Increase of the Debt.

The following are statements of the total public debt, less cash in the treasury, as reported by the Secretary of the Treasury, on the 31st of October in each year, since 1864:

Total public debt, Oct. 31, 1864...	$2 017,099,515 75
Total public debt, Oct. 31, 1865...	2,740,854,758 86
Net increase.....	$723,755,243 11
Total public debt, Oct. 31, 1866...	2,551,424,121 20
Total public debt, Oct. 31, 1867...	2,495,277,446 76
Net decrease.....	$56,146,574 44
Total public debt, Oct. 31, 1868...	2,524,643,718 95
Increase from Oct. 31, 1867, to Oct. 31, 1868.....	$29,366,272 19
Total public debt, Feb. 1, 1869....	2,556,205,658 18
Increase from Oct. 31, 1868, to Feb. 1, 1869.....	$21,561,939 13

The total decrease in the public debt since October 31, 1865, is only $184,649,100.78, while the increase from October 31, 1867, to February 1, 1869, as exhibited above, is $60,928,211.32. Of this amount, $15,418,457 83 was added to the debt during the month of January last.

During the Presidential campaign of last summer, an ingenious Puritan, assisted by some figures which Mr. Wells, Special Commissioner of the Revenue, gave him, attempted to show that we had paid between seven and eight hundred millions of dollars on the war debt more than appeared in the monthly statements and annual reports of the Secretary of the Treasury. The attempt was little less than an insult to common sense; but it was imitated and heartily applauded by the Radical press and politicians, and was, probably, effective, in some degree, in influencing the elections.

Now that they have passed, it is not probable that Republican newspapers will care to repeat the absurd falsehood. The fact now appears, and by proof which makes it indisputable, that within the last two years the debt has increased $61,000,000. Atkinson and his imitators claimed that the heavy payments on the war debt appearing in their figures was made prior to October 31, 1867. Why has it been necessary to increase the debt $61,000,000 since the date last named?

Counting the cash on hand July 1, 1867, the treasury had in the year following $576,506,897.72. Commissioner Wells estimates that the receipts of the treasury for the year ending June 30, 1869, will be $356,700,000. This will make $932,507,000 for the two years.

There will have been paid in the two years about $374,000,000 for interest, pensions, to Indians, and for bounties.

What has been and will be done with the other $558,000,000?

It is a large amount of money. It appears from this that $279,000,000 per year are not enough to pay the ordinary expenses of the Government. Even with such vast revenues, the debt is growing. Is there not a huge "something rotten in the state?"—*Exchange.*

Jacobin Moralists.

The exhumation of the body of Mrs Surratt, and the circumstances attending its reburial, have recalled public attention to her trial and the evidence upon which she was condemned. The belief is now prevalent that the evidence not only failed to convict her, but failed also to make it appear probable that she knew anything of the plans of the murderers.

We are at present blessed with much sound philosophy and charitable reasoning concerning the trial and the killing of Mrs. Surratt, from men and newspapers who, when she was killed by order of a court, seemed insane with passion and consumed by a hatred which could not be satiated by any cruelty inflicted on those for whom it was felt. It is gratifying to witness this growth in charity and disposition to inquire after the lesson taught in the transaction. The discussion at this time shows that there is a moral in it which, though often pointed out, has not until lately been discovered and appreciated by nearly one-half of the men in the country.

We are now told by those who do not attempt to justify the murder, but wish to make some sort of an apology for the men responsible for it, that "The court was a military court, ignorant of law, and reflecting the popular impulse;" and this impulse is to hang some one on the heels of a great crime. This is a condemnation of the mode of trial undergone by Mrs. Surratt, and of the influence which controlled the court, arising from its composition.

We have at last the acknowledgment from "representative men," who said the killing was right at the time it was done, that the trial was in contempt of law; and that, had the prisoner a fair and lawful trial, she would have been acquitted.

The men who make this acknowledgment, and deplore the killing, and the disgrace it brought on the nation, do, many of them, still justify a system under which men and women are murdered by military courts. The reconstruction scheme sets aside civil courts, and makes the lives, liberty and property of American citizens in three States the sport of such organizations as the one which ordered the killing of Mrs. Surratt. In another State, that of Arkansas, bands of marauders and ruffians have been organized and called State militia, and these have gone through the State and robbed and murdered the inhabitants. They have taken upon themselves authority to try men by military courts, and these very courts have carried their verdicts into execution by killing the accused.

Clayton's militia is yet operating in Arkansas, and its jurisdiction is held to be right, and rightly exercised, by the ruling party in this country. Thousands of men in the United States who are tearful, eloquent, and sentimental in their reflections on the trial of Mrs. Surratt, are ready to defend Clayton's militia, and "the sum of all villainies" which has substituted the will of a distant commander for civil law in the Southern States. Why is it that they can see so plainly the contempt for law so conspicuous in the trial of Mrs. Surratt, and are blind to the annihilation of civil law commanded by the reconstruction scheme?

To deplore crime, and honor criminals; to lament political prostitution and debauchery, and sustain those who are guilty of them in control of the Government; to weep for the defiance of law and atrocities resulting therefrom, and defend a system which crushes civil and establishes military law; to pray for purity in the administration of civil affairs, and put impure men in charge of such administration—these are hypocrisies and self contradictions only possible to "a party engaged in the interests of God and humanity.—*Chicago Times, 18th.*

Another Radical Exploit.

The Radical Congress engaged in counting the votes for President and Vice President appears to have degenerated into something like a mob. The proceedings seem to have disgusted even the reporters of the Radical press, otherwise always the ready apologists of every high-handed and illegal Congressional exploit. Now for a moment we hear the truth. Let us be thankful! We are told, that the day (Wednesday) is to be "remembered with averted head and the crimsoning of shame;" that every Radical was adding his part "to this disgraceful bedlam. Farnsworth, on one side of the chamber, was mixing in the fight with intent not clearly seen, while *tipsy* Ingersoll, on the other side, was shouting across the area." "Senators," so the "truly loyal" reporter proceeds, "were screaming at the top of their voices." The "truly loyal" Van Horn "shouted." Ben. Butler wanted the House cleared of "interlopers," meaning the Senators, while another bolder Radical exclaimed: "We want the Senate to get out of here; and during all these dignified Radical proceedings, we are further informed, the "older and more respectable Senators hung their heads and blushed for shame," while the "occupants of the diplomatic gallery sat silently studying the lesson of our Congressional manners."

Under such remarkable circumstances the great chieftain of the late war was declared elected President. We would like to know his thoughts concerning these "truly loyal" proceedings. Doubtless they would prove interesting to the people. If a Democratic Congress had been guilty of bringing such disgrace on the institutions of this country, every Radical paper and every Radical preacher, down to the Rev. George, would descant with wonderful fertility on the mob-spirit displayed and the disgrace brought upon the nation. Before the war it would have been attributed to the "barbarism of slavery," and now to the influence of the "accursed rebellion." But to what attribute this disgraceful occurrence, for which the Radicals are answerable? Are they not animated by the enlightened influences of New England, the truly puritanic spirit? Are they not mostly the representatives of States where schools flourish? where churches abound? where railroads are numerous? where everybody is "truly loyal?" where the political gospel is preached in the pulpit on the Sabbath day? where no Democrat is ever elected to office? And are not the members from the South the representatives of intelligent "darkies?" But, nevertheless, it seems that for the most disgraceful proceedings that ever occurred in the American Congress, the Radical party will be answerable? How will the Radicals excuse it? What can the representatives of the so-called party of "intelligence and humanity" say now? Their proceedings took place in the eye of the American people, and before the representatives of the civilized world! Surely the people are entitled to an explanation! Is this the "progress" of which the Radicals have been speaking so much? Was it for this that the negroes were admitted to the elective franchise? Has the Constitution been amended two or three times during the last year to finally bring about such a result? Well may the people ask these questions. Not content with daily violating the fundamental law of the land, and thus destroying the safety of liberty, it seems to be the aim of the Radicals to bring popular institutions into contempt and disgrace. The overthrow of the free institutions of this country will then become easy.—*Missouri Republican, 12th.*

POLITICAL ITEMS.

——Prentice says the Radical leaders can't afford to be honest, life is too short.

——Congress puts it out of the power of the President to dismiss rascally office holders, and then abuses him for retaining them.

——The Radicals have won an elephant in Grant, and are now growling because he will not show them the contents of his trunk.

——The Tenure-of-Office Law is a law of liberty—liberty to the office holders to steal all they can and commit all the rascality they please.

——The Chicago *Post* is responsible for the following: "If we are to believe the *Commercial Advertiser*, the only vice which Fenton has failed to become possessed of is the Vice Presidency.

——A New York dispatch of Feb. 15th says: "The Republican factions in this city increase in bitterness. The *Times* warmly assails the Senate, and Senator Morgan in particular, for opposing the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office law; and the *Evening Post* denounces the *Tribune* as insincere in its expressions of approval of Gen. Grant's speech.

——Butler is nothing without a muss or a sensation. His last attempt at notoriety was in rolling up his sleeves, pugalistic fashion, in the House of Representatives, and denouncing Ben. Wade. Butler can perhaps beat Wade in shaking his fists, but he is no match for the latter in swearing. They are both, however, representative men of the party of morality.—*New York Citizen.*

About Mrs. President Grant.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Chronicle*, speaking of the receptions at Washington, thus speaks of Mrs. General Grant:

Of course there are no receptions more crowded than the Grants'. For four years every lady has known that General Grant would be the next President. Beyond the inspiration of such knowledge, their receptions have the charm of a gracious personality. Mrs. Grant is not going to disgrace her country women in the highest mansion in the land. Instead, she will there represent the best type of wife, mother and friend. She has many friends in Washington for her own sake. When she rolls past in her carriage, I don't believe the most envious cry after her in their hearts, "There, there she goes, a vulgar, selfish woman, who would be a nobody if her husband had not lifted her into power!" They say, rather, "How she enjoys life for herself and others! How happy and earnest; how hearty and kind she is! and whatever her lot she would be the same, I am glad she has come to good fortune!" People like Mrs. Grant because she brings with her prosperity the same qualities which made her happy and beloved in adversity and obscurity. Few women ever bore the perilous test of sudden fame and fortune with a more hearty happiness or more unassuming grace. Is she pretty? No. She is a roly-poly of a little woman, with beautiful neck, hands and feet! Her features are well cut, but her eyes are crossed. Some of her friends wished her to have them straightened. "No," she said, "Mr. Grant had loved her ever since she was a little girl with her eyes crossed. He had said that she would not be herself to him if they were straight. Crooked they should remain. If *he* was satisfied what mattered it to other people!" Her morning receptions are on Saturday. "In society" morning means after 1 o'clock in the afternoon. To day she wore a ruby-colored *gros grain* silk, trimmed with folds of satin and heavy fringe a shade lighter than the dress, costly laces and no ornament whatever in her abundant hair. A constant throng of richly apparelled ladies and gentlemen passed and repassed before her from 1 till 4 o'clock.

In July last Mr. Henry T. Paddock, late of this city, and Miss Maggie Mitchell, the accomplished and popular actress, were united in marriage, at New York, which place the twain intended to make their future home. As the lady had a number of professional engagements to fill, it was deemed best to keep the fact of her marriage a secret from the public, and it was made known to but few of the friends of either party. Mr. Paddock, as his acquaintances are aware, left Toledo last week to take up his residence in New York. It is understood that "Maggie" has made her last appearance on the public stage.—*Toledo Blade.*

A good sort of a man in Maine was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for the church. "Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it you can't get any one to play on it."

Farm and Household.

Management of Farm-Yard Manure.

The composition of farm-yard manure is excedingly complex, and varies to a degree seldom fully appreciated. The mode of farming, the class of stock kept on the land, their supplies of food, and the careful preservation of the manure, each and all give to the composition of this manure a marvelous variety. This influence becomes the more striking when we remember that a ton of good farm-yard manure contains only about half a hundred-weight of pure fertilizing ingredients. It is true that the farmer is dealing with a ton of manure, but any injury or loss of quality strikes at the value of the half hundred-weight of fertilizing matter, which is the vital constituent of the manure, and that by which its value is practically determined. The value of this half hundred-weight of fertilizing is worth more than the price we usually assign even to good manure, and the materials could not be purchased at the same cost. The lesson which this fact is calculated to teach us is not to undervalue the farm-yard manure because it is a bulky representive of so small a quantity of fertilizing matter, but to guard it more jealously, and to improve it more carefully, since its valuable constituents are so easily decreased.

There are various ways by which the vitality of such manure may be removed; but the improved management of late years has done much to reduce these losses. The two most productive sources of loss are the injudicious rotting down of the dung-heap and the waste of the liquid running from the heap. Each of these losses may be readily controlled; the latter of course is evident, and may be readily avoided, but the former demands especial care and attention. In some districts, very great care is bestowed upon making the dung heap and in its general management. A bottom of road-scrapings, or similar waste, forms the first layer, and upon this the manure is heaped and pressed down by the carts going over the heap, and finally it is thrown into shape, some earth put against the sides for a certain depth, and a further quantity sprinkled on the top. A heap thus constructed, if it can be kept sufficiently moist to regulate the fermentation, and yet not so moist as to cause drainage, is in as good a condition for the rotting of the manure as it well can be in a heap.—*Hearth and Home.*

To Make Cows Give Milk.

A writer, who says his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight persons, and from which was made two hundred and sixty pounds of butter this year, gives the following as his treatment. He says: "If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow, three times a day, water slightly warm, slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty-five per cent. more milk immediately under the effects of it, and she will soon become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water, unless very thirsty; but this mess she will drink almost any time, and 'ask for more.' The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pail full each time, morning, noon, and night. Four hundred pounds of butter are often obtained from good stock, and instances are mentioned where the yield was even at a higher figure."

Drill in Your Oats.

In moderately rich soil, oats should be planted with a grain drill, putting about one bushel, of forty-five pounds, to an acre. Plowing the ground in the fall will enable you to sow oats much earlier than spring plowing, and the earlier oats are sown the better are the chances for a good yield in quantity and quality. If the spring season is very wet, ground that has been plowed in the fall can be sown almost as early as spring plowing begins. Late oats do not have time to mature, and, unless the season is very favorable, generally prove a failure. In most of the Southern States, oats should be sown in January or February.

Oats that are drilled in are improved by stirring between the rows, the yield being often increased twenty per cent. First-rate soil is not necessarily needed to raise oats, but the richest soil always pay best. Seventy to one hundred bushels is not an extraordinary yield for the best kinds of oats on good soil. If the season be too wet to plow, I prefer putting in oats with a shovel plow on clay soil. On sandy soil it yields best to drill it in with super phosphates.—*Farm Journal.*

USEFUL RECIPES, ETC.

A horseman says he has cured the worst kind of scratches he ever saw with two applications of white pine turpentine, thoroughly rubbed in.

It is said that common shellac dissolved in alcohol makes the strongest cement for wood. It will unite the fractured legs of your chairs and tables as firmly as if they had never been broken.

To Cure Sore Throat.—Beat the whites of two eggs with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, and half a pint of lukewarm water. Beat up well and take a wine glass of it every three hours.

Sugar Candy.—Six cups of sugar, one cup of vinegar, half a cup of water. Boil about half an hour *without stirring.* Try a little in cold water, and add any essence you choose when done. *Stirring turns it back to sugar.* Pull it until white, and cut in sticks.

The *Ohio Farmer* recommends paving milk yards with blocks of wood sawed five or six inches long and squared by taking off the top. The surface of the earth should be removed at a suitable time, made smooth, the blocks laid close together, and the interstices filled with gravel.

Flannel Cakes.—Warm a tablespoonful of butter in a quart of milk, put in a little salt, and stir in two tablespoonfuls of yeast, and flour enough to make a thin batter. Then add two well beaten eggs. Let it rise, and after five hours' standing, bake on a griddle in cakes the size of a tea-plate. The griddle should not be greased after the first baking.

Beefsteak Dumpling.—Choose a juicy piece of beef without much fat, and cut it into neat slices about half an inch thick, sprinkle some salt and pepper over them, place a small lump of butter on each, roll them up tight, and flour them a little. Line a basin with plain suet paste, fill it with rolls of beef, add a few mushrooms and a little catchup; cover up the meat with the paste, tie up the basin in a floured cloth, and boil it three hours.

Chemical Wash.—Take of white vitriol thirty-two parts and of burnt copperas one part until you get a tablespoonful; then add one quart of soft water, bottle, and it is fit for use. This wash is the best thing for a burn I ever used. It is also excellent for bruises, frosted feet and sore eyes. For the eyes take several folds of linen, wet it well with the wash reduced one-half, and bind it on.—*Rural New Yorker.*

In a paper before the Newcastle Farmer's Club, Mr. Throckley said: A few things strike me which ought always to be remembered in the management of cattle: First, never buy a bad bred beast. Second, buy them cheap, and they are half sold. Third, feed them on the best food. Fourth, give them their food regularly, and let it be clean and wholesome. Fifth, keep them warm and comfortable. And lastly, sell as soon as they are good beef, as that is the time the farmer gets the most profit out of them.

A writer for the Germantown *Telegraph* accidentally discovered that his hens liked the bone meal that had been strewn upon the ground near some bushes. Thinking the food might be of service, he gave them of it for two or three weeks, when the eggs began to "come down" as they had never been known to do before. If a nest was broken up to prevent a hen from sitting, it was but a few days before the hen would be laying again. The correspondent, though testing this food for but a single season, has no doubt of its efficacy. He now feeds corn and bone meal.

Clay Ovens.—In some sections of country, a cheap oven for baking is a good thing to have near, if not in the house. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives the following directions for making one of common clay: A board platform is laid, and on this a thickness of clay is laid to form the bottom of the oven. On this a kind of mould, just the shape of the interior of the oven, is built up of chips, pieces of bark, etc., and over this the clay is spread and kneaded, to constitute the sides and top of the oven. The mould, as we have termed it, is then set on fire and burned out, which leaves the oven ready for use.

A writer writes: "Putting up the hair of children in curling papers, breaks it and checks its growth; often pulls it out by the roots. Curling irons are fatal to the hair of both children and grown persons. The heat saps up the juice out of the fibers as effectually as fire or frost saps the vitality of a green branch, leaving but a dry, withered skeleton. The practice which hair dressers have of frizzing out the hair with a comb, to make the most of it, is one of the most cruel injuries that can be inflited on the living hair. The comb cuts it in the act of frizzing it. You can test the truth of this by combing out the hair after it has been so dressed. The hair sometimes comes out by handfuls; and further, this process tangles up the hair, and a great deal of it is broken and pulled out in trying to comb it straight again."

Our Boots and Shoes.

The *Scientific American* says: It is somewhat surprising that, with all our boasted improvement, we have not yet produced a proper covering for the foot. Barbarous people, if their climate admits, go with bare feet or wear sandals, cover ing only the sole and a portion of the leg, in a material almost impervious to air or moisture, and, generally, uncomfortably hard and rigid. The color and polish of our boots are directly calculated to attract the sun's rays; and the enamel on patent leather, and the blacking on calf-skin, tends to harden and solidify the substance, closing the pores and making air-tight cases for a portion of the body which exudes more perspiration than any other, and is subjected to greater strain. Our boots in summer parboil our feet in a warm bath, and in winter freeze them in an icy envelope. It is doubtful if wet feet are, in themselves, very conducive to disease, some medical men to the contrary notwithstanding; but cramped confinement of the feet, in an icy cold envelope generated by perspiration and chilled by the external atmosphere, thus shutting the imprisoned feet almost air-tight, is as unhealthy as it is uncomfortable. For hot weather there is hardly any shoe so agreeable as that introduced within the past three or four years, known as the army shoe, and extensively used by base ball players. It is of a heavy canvass and unblacked leather. It is cool and remarkably easy to the foot. The texture of the canvass allows the escape of the perspiration, and the color of the shoe does not attract the heat of the sun. It would seem that the plan of covering other portions of our bodies with material pervious to air, might advantageously be extended to our feet. There is no natural reason why our feet should be so much less sensitive than our hands. They become indurated and deprived of their natural activity by long, close confinement. The people of warm climates, who use their toes as we do our fingers, and the schoolboy, who picks up and throws pebbles with his feet, show that the foot of the civilized adult in our climate is a much abused member. A more flexible and porous material for our boots and shoes might save us from many of those terrible annoyances, which in the form of corns and bunions, make our pilgramage one of pain.

In the Way.

A mother who was preparing some flour to bake into bread left it for a few moments, when little Mary—with childish curiosity to see what it was—took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was always in the way. Two weeks after little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother; you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will there be no room for me?" The broken-hearted mother then felt that no sacrifice could have been too great could she have saved her child.

The Kitchen Garden.

The farmer cannot spend a few evenings to better advantage than in laying out the garden *now.* Take a slate, and, after measuring or pacing out your garden, draw it out on your slate and then subdivide it. Arrange your planting so that the driest part of your ground shall be first planted and first tilled; and in putting in your Lima beans and corn it is very easy to place them where they will not shade other low-growing vegetables. If you have a tight fence, or nearly so, on the north side, arrange a bed there for your tomatoes; a warm, sunny location will bring them forward full a week earlier.

If in a locality where they will grow properly, lay out a plot in the lightest soil (if sandy, or a little inclined to gravel, so much the better) for sweet potatoes; a hundred hills will supply your family for a month or two. Put your cabbage and cauliflowers where the soil is newest; or, if all has been under cultivation for some time, make a minute on that patch on your slate to spade it a little deeper than usual, so as to get up a little new earth with the old.

Whatever you plant in *rows* let the rows run down hill, regardless of their position to the sun; otherwise every heavy rain will form a puddle on the upper side of the row, and make the ground heavy and sodden. Leave a border of say two feet wide on either side of the main path, for flowers, (unless you have a separate garden devoted entirely to them); your wife and daughters will thank you for it. Don't begrudge them the time to care for them. Their happy faces and glad hearts should *more* than pay you; besides a light heart will accomplish *twice* as much work as one that is denied these cheap, beautiful and health-giving pleasures, and kept in the same old dull routine month in and month out.

If not already set out, devote a spot *somewhere* to strawberries and raspberries.

It will probably be found necessary to re-arrange your garden more than once—but when once *right*, to suit your mind you have no idea what a help it is to spring work. No hurry, no bother, no consultations; refer to your chart; put a stake at each corner of the plot and go ahead, and work is done, while you would have been studying where you wanted to begin. Try it, and after doing it once, you will wonder how you ever got along without it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Does it Pay to Make a Rag Carpet?

Jennie T. Hazen, in the *Western Rural*, says no, and specifies as follows:

In the first place, if you reckon your time as worth anything, it don't pay.

In the second place, if you cut, or tear up garments which might be worn longer as they are, or cut over for some other purpose, it don't pay.

If you buy new cloth, red or green—as I have known women to do—it don't pay.

If you devote all your time to it, to the utter exclusion of other duties, it don't pay.

If you hire it woven and pay fifteen cents per yard, it dont pay.

It you weave it yourself, up-stairs in a cold room, or in the wood house, and take a cold which may terminate in something very serious, if not fatal, it don't pay.

If you buy your dye stuffs at the present prices, it don't pay.

If you can do any other kind of work, and earn a carpet, it don't pay.

If it is made for the "other room," and is to be kept immaculate from the tread of profane feet, except on company days, it don't pay.

If it involves the sitting up of half the night, when nature demands repose, it don't pay.

If it makes you nervous and cross, and you scold your husband, and spank the children, it don't pay.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A cold snap—Breaking your leg on ice.

No more wooden houses are to be erected within the city limits of Bangor, Me.

A Pittsfield sign painter has put out this new sign: "Seehowquearsignlooks withoutspaces."

Why is a stick of candy like a horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

An enterprising hen in Burlington Vt, has surprised herself by producing a double egg, connected with a link or isthmus.

A French Mayor, having to make out a descriptive passport for a Duchess who had but one eye, retained his politeness without sacrificing truth, as follows: "Eyes—dark, beautiful, soft, full of expression—*one of them being absent.*"

Two wives of a Mormon Bishop lately got into trouble about their children. Wife No. 1 punished the children of wife No. 2. Wife No. 2 became indignant and held wife No. 1 while her angry children returned the whipping which they had received.

An Irishman decapitated a turtle, and afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks into its mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed: "Why, Pat, I thought the turtle was dead?" "So he is, ma'am, but the crather's not sinsable of it."

A little boy had his first pocket knife, and for several days used it himself, and extended the privilege of the occasional use of his treasure to his playmates. One evening he was kneeling at his mother's knee, saying his customary prayer, which he closed in these words: "And please, God, give little Jimmy Bailey a knife of his own, so he won't want to borrow mine all the time."

An officer of the English navy, Inglefield, has invented a mode of steering ships by the pressure of the water in which the vessel floats. The apparatus is, of course, below the water line, and it can be controlled from any part of the vessel. The Captain, sitting in the cabin of the largest iron-clad, with a compass beside him, can steer her with his thumb and finger."

Man's Full Extreme.—A modern philosopher has appropriated man's full extreme as follows:

7 years in childhood's sport and play,.....	7
7 years in school from day to day,.....	14
7 years at a trade or college life,.....	21
7 years to find a place and wife,.....	28
7 years to pleasures' follies given,.....	35
7 years to business hardly driven,.....	42
7 years for some a wild goose chase,.....	49
7 years for wealth, a bootless race,.....	56
7 years for hoarding for your heir,.....	63
7 years in weakness spent, and care,.....	70

Then die and go—you should know where!

A prominent Western Senator related that a few evenings ago, while at General Grant's residence, he asked him what information he felt at liberty to give as to the composition of his Cabinet. "I have decided," says General Grant, "upon three things in the selection of a Cabinet; the first is that Mrs. —— will not be tendered a position; secondly, that my Cabinet will be composed of seven members; and, in the last place, I have determined not to select two members from the same State."

The Atlantic Monthly.—The March number contains: Malbone, an Oldport Romance—part III—by T. W. Higginson; A Thrush in a Gilded Cage, by Christopher P. Cranch; The Small Arabs of New York, by Charles Dawson Shanly; Co-operative Housekeeping—fifth paper; Little Captain Trott, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; A New Chapter of Christian Evidences, by James Freeman Clarke; Consumption in America—third paper—by Dr. Henry I. Bowditch; The Foe in the Household; Our Painters—second article—by John Neal; The Fatal Arrow, by Alice Cary; Popularizing Art, by James Parton; The New Education—second paper—by Charles W. Eliot; Howard at Atlanta, by John G. Whittier; The Suabian Alb, by Bayard Taylor; Our New President, by Charles G. Came; Sedge-Birds, by J. Eliot Cabot; Reviews and Literary Notices. Fields, Osgood & Co., 124 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. $4.00 per year; two copies, $7.00; five, $16.00; ten, $30.00; twenty-one, $60.00.

Our Young Folks.—The number for March contains: The Story of a Bad Boy, continued; Three in a Bed; Glass Cutting and Ornamenting; Little Esther; The World we Live On; Ninth Packet of the William Henry Letters; Who First Used the Mariner's Compass; The Little Culprit; The White Giant; Hannibal at the Altar; How to Talk; A Morning Sunbeam; Round the Evening Lamp; Our Letter Box. Appropriately illustrated. The publishers announce that in the April number of *Our Young Folks* the valuable serial entitled "Gardening for Girls" will be commenced. The next two chapters of "The Story of a Bad Boy" will treat of a subject particularly interesting to our young folks, namely, the Fourth of July. Tom Bailey's adventures on the night preceding the glorious Fourth, and his mischances the next day, will be faithfully chronicled. A full-page illustration by Mr. Eytinge will accompany this instalment of Mr. Aldrich's story. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass. $2.00 per annum; three copies, $5.00; five, $8.00; ten, $15.00; twenty-$30.00, with extra copy.

Once a Month is the title of a new literary magazine published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa. Each number will contain a large amount of reading matter—being a 16mo of ninety-six pages, a unique and very convenient size. The January, February and March numbers are issued, and sustain the promise of the publishers in their prospectus: "Besides giving original articles from leading American writers, the editors will select, with care and discrimination, from English and Continental magazines and other publications, the best literary matter to be found. This will give them so wide a choice of articles that they can offer the readers of *Once a Month* the finest productions of the best writers for periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic." $2.00 a year in advance; three copies, $5.00; six copies, and one extra, $10.00; ten and one extra, $15.00. Single copies, 20 cents.

Children's Hour.—*A Magazine for the Little Ones*, edited by T. S. Arthur. This little monthly publication has in the course of two years met with a cordial welcome everywhere and secured a large circulation. The first three numbers of the new year are in all respects as good as any of their predecessors. The publishers promise that this magazine "will continue to be, as from the beginning, the friend and teacher of the little ones, ever seeking to lead them into the knowledge of things good, and true, and beautiful. Through a healthy culture of the imagination, and an attractive illustration of the great truths that lie at the foundation of all right living, it will seek to store up in their tender minds the good principles and loving affections that will surely make them better and happier in all their after lives." T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa. Single copies per year, $1.25; one copy three years, $3.00; five copies one year, $5.00; ten copies, and one extra, $10.00. Single copies, 15 cents.

The Nursery.—Speaking of the February number of *The Nursery*, the Boston *Transcript* says: "It is unquestionably the most beautiful specimen of a juvenile magazine ever published. It contains twenty-six wood cuts, all of them good, and some of them so beautiful as to be worth framing. Six are contributed by Oscar Pletsch, and appear here prior to their publication elsewhere. In England, the series of twelve, called 'The Little Housekeeper, or Learning to be Useful,' and all given in the February and March numbers of *The Nursery*, will cost $1.50; the price of a whole year's subscription to *The Nursery*! In an artistic respect, this work has no superior among American periodicals." John L. Shorey, 13 Washington street, Boston, Mass. $1.50 per year, with extra inducements to clubs. Specimen copies furnished *gratis.*

Arthur's Home Magazine for February contains: Music—Evening at Home; The Grahams and the Armstrongs—continued—by T. S. Arthur; Concealed; Kitty Loyd's Trial; Under the Snow; A Broken Dream; Breaking the Will; Margaret; Nothing New; Nothing to Do; Companionship; The Education of Daughters; Boys' and Girls' Treasury; The Home Circle; Toilette and Work-Table; Evenings with the Poets; Health Department; Hints for Housekeepers; New Publications; Editors' Department, Fashion and other appropriate illustrations. The literary matter of *Arthur's Home Magazine* is always of an instructive and entertaining character. T. S. Arthur & Sons, 809 and 811 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Single numbers, 20 cents. Single subscription, $2.00 per year; one copy three years, $5.00; three copies one year, $5.00; four copies, $6.00; eight copies, and one extra, $12.00; fifteen copies, and one extra, $20.00. Home Magazine and Once a Month, $3.00. Home Magazine, Once a Month, Children's Hour and Lady's Book, $6.50.

Godey's Lady's Book for March is, like its predecessors, filled with choice engravings and excellent literary matter. The following is a list of the engravings that enrich this number: On the Tiptoe of Expectation, is the steel plate. Colored Fashion-plate, six genuine fashions. Crochet Antimacassar, printed in colors. An extension sheet, containing thirty-six engravings of the latest styles. Tight-fitting jacket for a lady. Easter Eggs, a humorous picture. The designs in the work department are of a character that will be appreciated by those who delight in fancy work. L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. One copy one year, $3; two copies, $5; three, $7.50; four, $10; five, and one extra, $14; eight, and one extra, $21; eleven, and one extra, $27.50.

The Estey Organ.

Says the New York *Independent*, in its report of the New York State Fair, of the Estey organ: "There is no use in attempting to describe this prize instrument. Language fails inadequacy to convey a correct idea of its perfectly enchanting power. It must be heard to be appreciated. I saw old iron-sided Ajaxes at Saratoga wiping the unbidden tears, because the entrancing music not only charmed the ear, but sank into the very fountains of life." These are the only instruments with the genuine Vox Humana and Vox Jubilante stops. Northwestern Agency at Reed's Temple of Music, Chicago. Sold on monthly instalments. Send for illustrated catalogue and terms.

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