PAT'S PHILOSOPHY.

When the winter is cold
I keep myself warm;
When the summer is hot
I keep myself cool;
It's mebbe I'm bold,
And it's mebbe I'm not;
But a gossoon's a fool
When he goes into harm!
Sez my old Uncle Dan—
A wise one and stiddy—
"What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

When a soldier struts by
With his sword at his side,
And the rattle, rattle drums
Beat the roll and the call,
He may go or may fly—
I stay here till death comes,
For I mind me of all
That in battle have died!
I am like Uncle Dan,
For he said—troth and did he—
"What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

When the sailor hoists sail
And stands out on the deep,
Leaving sweetheart or wife
And the childer behind,
He tempts the wild gale
And he trifles with life,
And he sinks, d'ye mind,
Where the mermaidens sleep!
"Pat," sez old Uncle Dan,
"Stay at home with your Biddy;
What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

Let the scholar sit up
And write late and long
To insure him a name—
He may sit up for me;
Give me but a full cup,
He may have all his fame;
For it's stuff, d'ye see,
And not worth an old song;
Let us live, Uncle Dan;
Let us live and love, Biddy;
What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?

HALSEY'S STORY.

"You are a jolly fellow, Halsey, almost always jolly," said bright-eyed Mrs. Steele. "Sometimes, though, I fancy that I detect an expression of pained sadness about you. But you are such a peculiar fellow that I have been afraid to say anything about it."

A little pause, during which pretty Mrs. Steele eyed the "jolly fellow" sharply, and then took up her crocheting again, while he gave two or three quiet whiffs at his cigar.

Pretty Mrs. Steele knew how to manage this man. Some ladies have a peculiar tact for managing old bachelors; Mrs. Steele was one of that kind. She was one of those lively, kind-hearted, middle-aged ladies, a blessing in her home, a dutiful wife, with some pretty ways left for her gentlemen friends, a good mother, with a little of her youthful coquettishness still clinging to her. A particular, good-natured bit of a body, whose smile brings sunlight into a gloomy day, and whose soothing touch and spicy talk is a good panacea for all the ills of life. A woman who can cry with you if she finds you in trouble, or laugh with you at your own misfortunes. A blessing to mankind in general, outside of her home as well as within it.

Halsey, as she addressed him—more properly, Dick Halsey—was a fine, broad-shouldered fellow, a bachelor—or, at least, in his thirties, getting a little bald just where his long, sloping forehead began to curve backward before gradually ascending to form the bump of self-esteem. A large, clear, blue eye, that looked you deliberately and squarely in the face, and turned to a sparkling violet when he became excited or spoke with more than usual animation; a broad chin, shaved smooth; a hazel-colored mustache, a firm, decided mouth—a striking, robust type of manhood.

Halsey always spoke deliberately, and generally paused before making any remark, after another had done speaking, long enough to make it seem probable that what had been said was being weighed in his mind. After such a halt he remarked slowly, in reply to Mrs. Steele: "It is so. I am sometimes painfully sad."

He gave two or three quick puffs, and then threw his cigar out of the open window, and turned his chair so as to face his friend.

"I can see it all again at times, and all the old heartache comes back. I see the soft moonlight, which filled our hearts with an awful stillness, a desolate, stinging pain. I see a beautiful, sober-faced young girl, crushed in her young heart's best offering of love. Did I love her? Yes, with that rich, unbounded love which can fill our hearts completely but once; with that sort of love which leaves no longing of the affections unfilled; with such love as makes prosperity and adversity welcomed by young hearts with mutual hope or care.

"What was her name? Menard—Daisy Menard. This little miniature will give you some notion of her appearance. Dark hair, soft dark-blue eyes—a sober, lovable light in them—a small, shapely hand, a dignified, graceful appearance. She was a little bit of a body, quiet and unassuming, but full of pluck.

"For two years we were friends at school. I came to love her, but was unwilling to disturb our friendship by letting her know it. I hid the deeper affection within me, and we were friends. A beautiful friendship, frank and helpful, held us just so near during the two years of our school life. Day by day I felt that she was becoming more a part of my life; that I was happy when she was near and miserable when she was away; that she brought out in me what was good; that my tastes were molded into better form by hers; and that I was nerved to greater exertions, higher aspirations, by her queenly nature.

"It seemed to me that everything was against any declaration, or even appearance, of a deeper affection than that helpful friendship. I was poor; I must finish my law course, or 'woe was me,' I felt; everything was against my getting myself in any position where I would feel hampered. I must have plenty of time. I must work patiently and industriously. Even with my most sanguine hopes, some years must elapse before I would be independent in my profession. We were young, too—scarcely at our twenties, yet. No, no! I must not let her see that she was more than a friend in my thoughts! Then I stood somewhat in awe of this quiet little woman. There was behind her frankness, her exquisite *naivete*, a refined dignity which seemed to make friendship easy, but made me question with myself whether any appearance of a deeper feeling would have been received at that time.

"But, during the last month of our school days, I sometimes thought I discerned a very marked change in her—something different from the old *naive* friendship. She was rounding out into a prouder, more-dignified womanhood. She became more coquettish, and I began to fear that our friendship might not always last.

"My last term was finished. I graduated with honors and debts. I was determined to follow Bractan and Blackstone, and, in a few days, with the help of friends, had secured a place under an attorney well-up in the profession, and began my reading at once. I earned something in the office copying, and added enough to my slender purse to be able to live and prosecute my studies uninterruptedly by giving lessons in French.

"I began to feel settled, and wrote to Daisy, mixing quotations from Kent with criticisms of the latest novel, and gossipy chat about the place, people and my hopes for the future. 'I felt more settled,' I said. 'I was glad to have done with school and feel myself in the world.' I spoke with pride of my profession, and was sanguine of success.

"Many letters followed this during the summer. Some were as hopeful, others despondent. Some pretty hints were thrown out. A little coquetting followed. One little suggestion followed another with great deliberation, before any decided declarations of real feeling were made. But it all came about at last, and we understood each other.

"It now began to seem to me that I was making slow progress. I got discouraged. I saw before me several years of self-denial and close application to study before I could hope to build up a profession such as I anticipated. I wrote more and more discouragingly to Daisy, but still the little woman clung to me with cheerful hope. She was never afraid of my abilities, never impatient with waiting, and her quiet, indomitable trust renewed my courage, as often as I found it wavering."

"A year soon slipped away and I grew more impatient, more discouraged. I fancied that I was making little advancement, and was continually galled by the thought that this lovely woman was clinging to me, when, if she would let me go, she might make for herself a brilliant career in society; might arrange her prospects for life so much more satisfactorily. Little stories began to reach my ears, that she was amusing herself with all sorts of flirtations. I said to myself, that she was becoming tired of me, as I was of myself. I began to speak deprecatingly of an engagement that promised so little happiness. Daisy, on her part, began to fancy that I was becoming tired of her; that I was impatient of the bonds with which I was bound. A sort of formality and coldness began to creep into our correspondence. A little iciness damped the affection which had never before been marred by an unkind thought or word. Every letter now widened the breach.

"Another half-year passed and the estrangement had become intolerable. I had heard several stories of inconstancy on her part. At last I heard that she was about to be married. Afterward it seemed probable to me that these stories might have been started with a particular design that I should hear them; but no such thought occurred to me at that time.

"I felt unwilling to let the matter go further, and so I wrote Daisy, telling her that it scarcely seemed possible that our engagement would ever result in anything satisfactory to either of us; that I did not believe, after all that had taken place, that we could ever be happy together, and requested her, if she found it agreeable with her own feelings and wishes, to release me.

"Ah, but you can have no idea of what that brief letter cost me! I loved that woman with all the fire there was in me. I still clung to the old love with passionate longing, in spite of the estranged feelings which had sprung up between us. All night I walked the floor of my room, and again and again I took up the note I had written, with the thought of destroying it. How could I send it? How could I give up deliberately all that made life or success dear to me? It was a terrible struggle, a fight for self-mastery. As daylight came creeping through my window, I felt more decided; and, lest my determination should finally give way, I put on my hat, sealed and stamped the letter, and walked around to the postoffice and dropped it into the box. As I retraced my steps and felt the cool morning breeze fanning my feverish face, it seemed to me that my heart stood still with awful loneliness. All the light and joy of life seemed to have vanished.

"A week was like an age to me before I received a brief note from Daisy, with just these words: 'You are free. I send you the ring which I have so long worn for you. I have been foolish and inconstant, but I never willfully deceived you. I have been so tortured with doubts and fears that I have allowed myself to give others, whom I ought to have repelled, too much reason to hope. You have been so cold, and have spoken so discouragingly, that I have felt self a hindrance to you, rather than a help. You placed an insurmountable barrier between us, and met my love with such formality that it chilled my heart. But I shall not plead a greater excuse. Forgive me if I have seemed inconstant. God knows my heart, and He knows that it has been true and right! Oh, darling! darling! I have loved you always, though my heart has sometimes ached with such bitter, lonely pain! Good-by, and may God bless and prosper you.'

"I remember every word of that letter; it has burned its way into my memory. I felt a death-like pallor creeping into my face, and knew it was with difficulty that I was able to breathe through my clenched teeth. Again and again I read the note—trying to persuade myself that it was as cold and formal as my own. But I saw the truth as I had not known it before, and every word brought a stinging reproach. The bitter and estranged feeling, which had been corroding my heart for months, all left me, and I shook with a great, overwhelming grief. At one moment I would resolve to write and try and undo what had been done; but pride ruled the second thought, and I determined to abide by the consequences. 'She had allowed herself to give others too much reason to hope;' I could not forget that, and again I said to myself, 'We could never be happy together.' If I had known then, as I did afterward, how much I was loved; how much a poor, tired heart was crying out in bitter anguish against my unreasonable action and cruel words, perhaps I should not have been a bachelor to-day.

"A half-year passed, and I was a full-fledged lawyer. I had banished from my thoughts as much as possible all painful reminiscences, and turned my attention to the present and the future. But, with all my efforts to keep myself from becoming disagreeably melancholy, I felt that all the years to come would be wanting in what makes life fullest of joy and fraught with manliest deeds.

"I had settled down in a thrifty place and formed a partnership with an attorney some years my senior. I had been in town only a few days and began to look about me for a client, when a telegram came. 'Daisy may not live till morning. Come!' was what I read. I was on the next train, and at midnight was left alone with the dying woman. I could not live with this wasting grief in my heart, darling,' she whispered. I had not the strength nor courage to wear out this fever which fastened itself upon me. I wanted to see you just this once before saying good-by to all.'

"It was too late that I rained kisses and tears upon her cold lips and cheeks, and whispered, 'Forgive.' She only smiled with a beautiful light in her eyes, and pressed her cold lips to mine in a last long good-by. I raised her slightly from the pillow, as her friends gathered around weeping, and then laid her head gently back, for her beautiful spirit had left us.

"'This is why I am sometimes sad, Mrs. Steele.' The "jolly fellow," as she had called him at the beginning of his story, took up his hat and walked deliberately away, leaving the bright-eyed little woman to have her cry out by herself.

It Often Occurs.

A Newtown young woman went with her father to the railway station to meet a female friend she had invited to visit her, and to come by a certain train. The expected visitor did not arrive, greatly to the disappointment of the young woman, and very much to the surprise of the father, notwithstanding his daughter's letter of invitation was in his pocket at the time.—*Danbury News.*

CHARITY is a first mortgage on every human being's possessions. Opportunities are very sensitives things; if you slight them on their first visit, you seldom see them again. The more virtuous a man is, the more virtue does he see in others. He who loves to read and knows how to reflect has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

THE name and fame of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup are known throughout the land, and everywhere it is relied upon as *the* specific for coughs and colds.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

FROST will not penetrate so deep when the ground is dry as when it is very wet.

THERE is no crop raised which yields so large an amount of food and with so little labor as Indian corn.

FARMERS in New Jersey and Pennsylvania are giving considerable attention to the culture of jute plants.

DECAYED grain of any kind is highly injurious to stock. It has a paralyzing effect upon the animals fed with it, oftentimes causing death.

SPENT tan-bark has been plowed into a compact clay soil with the best results, as it rendered the soil mellow and increased its warmth.

EWES in lamb are very liable to take cold, and when exposed to wet and cold weather, or allowed to lie on the ground, are likely to suffer abortion.

PASTURES that have been fed a few seasons will generally produce more milk, or make more fat, than those which have been newly seeded down.

ASHES are, for many soils, a standard fertilizer. Places where a tree or brush-heap has been burned off show the effects of the manuring for years. It is an old saying, "The land never forgets ashes."

A WISCONSIN farmer, twenty-three years ago, planted a piece of land unfit for cultivation with black walnut trees. The trees are now from sixteen to twenty inches through, and have been sold for $27,000.

SNOW melts away from drained lands sooner than on those undrained, hence the drained soils are ready for plowing much sooner. In Scotland it is claimed that the harvest is from ten to fifteen days earlier on drained than on undrained lands.

THE moisture in which one kind of seed would flourish would be destructive to another class, causing them to rot instead of forcing growth. The heat necessary to start one class of seeds would dry up and utterly destroy the gum of another class. The application of rules requires a mixture of common sense and observation.

WE have noted, from time to time the constantly decreasing area in Great Britain devoted to cereal crops. The agriculture of the country is gradually changing from grain growing to stock feeding and dairying. From the invaluable agricultural returns of Great Britian, published by Mr. Giffen, it appears that since 1870 there has been an increase of 2,500,000 of acres in permanent grass.

NO BRANCH of husbandry furnishes more agreeable occupation than forest culture. It affords pleasant diversion from the protracted labors of the field, and employment for long winters that without it might prove monotonous. Intelligently and systematically managed, our forests will yield profitable returns, not only to our own, but to all succeeding generations.

FARMERS should be careful not to be in too close competition with each other, and above all things not to compete with themselves. We once knew a farmer who, not wishing to trust too much to one man, consigned three lots of a particular product to each of three different commission houses in the same city. It happened to be the only consignment of the kind offered. Unfortunately for him he proved to be his own competitor in the market.

PROPORTION OF CREAM IN MILK.—The first fifth portion of milk from the cow contains about one-twentieth part of cream; the second fifth, one-twelfth; the last fifth, one-sixth. How important then to get the last and richest drop, even if it were not true that cows are quickly dried up by a slovenly practice of leaving a small portion in the udder. Cows will continue to give a flow of milk at a much longer period when milked dry. Farmers, it will be seen, receive a double benefit by such a course. First, there is more cream in the milk, and second, the flow will continue longer, two requisites in all dairy countries.

EWES in lamb should, as far as practicable, be fed and sheltered separately from the non-breeding animals, as the crowding and more rapid movements of the latter are apt to result injuriously, while such separation makes more convenient certain little attentions to which breeding ewes are entitled as the yearning season approaches, and which may be profitably accorded to them. Advantage will be found in subdivision of the several ages and sexes into as many smaller lots as circumstances will admit of, as such course lessens the liability to crowding and over-feeding of the stronger animals at the expense of the weaker ones. It also brings each animal more directly under the eye of the attendant, who will the more readily detect the first symptoms of deviating from the desired thrift.

SELECTING SEED CORN.—Professor A. E. Blount, of the Colorado Agricultural College at Fort Collins, gives these views on selecting seed corn: "If the stock be a healthy one and free from injury by insects or weather, the topmost ear is always the largest, and best formed, and has the best filled grain, provided the parents from which it came were perfect. Every variety of standard corn produces its best ear nearest the tassel for reasons that are quite evident. Being nearest it receives the pollen first and in greater quantity than those below it; another reason is that it is the natural distance from the soil, etc., etc. A careful examination of the stalks in every stage of their growth always shows that the lowest ear has the longest shank, the next has a shorter one, and so on to the topmost one, which sets close upon the stalk. It shows also that the lowest ear is the smallest and the top ear the largest, as above stated."

BEDDING FOR CATTLE.—There is no farm work, considering the outlay, that pays so large dividends as the procuring of some sort of bedding for the cattle, for it not only keeps them clean—a great point in itself—but also promotes their growth and thriftness, and the additional accumulation for the manure pile will more than pay for the labor. There is usually a large amount of litter that goes to waste that if thus utilized would be of great service. Straw, oats, cut corn butts, etc., are valuable, and fine sand is not objectionable, for in itself it is one of the most cleanly of beds, and as it is a large absorber of liquids, and is of real benefit to clay land, there is no solid reason why a few loads of it may not be judiciously used. A farmer of our acquaintance late in the fall takes his trucks, puts in long stakes, and makes a four-foot-deep box and gathers forest leaves. One man gathers them with rake and basket. These leaves are stored away in an unused stable, and what can be crowded into a bushel basket make a fine bed for a stable of cows for a couple of nights, and are fine absorbants. There is no farmer but that can provide bedding of some kind, and also have dry, wholesome stables for his cattle, and if he consults his interests, and once fully tests the value of plenty bedding, he will always in the future practice bedding his cattle and stock.

A Teutonic Argument.

In the Legislature of Ohio, some years ago, there was a warm dispute whether a certain proposed railroad should commence at a given point down or at a certain other up the river.

"Who ever heard," said a down-the-river advocate, "of beginning anything at the top? Who ever heard of building a chimney from the top downward? Who ever saw a house begun at the top?"

Up jumped a Dutch member from an up-the-river county. "Meester Brezident, de jentlemans zay dat dees beeznes ees all von hoomboog, pecause vee vants to pegeen our railroat mit de top ov de Shtate, und he make some seely comparisons apout de houze und de schimney. I veel also ask de jentlemans von questions. Een hoes bart ov de Shtate, ven dey pegins to built von vell, do dey pegins mit de bottom ov de vell, or do dey pegins mit de top ov de vell? Veel de jentlemans blees answer me dat leetle von question?"

The laughter which explosively followed this Teutonic retort showed who, in the opinion of the legislators, had the better of the argument.—*Harper's Magazine.*

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

[From the Household.]

PIG'S FOOT CHEESE.—Boil the hocks and feet of equal quantity loose in a pot till the meat will fall freely from the bones; season well with pepper and salt; put into a pan while hot and press it. Cut in slices and serve with vinegar or Worcester sauce.

MOCK DUCK.—Take a round of beefsteak; salt and pepper; prepare a dressing as for turkey; lay in the steak; sew up; lay two or three slices of fat pork upon it and roast; baste often and you cannot tell it from duck.

SPICED BEEF.—For ten or twelve pounds of beef take one tablespoonful of allspice, six cloves, a piece of mace; pound in a mortar; add a large spoonful brown sugar; rub well into the beef; then with saltpetre and salt; turn and rub daily for ten days; then boil six hours.

VENISON HAM.—Trim the ham nicely and lard with thin slices of bacon, then soak five or six hours in the following pickle: One-half cup of olive oil, salt, spices, thyme, one onion cut in slices and one or two glasses of wine (red), turning it occasionally, then take out and roast before a bright fire, basting it with its pickle. It will take from one to two hours to cook.

ROAST GOOSE.—Make a stuffing of bread crumbs, onions and potatoes cut fine; season with pepper and salt, sage, and butter the size of an egg; fill the goose and tie down the wings; roast two hours and a half. Boil the liver and heart and add to the gravy which must be thickened with flour. Send to table with apple sauce and mashed potatoes.

MUTTON KERBOBED.—Take a loin of mutton; joint well; take the following dressing and put between each joint: Two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, a little thyme, a nutmeg grated, a teacupful of bread crumbs; mix well with two eggs; roast one hour. If there is a large flap to the loin, some of the dressing may be put in and then skewered securely.

ROAST TURKEY.—Wash dry and stuff with a dressing of dry bread soaked in water, pressed out and mixed with salt, pepper, thyme, butter and an egg; sew up the turkey snugly, and put in the pan with a little water; roast slowly, allowing three hours for a ten-pound turkey; when commencing to brown, rub over with a little butter to keep the skin from blistering; boil giblet in water, chop fine and put in gravy.

BOILED PIG'S FEET.—Take the fore feet, cut off the hock, clean and scrape them well; place two feet together and roll them up tightly in common muslin; tie or sew them so they will keep in perfect shape, and boil them seven hours on a moderate fire—they will then be very soft; lift them out carefully and let them cool off; then remove the muslin and you will find them like jelly. Serve with vinegar or split them and roll in bread crumbs or cracker dust, and fry or broil them. Serve with a little tart sauce.

QUAIL.—Pick and clean, cut in the middle of back, fry in butter to a nice brown, salt and pepper; now put in an earthen or porcelain lined dish, one tablespoonful of nice butter and the same of flour; stir on a slow fire until butter is dissolved, then pour in slowly two-thirds glass of water and the same quantity of wine, salt and pepper; put in your birds that are nicely fired, simmer slowly one-quarter of an hour; toast some thin slices of bread (one toast to each bird); put in the dish you wish to serve, laying the birds on top; pour the gravy over all; serve very hot.

MINCE MEAT.—Chop fine two pounds of lean, tender beef, cold, boiled or baked; remove all skin and gristle. Mince fine half a pound of suet, one pound of raisins, seeded, one pound of dried currants, washed and picked, half a pound of citron, sliced thin, one pound of clean, moist brown sugar, the juice of six lemons, the rinds grated (throw away the pulp), two grated nutmegs, one ounce of salt, one ounce of ground ginger, half an ounce of allspice, cloves and cinnamon, each; mix the meat, fruit and spices well; pour upon the sugar a pint of wine, and half a pint of brandy; add the fruit to the meat: pour over the wine and brandy; when it is well mixed pack it in small jars in a cool place. When ready to make the pies line the pie-plates with a good crust; add to a pint of the mixture a pint of tart apples, chopped, and a wine-glass of rose-water; fill the crust half full; lay over bits of butter; put in enough meat to nearly fill the plate; cover with puff paste; cut a slit in the middle and bake. They keep well. Warm them before using.

TRIAL BY JURY.

[From the St. Louis Chronicle.]

Some believe that even this form of trial is not perfectly free from prejudice. But in our section, St. Jacobs Oil has been tried by that great jury—the public—and been judged the infallible cure for Rheumatism and all painful diseases.

The Serious and the Funny.

It is very curious how intermingling are the curious and the funny things of life. Even at a funeral something may happen which will make you smile through your tears, and at a wedding something may make you weep in the midst of smiles. Hood's verses are wonderfully true:

When I reflect with serious sense,
While years and years roll on,
How soon I may be summoned hence—
There's cook a calling "John!"

Our lives are built so frail and poor,
On sand and on rocks;
We're hourly standing at death's door—
There's some one double knocks!

All human days have settled terms;
Our fates we cannot force.
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—
They've come to lunch, of course.

And when my body's turned to clay,
And dear friends hear my knell,
Oh, let them give a sigh and say—
"I hear the upstairs bell!"

[From the Sparta (Wis.) Herald.]

AS AN exhibition of the intrinsic worth of St. Jacobs Oil, we think the case referred to, that of Mrs. O. W. Hubbard, of this town, cured of Sciatic Rheumatism of long standing by the Oil, is certainly striking, and, beyond all doubt, conclusive as to its efficacy. The remedy has our indorsement.

LITTLE Fritz was but 2½ years old when he paid a visit to his grandfather's farm, where all was new to the little fellow, who lived in a large city, and greatly did he delight in accompanying his grandpapa in his daily search for fresh eggs. One day grandpapa came into the family living-room, saying: "Who has taken all the eggs from my setting hen? I have found twelve little round potatoes in the nest, but no eggs." With wide-open eyes and merry dimples dancing around the cherry mouth, "I did," cried the little fellow. "But," said the grandsire, "don't you know that we shall have no little chickens now?" "Why, dranpa," replied Fritz, "dat ole hen is so 'tupid her will never know the difference."

Maine News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, bilousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—*Portland Argus.*

A CITIZEN of Richmond, Virginia, being asked in London how his town had flourished since the fall of the Southern Confederacy, replied: "Oh, exceedingly well; we live on red herrings and glorious recollections!"

NATIVE AND FOREIGN-BORN.

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin showing the relations of native and foreign born persons in the several States. As to Illinois, it shows that, of its population of 3,078,769, 2,495,177 are native and 583,592 foreign-born, or about 14,080 foreigners to every 100,000 of population. In no State does the foreign element equal the native, although in many it bears a very large proportion. In the United States as a whole there is a relative decrease of the foreign element. The increase of the foreign element has been in New England, where the growth has been in the direction of manufactures; in Dakota and Oregon, whose wheat fields have invited settlement; and in Colorado and New Mexico, where extraordinary development of the mining industry has taken place since 1871.

The largest number of foreigners is in New York—1,211,438; the next largest in Pennsylvania—587,538; Illinois comes next, and with almost as many; then follow Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan and California. The largest number in any Southern State is in Texas, but in all the South there are not as many foreigners as in Wisconsin alone.

The following table will exhibit the relative number of natives and foreigners in 1880:

States and Territories.	Native.	Foreign.
United States	43,475,506	6,677,360
Alabama	1,253,121	9,673
Arizona	24,419	16,022
Arkansas	792,969	10,236
California	572,006	292,680
Colorado	154,869	39,780
Connecticut	492,879	129,804
Dakota	83,387	51,793
Delaware	137,182	9,472
District of Columbia	160,523	17,115
Florida	257,631	9,720
Georgia	1,528,733	10,315
Idaho	22,629	9,982
Illinois	3,495,177	583,592
Indiana	1,834,597	143,765
Iowa	1,363,132	261,488
Kansas	886,261	109,795
Kentucky	1,589,237	59,471
Louisiana	885,964	54,139
Maine	590,076	58,860
Maryland	851,984	82,648
Massachusetts	1,339,919	443,093
Michigan	1,247,985	388,346
Minnesota	413,107	267,690
Mississippi	1,122,424	9,168
Missouri	1,957,564	211,240
Montana	27,642	11,515
Nebraska	355,043	97,390
Nevada	36,623	75,642
New Hampshire	300,961	46,923
New Jersey	909,398	221,585
New Mexico	108,486	9,932
New York	3,872,371	1,211,438
North Carolina	1,396,368	3,670
Ohio	2,803,496	304,743
Oregon	144,327	30,419
Pennsylvania	3,695,253	587,538
Rhode Island	202,598	73,920
South Carolina	987,981	7,641
Tennessee	1,525,881	16,582
Texas	1,478,068	114,516
Utah	99,974	43,932
Vermont	291,341	40,946
Virginia	1,498,139	14,567
Washington	69,260	15,861
West Virginia	600,214	18,229
Wisconsin	910,063	405,417
Wyoming	14,943	5,845

While the foreign-borns of no State equal the native-borns, yet if the minor children of foreign parents born in this country were subtracted from the native population and added to the foreign it would give the latter the majority in all probability in Minnesota and nearly half in Wisconsin.

Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters, so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

How a Duel Was Fought.

A Paris journal, in referring to the memorable quarrel between the Duke de Fitzjames and M. Greffulhe, both of them expert swordsmen, says the difference of opinion was extremely slight, but, as usual, public opinion intervened, and the two gentlemen were compelled to appoint seconds and consider the affair as an exceptionally serious one. The question at issue was a political one, and had been warmly discussed at the Jockey Club. An encounter was declared inevitable. The Duke, who was the intimate friend of M. Greffulhe, determined, if possible, to prevent any regrettable consequence. He had been out over and over again, consequently no one could doubt his courage. When the two parties met on the ground, the Duke went up to Greffulhe and said: "We are making ourselves most ridiculous; give me your hand, my dear fellow, and let our quarrel drop," "Never," replied Greffulhe; "the insult was grave, and one or other of us must remain here." "Is that so?" rejoined the Duke with a smile; "well, so be it. You can remain; I am off." He turned his back and marched off in an opposite direction, but before he had gone a dozen yards Greffulhe ran after him and said, "Look here, Robert, my good fellow, you are the most reasonable. You are quite right; give me your hand!" The two shook hands, and the champagne breakfast which followed reconciled all parties.

You Can't Afford

to be without Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

A PHYSICIAN, on presenting his bill to the executor of an estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn?" "No," replied the executor, "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

Suggestions.

You can buy Buggies and Harness at wholesale prices of the ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. Co., Elkhart, Ind. Shipped with privilege of examining before paying. Hand-sewed Oak Leather Team Harness, $25. Single Harness, $8 to $20. Platform Spring Buggies, $75, etc. Catalogue and Price-list sent free. W. B. PRATT, Sec.

EILERT'S EXTRACT OF TAR AND WILD CHERRY has been used for twenty years, and during that time has saved many very valuable lives. Do not neglect a cough or cold until it is too late. Try this excellent remedy, and we are sure you will be convinced of its merits. Chronic Coughs, and even Consumptives, are cured by following the directions. Every bottle is warranted to give satisfaction. Prepared by the Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago. Sold by all good druggists.

PURE COD LIVER OIL made from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

WE confidently refer our readers to the card of Dr. C. R. Sykes, in another column. He is an old resident of Chicago, a regular graduate, honest, honorable and responsible, and, as a physician, takes first rank in his chosen specialty of catarrh and its complications.

UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDERS are recommended by stock-owners who have used them as the best Horse and Cattle Medicine to be had. If the animal is Scraggy, Spiritless, or has no appetite, these Powders are an excellent remedy, and every owner of stock will do well to try them. They are prepared by the Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago, Ill., a very reliable firm, and sold by all good druggists.

DR. BOSANKO'S Pile Remedy will positively cure the worst case of Piles. Ask your Druggist for it.

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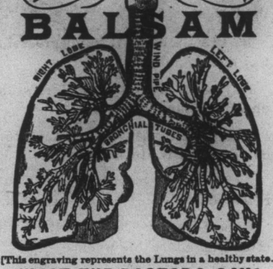

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]
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DR. A. C. JOHNSON, of Mt. Vernon, Ill., writes of some wonderful cures of Consumption in his place by the use of "Allen's Lung Balsam."
DR. J. B. TURNER, Blountsville, Ala., a practicing physician of twenty-five years, writes: "It is the best preparation for Consumption in the world."
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