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THE HERALD

Published every Thursday at
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Office—Corner Main and Second Street —Second Story.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF CASS COUNTY.

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L. Crounse, Ft. Calhoun.....Representative.

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CHRISTIAN—Service in Congregation Church at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Corner of Locust and 5th streets. Cordial invitation extended to all classes to attend.

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Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Class meetings every Monday evening and immediately after close of Sabbath morning services.—Sabbath School at 2:30.

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I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings of Platte Lodge No. 7, I. O. O. F. every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. Transient Brothers are cordially invited to visit.
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J. N. WISE, W. M.
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NEBRASKA CHAPTER No 3, R. A. M.—Regular Convocations second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.
R. R. LIVINGSTON, H. P.
H. NEWMAN, Sec.

I. O. G. T.—OLIVE BRANCH, No. 2, H. Ellison, M. W. C. T., C. W. King, W. Sec., T. W. Shryock, Lodge Deputy, meets at Clark & Plummer's Hall every Tuesday evening. Traveling Templars respectfully invited.

TURNVEREIN.—The Turner Society meets at Turners' Hall in Gutman's Block, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.
Weckbaugh; Treasurer—Gus. Reinhackle; First Turnwart—Wm. Hessler; Second Turnwart—Geo. Karger; Warden—John Erhart.

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For forty years it has proved its great value in all diseases of the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys Thousands of the good and great in all parts of the country vouch for its wonderful and peculiar power in purifying the blood, stimulating the torpid liver and bowels, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. Simmons' Liver Regulator is acknowledged to have no equal as a
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It contains four medical elements, never united in the same happy proportion in any other preparation, viz.; a gentle Cathartic, a wonderful Tonic, an un-exceptionable Alterative and a certain Corrective of all impurities of the body. Such signal success has attended its use, that it is now regarded as the
GREAT UNFAILING SPECIFIC,
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MIRAGE.

The sweetest songs are those
That few men ever hear,
And no men ever sing.

The clearest skies are those
That hardiest off appear,
To birds of strongest wing.

The dearest loves are those
That no man can come near,
With his best following.

TALENT.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS.

[From the German of Ludwig Robert.]

In former ages talent meant
A faculty from Heaven sent;
After, it meant—
A compliment;
And now 'tis claimed by any loon
Who scrawls a line or strums a tune.

ON KISSES.

Give me kisses—do not stop
Measuring nectar by the drop;
Though to millions they amount;
They will never drain the fount;
Kiss me then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—all is waste
Save the luxury we taste;
And for kissing—kisses live
Only when we take or give;
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—though their worth
Far exceeds the gems of earth,
Never pearls so rich and pure
Cost so little I am sure;
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—nay, 'tis true
I am just as rich as you;
And for every kiss I owe,
I can pay you back, you know;
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

A LECTURE

Delivered at Mt. Pleasant Grange, No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, by their Lecturer, S. L. Furlong, on the occasion of a Feast held June 13th, 1873.

WORTHY MASTER, BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF OUR NOBLE ORDER:—If any man or woman, or number of men and women, ever merited praise, commendation, and the hearty thanks of the Farmers of any country, the first originators of the Order of of Patrons of Husbandry in the United States, are justly entitled to all the expressions of gratitude that can possibly be bestowed upon them; for, the mere effort to organize a class of men and women so unaccustomed to orders of discipline, and societies of mutual benefit, as the Farmers of our country are, was an undertaking that is unparalleled in the history of our country.—And it is worthy of and should receive the hearty thanks of every Practical Farmer in this land. I would not have believed that so thorough an organization could have ever been perfected among farmers, more particulary the farmers of the Western Prairies, where the farms are generally large, and the farmers far more unsocial with each other, and unacquainted with the benefits to be derived from societies organized for mutual protection and relief, than those of the older States. But the records of the National Grange show that the order is growing far more rapidly in the West than it is in the East.

The order has been in existence something over six years. During the first five years of its existence there was only 257 Granges organized in the United States. But during the year 1872 there was organized 1,105 Granges, making in all at the last meeting of the National Grange, 1362. The State of Iowa had at that time 754 Granges, 652 of which were organized during the year of 1872. There was in the same year organized in the State of South Carolina, 100; in the State of Illinois, 65; in Mississippi, 53; in our own State, 49; in Minnesota, 56; in Missouri, 14; in Vermont and Kansas, 12 each; in Alabama and Michigan, 8 each; in Ohio, 6; in Tennessee, 4; in Louisiana, 3; in Georgia, 2; in Virginia, Kentucky, Arkansas and New Jersey, one each, making 22 States in all that our order is established in; and should the number organized the present year exceed the number of last year in the same ratio that last year exceeds the preceding five, there would be organized at the end of this year over 25,000 Granges. But it is scarcely possible and not at all probable, that there will be any such increase of ratio, but that all the number of Granges organized this year will far exceed the number of last year no one can doubt, for report from nearly every State show that Granges are being organized very fast all over the country. To many it may seem strange that the order should spread so rapidly; but there is nothing strange about it; for man by nature is so selfish that whatever is for his pecuniary interest and benefit, that he will do; hence the reason for men being so willing to join us when they clearly understand the object of the organization. But some straight jackets will stand back and say, it is a secret order, and they will not be guilty of joining a secret society; I deny the charge in part. Now, we will draw a contrast between our order and a *secret* order. A secret organization is one that is known only to its members; none but those who are its members know of the place, and the time of its meetings, its proceedings are kept entirely secret, and none but the members know the result of the meetings, and the object of the organization.

How is it with the Patrons of Husbandry? Everybody knows that there is such an organization, and no one will deny being a member of a Grange; their time and place of meeting is known to everybody; the object is also known to everybody, or as many as may choose to inquire; the result of our organization is very particularly known to *Middle* men. But you have secret signs and passwords, rules and regulations. That I admit, and we would fail to be an effective organization without these. They are necessary to union, discipline, and concert of action. A certain amount of secresy is necessary to the accomplishment of great results. The executive sessions, (the most important meetings) of our Legislatures, are held in secret, and no one would think of calling a Legislature a *secret* organization. Railroad corporations, merchants and middle men of every class have their secret meetings, and quite often too, for to harness you and I, with exorbitant prices, telling us just how they will sell to us whatever we wish to buy, and also tell us what they will give us for what we have to sell. Every merchant has his secret "cost mark," known only to him and his household, and this is necessary for him, or you and I would know just how much we contribute to keep up his high living and fine clothes, so he can look down upon us and say you are nothing but an *old* farmer. The secret work of our order teaches us that our occupation is an honorable one; it teaches that the *tillers* of the soil are to be looked up to, not down upon, as is the general custom by almost every class of men who are not connected with agriculture.

Mr. Hovey, of St. Johnsburg, Vermont, tells about the secret part of our order, in this manner:

"They think that secrecy means mischief, and nothing else; but, my friends, nothing could possibly be wider of the truth. It is only the key that secures the principles in which they believe.

"When God created the universe He made everything just and right. He made those animals that are preyed upon with ears turning backwards, to enable them to catch the first indications of sound from a pursuer, and He made those species that prey upon other animals with their ears turning forward, for the same purpose. He has made men and classes of men to prey upon each other, and has given to them all a natural protection, *secrecy*. If I have in mind some wonderful invention, and go to the places of public resort and lay open all my plans and give all the particulars in its construction, would not some long-eared gentleman circumvent my intentions? I tell you that the man who succeeds in business is the man who keeps his own counsels. The trader who brags about his sharp speculations and tells all about how it is done may be set down for a financial failure. But the sly man who keeps his own secrets succeeds. It is not only man against man in the race for gain, but classes of men against men. Lawyers, physicians, merchants, telegraph companies, railroad corporations, &c., are arrayed against each other, and all combined aim their thrusts at the unsophisticated farmer. This Society is secret in its doings for no other reason than for protection. Other combinations are formed for the purpose of robbing farmers of their hard earnings, and they—some of them—do not think, because the Great Ruler made merchants and railroad companies with ears trained upon them, that they should not avail themselves of the same natural advantage by turning their own back upon the pursuer. Secrecy is necessary for efficiency everywhere."

But the latest excuse that I have heard as a reason that he would not join the Grange, was given by a neighbor farmer, only just —— miles from here, and his reason was that it was organized to put down the price of labor, and he was down on anything that tried to put down the price of labor.—Be this as it may, I do not so understand it. I understand that our order is to uphold the honorableness of honest labor, and to assist us in procuring *better* prices to compensate us for our labor as tillers of the soil. That is precisely what we are defending—is the honor of labor—against all the combinations of capital, in the form of railroads, the conventions of grain-buyers, merchants and monopolies of every description, that is organized to harness, hamper and rob, the honest agricultural labors of mankind.

We are organized to be on the lookout for sharpers—men who say they are smart enough to get a living without working for it. To all such I say, then, let them pay for it. But, says Mr. so-and-so, your Granges are organized to put down the price of farm hire so low that the men who hire out to work on the farm cannot live. I am not aware of anything of the kind; but should such a question ever arise, where honest laborers are to be oppressed below a reasonable and a respectable compensation for honest labor performed, my hand will never be raised in favor of any such proposition; but I would oppose it with all the ability at my command. And may palsied be the hand that is ever raised to oppress the honest, laboring portion of mankind, below a fair and reasonable compensation for honest services rendered. But I have no fears of any such propositions; the inevitable law of demand and supply will regulate the prices of farm labor.

Another doubting Thomas says, I will join your Grange when I am satisfied that it pays, that is, if it is for my interest to do so, and very sarcastically remarks: "Come, give us your figures, the proof of a pudding is the chewing of the string." Not so, Mr. Thomas, the proof of our pudding is the *eating* of it, and we have good peaches and apples for filling, at seven and eight cents a pound, while you who chew the string pay fifteen and sixteen cents.

But to satisfy you that it it for your interest, pecuniarily, here are the figures: We save on our store bills fully twenty-five per cent., and the average store bill for average families, including groceries, clothing, and the replenishing of the household ware, is about $200.00 per year—25 per cent. of that, $50.00. Now there are upon the assessment roll of this precinct 128 names; supposing 100 of those to be heads of families; if they were all members of a Grange and availed themselves of the privileges for purchasing low, they would save to the precinct $5,000.00 every year. Again, suppose that you are a new comer, and desire to set up farming with all the improved farm machinery necessary to run two teams. You can save in the purchase of two plows, $15.20; in the purchase of two cultivators, $16.00; in the purchase of a seeder, $20.00; in the purchase of a corn planter, $16.80; in the purchase of wagons, $50.00; in the purchase of a reaper $40.00; which makes a saving of $157.20; add to this the $50.00 saved in the annual necessaries, and you have saved the first year $207.20 on your living and the purchase of the necessary farm tools to run an average farm.—Now, Mr. Thomas, can you not see very plainly that it is for your interest to join the Grange? The amount saved by an old settler, in the purchase of the annual necessaries and the necessary re-purchasing of farm tools, in one year, will pay all the fees and dues of an average life time.

Again, let us see what the annual srving to the precinct would be if all were to unite with a Grange, and avail themselves of the pecuniary advantages at their command. Supposing that 225 individuals (three less the number upon the assessment roll) use farming implements, and that one in five purchase a new cultivator at a saving of $8 each, there would be $200 saved; if one in five purchase a plow at a saving $7.60 each, it would make $190; if one in ten purchase a seeder at a saving of $20 each, it would be $240; if one in ten purchase a corn planter at a saving of $16 each, it would be $192; if one in ten purchase a wagon, at a saving of $25 each, it would be $300; if one in ten should purchase a reaper at a saving of $40 each, it would be $480; this makes a saving of $1,602.00, to the precinct each year, to say nothing about mowers, rakes, and breaking-plows and fanning mills, and other machinery used in farming. Now add to this the annual saving of $50 for 100 families, in the purchase of groceries, clothing, and other household necessaries, and there is saved to your precinct the neat little sum of $6,602.00 every year as the result of your organizing yourselves into Granges, and availing yourselves of the advantages and the privileges to be derived therefrom. If this large sum can be saved in one precinct how large would be the sum saved to the county, and how much larger to the State.—Then the social pleasure that we may all enjoy by meeting together as brother farmers, and working for a common interest, and at the same time for our own individual interest, thereby becoming better acquainted with each other, making better neighbors of us, and frequently making friends of enemies, far more than compensates us for all the cost and time devoted to our Order.

But then another nervous, somewhat large, and moderately corpulent gentleman, gets up and says, your organization is a going to run into politics, and I don't want anything to do with it. Well, now, that is really a delicate question, enough so to make a man scratch his head a little at least. I had not thought of that; but upon a little reflection I am really afraid that it will not; for if a class of men in the known world were ever trodden down with impudence and impunity, and burdened with unnecessary taxation for the support of a large number of genteel political rascals, the farmers of the United States stand at the head of the class, particularly in the point of being represented in our national affairs by men who have no practical knowledge whatever of farming, and whose interest is entirely contrary to the agricultural community. For instance, out of the three hundred and seventy Congressmen of our National Legislature, less than twenty are accredited with having any practical knowledge of farming; a majority of the rest are so ignorant of the science of Agriculture that they would take every cow in the State of New Jersey to be a *Jersey* cow; and I would not be surprised if a large number of them could not distinguish the difference between a Jersey cow and a good Durham steer, and five chances to one, if they did not ask you which was the better cow. At any rate it is a deplorable state of facts, that the Agricultural population of the United States, which is fully three-fifths of the whole population of the country, should have only one-eighteenth of the representation; or, in other words, instead of having about twenty Representatives to look after the most important interests of our nation, we should have two hundred and twenty. But if the thieving, stealing, back-salary grab of the last Congress, which takes $1,500,000 out of the National Treasury, and gives it to these men who already receive large pay, is not enough to make the honest Agriculturist desire a change in our law making representatives, who are wholly controlled by railroad and moneyed monopolies of every description, then let Mr. Nervous keep out.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

MORE THAN ACTING.

"What I am going to tell you, gentlemen," said our second old man, Richard Dashall, taking a few hasty pulls at his merschaum, and looking inquiringly at his almost depleted pewter, as he sat one evening among some old brother professionals at The Abbey, "is as true as Shakespeare."

"Let us have it by all means," said Glum, our low comedian, arresting a waiter in "rapid transit" to the bar. "Same," said Glum, in a confidential aside to the "polite and attentive."—"Now, Dick, let's have it," continued Glum, pushing the replenished pewter to the narrator of the following reminiscence: "And," said he, looking round the table, taking a solemn pull at the malt, puffing at his yard of clay, and after being assured that it was well a-light by inserting his little finger in the bowl, and bringing the red wax-end of it solemnly to the table, after the fashion of a Speaker's gavel —"and while our commission from Rome is read, let silence be commanded. Go on."

"Well," said the old man, "it was many years ago, when I was a dashing juvenile in old John Potter's company in California. Our company were among the dramatic pioneers of the Golden State. There was old Dave Anderson, George Ryder—who is now waking 'em up to the fact that all the old men didn't die with Blake—there was our leading man, J. H. Warwick, who afterward acquired fame and popularity in the counsels of the State Legislature, with 'Honorable' tacked to his name—not bad for a stock actor. There were others, too—'well-graced' actors, who, after strutting their brief hour, are heard no more but have found their rest, after 'life's fitful fever,' all along the Pacific slope, from the wilds of Oregon to the vine-clad hills of Los Angeles and San Diego.

"There was one in our company, a young and beautiful actress, who had come to California from England, after playing a very successful series of engagements in Australia. She was our leading lady, a general favorite with both company and public, and, gentlemen, it is all over now, but for the first and last time in my life, I was *seriously* in love. Adaline—I need not give you her full name for

'There's a chiel among ye takin' notes,
And faith, he'll prent 'em'—

Adaline was evidently a lady of culture and refinement. She was reserved to a degree in regard to her early history, and as most of our men came from 'The States,' as they still term them in California, absolutely nothing was known of her antecedents.—Among the rude population of the mining towns Adaline was looked upon as a sort of dramatic divinity, and I do believe that that fragile girl might have walked alone and unprotected from Sacramento to the jumping-off place of the then unexplored *terra incognita* of Arizona.

"After taking a tour of the wild mining towns, we were making our way back to San Francisco, and comparative civilization. I think it was at the town of Vallejo our leading man was taken suddenly and seriously ill. 'The Stranger' was on the bill of our next evening performance, and it became necessary to send a special messenger to San Francisco to engage, if possible, another actor to supply his place. It so happened that by the steamer which came into port on the previous day from the Isthmus, a young English tragedian, whose name, gentlemen, it can do no possible good to mention, arrived to fulfill an engagement at the Metropolitan on the following week. By permission of the management of the Metropolitan, it was arranged that the young English stranger should come up to Vallejo and help us out of our difficulties on the following night.

"As it was impossible for the stranger to arrive in time for the rehearsal the piece was rehearsed without him; and, as it was almost dark before the boat arrived from San Francisco, not one of the company ever saw the young English tragedian till he emerged from his room at night, dressed, and, by a singular coincidence of circumstances, as the *Stranger*. To those who remember the incidents of the play, I need not say that the *Stranger* and *Mrs. Haller* do not meet till the end of the fourth act. I was playing the *Baron* in the piece, and as my part was the most important in support of the *Stranger*, I was requested by the manager, after receiving a hasty introduction in the dressing room of the new arrival, to 'run through our scenes' and see that all was right before the curtain rang upon the third act.

"It may be remembered by those who have even a casual knowledge of the play, that in the third act there is a very beautiful and pathetic song introduced by a young peasant girl—a song which she says *Mrs. Haller* had taught her:

'I have a silent sorrow here—a grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tears, but it consumes my heart."

"While this was being sung to the *Stranger*, I could not help observing that he was strongly moved, and at its conclusion, when he recited the lines,

"'I have heard that air before, but it was to other words.'

"'*Francis*, share your supper with your friends; I need none.'

"He came almost fainting off at the wing where I was standing. I thought I never saw a better piece of acting.

"'Oh my God! my God!—my heart is breaking!' he exclaimed, as he sank sobbing on my shoulder.

"'What's the matter?' I inquired.

"'Nothing, nothing; a foolish, weak, romantic notion, perhaps; but I never hear that song but it unmans me.—Please come with me to my dressing room, and let us see about our long scene in the fourth act.'

"In the dressing room and in the succeeding act, I could see that the young stranger was laboring under a strong mental excitement, which he himself could not account for.

"Let scoffers turn up their noses, and cry bosh," said Dashall; "but as true as I hold this pipe in my hand, the poor young fellow told me: 'I feel, friend, as if there were something hanging over me to-night—imagination some may call it, superstition, others—I know what it is; but, my God! my God! I feel a strange fatality over me, as if my very life were leaving me.'

"It was in vain I tried to reassure the young tragedian. He seemed like one over whom some great evil was impending. And as the curtain rang up on the fourth act, he seemed so thoroughly absorbed and grief-stricken, I deemed it best to leave him to himself.

"In the fourth act, where the *Stranger* relates the story of his life, the deep shame which has driven him from contact with the world, his shrinking self-seclusion, his utter loneliness, his agonizing despair and breaking heart —a heart requiring consolation, as Kotzebue eloquently describes it:

"'My heart is like a close-shut sepulchre,
Let what is within it moulder and decay,
Why open the wretched charnel house
To spread a pestilence around?'

"I never in myself felt so thoroughly carried away as in the last scene of the act, where the *Stranger* and Mrs. *Haller* met for the first time. The situation was so startling as to electrify both actors and audience. A single glance of recognition told the story—a story 'behind the scenes'—a sorrow-stricken husband and an erring wife had come together under circumstances stranger than any novelist could invent, but nevertheless, gentlemen," said Dashall, "what I tell you is strictly true."

"You may, perhaps, imagine I am going to finish the story with a startling denouement," continued Dashall. "Nothing of the sort—that is, at least, so far as the public ever knew. Between the fourth and last acts—and then mind you, it was known that the *Stranger* and Adeline were actually husband and wife, as I was saying, between the acts Adeline lay in convulsions in her dressing-room, while the *Stranger*, in an adjoining department sat motionless as death, with his face buried in his hands, his fingers twisted in the masses of his luxuriant hair, silent, save as to the heavy, suppressed breathing which told too plainly the inward struggle that was tugging at his very heart-strings. When all was ready for the fifth act I approached him gently, and laying my hand upon his shoulder, I informed him of the fact. As he looked up I think I never saw a face so changed—pale as a marble statue, the large, dark eyes sunken in the sockets, and with a look of controlled agony painful in the extreme even for a moment to look upon. His bearing was that of a thorough gentleman, who had made up his mind to keep his feelings in check even if the effort should kill him. Walking calmly on the stage, he proceeded with the play with wonderful self-command till the final interview with his erring and repentant wife. Poor Adeline came on the scene sustained on my arm, and as she faltered out, 'Leave me,' it seemed to me as if she would sink, fainting to the stage. To describe the scene that followed is entirely beyond my power. Suffice it to say that scene was written by the ill-fated Kotzebue, it has never been acted as it was that night. Acted, did I say? No, there was no acting about it, but a stern and painful reality, where fact and fiction were so strangely blended as to leave upon me an impression I shall never forget.

"As you know, gentlemen, there is not a line in the whole scene which did not directly apply to the actual situation, you may judge of the effect when rendered by two highly sensitive natives, wrought up to the greatest pitch of feeling by the agonizing realities of the scene. The scene reached its climax, and the repentant wife fell fainting at the feet of the abandoned husband. Pointing solemnly to Heaven, and speaking the concluding line, 'There, Adaline, you may be mine again,' he stooped gently down, raised her head tenderly from the ground, gave a parting kiss upon her pale forehead, laid her gently and reverentially down, gave a long, tender, and heart-broken look, and, turning slowly up the stage as the curtain descended, the ill-starred couple parted, no more to meet again upon the earth.

"A headstone at the 'Mission,' in San Francisco, bears the names of 'Adalaide' and the 'Stranger,' who found rest beneath the waves of the Pacific, being on board the ill-fated Australian steamer when she was lost, many years ago, on her passage from San Francisco. Let us hope they both have found the peace which seemed denied them here in 'another and better world,' where sorrow is unknown and sin can never enter."—*California Exchange.*

Three Things.

Three things to love: courage, gentleness, and affection. Three things to admire: intellect, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate: cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: beauty, frankness, and freedom. Three things to wish for: health, friends, and a contented spirit. Three things to like: cordiality, good humor, and cheerfulness. Three things to avoid: idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate: good books, good friends, and good humor. Three things to contend for: honor, country, and friends. Three things to govern: temper, tongue, and conduct. Three things to think about: life, death, and eternity.

The Des Moines *Register* believes there is one sort of a man whom even the revivalist Hammond wouldn't deem worth saving. It is the man who, when a barber shop is crowded at midnight on Saturday night, insists on having his hair cut, and his head shampooned, and his whiskers trimmed, and his mustache powdered, and his face bay-rummed and camphor-iced and powdered and perfumed, and dried and pefumed again. A Modoc would do for a peace commissioner in effecting the civilization of such an individual.

The East New York Conference of the Methodist Church has been seriously discussing the propriety of permitting a man with a large family to enter the ministry. Thos. Daniel McMullen, a man with a wife and eight children, desired to continue as a minister, but there was some doubt as to whether he hadn't better engage in other business. After an exhaustive discussion it was very properly decided that he should go ahead, one speaker remarking that a man's family was never too large, provided the man himself was good for anything.

Punch thinks that if a young lady wants to keep her hands free from chaps, all she has to do is to dress in the present fashion, and let it be known that she has no money. Chaps, especially if they be sensible chaps, will then let her hand alone very severely.

WIVES' COLUMN.

OLD SHOES.—Everything tangible seems to have two or more states of existence. Now it is quite possible that you think, if you look very sharply at an old shoe when you throw it away, you will know it again if ever comes back to you. But that doesn't at all follow. One of these days you may button your dress with an old pair of slippers, comb your hair with a boot, or grasp a cast-off gaiter while you eat your dinner. You don't see how this can be? Well we'll tell you. Old shoes are turned to account by manufacturers in the following manner: They are cut into very small pieces, and kept for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur. The effect of this is to make the leather hard and brittle. Next, the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water and dried. When thoroughly dry it is ground to powder, and mixed with some substance like glue or gum, that causes it to adhere together. It is then pressed into moulds and shaped into buttons, combs, knife-handles, etc. So you will see how it may come to pass that you comb your hair with a boot, and fasten your clothes with a slipper.

DRESS REFORM.—The London *Echo* is provoked, by the reforming spirit of American ladies on the subject of dress, to step to the front and speak as follows: "When things come to the worst they mend," says the proverb; and he who feels his shoe pinch most tightly will be the first to call for the boot jack. American ladies having been so long fashion-ridden, beyond any unfortunate females this side, are at last rising in rebellion, resolved to dethrone that most tyrannical of despots, Madame La Mode. The New York *Independent* has been publishing a series of excellent papers on the subjects by a lady of well-known literary ability, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and the N. E. Woman's club have appointed a Committee regularly to tackle the subject of rational dress, and see what can be done to promote it. The men who are groaning under the millinery bills, and the women who are sighing under the weight of garments they furnish, will, it is hoped, join hand in hand to diminish both burdens. The proposals yet tendered are by no means revolutionary. The patent absurdity is that any one should need to pledge herself to dress like a rational being and a modest woman. The reforming ladies are not asked to wear any sort of uniform or strange costumes, but only to promise that their skirts shall not sweep the streets, nor weigh them down, and that their bodices shall neither squeeze their waists nor expose their shoulders in the style commonly described—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—as "full dress," being the very scantiest measure of clothing which decency permits.

THE average extent and cost of a lady's *trousseau* is not to be inferred from that of the Miss Rothschild of London, who a few weeks ago, became Mrs. Eliot Yorke, and not confine herself to handkerchiefs in dozen dozens. The Bond street milliner to whom the order for the *trousseau* was given, had instructions to provide twelve dozen of every article which it was within the bounds of possibility for a lady to require. Pen and powers fail to portray the piles of dresses, mantles, linen, laces, shoes, etc., which went to make up that *trousseau*. The cost happily concerned only the Rothschilds, but it must have been considerable, for one of those evening dresses alone would require fifty yards of silk.

CHARACTERISTIC OF ENGLISH WOM