crossing places along the rivers, they are there made victims to the clumsiest hunters—boys oftentimes, armed with an old musket, as likely as anyway, loaded with a heavy charge of buck-shot which scatters just widely enough to allow hardly anything within fair range to escape.

On the occasion in question, I was one of a party who had projected a "drive" at the river crossing high up the French Broad, and the day selected for the sport found us, after a very early start, quietly waiting at our posts, our horses tied a little ways off in the bushes at places selected with reference to their helping somewhat to serve in turning the game towards the points where we were waiting for them.

The drive was to be from the opposite side, and it wasn't so late in the season but that the mosquitoes were a great annoyance as I sat there listening, after an hour or so, to the "opening" of a fine pack of hounds who were winding among the hills; but at last I was so terribly plagued that I began entering, in my own mind, upon a regular discussion whether such sport would "pay," when suddenly the noise of the hounds seemed to sweep around the point of a ridge on the other side of the river, and directly a fine buck made his appearance on the bank, and, plunging in, took to the water, there pretty deep, and made straight for the place where I was ensconsed behind an old log, waiting for just such a customer. Gallantly he breasted the stream. In his eagerness, or because his feet might touch a ledge occasionally, he would rise half out of the water; and, waiting until he was within a half dozen rods of the bank, I blazed away, and over he tumbled in the water just as the hounds made their appearance, with loud barks and yells, on the opposite bank. Meantime my associates in the hunt had had three shots at two does, who crossed further down the shore, saving one of them; but the grand success was the magnificent buck, which, "saddlebagsed" across the shoulders of a mule in front of a contraband along, enabled us, apart from the doe which the shooter of it carried on his own horse, to approach the plantation, whence the hunt set out, in triumph; since, of all things, no one likes to return from a hunt, especially, to be taunted with want of success. Deer seem capable of real attachment to one. At one of my places of sojourn for a few weeks, I became quite interested in watching the ways and capers of a couple of pet deer, a doe and buck, quite grown and remarkably tame. Not being much occupied, while awaiting the results of some surveys, I spent a portion of the time in becoming better acquainted with these denizens of the woods. By always keeping a little loose corn in my pockets and feeding them a few grains occasionally, they soon became fast friends of mine, and, when I took a book and walked out from the house to the shade of the forest, they would go along, too; sometimes surrounded by a pack of a half-dozen hounds whom they paid no attention to, unless to playfully threaten them as they capered on their way. Indeed, they became so docile to me that I could handle them as I pleased, and, if I sat down to read, they would come and lie down by me, and stay there or browse about until I was ready to return.

Well, I never knew their prowess, at least that of the male, until one day, a boy about 15 years of age, a stranger, happened to cross his pathway, and commenced plaguing him. At once he put on a most ferocious appearance, his hair all bristling and turning forwards, and his eyes rolling in rage and fierceness terrible to look at, despite his light limbs and generally light appearance. I at once warned the boy to leave; but he only laughed at the warning, until the buck had gotten close to him; and then he turned to run, too late. With a tremendous spring the buck's head caught the retreating lad, and must have hoisted and thrown him ten feet away; and, just as he was preparing to stamp him with his sharp hoofs, I caught him and pulled him aside, until the boy made his escape. For a moment the enraged deer did not seem to know whether to assail me or not; but finally his attachment for me prevailed, and he gradually got over his rage.

And next, of fishing: The French Broad and Holston both present fine chances for one well up to the sport, and who will take the trouble to go at it properly. A species of large bass is there to be found in the "riffles," places where the water rushes swiftly through and past ledges of rock, and these fish bite ravenously; but, to take them to advantage, a canoe or skiff should be anchored far above them, in the middle of the stream, for the clear, and in many cases shallow, water, enables them to take the alarm from a long distance, so that a good "fishing-reel" and plenty of line to drop down 100 yards or so seems almost indispensable to success. As they run savagely when hooked, they require not a little care, particularly where the bottom is rocky and uneven, to secure them; but, after all, this greatly enhances the excitement of the sport, in fact, makes it really worth having, as every sportsman knows.

As for other modes of fishing, I remember on one occasion being intrapped into a night expedition for spearing or "gigging" fish; the mode adopted being to carry torches and *wade!* Not quite as hardy as my rural associates, I, however, "took to the water kindly enough," as one of them expressed it, and, for a couple of hours or so early in the night, I had no special reason to complain. The depth was pretty uniform—a couple of feet or so, with a nice, gravelly bottom—in the part of the river we had selected for the sport, and I was getting along pretty well until the exercise and the increasing cold of the night had the effect of making me excessively hungry, and soon I began to shiver. I did not like to betray my condition to my tougher companions, as they were in no hurry to give up the sport and go home, so I determined "not to show the white feather," come what might. But an unlucky step on a slippery, round bowlder at length suddenly sent my heels up, and I fell so flat in the water, went so completely under, that my hat floated on the surface over my head, and that completely finished *my* fishing. Amidst the uproarious laughter of the "chawbacons," as I mentally termed them—for I was mad—I proceeded to the shore, and, setting fire with my torch to an immense pile of driftwood on the bank, I stood there and steamed in my wet clothing to my heart's content. My hunger, however, got ravenous. In the excitement of anticipating the sport, I had left the farmhouse with hardly a taste of supper; and now I turned to, if possible, to supply deficiencies. While my companions kept on fishing, I proceeded to dress a couple of the finest fish in my basket—for we had had good luck, sure enough; and then, putting one of them on the end of a sharpened pole, I did my best to roast it at the great log-fire. It was at last done "to a turn;" but finally, hungry as I was, I couldn't swallow a bit of it, for it had no salt; and I didn't realize till then how civilization and its habits spoils one for really "roughing it." Fortunately, about this time, the toughest of the fishermen gave in to a cold fog which settled down upon the river, and a three-miles' walk along mountain paths, I thought, hungry and cold as I was, would fairly finish me. But it didn't. A fierce attack on some cold "corn dodgers," bacon and cold coffee, before a great log fire, completely squared accounts, but that—I may say—was the last time that I could be induced to wade after fish.

The Chestnut-Tree of the Hundred Horses.

Travelers say that people in Sicily tell of an old-time-hollow tree called "The Chestnut-tree of the Hundred Horses," because it could hold a hundred horses together within its trunk!

That must have been "once upon a time," I should think; but I've heard of a man who actually saw, near Palermo, a tree measuring about twenty-five feet in diameter, and arching over the public roadway which passes through its trunk.—*"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in St. Nicholas.*

FARM NOTES.

[Rural, Jr., in Chicago Tribune.]

KILL THE BURRS.—It is only by repeated blowing and persistent hoeing that burrs can be killed. Where they infest ground on which small grain has been growing, plow it at once. This will cause others to grow, and kill many of those sprouted. When the second crop is well up, plow the ground again, going a little deeper. Remember that every burr has two lobes, and, until both have sprouted, the seed is not destroyed. The same burr rarely sends forth two sprouts at the same time, and this double lobe is doubtless a wise provision whereby the species may be perpetuated—though why it should be we cannot find out.

ABOUT RYE.—There are many uses to which rye may be put. It may be sown for pasture right away as soon as oats or wheat is stacked, and will, then, next year, produce a good crop. It may be planted for manure, and as such be plowed under either this fall or next spring. It may also be sown late for spring pasture or for manure. In any way in which it is used, provided the green crop is plowed under, it enriches the soil and adds to the value of a farm, instead of detracting from it. The beauty of the grain consists of its being so hardy, and growing under any and all conditions. A poor piece of land may be enriched at little expense, and the fertility of good land be by it still further developed.

A FARMER'S FRIEND.—A number of our farmer-friends have this season purchased oil-stoves, that give the greatest satisfaction. They heat the flat-irons, for ironing, to perfection, and do not heat up the room; they bake as well as any stove, and, as for boiling, they cannot be beaten. Of course, the more surface there is the greater the number of articles that may be cooked at one time. What is called a "two-hole" stove answers all the purposes of an ordinary cook-stove, except for heating water for washing. The expense is only 1 or 2 cents an hour; and, when the cooking is done, the fire is instantly extinguished and the room cool. There is no danger from explosion, unless carelessly used. The bother of building fires and carrying fuel is entirely obviated. The oil-stove is indeed a blessing to the farmer's wife.

FALLEN FRUIT.—The apples that now fall from the trees are mostly infected with larvæ of the coddling-moth, which sooner or later escapes and forms its cocoon under the rough bark of the tree, preparatory to transforming into the perfect or moth state. After mating, the female will deposit an egg in every remaining apple on the tree; hence the matured fruit will also be spoiled. It is, therefore, of especial importance that the larvæ be killed at once. Hogs and sheep will devour the fallen fruit, and with it such larvæ as have not escaped. These latter may be trapped under hay or cloth bands tied around the body of the tree, under which they will seek shelter. Nothing but close attention will keep apples from being wormy; but, to be successful, the work of trapping the larvæ must be systematically followed up. By daily picking up the fallen plums and peaches, the curculio may also be thinned out.

SUNDAY-VISITING.—"O dear!" exclaimed a farmer's wife in our presence, one Sunday: "there come the Joneses to dinner. I was just getting ready to take some comfort, but now I must sweat over a hot stove to get them something to eat." The Jones family is a good one; but they do their visiting on Sunday, and, as they take all the children—six or seven in all—it is quite a task to feed them. As they are never at home on Sunday, the neighbors can't pay them back. They are only the representatives of a large class, and, in vulgar parlance, "had ought to be sat down on." Perhaps a dinner of bread and milk, or bread and butter, applied a few times, might effect a partial reform; at least, that is the way we intend to treat them should they ever visit us. In villages and cities, one never thinks of living off his friends in this manner; but it is a frequent occurrence in the country, and is nothing short of an imposition on the overworked farmers' wives, especially in the heated summer months.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

TUMBLERS that have milk in them should never be put in hot water.

A SPOONFUL of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement.

You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.

BROIL steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently; searing on both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste.

FRUIT JELLY.—One box of gelatine, rind of a lemon, one pint of cold water; allow this to stand one hour and a half; then add two and a half pints of boiling water, two pounds of granulated sugar, one pint of any fruit sirup; stir gently until the sugar is dissolved, then pour into mold.

SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.—In a pot that holds a gallon put all vegetables that are in season in equal portions; cut up and lay in layers, and sprinkle lightly with salt, and add one ounce and a half of butter, worked into enough flour to amalgamate into a paste, and with pepper and salt, and add a quart of water. Cook for one hour.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Put two tablespoonfuls of tapioca to soak in cold water; set it on the stove, and, when thoroughly dissolved, pour in a quart of milk. When this begins to boil stir in the yelks of two eggs well beaten, with a cup of sugar. When this boils stir in the whites, beaten to a stiff froth, and take it immediately from the fire. Flavor to taste.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Pour boiling water over them, then in a few minutes the skins can be easily removed. Put them into a baking dish with bread-crumbs, butter, pepper and salt, one onion, if you like it. Sift corn meal over the top of them and bake them slowly. It will take between two and three hours to bake. If they are acid, use sugar instead of salt.

HOW TO MOLD JELLIES.—Uncork the bottle; place it in a saucepan of hot water until the jelly is reduced to a liquid state. Taste it to ascertain whether it is sufficiently flavored, and if not add a little wine. Pour the jelly into molds which have been soaked in water; let it set, and turn it out by placing the molds in hot water for a minute; then wipe the outside, put a dish on the top, and turn it over quickly. The jelly should then slip easily away from the mold and be quite firm. It may be garnished as taste dictates.

BUNS FOR SUMMER TEAS.—Half-spoonful of tartaric acid, same quantity of bicarbonate of soda; rub well into a pound of flour. Then work in two ounces of butter, and add two ounces of broken and sifted loaf sugar, a quarter pound of currants or raisins, and a few caraway seeds. Raise into a bowl-like shape, and pour in half a pint of cold milk, with which an egg has been beaten. Mix quickly, shape into buns, set them on baking tins, see that they are nicely done, and at tea-time ask your friends how they like them.

BRIDGES.

A Few of the Highest in the World—The East River Bridge Comparatively a Dwarf.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.]

The immense height of the towers for the support of the Forth bridge has created some surprise and no wonder, when it is taken into account that when completed they will be the highest building of any kind in the world. Science will, therefore, wait with some anxiety their completion. The height of the towers on the island of Inch Garvie, midway between South and North Queensferry, will be 560 feet, to support a bridge 150 feet above high-water mark, but the reason for this great altitude is that in the generality of suspension bridges the towers are built on the land on either side of the span, and were this the case in the Forth bridge towers of 150 feet less height, or 410 feet, would be sufficient; but this is impossible, from the great length of the bridge.

It seems that by natural laws there is a limit to everything on this earth—that is, that man can go to a certain length and no further, as, for instance, in telescopes nothing larger than Lord Ross' having been perfected for many years. In reference to buildings, a correspondent the other day quoted St. Rollox stalk 430 feet high. St. Paul's Cathedral is about 460 feet to top of the dome, St. Peter's at Rome 480 feet, the pyramids of Egypt, at least the great pyramid, is 180 feet at present in its imperfect state, but by calculation would reach 500 feet in height when finished. When it is remembered that this structure only reaches this height with a base of about 26 acres, it will be a very difficult matter to raise the Forth bridge towers to 560 feet with a small base. These towers are to be formed of solid masonry to a certain height, and then by groups of iron pillars girded together in layers upward.

The Niagara suspension bridge has one large span of 821 feet; the railway track above the water is 245 feet, or 95 feet higher that the Forth bridge; the towers are only 60 feet high, being built on either side of the shore. The Allegheny bridge has two large spans of 344 feet each, and the towers are 45 feet high. The Covington and Cincinnati bridge has a span of 1,057 feet; its height above low water is 103 feet, and the towers 230 feet high. The bridge seems to give the best proportion to the Forth bridge, which is 1,680 feet for two spans, 150 high, and towers of 560 feet. Those we have mentioned are finished and in working order; and we may mention also the East River bridge, connecting New York to Brooklyn. The towers of this bridge are also built upon the land, and are 278 feet high. The single span is 1,595 feet long, or only 85 feet less than the Forth bridge, while the total length is 5,989 feet. There is, therefore, no doubt that the Forth bridge, when completed, will be an engineering triumph.

About a Barrel.

Just as the rays of the setting sun were gilding the church-spires and whitewashing the back kitchens of Detroit, the other afternoon, a man and a barrel were discovered at a stairway on Monroe avenue. He was a small man and it was a big barrel, and pedestrians who saw him looking up the stairs and back at the barrel inferred that it was his intention to elevate it to the third story. But how?

"I'd rig a tackle and pulley in that third-story window," said the first man who halted. "That's your easiest way, and there is no danger of accident."

He leaned against the lamp-post to calculate on the length of a rope and the lifting power required, and along came a second man, who took in the situation at a glance, and said:

"Go and get some scantlings fourteen feet long, and lay 'em on the stairs. Then two men can roll that barrel up there as slick as grease."

The little man looked around in a helpless sort of a way, and a third man came blustering up and called out:

"Want to get that barrel up stairs, eh? Well, now, fasten your pulley at the head of the stairs, and ten men down here can snake the barrel up in no time. Where's your tackle?"

By this time the crowd had increased to twenty, and was pretty evenly divided between a dead lift through one of the front windows and a pulley at the top of the stairs, but the man who suggested the skids had a very loud voice, and was determined to carry his point. Taking off his coat, he said:

"I know what I'm talking about, and I say that I can skid that barrel up there alone. You just wait a minute."

He crossed the street to an unfinished building, and returned with a couple of 2x4 scantlings and laid them on the stairs, and the crowd now numbered fifty.

"You want this barrel on the third floor, do you?" he asked the little man.

"Yes—but—but—"

"But what?"

"Why, I was waiting for my wife to get the clothes-horse out of the upper hall. She's all ready now, and I'll take it up."

And the little man shouldered the barrel and trotted briskly up stairs between the skids. It was empty.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Responsive Chord.

In the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music upon either bank of the river. A large crowd of the soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First the band on the northern bank would play "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other national air, and at its conclusion the "boys in blue" would cheer most lustily. And then the band on the southern bank would respond with "Dixie," or "Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other Southern melody, and the "boys in gray" would attest their approbation with an "old Confederate yell." But presently one of the bands struck up, in sweet and plaintive notes which were wafted across the Rappahanock and caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart, "Home, Sweet Home!" At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river. Cheer followed cheer, and those hills, which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim. A chord had been struck responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies then—could beat in unison; and, on both sides of the river,

S mething down the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Languor, Its Cause and Remedy.

The cause of languor, when it is not the immediate or indirect consequence of positive disease, is traceable to a debilitating temperature. Persons living in a warm, moist climate are peculiarly subject to it. Diminished physical vigor and an indisposition to active exertion are its characteristics. Sometimes it is accompanied by undue relaxation of the bowels, and by dyspeptic or bilious symptoms. A reliable remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a strengthening and alterative medicine derived from the purest and most efficacious vegetable sources, with a pure spirituous basis, pronounced by eminent physicians a mild and wholesome stimulant. The Bitters, foremost of American tonics, is largely used in the tropics, where the climate is very productive of debility, malarial fevers, and disorders of the bowels, liver and digestive organs.

An Important Geological Fact.

Geology has shown us that nature accomplishes her greatest revolutions in the earth's surface conformation *slowly*. Every year the river makes its channel deeper; the glacier wears a deeper gorge in the Alpine rock, and the ocean tide deposits the sand it has crumbled from the rocks upon which it breaks. We note the earthquake and the devastating hurricane; but these changes are so gradual man seldom observes them until the channel has become overhanging cliffs, or a mountain has disappeared before the icy stream, or the ocean has given us a Florida. Thus it is in disease. Our attention is attracted by acute diseases, as fevers, cholera, etc., while chronic diseases (often the most dangerous in result), being slow in their development, are seldom noticed until they have made an almost ineffaceable impression upon the system. Persons believing themselves comparatively healthful are oftimes the victims of these diseases, and only become aware of their presence when relief is almost impossible. Diseases of the liver and stomach are the commonest of these chronic affections. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets are never-failing remedies for these diseases. They produce a healthful secretion of the bile, prevent indigestion by regulating the bowels, and impart a vigorous tone to the whole system.

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