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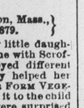

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A MAIDEN'S TEST.

BY UNCLE LUTE.

One day, with pride, I asked a man,
Come my garden see.
He came; he looked; then turned away,
While these words spoke he:
"'Twere better hulls o' corn to grow
In those flowers' place."
A pleased expectancy, I know,
Died then on my face.

I half admired the man before,
But his words cut deep—
I bade him all his sordid wealth
For another keep.
To-day he courts the kitchen stove—
Grand man, wise and good!
And smokes and dozes, while his wife
Carries in the wood.

Young maiden, when a lover comes
Prowling 'round your bowers,
Go hide you in the garden then
'Mong your blooming flowers.
Your heart doth wish to self betray,
Laugh a siren call;
But note his face while searching you
Rarest flower of all.

If pompously he strides along,
'Mid the beauties there;
If hats he not to fragrance drink
From some blossom fair;
If scorn clouds on his countenance
Plainly lower in view,
That all that "useless rubbish" grown
Needs so much of you;

Skip quickly then behind the hedge,
Speed the garden walks,
And haste you to a safe retreat,
Where no monster stalks.
But if his face, and eyes, and voice,
Of their worth depose,
Then part the fragrant, screening shrubs,
And bid him pluck the rose.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

LOVE VERSUS WEALTH.

There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have made observations relative to the matter that many of the matrimonial alliances which are formed in civilized and Christian communities are based upon the true principle of mutual affection and a proper appreciation of the proper qualities that each of the contracting parties believes the other to possess. It is equally evident to those acquainted with the history of many who have formed a life partnership that one or both have been influenced in taking that important step by sinister motives, mainly if not exclusively.

It frequently occurs that those who are seeking only wealth and position, regardless of the question whether there is sufficient congeniality of character to insure felicity or command respect, find that they are doomed to lead a life of splendid misery, compared with which the humblest position in life, above absolute want and destitution, is by far the most preferable, if domestic felicity reigns in the household. But we intended to relate a narrative—not to write a homily.

We will premise and assure the reader that the incidents related in the following narration were of actual occurrence, the writer having obtained them from one who was perfectly acquainted with the facts in the case.

Walter Congden first saw the light in the city of Boston. Here he passed his childhood and grew to man's estate. In his boyhood he was left fatherless, and reared by the kindest of mothers, who was left in but moderate circumstances, possessing a humble but neat home, and an income that, with economy and industry on her part, barely sufficed to afford her a livelihood and enable her to give her darling son the opportunity of obtaining a thorough education.

Our hero made good use of the opportunities afforded him for cultivating his mind and acquiring useful knowledge; and when he left the classic hall, where he had spent several years in mental toil—in climbing the rugged hill of science—to enter upon the active duties of life, it was with a more than ordinarily well-disciplined mind.

In that same city dwelt a Miss Celestia Melville. Her father for years—long before she entered upon the stage of existence—had followed the calling of a retail grocer in the same locality that he occupied at the time our tale commences. He enjoyed the reputation of being scrupulously honest and just in his dealings, and commanded the respect of all who formed his acquaintance.

He spared neither pains or expense, so far as his somewhat-limited means would permit, to give his daughter a first-class education. Her success in acquiring knowledge and advancement in learning was all that he could desire, and at the age of 18 she was thoroughly informed relative to the branches taught in seminaries of learning, and possessed all those accomplishments which are considered as indispensable to a young lady's finished education.

Walter and Celestia were playmates and firm friends in early childhood. The two families were on the most intimate terms of friendship and social intimacy. Our hero and heroine, during a term of several years, attended the same school, and, although he was her senior in age by three years, they were often members of the same class, and often did he assist her in advancing in the studies she was pursuing. As they advanced to more mature years, the feeling of reciprocal friendship that had from their childhood existed between them ripened into the warmest, most-ardent affection, and when Walter had arrived at the age of 22 years they were betrothed, and both looked forward with pleasing anticipation to the day in the not-distant future that should witness their destinies united, when they should publicly exchange vows to walk the rugged pathway of life together.

At the time of which we now write, in the spring of 1849, the news of the discovery of gold in California had produced intense excitement throughout the length and breadth of the land. News of the almost-fabulous amount of wealth that in a short space of time was procured from the recesses of the mines of the golden Eldorado produced a willingness in the mind of many an aspirant after wealth to forego the enjoyments of civilized life and endure the hardships incident to the expedition for the prospect of achieving a fortune.

It was frequently a topic of conversation between our young friends in their private interviews, and finally they came to the conclusion to postpone their marriage until Walter should try his fortune among the gold-diggers of California, in the hope that the fickle goddess would crown his labors with success, and they could commence the journey of life together with a competence.

Arrangements were made for carrying out their plans, and in due time our hero bade his fond mother, his affianced spouse and other friends a fond and started on his perilous journey. At parting our friends renewed their vows of constancy, and promised that as frequently as circumstances would permit and there was opportunity they would converse in the silent language of the pen.

On the arrival of Walter in New York he dispatched a letter to his lady-love, informing her that he had reached the Empire City safely, after a pleasant journey, and would on the next day take passage on a vessel that was to then start with a large number of emigrants for the land of golden promise. On reaching San Francisco he sent her another letter, informing her of his arrival at that place and of his unimpaired health. He also informed her that in a few days a party, including himself, would start for the mines.

He was fortunate in his selection of a location, worked with unremitting industry, and practiced the most rigid economy. He did not fail to embrace every opportunity to send letters to his betrothed, all of which were promptly answered, and filled with as strong declarations of undeviating constancy and true affection as the most exacting lover could reasonably desire. After he had been engaged in the mines for the space of three months, he wrote her that he had already saved $1,000 by his labor, with prospects of as good success in the future as he had in the past. They continued to correspond, each regularly and promptly answering the missive received from the other, but he did not in any subsequent letter refer to his success, only to assure his betrothed of his uninterrupted good health. Thus he toiled on year after year, until five had rolled into eternity since he left his childhood's home—tore himself away from the benefits and refinements of civilization, and endured the privations and toil that were incident to the calling he was pursuing, and the circumstances with which he was surrounded. He was toiling thus, in a far-off land, not for his own sake or benefit alone, but for the benefit and gratification of one to whom he had long ago given his heart's strong affections; with whom, if Providence saw fit to spare their lives, he expected to tread the rugged pathway of life. The thought that as the result of his labor they would be placed in a positions of affluence, and provided with all the comforts and luxuries that wealth could procure, cheered him in his loneliness, and nerved his arm to unremitting toil. The letters he received from his affianced, and the occasional newspapers that found their way to his camp, were the only sources of information that he had of what was transpiring in the great busy metropolis that he had voluntarily exiled himself from.

Meanwhile, how fared it with our heroine? She was surrounded with old, familiar associations, and the accustomed comforts of life. If she indulged occasionally in castle building, and in pleasing anticipations of the satisfaction she would in the future enjoy from sharing the wealth her lover was, as she hoped and believed, accumulating in the golden Eldorado, where he was spending his long years of absence, was it not natural. If she thus indulged in day dreams of future prosperity and affluence, was she different from what others would have been, similarly situated?

After an absence from home of five years our hero concluded to turn his steps homeward. He had said nothing of his intentions in this respect in the letters he had sent to his old home, wishing, perhaps, to take his friends and former acquaintances by surprise. On his voyage homeward he wore his old, dilapidated mining suit, and his fellow-passengers noticed that he was peculiarly reticent and uncommunicative. When he arrived at New York he deposited the sum of $80,000 in the Merchants' Exchange Bank, and immediately resumed his journey homeward. He proceeded directly from the depot in Boston to the home of his affianced, and rang the door-bell, which was opened by Celestia herself. She at once recognized him, but his rough costume and appearance of poverty filled her with dismay. Instead of manifesting any pleasure at greeting him after his long absence, she refused his proffered hand, and remarked: "Is it thus you come to me, after keeping me waiting for you to return rich? Can you afford no better clothing than this?"

He replied: "I have done the best I could, and if I have been unfortunate and have not succeeded as well as we both hoped I should, it is no fault of mine. I have done the best in my power."

"That is a pretty story to tell. Where is the $1,000 you wrote me so long ago you had made?"

"O, that has been spent long ago. I have done my best, and cannot justly be blamed for not having better success than I have had. Are you not glad to see me, even if I have not been as successful as you hoped?"

"Indeed I am not; and think it a great outrage to keep me waiting all these long years, in the hopes of being the wife of a rich man, and then return to me in poverty and rags. If that is the best you have done, I never wish to see you again."

Saying this she rudely shut the door in his face.

He went directly to his mother's home. There, despite his appearance of poverty and misfortune, a cordial and affectionate greeting awaited him. No censure or upbraiding did he meet there.

The next day he dispatched a note to Celestia, earnestly requesting her to grant him an interview, assuring her that his feelings toward her were unchanged, and that during his days of toil he had ever looked forward to the time when he should again have the pleasure and satisfaction of her society.

To this she returned an answer that she desired him not to trouble her—or himself about her any more—that she considered the treatment she had received from him cruel and outrageous in the extreme. Henceforward she wished him to regard her as a stranger—as much so as though they had never met. She did not wish him to recognize her if they chanced to meet on the street, and if he did he would meet with no recognition in return, but it would be regarded by her as adding insult to injury. He might rest assured that she would never overlook or forgive the cruel disappointment he had caused her to endure.

On reading this epistle he resolved to take her at her word. If she had lost all respect or regard for him, unless he was loaded with riches, he was not sorry to ascertain that fact at the present time. It was, however, a phase of character that he fondly hoped and believed, until the present time, that she did not possess. To say that he was hurt, grieved, chagrined and sorely disappointed but faintly depicts his feelings.

After the lapse of a few days, he went to a livery stable, near his mother's residence, picked out and priced a noble span of steeds, and an elegant carriage and equipage, with the ostensible purpose of purchasing them. He was told the price, and he asked if he could have them on a month's credit. He was asked what references he could give? He replied the President and Directors of the Merchants' Exchange Bank, in the city of New York. They told him they would give him an answer within two days.

The proprietors of the stable telegraphed to the bank, and received for an answer that Mr. Walter Congden had recently deposited in their institution the sum of $80,000. They sent him word that the team and equipage were at his service. He returned the message that, as they were unwilling to trust him at first, he had concluded not to take them. But he had accomplished his purpose. The secret of his wealth was out, and made the subject of comment and gossip. When the intelligence reached his mother, she advised him, as he was able to do so, to provide himself with better apparel. He acted on her suggestion, and procured a fashionable suit, and sported a magnificent gold watch and chain that he brought with him from the land of gold.

When the news of her quondam lover's wealth reached the ears of Celestia she realized with consternation and dismay the eggregious mistake she had made. She saw that the guise and appearance of poverty assumed by her lover was to test the genuineness of her affection, and alas! she had permitted herself to betray her weakness, which she was fearful would, indeed, seal her fate so far as ever becoming the wife of her once cherished, but now rejected and wealthy lover. She wrote him a note imploring him to forgive her, and received assurances from her lips of her sincere, constant and undiminished affection. To this he vouchsafed no answer, in fact, took no further notice of it than to read it and cast it in the fire. She sent him another, and another, both of which he returned to her unopened. She then arrayed herself in her best attire, and walked repeatedly, day after day, back and forth past Mrs. Congden's parlor window, by the side of which Mr. Walter sat reading, but he never once raised his eyes from his book or gave her any other token that he had noticed her or was aware of her presence. Seeing that all her efforts to undo what she had done, or reinstate herself in his favor were futile, she went home in despair, bitterly bewailing her folly, and earnestly, but hopelessly, wishing she could recall the past, and blot from the history of it the most fatally-foolish act of her life. But her regrets were useless. She had acted under the impulse of sordid, selfish feelings, coupled with keen disappointment, and now she must abide by the result, however bitter and painful it proved to be.

A few weeks more elapsed, and Walter persuaded his mother to sell her property and accompany him to the West. They passed through the Empire City, where Walter drew his money from the bank, and hastened on his way to the then young and rising State of Wisconsin. Here he purchased a farm of 640 acres, in a good neighborhood, peopled mostly by emigrants from the Eastern States.

It required the investment of but a small share of his money to purchase this property, and he spent an additional sum in improving and beautifying it, placing the remainder at interest. At the end of two years, he possessed the best improved, most thoroughly beautified and ornamented farm, large or small, in the vicinity, and was surrounded with every comfort and luxury that wealth could purchase, or refined taste suggest.

At this time there came from the State of Massachusetts a Mr. Charles Benton, a gentleman of culture, taste and refinement, with his wife, a woman of education and estimable qualities, and a daughter of 3 years of age. He had been induced to emigrate to the West, in the hopes that the salubrious air might improve his shattered health. He was the victim of consumption, and was led to hope that by thus changing his location his life might be prolonged, but alas! the disease had already made too great progress, and in one year after his arrival he lay in his grave in a land of strangers.

Walter was one of his nearest neighbors, and during the latter part of his life was assiduous in his attentions to him, doing all in his power to smooth his pathway to the grave which obviously yawned before him. He had ample opportunity to observe the phases of character manifested by Mrs. Benton and the deep, true affection she manifested for her suffering husband—her untiring devotion, and strict attention to his wants (which she anticipated), raised her high in his estimation, and he was forced to the conclusion that, if some women were fickle, false, sordid, and selfish, it would be the height of injustice to attribute these characteristics to all of them.

During the year that followed the demise of Mr. Benton, Walter, under the impulse of his naturally-generous nature, and from the high estimation he held Mrs. Benton in, was unremitting in his neighborly kindness, awakening in the breast of the recipient of his favors the warmest gratitude and a just appreciation of the noble character he possessed.

A year had passed since the death of Mr. Benton, and our hero resolved again to venture his success on the shrine of love. His mother was growing old and feeble, and needed the companionship and assistance of some younger lady; he was tired of a life of celibacy, and he made Mrs Benton the offer of being mistress of his home and queen of his heart. She accepted, and again stood at the hymenial altar with one of nature's noblemen who possessed the noblest traits of character, while he felt that she to whom he had given the strength of his manhood's affections possessed all those qualifications which constitute the true woman.

Another year passed, and Walter followed the remains of his beloved mother to their last resting place. She passed from earth at a ripe age, after a life of faithful discharge of her duties to her family, and entered upon the rest reserved for the faithful and good.

Walter's abilities and integrity of character were appreciated by his constituents. He had, ere he had been three years a resident of the State of his adoption, conferred on him positions of honor and trust, and was thrice sent to represent his constituency in the Legislature of his State. So faithfully did he discharge his duties in the stations in which he had been placed that he was finally repeatedly sent to represent his district in the legislative councils of the nation. Blest in his domestic relations, enjoying the benefits of an ample amount of wealth, the result of his own industry and economy, possessing the respect, honor and confidence of his acquaintances, his position is one, if not to be envied, at least one that is desirable.

Celestia still lives unmarried in her native city. Hers has been for years a life fraught with unavailing grief and self-reproach. News of Walter's prosperity and rising fame constantly reaches her, which does not have the effect to improve her temper or render her more reconciled to her lot. She is a perfect type of an ill-tempered, sour, uncompanionable, vinegar-faced old maid; an unhappy subject of self-recriminations and discontent.

Almost a Defeat.

A gentleman who came over the Cumberland Valley railroad, a few years ago, on a train that had a special car with Grant, the then President, on board, tells an anecdote. There was no smoking-car attached, and the gentleman stood on a platform desperately smoking a cigar he had bought at a way station. He noticed the President occasionally looking that way, and finally a railroad official came out and said the General had run out of cigars—that he had been envying the man on the platform for some time, and had at last begged him to go out and see if he had any more cigars. Now, the gentleman was only too happy—first, to accommodate the President of the United States, and, second, to get rid of one of the worst cigars he ever smoked. With this warning he sent in his remaining weed. The General acknowledged the courtesy by removing his hat, and bit the end off of the cigar, lighted it and looked happy. He had taken but one or two puffs, however, when he began to look queer. The man on the platform watched him with renewed interest. He saw him remove the cigar and gaze thoughtfully at one end, then the other. Then he put it back and took another pull. Then he removed it again, turned it in his hand and looked it carefully over again. Then he smelled it. Then he coughed gently and looked at the man on the platform, who was gazing innocently across the fields. Then he looked out of the car window, as if to see where he might throw it without injuring anybody. He changed his mind, though, sighed, took a desperate grip on the stogy with his teeth, and, when last seen by the giver, was still pulling away.

An Effective Quotation.

"The devil," says Shakspeare, "can cite scripture for his purpose." We doubt if he ever quoted it as effectually as a parish clerk in England once did, of whom *Chambers' Journal* tells this anecdote:

He lent a man 50 shillings, which was unpaid for several years. He could never find the borrower at home, although he confronted him every Sunday in the middle aisle at church.

One Sunday, the clerk, looking the debtor full in the face, repeated the lines, "The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again." This admonition had the desired effect, for the next day the man called and paid him the money.

THE man who scolds his crying baby, and is too mean to invest 25 cents in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, should be divorced.

FARM NOTES.

DIP your shingles in petroleum before placing them on the roof, and they will last much longer.

KENTUCKY blue-grass, clover and timothy are good for uplands. On low lands timothy and red top will do the best.

IF a farmer commences with one cow, and every other calf she has is a heifer, in ten years the cow and her offspring will drop forty-one calves. This shows the rapidity with which a farm can be stocked.

SETH GREEN advocates frog culture. He says that many farmers have fortunes in frog ponds, and that a little care and cultivation will produce a crop of frogs large enough for family use, after supplying the market.

THE Brazilian artichoke has much to recommend it as a prominent plant for the interest of the swine, and in no case should the hog raiser violate the necessity of growing a few acres for their particular special benefit.

AT the next fat-stock show in Chicago, animals 4 years old and over will be excluded. Steers should be finished at most at 3 years old, and the time is near at hand when a 3-year-old will rarely be seen, except in the hands of men who do not progress, or on the plains of the far West.

THE *National Live Stock Journal* publishes a statement by Prof. Weber, of the Illinois University, that Dr. Hass' hog-cholera specific is compounded as follows: Cayenne pepper, common salt, calcium carbonate, magnesium, carbonate and water. That probably any amount could be made at 15 cents per pound.

A WRITER in the *Fanciers' Journal*, in speaking of ducks, pronounces the Aylesbury and Pekin the best varieties, the former being noted for its large white eggs and delicately-flavored flesh, and the latter for the richness of its eggs, good constitution and rapid fattening. The Rouen is pronounced only slightly inferior in flavor and in quality of eggs to the above, matures earlier, and is hardier.

LARGE quantities of sugar beets will be grown this year in Canada, Maine, Massachusetts, Delaware and California. Between the beet, sorghum and corn the problem of manufacturing sugar in this country seems likely to be solved. Perhaps the planters of sugar cane in Louisiana will cultivate the beet, as they could doubtless raise two crops yearly, like the Creole planters of tobacco on the banks of the Mississippi.

IN some parts of Germany, instead of smoking meat to preserve it, it is hung up in a dry, well-ventilated room, and painted over with wood vinegar (pyroligneous acid), an acid distilled over when wood is burned in air-tight stoves, or, any other place where there is not free access of atmospheric air. The painting three or four times with this vinegar answers every purpose of smoking. It protects the meat from insects, fungi, and putrefaction.

A SPECIAL committee, appointed for the purpose of testing an Ayrshire cow belonging to the herd of Wolcott & Campbell, New York mills, Utica, state, under oath, that she gave eighty-five pounds of milk per day, several days in succession. This, in all probability, is the largest product recorded of the Ayrshire cow, amounting to about thirty-nine quarts. On account of this large record let no one lightly esteem their cow which gives twenty quarts per day.

THE best soil for sweet potatoes is a sandy loam. If sand largely predominates they will flourish if well manured. New ground or virgin soil is especially favorable for this crop. It is the common practice to sow buckwheat on new land for the first crop and then to plant sweet potatoes for the second. An abundant crop is the general result. In a heavy loam the vines grow luxuriantly, but the tubers are generally small, rooty and of inferior quality. In clayey soil sweet potatoes will not thrive.

THE New York *Tribune* says: "It is folly to keep old sheep. They should be turned off to the butcher while they are in their prime. It does not take half so much to fatten them then. When they get old and thin, in order to put them in condition to slaughter, the whole superstructure must be rebuilt. Four sets of lambs are all a ewe can bear; this will bring her to five years, and this is an age when, with a little extra care, she will round up to a fine carcass. Exceptions may be made when the breed is scarce, and the blood is more valuable than anything else."

IF TAKEN internally with their food, sulphur will almost invariably keep all kinds of animals free from lice. We have made a practice for years past of giving a heaping table-spoonful once a week in the feed of each of our cows, and the same quantity to about every ten hens in our flock, and they have never been troubled with lice in them. It may be given in the same proportion as to size when required in the food of poultry, pigs and sheep. Sulphur is a mild cathartic when desired for this purpose, and in small doses seems to have a general beneficial effect on the animal system, something like salt, though, of course, not of that nature.

AT Zwall, Holland, the municipal government have solved the oleomargarine difficulty by setting apart a place in the public market for the sale of this commodity, with a positive prohibition against exposing it for sale anywhere else. Much amusement seems to have been derived from seeing sellers who, only a short time before, had been loudly protesting against the imputation that the article they sold was anything but the Simon-pure milk-butter, compelled to shift their quarters and place themselves and their wares under the artificial-butter sign. They appear, however, to have borne the change with remarkable equanimity.

Washington in Jackson's Time.

In former years the wildest gentlemen used to spend their evenings in decorously playing whist with frugal suppers of boiled oysters, bread and cheese and a glass or two of Madeira. The rollicking Jackson men substituted poker for whist, and indulged in frequent libations of whisky, while their supper tables were graced—according to the season—with a baked raccoon, garnished with fried sweet potatoes, or canvas-back ducks, or shad broiled before a hickory fire on an oak board. Plantation tobacco was freely smoked in pipes, but few, except the members of the diplomatic corps, indulged in cigars.

Assemblies were held once a week, between Christmas day and Ash Wednesday, to which all of the respectable ladies in the city who danced were invited. It was also customary for those of the Cabinet officers and other high officials who kept house to give at least one evening party during each session of Congress, invitations for which were issued. The guests at these parties used to assemble at about 8 o'clock, and, after taking off their wraps in an upper room, they descended to the parlor, where the host and hostess received them. The older men then went to the punch-bowl to criticise the "brew" which it contained, while the young people found their way to the dining-room, almost invariably devoted to dancing. The music was a piano and two violins, and one of the musicians called the figures for the cotillions and contra dances. Those who did not dance elbowed their way through the crowd, conversing with acquaintances, and the men frequently taking another glass of punch.

At 10 the guests were invited to the supper table, which was often on the wide back porch, which every Washington house had in those days. The table was always loaded with evidences of the culinary skill of the lady of the house. There was a roast ham at one end, a saddle of venison or mutton at the other, and some roasted poultry or wild ducks midway; a great variety of home-baked cake was a source of pride, and there was never any lack of punch with decanters of Madeira. The diplomats gave champagne, but it was seldom seen except at the legations. At 11 o'clock there was a general exodus, and, after the usual scramble for hats, cloaks and overshoes, the guests entered their carriages. Sometimes a few intimate friends of the hostess lingered to enjoy a contra dance, or to take a parting drink of punch, but by midnight the last guest departed, and the servants began to blow out the candles with which the house had been illuminated.
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

In Powder Form.

Vegetine put up in this form comes within the reach of all. By making the medicine yourself you can, from a 50c. package containing the barks, roots and herbs, make two bottles of the liquid Vegetine. Thousands will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity, who have the conveniences to make the medicine. Full directions in every package.

Vegetine in powder form is sold by all druggists and general stores. If you cannot buy it of them, inclose fifty cents in postage stamps for one package; or one dollar for two packages, and I will send it by return mail.
H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

Rejected Manuscripts.

Authors have a hard time to find publishers before they win reputation and their works become famous.

Thackeray carried his "Vanity Fair" to nearly a score of publishers before its merits were discovered, and Charlotte Bronte had a similar experience with "Jane Eyre."

Kinglake could find no one wiling to take "Eothen," one of the most elegantly-written works of our century, and finally made it a present to a publisher, after frankly stating his bad luck.

Anthony Trollope, who has accumulated a fortune by his popular novels, received only $66 for his first year's labors in literature, and $100 for the second.

Mr. Motley's great book, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," was declined by Mr. Murray, "with compliments and thanks," and Carlyle's "French Revolution" was returned with the same courtly refusal.

Even Lord Macaulay had two or three articles returned from the Edinburgh *Review*. This, however, was not due to their want of merit, or to the editor's failure to discern it, but solely to the jealousy of Lord Brougham. Any young writer who hopes to win fame or fortune without hard struggles may cool his enthusiasm by thinking of such repulses.

A Prima Donna's Voice.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Nothing can compare with St. Jacobs Oil as a prompt cure for neuralgia and rheumatic pains, says Mme. Marie Salvotti, Prima Donna, Wilhelmj Concert Troupe.

A Dream.

It is queer how folks dream. The other night a man dreamed that he stood at the gate of heaven, and asked St. Peter if the souls of rich people ever got in there. "Yes," was the reply, "it is supposed that the souls of a great many rich people have got in here. Many of them are so small we have not been able to invent any way to keep them out."

FEEBLE digestion, sick headache, dizziness and faintness cured by Malt Bitters.

A DELICIOUS AND EASILY-MADE STEW—Which may be left in a slow oven several hours, or even all day. Take two pounds of gravy beef, cut off the skin and fat, divide it into pieces about an inch square, wash it, then place it in a large bowl or small crock, cover it with water, or rather add as much as desired for gravy or beef-tea; let it stand an hour, then cover it with a plate, and place it in a slow oven, adding previously a little salt, and, if liked, an onion, cut up fine. It should cook four or five hours, and then there will be enough gravy for delicious and most nutritious beef-tea, as well as an excellent dish of wholesome meat.

NURSING mothers and delicate females gain strength and flesh from Malt Bitters.

At the late Boston bar examination Kanrokuro Nakayoma, a Japanese, was among the candidates, and passed a very satisfactory examination.

[Topeka, (Kan.) Daily Capital.]

It is said to be unwholesome, in all months that have not an R in their name, to eat an oyster. However, it is eminently proper and always seasonable to use Hamburg Drops—the great Liver and Blood Purifier. Mr. Jacob Hess, Normanville, Kan., writes: During the last year I was scarcely able to walk along. I suffered with serious derangement of the Liver and tried many different preparations without benefit. My neighbor, Mr. Adams, told me of Hamburg Drops. I bought a bottle and after its continued use I became better daily, and regained my former health. I shall always speak a good word for Hamburg Drops.

A Household Need.

A book on the Liver, its diseases and their treatment, sent free. Including treatises upon Liver Complaints, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York city, N. Y.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., Will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon thirty days' trial. See their advertisement in this paper, headed, "On Thirty Days' Trial."

MRS. NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS will not visit her parents this year.

LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep boots and shoes straight. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

McLAIN'S VERMIFUGE BONBONS for Worms in Children are delicious and never fail to cure.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a Recipe that will cure you, *FREE OF CHARGE*. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH I. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

HOFMANN'S HOP PILLS, a specific cure for Fever and Ague, Biliousness and Malarial Poisoning of the Blood. Fifty pills for 50 cents.

Baby Prizes, $600.

An eminent banker's wife of ——, N. Y., has induced the proprietors of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, to offer $600 in prizes to the youngest child that says Hop Bitters plainly, in any langage, between May 1, 1880, and July 4, 1881. This is a liberal and interesting offer, and everybody and his wife should send two-cent stamp to the Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A., for circular, giving full particulars, and begin at once to teach the children to say Hop Bitters and secure the prize.

One Box or Six Bottles.

If you are suffering from a combination of liver or kidney diseases, and constipation, do not fail to use the celebrated Kidney-Wort. It is a dry compound, as easily prepared as a cup of coffee, and in one package is as much medicine as can be bought in six dollar bottles of other kinds.

Dr. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

THE National Temperance Songster; 10c; $6 per 100. S. L. MARROW, Indianapolis, Ind.

USE STERLING CHEMICAL WICK in Lamps and Oil Stoves. Cheap, brilliant; avoids dirt and trimming.

WORK FOR ALL. 5 Samples for 6 cents. SOUTHWORTH & Co., Brockton, Mass.

$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
BEEVES	$8 00	@	9 50
HOGS	4 50	@	4 70
COTTON	11¾	@	12
FLOUR—Superfine	3 50	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2	1 20	@	1 43
CORN—Western Mixed	52	@	55
OATS—Mixed	42	@	45
RYE—Western	90	@	95
PORK—Mess	10 75	@	11 00
LARD	6¾	@	7
CHICAGO.			
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 25	@	4 50
Cows and Heifers	2 60	@	4 00
Medium to Fair	3 20	@	4 05
HOGS	3 00	@	4 30
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 50	@	6 25
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 00	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 13	@	1 14
No. 3 Spring	88	@	89
CORN—No. 2	37	@	38
OATS—No. 2	34	@	35
RYE—No. 2	79	@	80
BARLEY—No. 2	74	@	75
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	19	@	20
EGGS—Fresh	9	@	9½
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