THE CABIN ON THE SEASHORE.

BY W. W.

[*Dedicated to the "U. S. Life-Saving Corps."*]

"Ho! lads, the winds moan strangely deep to-
night,
The waves in thunder roar,
Leaping and smiting in their savage might,
Where the cliff meets the shore;
Our stronghold built in sheltered cleft of rock,
Half cabin and half cave,
Shakes at the heavy blows and ceaseless shock
Of gust and angry wave.

"And out upon the reef—the treacherous reef,
Scarce noted when the breeze
So gently from the sea but stirs a leaf—
Now break the 'whelming seas;
And off there seems a wail upon the blast,
As 'twere a cry of pain,
Of some spent swimmer ere he sinks at last
Beneath the stormy main.

"Our lowly roof, how lashed by the fierce rain
That beats the trembling door,
And patters on the single tearful pane
That looks on sea and shore;
O! God, have pity for those on the sea,
Only Thy hand can save
From the wild storm which howls remorselessly,
To make the deep a grave.

"Hark! lads, is that a gun which seems to sound
Seaward—or has some huge rock left the cliff,
To strike the beach'below with muffled bound?
Up! lads, it seems far out upon the reef;
There goes a signal-light! 'twas not the glare
Of the red lightning, for alas! 'tis 'blue;'
God pity them and us, for sheer despair
Can aid a'one to save that drowning crew.

"Quick! mother, put a candle at the pane,
To let the poor souls know that help is nigh;
The lantern! ropes! these may be all in vain,
But, with God's help, we cannot see them die:
And now join hands, thus each lad, true and
staunch,
May breast the wind and spray until we reach
The little cove where we our boat may launch
Beyond the waves which there less lash the
beach."

A gun and light once more the dark cliffs greet,
And a tall ship now flashes on the sight,
Stranded upon the Lizard's back, where beat
The murderous waves with all their awful
might,
And heard between the gusts is woman's cry,
Through all the roar of battling waters borne,
As the light craft, scarce seen 'neath blackened sky,
Starts to the rescue on that hope forlorn.

The day is breaking as they launch their boat,
And the huge waves less madly toss and roar,
As the small bark, once fairly set afloat,
Struggles beyond the breakers near the shore.
"Now, lads, once more, you see there is a lull—
Pull for your lives to gain the good ship's lee—
Give way, my lads! another stronger pull,
We'll reach where breaks less fiercely the roused
sea.

"Why, it's the Madras! there is Captain Berne;
His gray head, beaten by the wind and spray;
He signals to us now to come astern,
While the poor crew but stretch their hands and
pray.
Hard on your starboard oars! these cross seas
come,
Boiling in wrath, as if to swamp us now;
Hard on your oars! keep head to sea, or doom
Awaits us, spite of all that strength may do.

"Avast! hold hard! there comes a buoy and rope,
A life-line from the breaking ship, and now
Here comes a woman—God be praised! We'll hope
To save them all. Pray lift her gently—so!
And now a child; poor thing! the voyage of life
Has lost him rudely whilst the wild winds raved;
The fair hair drenched, the small hands clenched
in strife
With the dark waters whence he's scarcely saved.

"The tall ship lurches to her fate, but still
Hold bravely, lads! the line's the bridge from
fate,
And here they come, seven souls, enough to fill
Our cockle-shell to the gunwales at this rate;
Wear round before that lurch to port again;
Her day is done. And now pull for the shore!
Off has and ball, lest all our risk prove vain—
Another sea like that, our voyage is o'er."

With head to shore, the overladen craft
Stagger past caverns in the frothing sea,
That yawn and threaten death, and close abaft
Crowd the hoarse billows cheated of their prey;
Shudderingly that crew glance back where one vast
surge
Lifts their sea home to crush it in th' embrace
Of waiting rocks, whilst the storm moans a dirge
O'er the lost ship, which sinks, to leave no trace,

Save floating spars and planks, the sad debris
Of the swift thing which erst by life seemed
stirred,
Which yesterday was monarch of the sea,
Skimming the billows like some ocean bird;
Yet, as he might at bay, with broken wing,
Perish in tempests on some fatal shore,
So, crushed and broken, do the waters fling
That proud bark on the rocks, to sail no more,

Softly!—they near the breakers—breathless now,
They're holding hard to mount the steep waves'
crest.
To onward plunge, to rise again and bow
Before the bellowing surges' maddened quest;
A moment more, the keel grates on the strand,
They're saved! they've 'scaped from where the
breakers rolled;
They bow themselves upon that barren sand,
And grasp its grains as they were shining gold.

CHICAGO, ILL.

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

Life in the Lowland, in Its Social and Home Aspects.

BY W. W.

I have said elsewhere in these papers that hospitality in the South is a convertible term, and I have illustrated one phase of it—that among the mountaineers—sufficiently fully, surely; but the subject would not be complete here unless a clearer and fuller glimpse could be given of that kindness and generosity on a larger scale which for many reasons made entertainments of this sort almost peculiar to the possessors of large estates in the lowlands of the South.

In the first place, their circumstances gave them abundant leisure to attend to their guests; and the means at command for hunting, visiting, etc., were incidental to the occupation of planting. Compelled to keep great numbers of horses, which in other communities are the test of fortune when not used or kept for mere business purposes, in this case they were made to minister upon all occasions to enjoyment, wherever that could be had from jaunts, far and near.

In truth, life with these lowland proprietors in the olden time was very much, in its degree, what Ruskin charged upon the nobility of Europe, alluding to their means, their leisure and their power to enjoy it, when he declared that they had been "on a picnic for 800 years." Hunting parties to the wilder regions serving as game preservers interspersed throughout the whole South; dinners at each other's houses, etc., were indulged in in a manner quite regardless of time or cost, and, in many cases, with an elegance that could leave nothing for even the most fastidious to desire. With no anxieties generally, such as beset the possessors of and speculators in bonds and stocks, they on these occasions indulged in a hearty enjoyment of whatever served to drive away care—an enjoyment very seldom disturbed by any scruples concerning their right to as much fun as the circumstances permitted.

But, perhaps, as a conscientious chronicler, I should except one case that used sometimes to come under my notice, and which I conclude to mention by way of illustrating what I desire to express. This was the case of a wealthy and jolly friend, who, albeit a member of the church, could never repress an overflowing spirit of mischief and fun, the very opposite of that ancient anceticism which is said to have distinguished the Puritans and Round-heads of the olden time. Mated with one who, in all this, was his very opposite, although a most estimable woman, it was the most common thing possible, when he was in the midst of a good story, and just about to give his guest the pith of it, for her to tell him in a voice pitched at its very lowest key: "Mr. Jinks, remember that for every idle word you utter, you have got to give an account in the judgment!" Poor Jinks, with a wink and a comical glance at me, his listener, and at the same time a screwing up of his face and a gesture as if some one had trodden on his worst corn, would limp through the rest of the story, while the visitor himself might be set down as remarkably appreciative and audacious if he either could or would venture much of a laugh after that.

My friend's wife, however, might be said to have belonged to a "serious family." On one occasion the two had ridden to the outskirts of the town in their buggy to say good-by to the old people, her parents, who had been making the daughter and son-in-law a lengthy visit. The two carriages stopped at the foot of a hill, where the 'good-bys" were to be said, and here he "serious" part of it came in. The old gentleman, a very large man with a remarkably big nose, began to *cry*. [I must here note that his son-in-law, Jinks, owed him some money.] "My children," he said, in doleful tones; "we may never meet again in this world. Life is uncertain, and we never know when death may call for us. But," and the tears fell like rain, "I hope we shall all meet in heaven!" Here he gave his nose a *twang* like the sound of a trumpet, and continued in the same tone, as the carriage started: "Benjamin, *don't* forget that thousand dollars!"

The love of the humorous was indulged on all sides to a degree not easy to parallel in Northern communities. On one occasion I had happened in at a fashionable city church, and, taking a pew next to the door, I was standing up at the prayer—it was the Presbyterian service—when one of the deacons, a grave-looking, elderly gentleman, stepped inside, and assuming a devout attitude, his head bowed and his arms folded, waited for the conclusion of the prayer. Now he was almost as "deaf as a post," but having a particular liking for me, and seeing me in that pew, he concluded he must have me in his own, one of the most conspicuous in church, up close in front of the pulpit. Stretching out his hand as if for a shake, he grasped mine hard and drew me close up to his side, as he stood in the aisle. With a tremendous whisper—for he could not hear how loud it was himself—he said:

"Come up and sit in my pew!"

I whispered as vigorously as I could, right in his ear, that "I was very well situated where I was."

"That won't do," came with what was intended for a whisper, but which I was sure the preacher and every one in church must have heard—"come up and sit where you can see all the pretty girls!"

The deacon uttered this queer invitation without losing in the least his devotional look; and to say that I was, as it were, "knocked into a cocked hat," but feebly expresses it. Of course, everybody about there began to laugh, especially some boys; and I could only turn my back on the crowd, and let them have it out; the innocent look of my old friend through it all being not the least comical part of it. I never heard that they "churched" him for it, but I have often thought that such a bit of the humorous, under the peculiar circumstances, could never have occurred in a New England church.

But in truth, this marked feature in the character of the South, a love of the cheerful, or determined ignoring of "carking care," while it made society eminently agreeable and pleasant, had in it elements of unhappiness in some respects, which, although not very evident on the surface, or in asserting themselves conspicuously, were the ultimate cause of conditions that could not in the end be too much deplored. Life had too much of continuous holiday. The young men, on leaving school, were, in too many cases, made practically acquainted only with the instrumentalities which supplied a limited round of pleasures, a horse, dog and gun; and with these, hunting and visiting from place to place, from neighbor to neighbor, but with no business pursuit, save in some instances, a limited care of their father's matters; once of age, they found themselves dependants, without the power or the scope to earn an independence for themselves.

The result of all this was, that the young crowded the old; and unless the latter had been fortunate enough to accumulate an "independence" for each of these new claimants as they successively came of age, life would of course begin to assume a pointless, objectless character with the latter, anything but pleasant to contemplate with advancing years. Then this condition, this want of a business pursuit, not infrequently begat mercenary calculations on the part of the rising generation, oftentimes disastrous to all purposes of improvement or real advancement, to a certain extent, of real happiness.

"James," said a distinguished and very wealthy gentleman, to a young lad, the son of a neighbor, one day, "I do not know why it is, but my boys seem as bright and smart as anybody's sons up to about the time they are able to cipher as far as *division*. After that, they don't appear to be inclined to lift their hands to do anything."

The point of this remark will be better appreciated when the statement may be made, as a commentary on the old gentleman's shrewdness, that at the time "James"—then an elderly gentleman—told me this story of the large fortune of some $2,000,000 left to his children by the father who thus complained, not any worth speaking of remained with any of them then.

Of course, these are the two extremes; the extreme of care and the hard chase of business pursuits; and, on the other hand, the easy-going, careless conditions of life of which I have been speaking; but, in discussing them and pronouncing between the two, it is easy to see that whatever demerits the more careless life was responsible for, it at least for the time being made up a condition of things favorable in a high degree to careless enjoyment and the resulting cheerfulness most men are apt to desire.

And as for that class of the community, the "poor whites," another large element in the make-up of all Southern communities—no matter how favored these latter were as a whole with the large estates and resultant large incomes, the poor whites even were apt to be as far removed from real want as possible. He must have been pitiably poor, of that class, who didn't have some hogs and cattle out in the "range," running at large in a mild climate and on land that cost him nothing whatever, either for fencing or taxes. And when a friend of mine down there, one Christmas, whose heart had been stirred by stories of distress and starvation in the cities, began to cast about for some poor neighbors to donate something to to make their hearts glad through the Christmas holidays, none could be thought of but one family anywhere near, and that one it was certain, if approached on the subject, would have taken it as an insult! And, although they lived in a cabin so open and rickety that, as a neighbor reported, "seven dogs, as he called there one day, each went out at a different hole;" still, the people had at least abundant to eat always, and it seemed, and was, their own fault if their house was not in better condition.

Another feature in Southern life, bearing on the question of hospitality, which went far to cause strangers to be made welcome there, and liberally entertained, at least those of evident intelligence, was found in the isolated life—so far as the outer great world was in the case—led by many of the planters and their families. Under these circumstances it seemed only, and was in reality, a fair exchange made between the host and his visitor, when the one could give him news of all that had transpired and was going on in the great centers of intelligence, the other could entertain him with the substantials meantime. While it may look from the stand-point of communities well supplied with intelligence, but poorly with the means of living, as the extreme of "hospitality" to entertain freely a stranger for the night, or longer, it was only in reality making a fair offset, the one for the other; both finding their pleasure and profit in such an exchange, to say nothing of the question of pride on the part of the host in refusing compensation.

Of course, it must be remembered, in glancing at the means at command by the rural population of the South for entertainments and amusements, that only once in awhile, at long intervals perhaps, would an opera troupe come within hailing distance of even the wealthiest planting communities; so that, perforce, if enjoyments were to be obtained by aggregating the means at command, these must be less formal and precise than those in vogue in the great cities where, with unlimited numbers to draw upon, certain circles insist on being "very select." But the Southern gatherings certainly made up in warmth, in graceful merriment and pleasant abandon, what they lacked in exclusiveness and the stiff and formal proprieties; and this largely because each individual in almost all cases was known as neighbor and friend, and was received and treated accordingly. And although, again, most of the inland cities were what might be termed "provincial," in their society gatherings, those most in vogue being dancing parties, no part of the Union could display more real elegance, more of what might be termed high-bred refinement and courtesy, than was always present on these occasions.

I have thought proper to say this much in regard to this phase of society in the lowlands, because already I have dealt so freely with those simpler elements of enjoyment found in the mountain districts; insisting, at the same time, that to an appreciative disposition, to one capable of finding enjoyment under most phases in which life presents itself, there was very little to cavil at in either instance, how much soever there might have been in some aspects of the case to be amused with.

These comparisons, too, might for the South be extended almost indefinitely. If the inland States with which I have been dealing presented within the same boundary lines such very diverse populations as those of the mountains and lowlands, the States on the coast, such as the Carolinas and Georgia, had their "sand-hillers," the people of the "piney woods" or tar region, to exhibit in wide contrast to the wealthy rice and cotton-planters of the same commonwealths. While, as almost every one knows, it was hard to find anywhere within the bounds of the nationality men of more education and traveled intelligence than the latter, many of them spending successive years abroad along with their families; the "sand-hillers," on the other hand, presented phases of life, of poverty, of almost total ignorance and simplicity, such as seems hard to accredit any portion of this country with, unless demonstrated as such by personal observation. And yet there they were and are, and it does not need a discussion of their peculiarities here to establish the fact that such exist, since in various sketches of those regions, by their own local writers—by Judge Longstreet, for instance—they have been set forth graphically and at length. Let the traveler meet with, for instance, in the "piney woods," men going fifteen or twenty miles with a cart, the wheels with hickory tires, and the rude vehicle loaded with a single barrel of tar, worth, perhaps, $2, with the inevitable jug along to contain in part the proceeds of the long journey and the barter; let him often enough see this as I have seen it, and he would no longer question all that has been said of the utter isolation and miserable want of enterprise and high motive characteristic of those people.

The truth is that society in the South, however it started away back in the history of the nation, was, later, one of strong and broad contrasts—contrasts that were widening every year and decade, until recent causes, imperious and merciless in their leveling tendencies, have at last called a halt, and, indeed, brought a tendency the other way, if anything, approaching to well-nigh agrarianism. While, in the great cities of the North especially, showy liveries and splendid equipages have come in, and "receptions," "kettle-drums," "musical parties," "amateur theatricals," "club gatherings," "*bal masques*," and so on, on the most "exclusive" basis, succeed one another with a cost, a frequency and brilliancy that signalize and insist upon an aristocracy, not only of money, but also of talent and style, the South is, in a manner, sitting down in forgetfulness almost that aught of pleasure parties of any kind have any more an existence, a condition of things that, as matters tend, is not apt to be balanced soon, but something certainly calling for the grave solicitude of all who have anything to do with forming public sentiment and who care for that true equality and unity among the people of the entire nationality, certainly desirable, and even indispensable, if we regard the real advancement and solid prosperity of the republic.

Of course, a government has something else before it—at least, statesmen are presumed to have—besides looking to what constitutes the mere amusements of the people; but no statesman or friend of his country can well afford to forget that the means of happiness, whatever their sources may be, should be so nearly equalized, as far as it can be done, as to justify no continued heart-burnings, such as too often, in the history of other nations, have caused hatred and revolutions in attempts at them; and which, however futile, are always disastrous to a greater or less degree to the general prosperity, and which, consequently should be deprecated by every true lover of his country.

CHICAGO, ILL.

A $100 Ad.

Apropos of the coming circus, the agent of the company, while in this city, related his experience with a country publisher in Iowa, whom he approached for the price of a column display advertisement. The price was $100. "How much for two columns?" "One hundred dollars," was the reply. "How much for a half-column?" "One hundred dollars." "That's very singular," said the agent. "How much for a single square?" "One hundred dollars," replied the publisher, unmoved. "To tell you the truth," he continued, "the day your show gets here I've got a note for $100 to meet in bank. I've been waiting for you to come along, and I see no other way to pay it. You can have the whole paper or a single inch, just as you like, but it will cost you just $100."—*Denver News.*

Luck and Labor.

If the boy who exclaims, "Just my luck," was truthful, he would say, "Just my laziness!" or "Just my inattention!" Mr. Cobden wrote some proverbs about "Luck and Labor." It would be well for our boys to memorize them:

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at 6 o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labor strides upward to independence.

FARM NOTES.

Autumn Garden Gleanings.

Martynias.—Gather for pickles while very tender.

Onions.—Gather and store in a dry, cool place.

Weeds.—Do not put them in the compost heap, if already gone to seed. It is best to burn them.

Melons.—Should be turned occasionally, as they ripen better. Remove the very latest ones as they set.

Spinach.—For next spring is to be sown this month, in drills fifteen inches apart. First thoroughly manure.

Beets.—Continue to hoe the late-grown crop until the tops are too large. Some thinning of the late sowings may be done for greens.

Sweet Potatoes.—The largest may be removed from the rows for use, and the rest left to grow. Do not allow the vines to root at the joints.

Cabbages and Cauliflowers—Are benefited by frequent hoeing, and a dressing of guano or other concentrated manure is often applied with advantage.

Turnips.—Hoe and thin the larger until prevented by growth of tops. The strap-leaf sown before the middle of the month will usually make a crop.

Tomatoes.—Destroy the large green worms. Make into catchup when fruit is abundant. Gather green fruit for pickles before frost comes and spoils them.

Cucumbers.—Gather for pickles every second day. Let none ripen save those needed for seed, and they should be of the earliest, otherwise the vines die.

Corn.—Dry a quantity for winter use—it never comes amiss. Save the best and earliest ears for seed. Cut up and cure the stalks for winter fodder as soon as the crop is off. Clean the ground.

Celery.—Keep clear of weeds. If some is wanted for early use, straighten up the leaves and draw the earth to them with the hands. But around New York this operation is not performed until next month, as the plants will now make their most rapid growth in the cool nights and warm days.

Why Stock-Farming Is Better Than Grain-Raising.

The advocates of stock-breeding and feeding as being more desirable farming than making grain-growing a specialty need not be without a reason for the faith that is within them. It is not a mere blind assertion that the former will pay better than the latter in a series of years. It has not simply "happened" that this has been true in the past. It can be shown that the principles of good business management strongly favor the plan of making live stock a prominent feature on the mass of farms of the country—certainly in the West. There are many farms of which this is not true, but they are in the minority, not the majority.

It is an obvious principle, that, if we have to transport our products, especially long distances, it is wise to reduce the weight and bulk as much as possible. This the farmer does in a marked degree where he feeds his grain and grass to animals instead of selling these products. The condensation is most marked where the product of the animal, as wool or milk, or better, its products, butter and cheese, are sold; but the homely proverb, that the best sack in which to ship corn to market is a beef-hide or hog-skin, expresses a truth forcibly, if not elegantly.

The one great disadvantage of Western agriculture, as compared with that of the East, is the greater distance from the great markets for farm products. Complaints of too high charges for transportation have been very common. A difference of even a small fraction of a cent in the freight charges per pound, for shipping corn, may decide whether the crop is to give a profit or loss, for its value at starting is now less than half a cent per pound. A like difference would be less important in the case of pork, beef or mutton, still less in the case of cheese, butter or wool. Here is one indisputable advantage the stock farmer has. It is a generally recognized rule that the selling price of any article is largely affected by the time, labor and skill required to produce it. It is also usually true that the more frequently we change the form of the product, the more we "manufacture," the greater the probable profit. In these regards the stock farmer has the advantage over the one who stops at grain growing. Animals require a longer time for their production, and usually more care and skill than grain growing.

It is one of the most obvious of business principles that one should keep his capital employed. It is better to loan money to the Government at 4 per cent. for a long series of years than to loan it for three months of each year at 10 per cent., and have the money lie idle the remainder of the time. It is better to take steady work at $1 a day than to rely on uncertain "jobs" at $2 a day. It is a special advantage of stock-growing and feeding that, if rightly managed, each animal may increase in size, weight, and value each day, and each day labor for itself, or require the labor of its owner in some form. Payment for this labor is to be expected, and some profit also. It is a special disadvantage of exclusive grain-growing that, especially with spring-sown small grains, all the work may be done in less than half the year; then the crops cease to improve or change in actual value, except to lose by waste of various kinds. During perhaps half the year the farmer giving his attention to grain-growing is comparatively idle, as are his teams, while the stock-grower may find employment during the entire year. The fact that daily labor throughout all the year is an essential in dairy farming is one chief reason for the more than usual profitableness of that interest through a long series of years.

It is wise not only to keep capital constantly employed, but also to keep all the capital employed whenever it is possible. Stock-farming here, again, has the preference over grain farming. Very many farms are too wet, too hilly, too stony, or, as yet, too stumpy for profitable tillage, but will give a fair return when in grass. There are nooks and corners, there are the sides of streams and fences, which produce good grass, but are not used when the land is in grain. So, too, the stock will probably consume many products which would be largely wasted on grain farms. The waste of valuable food, where no stock is kept on a corn-growing farm, is very great. Even straw from the small grains can be put to better use than simply to allow it to rot for manure.

The use of the word manure readily suggests one other marked advantage in rearing and feeding stock over the plan of grain or grass growing for sale. Much less is removed from the farm and much more remains to be returned to the land as manure. The hay-seller disposes of nearly all the land has produced, except the roots; the grain-seller saves the stalks, the stock-seller saves much of the grain; the wool or milk-seller saves still more, as a rule, although in some respects pasturage of dairy cows is more exhaustive to land than is feeding steers.—*Western Farmer.*

IT has often been wondered where all the cast-off clothing of the British and continental armies was disposed of, but, in passing through Maritzburg, South Africa, one may see numerous Kaffir stores with the uniforms of European soldiers laid out in every form of tempting display. Once, out of curiosity, a correspondent examined a native, and found him wearing, in the middle of an African summer, a Guardsman's tunic, a Lancer's tunic and the ample cloak of a Life-Guardsman.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

TO CLEAN SPONGE.—Rinse two or three times in sea-water.

FLEAS.—If you will take air-slacked lime, place in a colander and sift over the places infested by fleas, you will find yourselves free of the pests.

OATMEAL CRACKERS.—Take one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and stir in sufficient meal to make a thin batter; drop in buttered tins and bake hard.

GREEN-CORN OMELET.—Take twelve ears of green corn, five eggs, salt and pepper to suit the taste; split the middle of each row of corn, and then scrape from the cobs.

TO DRIVE AWAY RED ANTS.—One pint of tar in two quarts of hot water, put in earthen vessels in closets, or sprinkle sea-sand, or strew oyster shells or red-cedar shavings.

TO RENEW GILT FRAMES.—If you will take sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to one and one-half pints of water, and boil in it five onions, strain, and when cool apply to the parts that require restoring, with a soft brush, it will come out good as new, when dry.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—Ripest berries; mash; put in linen bag; squeeze out juice; pound of best loaf sugar to every quart of juice; put in preserving saucepan, and when melted set on the fire, and boil to thin jelly; when cold, to every quart of juice allow a quart of brandy; stir well and bottle. Ready for use at once.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Two chickens weighing six pounds, two bunches of celery. Boil the chickens in very little water; cut in large pieces; dry the celery without washing; take two yelks of hard-boiled eggs, the yelk of one raw egg, and mix them together, with one teaspoonful of dry mustard; add slowly half of a large bottle of oil, the juice of one lemon, two table-spoonfuls of vinegar, teaspoonful of salt, little red pepper; put in a cold place just before using; mix it through the chicken; also, two hard-boiled eggs cut fine, one table-spoonful of capers, and six olives, cut fine; save little dressing for the top.

BAKED FISH.—Take any nice fish, boil it, remove the bones and chop considerable parsley very fine, with one small onion. Have about as much bread crumbs as fish. Take a pudding-dish and butter it, then lay in a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of fish, ending with the bread crumbs. Mix your parsley and onion, with salt and pepper, through your bread crumbs. Put lumps of butter over the top, a very slight grating of nutmeg, and pour over it all sweet cream, or very rich milk, till it rises nearly to the top. Bake in a quick oven till it has a nice, rich brown crust.

SPARKLING BROTH, OR BEAN SOUP.—Procure one quart of small black beans or white ones will do, and soak them in boiling water over night. In the morning put the beans in six quarts of water in a large boiler, adding some beef or mutton, or any kind of cold meat that you may have in the house, first cracking the bones and cutting off the fat from the meat. Put to it one a large onion, some nutmeg, and whole peppers. Set it on the fire where it will simmer nine hours. Then strain it, rubbing all the mealy parts of the beans through the sieve. Wash the boiler and return the soup to it to heat up. When served, cut up half a lemon in very thin slices and lay in the bottom of the tureen, pouring the soup, boiling, over them. A wine-glass of claret is a great improvement.

Ancient Expresses.

A well-known means of sending news rapidly, in a country with such bad roads as Greece, was by trained runners; thus we are told that Phidippides, a professional courier, ran from Athens to Sparta to beg for aid, just before Marathon, arriving at the latter city at the end of the second day; and this was a distance of 150 miles. The constant gymnastic training in which Greek, and especially Spartan, soldiers kept themselves, enabled whole armies to make very rapid forced marches. In the present instance the Spartan army, though slow to start, yet when it did march performed the distance in three days. So the old Chasseurs de Vincennes and picked light troops of the French army were trained to make swift marches by running one on either side of a cavalry soldier whose stirrup leathers they caught hold of. This, we believe, or something like it, is still kept up among the zouaves. The episode of the "Fiery Cross," in the "Lady of the Lake," shows how quickly a district may be aroused by a well-organized system of running messengers. Indeed, the swiftness of rumor is as proverbial as its exaggeration. Lady Duff Gordon, in her voyage up the Nile, found that the news of her approach invariably outstripped her movements, rapid as they were.

A Utah Silver Mine.

One-half of the Horn silver mine, in Southern Utah, was sold in April last by Jay Cooke to New York parties for $2,500,000, and the purchasers are now negotiating for the remaining half on the basis of $6,900,000 for the entire property. They are now figuring, it is stated, whether to erect reduction works at Chicago, New York, or at the mine, the Chicago works now in operation being inadequate for the purpose.

AMONG the tourists who returned from Europe this week are Dr. E. B. Foote, of the *Health Monthly*, and Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*. Attaches of his establishment state that Dr. Foote has combined business and pleasure by attending to publishing interests abroad, his "Home Talk," "Medical Common Sense" and other works being translated and republished at Berlin and elsewhere.—*New York Local Reporter.*

A PARIS husband was told that his wife, who had gone into the country to be cured of an illness, was dead. An hour afterward she presented herself before him in perfect health. The sudden and violent transition from sorrow to joy (or from joy to sorrow) was too much for him, and he became a maniac.

VICTORIA WOODHULL prints her portrait in a London paper as again a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

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By the speedy action of Hostetter's Bitters, dyspepsia, nervous indisposition, constipation and bilious complaints cease to harass the invalid. That they will instantly give ground is not pretended, but no medical fact is more certain, or avouched by more competent testimony, than that these maladies, and others to which it is adapted, entirely succumb to the influence of the medicine, if it be given a fair trial. Their total, if not instant rout, is certain to ensue. Losses of strength are repaired, and failure of appetite and nerve quietude are remedied by the Bitters, and as the stomach grows stronger and assimilation is aided by its action, a gain in flesh will follow. Ladies in delicate health, aged persons and convalescents, derive bodily and mental solace from its use, and experience none of the repugnance which ordinary tonics frequently inspire. The emphatic recommendation of physicians confirms the verdict in its favor.

"They All Go"—

Well, nearly all those visiting Chicago and the Exhibition, who wish to stop at a first-class hotel, at reasonable rates, go to the Tremont. None other furnishes the accommodations for the money. Try it, and you will be satisfied.

EXPERIENCE has conclusively shown that for cutaneous eruptions, open sores, leprosy, 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 remedies of its class. Sold by all druggists.

IN former years it was a common occurrence to find 50 per cent. of the field hands in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama struck down with Swamp Fever, Chills and Fever or Dumb Ague, just during the busiest time of summer. Now, we are glad to hear that the planters succeed in curing every case of the disease in a few days by the use of Dr. F. Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic, which is sold by all Druggists through the country.

COLDS AND COUGHS.—Sudden changes of climate are sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections.* Take at once "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" let the Cold, Cough, or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight. 25 cents a box.

READ advertisement in another column of principal triumphs of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. all over the world. It certainly amounts to demonstration, as they say, of the superiority of their organs. The record is unparalleled among makers of instruments.

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FOR ECONOMY use C. Gilbert's Starches.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

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BREVES	$6 25	@10 00
HOGS	3 70	@ 4 25
COTTON—Middling	10⅝	@ 11
FLOUR—Superfine	4 50	@ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 2	1 18	@ 1 27½
CORN—Western Mixed	51	@ 54
OATS—Mixed	35	@ 37½
RYE—Western	75	@ 77
PORK—Mess	9 20	@ 9 25
LARD	6¼	@ 6½
CHICAGO.		
BREVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 50	@ 5 70
Cows and Heifers	2 25	@ 3 50
Medium to Fair	3 00	@ 3 90
HOGS	3 00	@ 3 80
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	4 50	@ 5 75
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	4 00	@ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 12	@ 1 03
No. 3 Spring	96	@ 98
CORN—No. 2	31	@ 33
OATS—No. 2	25	@ 26
RYE—No. 2	58	@ 59
BARLEY—No. 2	78	@ 80
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	25	@ 27
EGGS—Fresh	14	@ 15
PORK—Mess	9 25	@ 9 50
LARD	6	@ 6¼
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 05	@ 1 06
No. 2	1 04	@ 1 05
CORN—No. 2	37	@ 38
OATS—No. 2	26	@ 27
RYE—No. 1	61	@ 63
BARLEY—No. 2	68	@ 69
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	1 06	@ 1 07
CORN—Mixed	34	@ 36
OATS—No. 2	25	@ 27
RYE	56	@ 57
PORK—Mess	9 15	@ 9 25
LARD	6	@ 6¼
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT	1 05	@ 1 10
CORN	40	@ 41
OATS	28	@ 29
RYE	67	@ 68
PORK—Mess	9 00	@ 9 25
LARD	5¾	@ 6
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—Amber Michigan	1 10	@ 1 11
No. 2 Red	1 11	@ 1 11½
CORN—No. 2	41	@ 42
OATS—No. 2	27	@ 28
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice	5 50	@ 6 50
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 14	@ 1 15
No. 1 Amber	1 13	@ 1 14
CORN—No. 1	40	@ 41
OATS—Mixed	29	@ 30
BARLEY (per cental)	1 15	@ 1 40
PORK—Mess	10 00	@10 25
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE—Best	4 75	@ 5 00
Fair	4 25	@ 4 75
Common	3 25	@ 4 00
HOGS	3 80	@ 4 05
SHEEP	3 00	@ 4 00

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