

### The Texan Eden.

Traveling on the old McKenzie trail, on the third day we stopped to lunch and water our horses at the flow-out of the Blanco (or White) River, which flows through Blanco Canyon for forty miles, and which, it should be remembered, is only the fresh water fork of the Brazos. We had halted at the gate of the Texas Eden, where the painter would have stood entranced, pencil and brush being all too tame to put in lines or color the grand landscape where earth and brush, and hill and water, and cloud and sky, mingled into an indescribable picture. The sun was shining brightly down the valley and upon the mountain bluffs, looming up hundreds of feet above the limpid stream flowing through the center of the canyon. The grass, which was tinged with the autumn brown in the open valley, appeared in great plats and patches in the hollows under the shadows of the canyon bluffs. Myriads of flowers, blooming and withered, cropp'd out from the hillock, rock-base, and open prairie. Rare among them was the Texas star, a five-leaved flower, which bears to the north—a veritable flower-magnet. Rare it is, and growing still rarer as the rude hoof of horse and cattle continue to trample it out. The hardy flowering cactus is everywhere. Nature made a big effort in the spreading mouth of Blanco Canyon. This canyon is about forty-five miles long, and widens from its source like a wedge, until at its mouth there is fifteen or sixteen miles of plain and brush and rich grasses. As we cross the crystal stream flowing over limestone and gypsum beds, we follow the trail up over the bluff, where the fossil sea-shells drop out on every bare surface, and there, stretching away to the far distance, we see, and for the first time realize, the extent of the ranges known as the "Staked Plains." In the wonderfully clear sunlight we see herds of cattle feeding, and, away toward a hill range, some startled antelopes are scampering off in alarm. This trail up the steep bluff over which we have just come has been beaten into a smooth path by the countless feet of buffalo and antelope and Indians for centuries. Here, where the savage in his primitive brutality once hunted the noble game, we now see cattle feeding undisturbed in the great range of the Kentucky Cattle Raising Company. The buffalo have departed, but in their place have come short-horn cattle, showing the peaceful marriage between the wild cattle of the West and the thoroughbreds of the blue-grass of Kentucky.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### Superstition and Agriculture.

A correspondent of the Glasgow *Herald*, who has visited Foula, Scotland, states that the fishermen are very superstitious. She adds: "Farming is an avocation of at least as much consequence to the inhabitants of Foula as fishing, and in the prosecution of it they are equally careful to act in obedience to the ancient, unacknowledged, but living faith. The land must be dug agreeably to the apparent course of the sun. The sowing of seed-corn should be begun before noon on Saturday, with the moon on the increase and the tide flowing. Some put an egg into the kishie among the seed-corn. When grinding meal, turn the quern sunward. If it be turned westerly the meal will act as an aperient. When the moon is on the increase is the proper time to kill a pig. A hen should be set on an odd number of eggs and when the tide is flowing. When a man is killing a sheep it is unlucky for any one (especially a woman) to pass between him and the fire. In dressing the sheep carefully remove the gall, spit three times on it, and cover it with ashes, so that the dog will not see it. Do not mention the name of the pudding when it is put in the pot or it will burst. If any one can lay his hand on an ewe lamb that he covets, it will not thrive. If the liver of a lamb crackles when placed upon the fire, it is a sign that its mother and her descendants will be prolific. A cow should be fastened in the byre with her head to the north. A knife should be stuck into the coupling above her head to keep away trows, or fairies. Should she be sick, take white money, a razor, and a pair of shears, and shake them in a sieve above her back. If a wound made by a trow's arrow be discovered in her side, put a finger on it until another person can daub the place with tar. Take gunpowder and fire it off between two peats near her head. Should this fail in effecting a cure, take a hecat and draw him by the tail across the back of the cow until he fastens his claws in her hide, and if this does not cure her nothing will. When a cow has lost the power of chewing her cud wrap some gunpowder in a piece of dough and put it into a dog's mouth and then make the cow swallow it. Three stones taken from a brook and three stones taken from the ground ought to be placed above the head of a cow that has been given as a dowry or trocher, so that she may have no desire to return to her old quarters."

### The Canny Scot Abroad.

The Macquays are an admirable instance of the ways in which the "canny Scot" almost invariably contrives to make his way in foreign parts, says the *London Life*. The father of the present head of the firm went to Florence in the grand ducal days, when the City of Flowers was the capital of the little duchy of Tuscany. Shrewd, patient, red-headed, a typical Scotsman, he quickly pushed his way upward, and, mastering all the devious details of Tuscan finance, made himself extremely useful to the needy ruler of that little kingdom. He was one of the old coterie that used to meet regularly at poor Charles Lever's house for their rubber of whist, and many a trick did that talented author play upon the Florentine banker, whose he would arouse by persistently chattering during the progress of the game. Lever was, probably, the only man who could confound his hearers with inimitable stories and at the same time play a splendid hand at whist. Old Macquay left three sons, strangely dissimilar in appearance, but all possessed of considerable talent, and the firm of Macquay & Co. is now as well known in Italy as the Pope of Rome himself.

### CLEVERLY CAUGHT.

The Rich Man's Fear of Burglars—The Story of an Electrician.

[Buffalo (N. Y.) News.]  
At the dead of night Mr. J. B. Anthony, a wholesale grocer of Troy, N. Y., was awakened by his burglar alarm annunciator, which told him that his house had been entered through the roof scuttle. He hastily dressed and, with a lantern, hurried to the upper story and heard the burglar in the servant's room, threatening her with instant death if she made a loud noise.

He was captured, convicted, and sentenced to Sing Sing prison for ten years.

So said Mr. C. H. Westfall, the electrician of Westfield, N. Y., to our reporter.

"Do city residents generally use burglar alarms?"

"Yes, all first-class houses are provided with them, and I have never had any dissatisfaction from my customers, many of whom are well known and wealthiest people of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other large cities."

"Do wealthy men have much fear of burglars?"

"As a rule, wealthy men do not keep valuable in their house, and yet they are not sure that they shall escape burglarious attacks, and they don't feel secure without a first-class burglar alarm apparatus in their house. Every door, window, and scuttle is connected with the annunciator, and it is quite impossible to effect an entrance without the fact becoming at once known."

"Do electricians run considerable risk in handling wires?"

"Even the most carefull of them sometimes get a shock. A few years ago, while I was descending stairs at Elmira, N. Y., with a wire coil in my hand, I felt as if I had received the entire charge from the battery. For over a half hour I suffered the keenest agony. I did not know but what I had been fatally injured. After completing my business circuit, I returned to Boston, and for eighteen months did not get over the shock. I lost my appetite; all food tasted alike. I could not walk across the common without resting several times."

"My head whirled, and I recollect I had a doctor consulted the best physicians in a good many large cities, but none of them seemed to understand my case. About a year ago I was in Albany, and a physician there stated that I would probably live three months. But to-day," said Mr. Westfall, and he straightened himself up with conscious pride, "so far as I know, I am in perfect health. I weigh 170 pounds, eat well, sleep well, feel well, and am well. One of my old physicians gave me a thorough examination a few weeks ago, and told me that I was in a perfect condition."

"You are a remarkable man, sir," remarked the doctor, "to have survived so long after an electrical shock."

"Oh, it was not electricity that prostrated me. It was a uterine convulsion. For all my physicians told me I was a victim of a very serious kidney disorder. And when they and a dozen widely advertised medicines failed to benefit me, Warner's Safe Cure restored me to perfect health. That preparation is invaluable to every grade of society, for it is a priceless blessing."

"There is no need of death from handling electrical wires if the operators will exercise care. In our burglar alarm attachments there is no possible danger from that source."

### A Curious Document.

In the records of the office of the Secretary of State at Columbia, S. C., is the following petition, bearing date 1733, addressed to the Governor of South Carolina, and signed by sixteen maidens:

The humble petition of all the Maids whose Names are underwritten:

Whereas, we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy condition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captured by widows and we are thereby neglected;

in consequence of this our request is that your Excellency will, for the future, order that no widow presume to marry any young man until the maidens are provided for, or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction of invading our liberties, and likewise a fine to be levied on all bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage is to us maidens that the widows, by their forward carriage, do snap up the young men and have the vanity to think their merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition to us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and we hope you will permit no further insults. And we poor maidens, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc.

### Antiquity of the Spoon.

The use of the spoon is widespread, and dates from remote antiquity. The form which we use at the present day—a small oval bowl, provided with a shank and flattened handle—is not that which has been universally adopted.

If we look into the manners and customs of some of the people less civilized than we—the Kabyles, for example—we shall find that they use a round wooden spoon, which was made of copper. We might be led from the latter fact to infer that the primitive form of this utensil was round, and that the oval shape is a comparatively modern invention. But such is not the case, for M. Chantre, in making some excavations on the borders of Lake Paladon, the waters of which had been partially drawn off, found, in a good state of preservation, wooden spoons which in shape were nearly like those in use at the present day, the only difference being in the form of the handle, which was no wider than the shank. The neolithic people used oval spoons made of baked clay.

It all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

It seems queer, but it is true, that that stuff that makes a man tight frequently loosens his tongue.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald*.

### The Age of Trees.

Many of our exchanges, both agricultural and others, often print erroneous statements concerning the longevity of some of our forest trees. For the benefit of readers who may have been misled by such statements we append the following list, showing the age of trees when their timber is most valuable, both in Europe and in the United States: Black walnut, 250 to 300 years; royal oak, 250; quercus alba, or white oak, 200; European sweet chestnut, 200; American Chestnut, 180; European linden, 125; Dutch, or broad-leaved, linden, 90 to 100; European beech, 90 to 95; Scotch pine, 90; Norway spruce, 95; white willow, 40; sycamore maple, 50; alder, cherry, and poplar, 50 to 60; It is probable that most of those in the list marked over 100 years are not very valuable in this country after they are at the century score. As a general thing the most valuable stage of development in the timber of a tree is reached earlier in the United States than in Europe, an important fact depending upon the difference in climate.—*Ex.*

### Beware

Of violent purgatives. They must inevitably impair the well-being of the system, if much used. Irregularity of the bowels is remediable without their aid, and they enfeeble those organs. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are not only a laxative, but a tonic. No subsequent medication is needed as in the case of powerful cathartics, to repair the violence of their effects. Big pill and calomel are never safe in the long run, and there are other medicines taken to regulate the liver and bowels, which are hurtful to both. Long experience has proved the Bitters to be safe and salutary as well as potent. They brace up the system when enfeebled, thus guarding it from disease (particularly malarial complaints), removes weakness and inactivity of a duplicitous stomach, and improve appetite, and tend to tranquilize overtaxed nerves. They have also won repute as a remedy for rheumatism and kidney troubles.

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### Dairymen Prefer It.

MESSRS. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.: Since the introduction of your Improved Butter Color among my customers it has given universal satisfaction. The leading dairymen of this section who have used it give it the preference over all other colors, of whatever name or nature.

They are especially pleased with the fact that it does not become rancid, like other oil colors, and their product brings highest prices in market.

W. S. NAY, Druggist.

UNDERHILL, Vt., April 5, 1882.

"How do you measure your profits?" asked a friend of a lapidary. "By quartz," of course.

### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stay at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot; 400 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced 10 per cent. and upwards, per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied. Horse car, stage, and elevated railroad to all depots. Farnham Union.

In what suit does a man never feel comfortable? In a law-suit.

### Horses' Acid Phosphate,

ASSISTS MENTAL LABOR.

Prof. Adolf Ott, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening, without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."

The man who "keeps" his word never

NO WOMAN can live without some share of physical suffering; but many accept as inevitable a great amount of pain which can be avoided. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was invented by one who understood its need, and had the rare skill to provide a simple, yet admirably effective, remedy.

"WHAT are clouds?" Well, one kind is when you see to your girl and find that the other fellow is in the parlor with her.

Draft Horses—Forty Years' Experience.

A. S. Chamberlain, for forty years proprietor of the Bull's Head Stable, New York City, in reference to the values or different breeds of draft horses, said:

"I keep exchange and sale stables for horses. Don't deal on my own account to any extent. All classes of horses, amounting to several thousands annually, come to my stables from all sections of the country.

A large number of these are draft horses of the different breeds, the Clydesdales, the French horses called Percherons or Normans, the English, and Belgian. There seems to be a larger demand for French horses than for any other breed."

"Some years ago we used to get a great many horses from Upper Canada. These were Clydesdales, and would weigh from 1,400 to 1,600 pounds, but they did not seem to answer the purpose; as a general thing their feet were thin-shelled and flat, and, being heavy horses, their feet would become sore and would not stand the pavements. The French horses have good feet and stand the pavements better than the Clydesdales. That is the reason they sell better."

"I would advise the farmers and breeders who are breeding horses to sell on the New York market for draft purposes to breed from the French horses in preference to all others."—*Albany Tribune*.

The best horses to be found in France are recorded with pedigree in full in the "Percheron Stud Book" of that country.

At the great importing and breeding establishment of M. W. Dunham, Wayne, Du Page County, Ill., hundreds of the finest specimens of this famous race can be found at all times.

### "Put up" at the Garret House.

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gaul's Head, Chico, corner Clinton and Madison streets.

"The Gaul's Head" is a fine hotel.

There is a postoffice in South Carolina named Catarch. It is not to be

confused with the Cataract House.

A PRIZE of \$300 is offered by the Temperance Society of Paris for the best work on drinks, both temperance and alcoholic.

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H. W. Horne, Proprietor.

### Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow.

Great and good results often spring from small deeds, and so fatal diseases come of a seemingly trifling neglect. Colds neglected often lead to serious catarrhal troubles. If this is your case, lose no time in becoming acquainted with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its healing virtues will surprise you. It has simple, effusious, speedy cure. Dull head, headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges from the nose into the throat are symptoms of this horrible complaint.

HEAVEN must be a beautiful place, but if there's a mud puddle handy a four-year-old boy will take it in preference.

"FROZEN FACTS" is a purely American expression, and one, too, of recent origin.

It has the merit of attracting attention, and also seems to bear conviction of truthfulness on its face. We make room in our issue of to day, for a fact of this character. A correspondent, Henry Whiting, Esq., of Boston, Mass., says: "Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my son of a fever sore of two years' standing. Please accept our gratitude." We believe it to be a fact, whether "frozen" or otherwise, that America needs more men like Mr. Whiting; who act, men who investigate truths, and seize opportunities.

THERE IS not much difference between spending money on a lottery and a lot o' rye.

Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Ann LaCour, of New Orleans, La., writes: "I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians, but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing and was greatly prostrated in consequence that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement. We administered it and he was instantly relieved."

While Dr. Kennedy is interested in introducing "Favorite Remedy," he continues to practice his profession and performs all the capital and minor operations in surgery. State your case to him, and he will prescribe the best treatment.

Letters to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. "Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" for sale by all druggists.

R. FITZPATRICK,  
CHAPTER II.  
"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1882. Gentleman—  
I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.