The Rensselaer Union.

RENSSELAER, - - INDIANA.

ON BROADWAY.

See! Young America, his active arms
With bundles laden,
Escorting in a slipshod kind of way
A pretty maiden.
Often she drops a yard or two behind
Before he's missed her,
Ah! her relationship is plain—
His sister.

And close behind the couple we have seen
Appears another—
A young man with a venerable dame—
Of course, his mother;
For he has with a patronizing air
Her ear enlisted,
And tells her things of which she was aware
Ere he existed.

Another pair, who, walking far apart,
Scorn conversation,
He eyeing all the young and blooming girls
With admiration;
She, with a weary air, and loaded down
With goods he should have carried,
Seems filled with care; alas! the fact is clear,
These two are married.

One couple more—their hands are slyly
clasped,
They seem devoted.
The glances of sardonic passers-by
Are all unnoted,
Her eyes—the color of the radiant sky
So bright above us—
Look fondly into his. Come, let us go,
These two are lovers!

—*N. Y. Sun.*

GOOD-NIGHT.

God keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night;
Rest close in His encircling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,
Good-night! God keep you in His care alway.

Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts
About my head;
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the window
bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—
The night is long—
I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer,
Good-night! Sweet dreams! God keep you everywhere.

—*Mary R. Higham, in Churchman.*

"HANG THE BABY."

"Then you won't go, Alice?"

"No, Herbert—I am sorry—but the baby!"

"Oh, hang the baby!" and Herbert flung out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Alice stood looking at the door, growing whiter and whiter. Then she gave a heart-breaking cry, fell on her knees by the cradle, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly.

She had looked forward so long to going to this particular party. It was given by Mrs. Mountjoy, one of the leaders in society, and all who were eminent in politics, diplomacy or literature, as well as distinguished in the fashionable world, were sure to be there. She had been kept at home so much since baby had been born that she really felt the need of a little variety and relaxation. But baby had been threatened with croup a week before, and the fond mother had not yet recovered from her fright. Baby, she admitted, was now better, "but not fit," she declared, to be left, at least with only the nurse to look after it. Nurses are so careless, everybody had told her, even the best of them. So she felt it her duty to give up the party. She had not asked Herbert to give it up also, and even said there was no reason he should stay at home, but still, in her hearts of all hearts, she hoped he would.

"He said, 'hang the baby;' yes, he did, darling," she murmured, with indignant emphasis, as she bent over the little unconscious sleeper. "It was your papa who said that, and he has gone to a brilliant party, with such thoughts of his wife and child! Did you come, dearest, to estrange us from each other?"

This awful idea called for bitter sighs.

Herbert had said such beautiful things in her trusting young maidenhood. "Never should their lives run in separate channels, as those of some married people of their acquaintance did"—"never a joy accepted that did not make them one"—"never a barrier should come between them." And now to think that this wee babe, with its golden curls, this beautiful little helpless creature should part them, as never strong hands could!

She pictured the gay assemblage, and her Herbert dancing with fair young girls, smiling on others, and leaving her to die of heart-break.

Her imagination, always too vivid, viewed him in his triumphs, until her misery took almost the form of madness.

"He didn't want me to go," she said; "he acted as if he didn't, and then he pretended to throw all blame on dear, helpless baby."

Suddenly she heard the sound of carriage-wheels outside; they stopped at the door; the bell rung; and a fairy-like figure stood on the threshold of the room, in all the wistfulness of expectancy, with dimpling smiles and laughing eyes.

"Oh, Mabel!" cried Alice, starting to her feet with a glad cry. "This is indeed a surprise. I'm so glad yon've come. My darling sister!"

Forthwith ensued a scene of rapturous welcome. Then the baby was exhibited, and one would not have dreamed that a tear had ever stained the check of the proud mother. Then the visitor's trunks were ordered to be carried up-stairs.

"But where's Herbert? In the study?" said Mabel at last.

All the light went out of her sister's eyes; her hands fell.

"He's out—out, dear."

"Good! Don't be angry, because I'm glad, for we can have such a nice little chat. You didn't expect me."

"Of course I didn't."

"Well, I didn't think of coming, as you know, for a month yet. But I thought it would be so nice to surprise you."

"Oh! I'm so glad."

"And then Paul is coming," she said, blushing, "next week, to stay a month; he has business here; and he wanted me so badly to be here too. I declare," she said, laughing, "I'll have to marry him soon to get rid of him."

"Oh, Mabel! don't marry him unless you're certain you'll be happy!" cried Alice, hysterically. "Be sure, first, he won't go to parties, and le—ave you a—lone with ba—baby," she sobbed.

"What! Is Herbert at a party?" queried Mabel, quite subdued.

"Yes, he is; and when I told him I couldn't go on account of baby, he said, 'hang ba—baby!' Yes, you little angel, your own father said those awful words—and then he sl—slammed the door."

"He's a viper!" exclaimed Mabel, with sudden vehemence. "A nice way to treat a wife like you—a baby like that! But why couldn't you leave baby?"

"Because he was threatened with croup last week."

"But he's well enough now—sleeps deliciously. He'll not wake up all the night, perhaps. And the nurse would have taken good care of him."

"I should have been thinking of fire, and all that."

"Oh, nonsense! You ought to have gone. But Herbert had no right to behave as he did; and he must be punished;" and Mabel threw her wraps on the bed, and took her seat by the glowing fire. "It won't do to let him get the upper hand. Ah! I have it. I've thought of a splendid plan. A charming, delightful little plot," and she clapped her hands in glee.

"Oh, Mabel, what is it?" and Alice slid down at her sister's feet, gazing in her face with expectant smiles. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm not going to do it. I shall stay here and watch baby. You are going to the party."

"Mabel! impossible!"

"Quite possible. In fact it must be done. You must let Herbert see that you're as pretty as anybody, and quite as much admired. It is decided. You are to go the party and play a part. Let me arrange the programme."

"But, Mabel, I haven't a dress prepared—or anything. I gave up going a week ago, you see, when baby was threatened with the croup,"

"Pshaw! You shall wear one of mine, one of the most bewitching, bewildering of dresses, bought from my last allowance from Uncle Curtis. Only to see it will throw you into ecstacies. Worth never composed anything more lovely. I want to see it on you. Come, come, call your maid; I am all impatience. We'll shame our bad husband into good behavior, see if we don't. No irresolution, pretty sister, mine. I'll stay at home and fancy myself mistress here, and count your pictures, vases and pretty things, and catalogue them, so as to make mamma happy with a letter to-morrow. Order John, or Jack, or Bill, or whoever your coachman is, to get the carriage—if that's impossible, send for a cab."

In less than an hour Mabel led her sister to the great French mirror, and laughingly introduced her to the loveliest and best-dressed woman she had almost ever seen.

Alice trembled a little when she found herself actually on the way to Mrs. Mountjoy's; but her sister's urgent will had conquered, and her heart was hardened by Herbert's emphatic expression concerning the baby. She was reassured, however, by Mrs. Mountjoy's hearty welcome.

"So glad you've come, my dear," she said. "Your husband said he feared 'baby' would keep you at home; but I told him it was all nonsense. You did right to reconsider the matter."

Herbert, like many handsome society men, was a little spoiled and selfish without knowing it. He loved Alice devotedly; but he was not unwilling to receive the sweet smiles and honeyed words of others; while, with a man's inconsistency, he was not desirous that his wife should play the part of a married belle.

It was while he was dancing with one of the most noted and beautiful women of the metropolis, who was more than willing to listen to his nonsense, that Herbert, looking up from the face leaning against his shoulder, while the dreamy waltz music "thrilled hearts sensitive to sadness as to joy," encountered the sparkling face of his wife, and saw her arrayed in the freshest and most graceful costume in the room. She was moving quietly along with an escort in uniform.

"Pray, don't stumble," said his partner, petulantly, for from that moment the grand repose of his manner was gone, and the lady on his arm might have been made of wax, or any other ductile material, for all he cared now.

"How the dickens came she here?" he muttered to himself, as he led his partner, absently, to a seat, deaf to all her pretty words, blind to her fascinations. "It certainly is Alice—but that dress—the prettiest thing here! and I left her quite determined not to come. I don't understand it. Dancing with that military puppy, Guinnett, too. She knows I hate him."

With these amiable thoughts, he laid himself out to gain the attention of his wife, and make her explain. It was some time before he had the chance, so he was obliged to content himself with following her graceful motions, angry with himself and with her.

"Alice! Can I believe my eyes?" he said, at last, in the pause of the dance.

"I should think you might rather," was the nonchalant reply.

"Pray how did you come?"

"Pray, how did you come? I rode. Did you walk?"

"Well, but—"

"Excuse me. I'm engaged four deep already;" and Herbert was forced to move aside, as a pompous acquaintance claimed her hand.

"I'd like to knock that fellow down," he muttered, angry in earnest.

Another pause, and another *tete-a-tete*. No satisfaction given. Herbert had hardly the grace to redeem his dancing engagements.

"About the baby, Alice?" he asked anxiously.

She put her rosy lips to his ear, and in a subdued voice, exclaimed:

"Hang the baby!"

Herbert started and changed color. To be sure he had used the same language; but from her it was too exasperating. How he got through the evening he could hardly tell. When, at last, they were together in the carriage, driving home, there might have been an open rupture but for the determined calmness of Alice, who took everything as a matter of course.

One glance in the beautiful nursery unsealed his eyes. There by the fire sat Mabel, in all the *abandon* of a *neglige* toilet, her luxuriant tresses falling in glossy freedom over her shoulders, while the little fellow on her lap, clutching at one long, shining curl, crowed and laughed as well as he could for "auntie's" smothering kisses.

A sudden revulsion of feeling came to the father's heart at sight of this sweet home-picture.

"Aha! I know who contrived the plot," he said. "But I am glad to see you, Mabel, nevertheless."

"Wasn't she the belle of the ball?" answered Mabel, saucily.

"There's no doubt of that. At any rate, I didn't get a chance to dance with her."

"Of course. Who ever heard, in society, of dancing with one's wife?" she said, sarcastically. "I see that she followed my directions implicitly. You must learn, sir, that a house divided against itself cannot stand—that is, if one-half is flirting at a party and the other half at home crying her eyes out."

"Oh, Alice—were you, really?"

"I should think she was. I can assure you that I myself saw half the house dissolved in tears, and so wretched that—"

"Mabel, hush!" said Alice, imploringly.

"Traitor, do you turn on me," exclaimed Mabel, with mock displeasure.

"My child," she went on, tossing the crowing cherub, "tell your selfish papa that he has also *some* obligations, and that if you had known you were to be the bone of contention in this family, you'd have staid in the garden of angels, where you were wanted."

Herbert was strongly affected by this audacious outburst, but it had the effect of leading him to see his duty in a new light. It taught him to reflect; opened his eyes to his selfishness; and made him, from that evening, a better and more considerate husband.

Six months from that time Alice was dressed for a party. But this time the party was given at her own house, and in honor of Mabel's marriage. Even the bride did not look lovelier; for nothing now occurred to mar Alice's happiness; and happiness, after all, is the best preservative of beauty.

"Ah! how charming you look," whispered Mabel, with an arch glance, as they passed each other in the dance. "Prettier, even, and it is saying a great deal, than when I cured your husband, by sending you to Mrs. Mountjoy's party."—*Alice Gray, in Rural New Yorker.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—A controversy on spelling-reform in a London magazine has the alluring title, "1,212 Ways of Spelling 'Scissors.'"

—Twenty years ago Albert Grant, the London financier of Emma Mine and Lisbon tramways notoriety, swept a wine merchant's office for $3 a week, and was discharged because he was "not sharp enough."

—The London *Publisher's Circular* complains that the free libraries established in English towns are a failure, because over 75 per cent. of the books read are fiction, purchased at the expense of the taxpayers.

—A curious bit of philology is conveyed in the name of the familiar brier-root pipe. It has no connection with any brier, such as sweet brier or blackberry, but the word is merely a corruption of *bruyere*, the French for heath.

—"Mark Twain" has sent for his pastor, the Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell, of Hartford, Conn., to go over to Europe and spend some weeks with him in a pedestrian tour through Germany and Switzerland. It is not to cost Mr. Twitchell a cent.

—Mrs. John W. Iliff was once a saleswoman in a sewing-machine establishment in Chicago. She went to Denver a few years ago to better her condition, where her husband recently died, leaving her the undisputed owner of $300.000 and 30,000 head of cattle.

—The late Judge Sidney Breese, of Illinois, had for many years been accumulating and preparing the materials of a history of that State with which he had been personally identified from its admission into the Union. A large part of this history he had written in detached pieces.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Mr. Thurman is described as the most unostentatious looking man in the Senate. He dislikes an undertaker-like suit of black broadcloth, and generally wears light gray clothes of loose and comfortable fit. He is independent enough to carry a snuff-box, as Henry Clay and other statesmen of earlier days did.

—On an old tombstone in a cemetery of Litchfield, Conn., is the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of inestimable worth of unrivaled excellence and virtue Mrs. Rachel, wife of Jerome B. Woodruff and daughter of Norman Barber, whose etheral parts became a seraph May 24, 1835, in the twenty-second year of her age."

—An examination of the phonograph record has recently been made in England with interesting results. Each vowel sound is found to have its characteristic record; that for long E, for example, resembling two Indian clubs with their handles together. The long and short sounds of the same vowels have a similar record, differing only as theory would lead one to expect.

—The following story is told of Speaker Randall's grandfather, a leading lawyer in Philadelphia. He was clear-headed if he had a fee beforehand. A stranger came to consult him about a will and forgot the usual fee. The case involved a great deal of property. The client began: "My father died and made a will." He then stated the case, consuming an hour in doing so. "Do you understand the matter, Mr. Randall?" "No, I do not." The client left in disgust. He told his trouble to a friend, who advised him to secure Mr. Randall. "Stupid old dolt," said the man, "he don't know anything." "What retainer did you give him?" said the friend. "Oh, I forgot that." "Go back and give the old man a hundred dollar bill and see what will come of it." Mr. Randall received him as though he had never seen him before, pocketed his fee and said: "Now state your case." "My father died and made a will." "Stop, sir," said the lawyer, "that is very queer; how could he make a will after he was dead? Don't you mean that he made a will and died?" "Why, 'Squire, how did you find that out? that's what I mean." The case was won.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—To restore the softness and pliancy of leather which has become hard by having been wet, apply neatsfoot oil and rub it in. Castor oil is a good substitute for neatsfoot oil for softening leather belts, boots and harness. The best oil for harness is one quart neatsfoot oil, four ounces beef tallow and three tablespoonfuls lampblack; adding four ounces beeswax for use in summer weather.

—Tradition in agriculture is one of the greatest hindrances in the way of rural progress. This applies with special force to stock breeding and feeding. The same is essentially true in the department of vegetable economy, where pedigree in seed raising is quite as important as pedigree in stock-breeding.—*Prairie Farmer.*

IN Alabama they chew the tassels of the fir-trees as a substitute for tobacco which reminds us of the old adage, "Be fir-chewers and you'll be happy." *Chicago Times.*

—The hot season of the year is now at hand. Go to work with the sun and tarry in the field till the dew is on the grass. But rest at noonday.—*Exchange.*

BABIES are too highly prized to permit them to suffer with Colic, Flatulence, etc., when Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will at once relieve them. Price, 25 cts.

Another Enoch Arden.

Truth is always stranger than fiction, but we can only be made to believe it by startling cases like this. Tennyson has immortalized "Enoch Arden," but this story of William G. Raines, while it has all the pathetic features of the poem, surpasses it in thrilling incidents and adventures. Ten years ago Mr. Raines was a resident of our neighboring Village of Hendrysburg, where he followed the occupation of a carpenter. He was married and had one child; but, thinking that he could better his fortunes, he left his family and sought employment in the East, expecting to return in a few months. During his absence he was engaged by his uncle to make a nine-months' cruise to Calcutta in a merchant vessel, *via* Good Hope. He wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, inclosing $200, informing her of his intended voyage and expressing the hope that upon his return they would be able to live happily together. The vessel sailed, and while in mid-ocean another letter was sent to his wife. After that, silence and oblivion. No word came from the lost man, and it was believed that the vessel had gone down with all on board. After waiting three years, and hoping against hope, Mrs. Raines at last concluded that her husband had found a watery grave, and, yielding to the solicitations of a new lover, she abandoned her widow's weeds and once more became a wife, marrying a Mr. Kyle, who is now a contractor on the National Road near St. Clairsville.

The third act opens with the unexpected return of Mr. Raines. The vessel was really wrecked on the west coast of Africa, north of Cape Town. Mr. Raines and his uncle, with four other men, succeeded in reaching shore in a boat, but were soon after captured by the natives. The prisoners were marched 600 miles into the interior. Each tribe took one of the men and kept him as a curiosity. Raines was divested of his clothing while on exhibition, and visitors came hundreds of miles to see the wonderful white man. He was the special protege of the King, and was regarded with affection by the whole tribe. But the prisoner pined for freedom, and hoped that far beyond the burning sands and the rolling billows, he might find again his wife and child. Inspired by these thoughts, about a year ago he made a desperate attempt for liberty, and escaping from the tribe, he managed, after many hardships, to reach Cape Town, where he engaged as a sailor, and three weeks ago landed at San Francisco, and immediately started for Ohio. He arrived at Caldwell, and learned for the first time that his wife had married three years after his supposed death. Unlike Enoch, he did not decide

Never to tell her, never let her know,

but, with the honor of a true man, which even a life of six years among cannibals could not destroy, he proposes to let her decide which of the men she will live with in the future. Legally Mrs. Kyle is the wife of Mr. Raines; but, of course, she was justified in her second marriage, and Mr. Raines sensibly concludes that no man has a right to rise from the dead, as it were, and disturb relationships that were contracted in good faith. He will let the woman choose between them, and abide by her decision.—*Barnesville (Ohio) Enterprise.*

Watering Pot Plants.

In the operation of watering potted plants persons not practically familiar with plant culture are apt to make serious mistakes. It may be said that writers are always harping on this theme, but it is one to which attention cannot be too frequently drawn. Our mind reverts to the subject because only a few days ago we saw a lamentable case, where some valuable plants had been completely destroyed through injudicious watering. Cultivators find by experience that an excess of water at the roots is very injurious to almost all plants, and hence it is usual to direct that great caution be used in the application of water, especially in the winter. The result is that frequently the opposite extreme is fallen into, to the great injury of the plants. From the moment that the soil becomes so far dried that the fibers of the root cannot absorb moisture from it the plants begin to suffer. Some plants can bear this loss of water with more impunity than others; some again, and the erica family among the rest, are in this way soon destroyed. The object in watering should be to prevent this stage of dryness being reached, at least during the time the plant is growing, and at all times in the case of those of very rigid structure; at the same time excess, which would sodden the soil and gorge the plants, is also avoided. Within these limits the most inexperienced persons may follow sound directions for the application of water with safety; but whenever water is given to pot plants, enough should be employed to wet the soil thoroughly, and the difference between plants that require more or less water should be made by watering more or less frequently, and not by giving greater or lesser quantities at one time.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Feels Young Again.

"MY mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over seventy years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, Providence, R. I.

HONOR TO AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.—His Majesty Oscar II., King of Norway and Sweden, has sent to the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. the Grand Swedish Gold Medal in recognition of the superiority of their cabinet organs. The medal is surmounted by a crown and bears on one side the inscription "Litteris et Artibus," and on the other, around the bust of the King, "Oscar II., Svec. Norv. Goth. Vand. Rex." This honor will be the more valued by the Company from the fact that His Majesty Oscar II. is known to be a musical connoisseur of highest attainments.

To Housekeepers.

The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality, in every respect, of DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER. It is entirely free from adulteration of any kind, and every package contains absolute full weight. Consumers should bear in mind the fact that a strictly pure, full-weight baking powder, such as Dooley's, although it costs a little more than the adulterated, cheap, light-weight or bulk powders, is by far the cheapest, both in purse and health.

THE GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE.—Dr. Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic! No case of incurable Chills has yet presented itself, where this scientific and safe medicine has been employed. No case has been found so obstinate as to resist its prompt and masterly action. No man has been so reduced by malarial influences, but with its use has come up perfectly reconstructed. No pills or purgative required with this medicine. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

EVERY family should keep Swiss Tonic and never be without the great Ague Cure.

PARTICULARS regarding Electric Belts free. Address Pulvermacher Galvanic Co., Cincin., O.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Every enterprising farmer should make an experiment-station of his farm, himself being the director.

—To destroy bugs on squash or cucumber vines, dust them with wood-ashes, lime or plaster-paris; or sprinkle them with water off of coal-tar.—*Des-Moines Register.*

—It is found that 1,550 pounds of potatoes are required, in cattle-feeding, to form the same quantity of flesh that 100 pounds of beans would do.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—Salt is very important for animals. Large pieces of rock-salt put into the mangers and feeding-troughs are recommended. One-half the ash of animal blood consists of salt; without the latter the blood cannot be in a natural or healthy state.

—Parsnips contain almost twice as much dry matter, or real food, as turnips, and this of a superior quality. Carrots, again, contain about as much dry substance as mangolds, but are richer in sugar and of better feeding quality.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—House-plants that have been turned out of their pots and set in the garden, will often grow during the season to a size that unfits them for their former use, and the better way is to start new young plants from cuttings to take their places.—*Iowa State Register.*

—To utilize feathers of ducks, chickens and turkeys, generally thrown aside as refuse, trim the plumes from the stump, inclose them in a tight bag, rub the whole as if washing clothes, and you will secure a perfectly uniform and light down, excellent for quilting coverlets and not a few other purposes.

—Some men never do anything at all on their farms, because they stand like a little urchin in a big watermelon patch, dazed at the innumerable chances for choosing. They have so many good things to plant—and so many good ways to plant them—so many pressing things to do, and no one to begin on, that the year glides from under their feet, and they have made nothing but a—failure.—*Southern Planter and Grange.*

—Weeds are like Banquo's ghost. They will not "down at your bidding." No matter how much you mutilate them, and disturb the soil under them, if you leave them on the surface in a rainy day they will still persist in growing. They cling to life like cats and some other animals, which, strange as it may seem, prefer to live rather than die. But no tender-hearted sentimentalism must be allowed to come in to weaken the efforts of the agricultural army in its war of extermination against the weeds. No lopping off here and there a leaf or a sprout will amount to anything. No half-way work will answer the purpose; the evil must be removed root and branch, prohibited, suppressed, obliterated. If you adopt the false theory that mild measures are best, and merely cut off the tops while the roots are left in the ground, you will soon find them springing up with more vigor and power for mischief than before. Radical measures and no other are in order among weeds. It is not necessary for the Legislature to proclaim a prohibitory law against them The law of Nature and self-preservation requires that they be exorcised, banished, put down, and this law must be enforced, or they will get the advantage of the corn and potatoes, and when harvest time comes there will be nothing but weeds to harvest.—*Vermont Record and Farmer.*

The Difference.

The country is full of examples showing by contrast the difference in productiveness between farms similar in character, belonging to different men. Nature originally made the lands of such farms alike; but the management of their occupants, after the soil was brought under cultivation, has produced widely varied results. Few persons have failed to notice this feature, which is often met with in the rural districts, and it is suggestive of the difference in methods employed in the farming operations of different men. One man generally gets good crops and remunerative returns from his land, and the latter is not losing in fertility, while the other barely makes a living, and the outlook is more unfavorable from year to year in the reduced yield of his land.

In almost every neighborhood one man has the reputation of being the best farmer in it. The distinction is one which certainly entitles such a man to consideration, wherever he may reside, and the higher the standard of excellence in agricultural pursuits in his immediate vicinity, the greater is the credit deserved. It will invariably be found that where this standard is the highest, or, in other words, where the greatest success in any rural pursuit is attained—these farmers are a reading, observing, thoughtful body of men, anxious to obtain all the information in regard to their business that experience and science have shed upon it. They avail themselves of all sources of useful knowledge applicable to their calling, and the results are seen in the position they occupy, which is on a higher plane than that with which less enterprising men are content—men who neglect to acquaint themselves with the experience of others, and the recorded knowledge of those who have preceded them, and who many times spend their strength and time in a fruitless contest with forces in Nature which others have overcome, but of which they are ignorant. Did they consult standard works, or reliable agricultural journals, and attend meetings and associations, where practical questions are discussed, much fruitless effort would be saved, and losses might be turned into gains.

Nothing is plainer than that the value of a farm depends greatly upon the knowledge and industry of its owner. We have known of instances in which, in the hands of an intelligent man, a poor sandy farm, in a few years became fruitful and remunerative; wet, marshy lands under skillful management, are often rendered the most productive portions of a farm; on the other hand, who has not seen rich and productive farms so run down by injudicious management as to be comparatively valueless? The lesson in all this simply is, that the productiveness of farms can be better improved by gaining all the information which it is possible to obtain, and making it available in their management, than by any other means. This is the strongest possible inducement to increased knowledge, and by emulating the example of the best farmers in the country, an improvement in the average greater than has yet taken place, will be seen, and there will not only be an increase in the profits of farming, but an enhanced value to the farms throughout the country.—*Western Rural.*

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood and Gives Strength.

DU QUOIN, ILL., Jan 21, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—Your "Vegetine" has been doing wonders for me. Have been having the *Chills* and *Fever*, contracted in the swamps of the South, nothing giving me relief until I began the use of your Vegetine, it giving me immediate relief, toning up my system, purifying my blood, giving strength; whereas all other medicines weakened me, and filled my system with poison; and I am satisfied that if families that live in the ague districts of the South and West would take Vegetine two or three times a week, they would not be troubled with the "*Chills*" or the malignant *Fevers* that prevail at certain times of the year, save doctors' bills and live to a good old age. Respectfully yours,
J. E. MITCHELL,
Agent Henderson's Looms, St. Louis, Mo.

All Diseases of the Blood.—If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the *Great Blood Purifier*. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

VEGETINE

Has Entirely Cured Me of Vertigo.

CAIRO, ILL., Jan. 23, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—I have used several bottles of "Vegetine" it has entirely cured me of *Vertigo*. I have also used it for *Kidney Complaint*. It is the best medicine for kidney complaint. I would recommend it as a good blood purifier. N. YOCUM.

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VEGETINE

I Believe it to be a Good Medicine.

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Dear Sir—I wish to inform you what your Vegetine has done for me. I have been afflicted with *Neuralgia*, and after using three bottles of the Vegetine was entirely relieved. I also found my general health improved. I believe it to be a good medicine.
Yours truly,
FRED. HAVERSTICK.

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BUCK & COWGILL, Druggists,
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PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

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