POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

☞ The Pittsburgh *Chronicle* thinks there is less danger of a Democratic restoration in Pennsylvania now than there was six months ago, and this improved prospect is due to the Democratic influence in the State Legislature, which has been, in effect, a Democratic Congress on a small scale.

☞ The New York *Times* says of Mr. Davenport: "The assistance which he rendered toward securing the purity of the ballot-box in this city would not have been dear at five times the sum which he is said to have been paid for it, and in point of fact the same work cost in Philadelphia twice the sum drawn by Mr. Davenport."

☞ The country is being treated to the usual installment of slander that generally precedes a Presidential campaign. The Democratic party, through its organs and leaders, is veiling, at the top of its voice, "stop thief!" in the vain hope that public attention may be diverted from its own rascality to the minor defects of Republican officials. Fortunately the people are too well informed as to the respective merits of the two parties, and are not likely to be deceived by the fleeing rogue's cry of "stop thief!"—*Republic Magazine.*

☞ Mr. Blaine made another, and he says a final, personal explanation in the House yesterday. He was charged with having been interested in the Kansas Pacific Railroad, receiving bonds of that road in compensation for services in Congress. It appears that he rendered the company no service, and that he voted against the subsidies sought in its aid, and never had any of its stock or bonds. The story grew out of the fact that his brother, John E. Blaine, had, and perhaps still has, some of the bonds. His interest dates back, however, to a time before James G. Blaine was even a candidate for Congress. Thus falls to the ground another scandal, leaving the accused unscathed.—*Chicago Journal, May 2.*

Proposed Pensions for Rebels.

Few nations have been called upon to place upon their pension rolls so large a number of pensioners as we have. The rebellion caused a fearful loss of life and distress among those persons who responded to the call of the country to save the Union. Men who suffered the loss of limbs or of eyesight or of health in the direct line of duty, and the widows and orphans of soldiers and sailors who fell in the service, were properly provided with pensions. A pension, however, was not given so much as a reward for loyalty. It was granted more out of the gratitude of the people for the devotion and sacrifice of those who stood forth in the hour of the Nation's peril and aided in its preservation.

But the men who took part in the rebellion, and fought against the Union and the cause it represented, have no such claim. To reward such men if they suffered would be a discrimination in favor of treasonous disloyalty and place the rebel and his dependents on the same footing with the soldiers who fought and saved the Union. In order, therefore, to guard against the commission of such gross injustice, a law was enacted which has been reproduced in Section 4,716 in the Revised Statutes. That section reads as follows:

> No money on account of pension shall be paid to any person, or to the widow, children or heir of any deceased person, who in any manner voluntarily engaged in or aided or abetted the late rebellion against the authority of the United States.

Now, the Confederacy, which was the product of the rebellion against the authority of the United States, having been destroyed by the Union forces in the field, has gathered its scattered elements in the National Congress; and the assembled Confederates in the House and Senate, appearing in the guise of representatives of the people, seem to be actuated by the same spirit as when the war prevailed, and to be resolved to do all they can on behalf of their comrades and their families and against the interests of the Union. Accordingly, wherever Republican legislation protected the Federal Treasury, or confined payments therefrom to persons of known loyalty, the Confederates in Congress have set themselves to reverse that legislation, and open the way for the entrance of disloyalty to seize upon the public money.

These recent efforts to extend the pension-rolls by quartering rebel sympathizers and their families upon them is explained in House bill No. 2,991, introduced by Mr. McFarland, to repeal the above section of the Revised Statutes. This bill has not attracted much attention, but its principle is so impudently and monstrously wrong that it deserves a close examination and should be remembered. The text of the bill is as follows:

> *Be it enacted, etc.*, That section forty-seven hundred and sixteen of the Revised Statutes of the United States be, and the same is, hereby repealed; and the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized and directed to place on the pension-rolls the name of all persons who may be entitled to a pension under existing laws, notwithstanding they may have served in the rebel army prior to such service, and to pay such persons, their widows or children, a pension as provided by law in other cases, from and after the passage of this act.

It is almost always safe to assume that when a Southern Democratic member of the House or Senate desires to repeal a section of the Revised Statutes he either aims at protecting the Democratic South in its disloyalty, or to reward his disloyal comrades for their treason, out of the Treasury of the United States. This is not a condition of affairs that the people are likely to approve, and Representatives especially will resolve that their votes shall be cast to defeat forever the hope of treason in that direction. The bill above cited has if substance been passed by the House majority, as a report from the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, which committee is presided over by an ex-rebel Brigadier—Hunton, of Virginia.—*Republic Magazine.*

A Rich Lead.

The Government Insane Asylum, if properly worked, may prove an almost inexhaustible mine of political capital for the Democrats. The House investigating committees have already examined several lunatics, and with rich results. There was Biggins; whose story proved such a terrible indictment of President Grant's spirit, and two or three other bedlamites, whose stories have been published under display heads in Democratic journals all over the country. Those recitals were valuable as political capital, yet they were but a beginning, a dim foreshadowing of future possibilities. Attention has been called to the ravings of another madman, and he will probably be summoned before an investigating committee. He claims to have been fed on human flesh, to have had his brains cooked, to have—well, no doubt he could be induced to claim anything. And no doubt there are hundreds of others in the asylum whose morbid imaginings could be utilized. It was a shrewd move of the Democrats to enter that institution. They ought to remain there.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Democratic First Guns of the Campaign.

The Democracy have opened the campaign simultaneously in Louisiana and Indiana. The reports of the first guns reached us yesterday. In both States it was but preliminary skirmishing along the advanced lines, but the results were a significant forerunner of what may be expected to follow. In Louisiana the first gun, of which report came yesterday, was fired in Coushatta Parish, memorable as the theater of the atrocious massacre of freedmen, and was a repeating-rifle. It was not election-day, but the political effect was about the same as follows those of the guns fired on election days in Louisiana since the War. It created a vacancy on the Republican side in the Legislature, and ridded the State of a carpet-bagger, Senator Twitchell. His offense was of precisely the sort to invite such fate. He was not only a Republican State Senator, but—and that was the aggravating feature about it—his term of office would not have expired until after the Presidential election, as he was one of the Senators holding over. The fate he precipitated by boarding the ferry-boat at Coushatta to cross the river and neglecting to keep a look-out for, and get out of the range of, the White-Liner on the other bank, who, after having quietly ridden through the town with his rifle on his shoulder, in broad daylight and in full view of the citizens, to whom of course he was "unknown," first shot Twitchell dead; next drew a bead on Twitchell's comrade and brother-in-law, King, who also fell mortally wounded; and to finish the business, shot the negro ferryman, but as it was only a nigger, was careless about the aim, and but dangerously wounded him. That done, the White Liner shouldered his rifle and departed unmolested, amidst the suppressed applause, doubtless, of the bystanders, who, of course, were filled with admiration for the marksman who could so neatly pick off two Northern men and one nigger on the other shore, wholly unconscious that they were his target. In all only goes to show that the White-Liners of Louisiana have profited by the example of their fellows in Mississippi last fall, and are beginning the slaughter of Northern men and negroes early enough to avoid blood-letting on election-day, by exterminating the leaders and intimidating the survivors before the election, so that only White-Liners will dare attend the polls, and a great Democratic victory may be assured.

There was less method in the Democratic firing of first guns in Indiana. But the report recalls memories that burn and will thrill with rapture the White-Line heart, for it comes as proof conclusive that the ancient unterrified Democracy, that in other days servilely licked the boots of the slave-driver, survives, and is in full accord with the White-Line Democracy of Louisiana and Mississippi. In Indiana the guns were fired at "niggers" simply because they were niggers, and because of the irrepressible longing of the Democracy of the slave-hunting era to exterminate the freedmen. The leader in the massacre was a Democratic policeman and conservator of the peace. The Indianapolis niggers also invited their fate by going to the polls and voting the Republican ticket. As they were returning, they were set upon by the White-Line Democracy, led by the Democratic policeman. The marksmanship was not quite equal to that of the Coushatta White-Liners, but one negro was shot dead, two were fatally wounded, and a number of others were shot and stabbed. Then, to turn the whole affair into a "negro riot," like those at Yazoo City and elsewhere in Mississippi, the Democratic police arrested a lot of negroes fleeing for their lives as rioters, and they were locked up. As in case of the "negro riots" in Mississippi and Louisiana, no whites were killed, nor was a white man arrested; and the mystery for the Coroner's jury to solve will be how those niggers managed to kill themselves in such short order. The whole was an appropriate opening of the Democratic-Confederate campaign. But, if we mistake not, these first guns fired at Indianapolis were discharged altogether too far north of Mason and Dixon's line, and the effect will be to rouse the country to stamp out White-Lineism, North and South, forever.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Another Boomerang.

Another boomerang has returned and knocked a Democratic Investigating Committee on the head. An attempt has been made by the victims to keep the matter secret, but it has leaked out. A Democratic Congressman got up a charge against Secretary Bristow to the effect that, while acting as United States District Attorney in Louisville, Ky., he compromised a case against the firm of A. John & Marks, brewers. In obedience to the summons, Mr. Marks appeared before the Committee on Expenditures in the Treasury Department, and, much to the disgust of the Democratic inquisitors, swore that Mr. Bristow did not compromise the case at all, but, on the other hand, tried the case and procured a conviction, the result of which was that the firm was fined $6,000. With this, of course, the whole case broke down. The Committee tried to keep it secret, but did not succeed, and are now sympathizing with the Lunatic Committee. Meanwhile, it is a little remarkable that the Committees have not yet investigated the charges that Secretary Bristow killed his grandmother on his mother's side and robbed hen-roosts in Kentucky during the war.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Forced To Be a Liar.

An agent for the sale of a new kerosene lamp-chimney called into a house on Chestnut street the other day to make a sale. He satisfied the woman that it was a good thing, and then she asked:

"How much kerosene will it save?"

"I think it will save some," was his evasive answer.

"What per cent. of fuel will it save?" she next demanded.

"Why—why—what has fuel to do with a kerosene lamp?"

"Oh! all right, you can go," she said. "There was a man along here yesterday with a chimney which he warranted to save half the oil and forty per cent. in fuel, and you can take your goods and go home!"

He sold one of his chimneys in that house; but when he reached the street great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and he said:

"She wanted to be lied to, and I lied, and now I've got to keep on lying and lose my soul for the sake of selling lamp chimneys!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The hens of France are said to earn their owners $80,000,000 a year, and their motto is eggs-sell-sior.

The snakes of India bite and kill an average of 3,000 persons per year. That's a country where everything has enterprise and rush.

The population of the Kingdom of Prussia on the 1st of December, 1875, was 25,706,000, an increase of 1,100,000 since 1871.

Judge Hilton has said that there were 9,000 names on the pay-roll of the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. More than 2,000 persons are employed in the two stores in New York.

Of the entire number of producing wells in the counties of Armstrong and Butler, Pennsylvania, 1,394, the daily average production is only about nine barrels per well.

There are in operation in Canada 4,483½ miles of railway, which have been constructed at a cost of $299,782,557.64. The profit on this large amount of capital is only about one and a half per cent.

Over 25,000 men and boys are employed in the 2,075 agricultural machine shops in the United States, receiving about $13,000,000 annually in wages, and turning out goods valued at over $52,000,000.

Miss Thursby, now of Dr. Chapin's church, in New York city, is engaged for the Tabernacle at the salary of $3,000 a year, with a carriage from Williamsburg every Sunday, and her hotel bill paid by the church. This is the largest salary ever paid in New York to a church singer, but is mostly paid by private parties in the church.

The Congregational *Quarterly* gives the statistics of that denomination as follows: Whole number of churches, 3,438, of which 891 are without pastors; number of church members, 88,323; number in Sabbath schools, 401,338. The additions last year were 29,945, a net gain of 12,840. Charitable contributions to the amount of $1,244,014.32 are reported by 2,418 churches. The number of additions to the churches by profession (17,306) is greater than for seven years.

The April number of the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* gives the following figures respecting the foreign missionary societies of the United States: During the year 1875 the amount received by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Mission was $468,620; by the Presbyterian Board, $450,718; by the Methodist Board, $300,000; by the Baptist Missionary Union, $241,970. The number of native members in the mission churches of these societies are as follows: In the churches of the American Board, omitting the Hawaiian churches, there are 11,546 native members; in those of the Presbyterian Board, 6,901 members; in those of the Methodist Board, 17,754 members; in those of the Baptist Missionary Union, 55,567 members.

A Missourian's Mishaps in Chicago.

A Missouri farmer from the neighborhood of Kansas City had heard so much about the wonders of Chicago, that he decided to come here and see for himself whether the reports were exaggerated or not. He put in his pocket about $250, which he deemed sufficient to last about two weeks, and afford him all the pleasures he desired. Then he took the St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern Railroad for Chicago. He arrived Tuesday morning. The first thing that attracted his attention when leaving the depot was a red flag hanging from the window of a store on the opposite side of Canal street. The inside of that store was filled with a motley crowd, and a fellow with green specs was talking to them rather excitedly about something or other. Of course he had to see what the excitement was. He found that the man with green specs was selling goods at wonderfully low prices. While he stood gaping at the strange capers of the auctioneer, a poor, emaciated-looking fellow walked dejectedly up to the counter and pulled out a magnificent gold watch. With tears in his eyes, he asked the auctioneer to sell it for whatever it would bring. It was a heirloom from his father who paid for it $475 some ten years ago. He would almost as soon part with his life as with that watch, but—and here the tears rolled profusely down his cheeks—his wife and ten little ones were crying for bread, and for their sake he had to part with it. The auctioneer said he could not sell so valuable a watch at that time because the crowd present was not such as could give a fair price for such a watch. He did not choose to sell the property of a poor and starving man at a great sacrifice. The suffering husband and father, however, was determined to have the watch sold at once, as he had to have money to buy bread. Relentantly the kind-hearted auctioneer consented and put up the ticker. Some one offered ten dollars. The face of the auctioneer turned redder than his hair at such impudence. Our hero thought it was a shame also. Here was a chance not only to do a good work and save a family from starvation, but also to get a splendid gold watch at a bargain. He offered twenty-five dollars, the other man bid ten more, and finally it was knocked down to the softhearted visitor at the low figure of fifty dollars. Proudly and triumphantly he forked over the money and pocketed the watch.

He crossed Madison street bridge, looking with wonder upon the large vessels and steamers and the fine palaces along his road. He had hardly gone one block when a finely-dressed young man tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Hello, Mr. Jones, when did you arrive in Chicago?" "My name isn't Jones," replied the astonished farmer, "my name is Brown, from Missouri." "Excuse me, sir," said the fine-looking individual, "I thought you were Mr. Jones, you look so much like him," and walked off. About five minutes later another gentleman accosted Mr. Brown by his real name. Mr. Brown was astonished that the man knew his name, and was overjoyed when he heard he was the son of an old friend of his living in Kansas City. To make a long story short, the twain sauntered off together to see the sights. Of course the farmer was shown how easily he could increase his wealth a few thousands before going back to his home in the wilds of Missouri. He tried his luck, but unluckily he lost all he had except about twenty-five dollars. By this time he had found friend remembered that he had an engagement elsewhere, but promised to call for him at his hotel the next morning. Mr. Brown was then directed to a hotel, where he passed a sleepless night, thinking over the many wonderful things he had seen and experienced during the day.

He was, however, not at all discouraged about the loss of his money. Had he not in his pocket the gold watch which he had purchased in the morning, and which he could sell for at least $200? When he had dressed the next morning and taken his breakfast, he started out again. He met his friend of the day before. He was glad to see him, and they had several drinks together. The friend urged him to try his luck again. This time he would surely win his money back. He never knew a man to lose twice. The farmer was willing, but he first had to sell his gold watch to get money. He was directed to a pawn-shop, but he soon returned with a sad countenance, informing his friend that the pawnbroker said his watch was brass, and worth only one dollar. The young man was greatly exasperated that his countryman should have been thus imposed upon. He volunteered to go back to the auction store and get back the money. The farmer gladly gave the watch to his magnanimous friend to have it exchanged, and returned to his hotel. He waited for the return of the disinterested young man until to-day, but the young man did not make his appearance.

Our hero began to surmise that his friend was a swindler, and he determined to leave this town as soon as possible. But he had but twelve dollars left, while the regular fare was about twice that amount. He walked up Clark street to hunt up a railroad office to see if he could not get a ticket for the amount he had left. Near the corner of Randolph he saw a large sign—"Railroad tickets at greatly reduced prices." That was just the place he was looking for. In he went and told his sad story. Mr. —— told him that he had a drover's return ticket to Kansas City which he would sell him for the twelve dollars. He bought the ticket, and before leaving the office was told that he had to say to the conductor that the name on the ticket was his. This alarmed the farmer, and he went to the Alton office to inquire whether the pass was good. He was told it was not, and the clerk canceled the ticket, telling him to take it back and get his money returned. He did as he was told, but Mr. —— refused to pay back the money. After considerable begging he consented to return seven dollars. The farmer, however, refused to accept it, and went back to the Chicago & Alton Railroad office, where he related his experience, as given above. The managers of the company promised him that they would take the matter in hand and see that his money was refunded, and would send him back. If Mr. —— continues to refuse to return the money a warrant will be sworn out against him to-day for obtaining money under false pretenses.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Ottoman Representatives at the Centennial Grounds.

Curiosity-seekers on the grounds have their attention divided mainly among three objects: The Japanese dwelling, the Japanese bazar, and the Turkish carpenters. There are five of the latter engaged near Fountain avenue, north of Machinery hall, in erecting a structure 14x8 feet in size, the general appearance of which will be that of the Oriental shops in Jerusalem.

They will sell here, during the exhibition, chess-boards, paper-weights, napkin-rings and innumerable other fancy articles manufactured in Jerusalem of wood from the Valley of Hebron, Mount Olivet, Nazareth, the banks of Lake Tiberias, and other places sacred in the regards of Christians. The "boss" is David Jamel, who speaks excellent English, having been educated in Bishop Samuel Gobat's Episcopalian school on Mount Zion. The Bishop's mission is the conversion of Jews and Mahometans, and both his church and school are well patronized—so Mr. Jamel says. The latter's companions are Greek Christians, but can twist their tongues around little but Arabic. The man who walks up to the party determined to have some fun at their expense turns away disappointed, for they are intelligent, agreeable and sagacious. Several of them were at the Vienna Exhibition, and Mr. Jamel asserts that that affair wasn't a "continental" to what the Centennial is and will evidently be. "Why didn't you decide to exhibit in the Turkish building going up here beside you, Mr. Jamel?" "O, you see, the Turkish Commission wanted to skin us by taxing us forty or fifty per cent. on the profits, and so Mr. Smith—" "John Smith, I presume?" "No, Mr. Richard Smith, of McKellar, Smith & Jordan, this city, whom I met in Jerusalem and guided to the sacred spots thereabout, acted exceedingly kind toward us, and was the means of securing us this pretty little grass plot from your commission."

They are all in native Syrian costume. The trousers are of woolen or cotton cloth, and look like a potato bag with two round holes cut in the bottom for the feet to pass through, the mouth being fastened around the waist with a many-colored woolen sash. A waistcoat decked with large round buttons covered with black cloth, an overcoat of Occidental style, a red skull cap (the fez), with a large black tassel hanging from the center of the crown, and shoes and stockings of the same familiar make as that of the overcoat, comprise the remainder of their fantastic costume, which attracts such a crowd about the wearers that, were they not so lazy, their work would be greatly delayed. Mr. Jamel's person derives an air of majesty from an additional garment covering it cap-a-pie. It is a yellowish woolen cloak, with remnants of gold embroidery about the shoulders, and might pass for a resurrected robe of Nebuchadnezzar Beneath the fez-cap is worn a second skull-cap of white linen. This is kept on when the outer one is taken off for the sake of comfort or politeness. It would, doubtless, require a longer time for these Syrians to erect the main building than for so many Yankees to do it.

The "boss" does nothing but smoke a short wooden pipe and act as a cicerone to the curious gazers standing around. As to the four others, while two of them are lounging in a little tent near by, erected for shelter against the April breeze, another squats on his haunches at the foot of the planing bench, smoking a cigar and looking dreamily into the clouds which he puffs forth, and the fourth, after making three or four feeble shoves of his plane, pulls out a bag of Turkish tobacco with a packet of rice-paper, and proceeds to manufacture a cigarette. It is safe to say that for every half-dozen movements each Turk gives his tool he smokes a cigarette, a cigar, or a pipe of tobacco.—*Philadelphia Times.*

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

An Auburn (Me.) man, on opening a barrel supposed to be full of flour, the other day, found that the rats had made away with it all.

The time is coming when it will be considered deliberate suicide for a Massachusetts man to settle within a day's journey of a mill reservoir.

The telegraph reports the robbery of an express company at Akron. Pshaw! that's getting to be Akron-ic offense out West.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The Norwich *Bulletin* advises men not to set out Centennial trees this year, but to plant lamp-posts, because they are more distinct at night and easier to hang to.

"Bishop Haven's mother cooked a turkey on her eighty-eighth birthday," says a fugitive paragraph. There appears nothing strange in this, unless it may be the age of the turkey. With reference to that you will notice there is an ominous silence.

Says the London *Times:* "The difficulties which the Atlantic steam shipping companies have to encounter in the present depressed state of international trade may be judged of from the fact that the Atlantic steamers are stated to be losing equal to $20,000 a voyage."

"Eliza," said a clergyman to one of his parishioners, whom he say with her hair in curling-papers, "If God had designed your hair to curl He would have curled it for you." "He did, sir, when I was a child," was the reply; "but He thinks now I am old enough to do it myself."

The Kosciusko (Miss.) *Stra* mentions the arrest of Thomas Wilkinson, on the charge of having swapped wives some years ago with one Harris, a resident of Montgomery County. The trade met the entire approbation of both women, and Wilkinson swears that he will die in jail before he will swap back.

A gushing and enthusiastic writer says the Polish ladies have a certain "haunting loveliness" about them. The only time when a man really appreciates what "haunting loveliness" means is when he sneaks in by the back way at one a. m., and finds his wife waiting for him with a rolling-pin at the head of the kitchen stairway.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Nashville mule kicked at a boy and missed him, a while ago. From that hour that mule was a changed being. He never smiled again; the light of hope forsook his eye, and the glow of health faded from his cheeks. Oats lost their appetizing charm, and hay failed to allure him. Day by day he slowly wasted away, and at last sunk into a premature grave, brought thither by a broken heart and the humiliating reflection that he could never again look a decent mule in the face.

There is an Indian woman at Fort Dakota who understands woman's rights as well as any of her white sisters. She set up a trading post in opposition to the regular apponiece. Orders from Washington to stop her were unavailing. She could not speak English, but her daughter said she had been to Washington to see the Great Father, and had seen a good many white squaws selling goods to the white people in the cities, and she refused to admit that white women had any more rights than she. They tried to stop her, but she became "hostile," and they had to let her alone. The old squaw has it her own way, and trades chelumpa and coffee for beaver pelts and painted buffalo robes.

A woman on South Sangamon street lay dying yesterday as the long shadows of evening drew on. Summoning her husband to her bedside she, with a painful effort, gathered breath to gasp in his ear: "William—I have—lived—with—you—seventeen—years (here her voice grew husky) and—when—I—am—gone—O,—remember—remember—that—if you—have—the Smiths—come to—the—the funeral—you must put the—(here she paused a moment, but rallying with a flash of old-time vigor concluded) big green—arm-chair—out of—the light—because—there's a—grease—spot—on the—seat." Her husband nodded to signify his intelligence of and acquiescence in her dying wishes, and with a happy smile irradiating her pale countenance she fell back upon the pillow and went to her an gel.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A correspondent of the New Haven (Conn.) *Register* writes: "That mysterious relation which is said to exist between an amputated limb and its parent body receives a fresh illustration in the case of young Palmer, who suffered the loss of a leg recently, and of which mention was made by our correspondent. After the operation, the removed member was deposited in a box and buried by direction of the family. The patient complained severely of pain, and a sense of cramping in the lost foot, and suffered so acutely that at the suggestion of some one the package was taken up and examined. It was found on opening that the box was too short for the limb, and that the foot and toes had been twisted into a strained and unnatural position; a larger case was prepared and the member placed in it in an easy position and reburied, since which time the patient has rested quiet, and no complaint has been made.

A Novel Bet.—A wealthy bachelor, who breakfasts every morning in one of the most fashionable restaurants of the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, is, or rather was, very attentively served by a waiter whose palm he generally crossed, and never with the viler metal. Of course the wealthy bachelor always had the same seat, a seat by a window looking on the ever animated boulevard, hot plates, dishes served promptly, but not too fast, in fine, Benedict had an excellent servant. But, during the last week, Benedict had been unable to get this excellent servant; another servant hangs around him, and tries his best to supply all his wants; still the new face is not the old face, and what annoys Benedict most is, that he occasionally catches glimpses of his old servant, who gives him most sorrowful glances. Benedict has examined the matter, and has discovered that his old servant is addicted to gambling. One evening, having lost all his money, he staked his best customer—Benedict—and lost him.

—A "tar-heel" received a postal-card at the Concord (N. C.) postoffice, the other day—the first one he ever saw—and vainly essayed to open it.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Pound Fruit Cake.—One pound brown sugar, ten eggs, one pound flour, one pound butter, one pound raisins, one pound currants, half pound citron, one teaspoonful baking powder, bake two hours.

Flowing Water.—Water flowing in a body, such as a river, will run sufficiently swift with a fall of one foot per mile. A smaller river will require a fall of two feet per mile. A brook will not keep an open course under four feet per mile, while the water in a small covered drain will require at least a fall of ten feet per mile to set the water in motion.

Tanning Skins.—The following method is recommended for private use in skin-tanning: Take equal parts of salt, alum and Glauber's salt, and half a part saltpeter; pulverize and mix. Handle the skins and rub the mixture well in three or four times a day; the oftener the better. If there is not moisture enough in the skin to dissolve the salts, put a little water into the latter. We are assured that no moth will attack furs the pelts of which have been thus prepared.—*Rural New Yorker.*

To renovate oil cloths, dissolve two and one half pounds paraffine and one gallon oil of turpentine by the aid of a gentle heat, and apply with a sponge or piece of flannel, while warm. Let it remain on the oilcloth twenty-four hours; then polish with flannel. This solution not only renovates but preserves the cloth. I have used it on oilcloths which have been down four years, and they look as good as new. The same preparation may also be used on painted floors. When rubbed with flannel, it will have a beautiful gloss, equal to varnish.—*Cor. Scientific American.*

Starch paste is best prepared by first rubbing the starch perfectly smooth with sufficient cold water not to form too thick a mass, and pouring into this boiling water very slowly, with rapid stirring, until the paste begins to form, as indicated by the increased transparency, and then rapidly adding the rest of the boiling water necessary for the paste. Boiling the paste is very injurious, rendering it less adhesive and liable to peel off. Rye flour affords a more adhesive paste, but of a gray color. A little alum added to the water with which paste is prepared renders it more permanent, and the use of boiling lime water instead of pure water adds to its adhesiveness. By incorporating with the paste a quantity of turpentine, equal in weight to half of the starch employed, and stirring well while the paste is still hot, it will be rendered more impervious to moisture, and at the same time more adhesive.—*Exchange.*

As the corn-cob contains less than one and one-half per cent. of albuminoids and nearly forty per cent. of crude fiber, it is clearly a mistaken economy to grind it with the grain for feeding purposes. There is just one way to utilize the cob of Indian corn. It is good for fuel, and the ash is an excellent manure. Though the total value resulting from these uses is not very large, it makes a very perceptible addition to the aggregate value of the yearly crop. The weight of the cob averages about one-fifth the weight of the ear, or one-fourth the weight of the grain, while the ash of the cob is very nearly equal to three per cent. of its weight. Hence for every hundred bushels of cobs that farmers raise, the cobs are equivalent to 1,400 pounds of fuel, plus forty-two pounds of valuable manure. In a larger view of the case, the annual corn crop of the country produces, in addition to the grain and stover, about 7,000,000 tons of fuel in the cobs, and 210,000 tons of fertility in the ashes of the cob. If this twofold value of the cob is not realized by the farmer, it is not the fault of the cob, but the fault of the man.—*Christian Union.*

Clear Water and Clean Feed for Cows.

In order to have pure and healthful milk as an article of human food, the cows must be supplied with clear water and food that is destitute of matter in a state of decomposition, and that is free alike from all pungent odors. Milk of prime quality cannot be made by feeding half-decayed apples, defective potatoes and moldy food of any sort. A writer in the *Farmers' Advocate* states that "milk is a scavenger of the cow's body," which is a fact well understood by medical authorities. We once owned a cow on one side of the face of which appeared a bony tumor, which emitted an offensive odor. Her milk was unfit for human food, for the reason that the fresh and smoking liquid smelled as offensive as the tumor. The cow was allowed to rear a calf, but the excrementitious matter of that young animal emitted a strong odor, precisely like the stench of the foul tumor on the jaw of the dam. If cows are required to drink stagnant and offensive water, their milk cannot be pure. The large amount of liquid passing the udder of a cow makes that liquid an efficient flux for removing everything from the blood that is not needed there. The blood is a great many things that get into the blood in some way which circulate and pass out with the nutritive elements. The essential oils of plants which give them distinctive flavor or odor, as of turnips, onions, etc., the putrid matter in rotten potatoes, decaying grass, or any and every other food in a state of decomposition, will find their way out of the system through milk. It is a fact which must have been noticed by all observing farmers and their families that medicinal agencies, taken into the stomachs of all milk-giving animals, reappear in the milk of such animals. No fact is more notorious than that any medicine given to a nursing mother will affect the child in exactly the same way it does the mother, the medication being carried through the milk of the mother to the stomach of the child in such large proportions as to make the effect upon the child as active as upon the mother. This inclination of the milk glands to carry off medicinal matter from the body of the milk-giving mother is not an isolated inclination to carry foreign matter from the system. Disease is carried as readily as medicine. Any and every disease which taints the blood, as small-pox, measles, typhoid fever, scrofula or consumption, are transmitted through milk as readily as the effects of medicine. The excretory power of the milk glands does not stop with carrying off medicine and disease. It extends to all foreign matter floating in the blood of the milk-producing animals. Nor is the power confined to the milk glands. It belongs to the other glands as well. All the large glands of the body act as scavengers. But each has a function of its own, to which it is more specially adapted. The liver and kidneys are more active in carrying off foreign and waste mineral matters, while the central glands are more active in ejecting organic substances. These functions, however, run into each other. The oil of turpentine will appear in the secretions of the kidneys in fifteen minutes after being swallowed, and nitrate of potash will about as soon appear, to some extent, in milk as well as in urine. While the milk glands are not very different from other large glands in their general action, their functions have an interest above all others in a sanitary and economical point of view.

The foregoing facts will furnish an impressive hint concerning their poor butter to those proprietors of cows who require their animals to drink at stagnant ponds.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Temporary Trees.

A very passable substitute for trees on new lots which are wholly bare and glaring in the sun may be supplied by some of the large and strong-growing annuals. Although they may not be of service more than two or three months, even that brief period of relief from a treeless prospect will repay the slight trouble of planting many times over. There are three plants which may be specially recommended for this purpose, all of which, if fairly treated, grow to respectable size in a short time. First, the sunflower, which, though not ornamental for a front situation, may, if properly placed in a front grounds, add real beauty to a lot. It is also useful in counteracting miasma in diseases, and for its large yield of valuable seeds, and the dried stalks are worth something for fuel. Second, is the castor oil bean, which is a real ornament, and no mean representative of a tree in size and reach of branches. But the best of all extemporized shrubbery is hemp. On good soil, if the plant is trained single, it will grow eight or nine feet high, and it is as handsome as an evergreen. Its dark glossy foliage is not excelled for beauty, and the form of the plant is such as to give the best effect of real shrubbery. Besides, when fall comes, the abundant yield of seed will attract around the door flocks of thankful birds whose presence and enjoyment of the provision for their wants are of themselves a rich reward for the pains of planting and raising. Perhaps some may not have appreciated the beauty of a hemp plant, but if placed alone or far enough apart from its neighbors it will make a really fine shade during the hottest months and add greatly to the beauty of a rear yard, or even to the front. Many persons would feel proud enough if they had evergreens as large as the hemp would grow, and it is better to have shrubbery and variety a part of the year than not at all.—*Indiana Farmer.*

Laying Out a Small Garden.

"How shall I arrange my little front yard, of less than thirty feet square, to make it look the best?" writes a new correspondent. Having given our friend from Connecticut the English plan desired, we will now give a simple plan of our own, and we would like to see them both made, side by side. It is not well to have every little garden an exact copy of its neighbor, for there is beauty in diversity. In gardening it is best not to attempt more than we can accomplish, but to do everything in the best possible manner. In so small a space the plan should be simple. Much has been written against straight walks, and in consequence there has, for some years, been a mania for curved paths, and many little front yards have been sadly disfigured by a desperate attempt to make a graceful curve in a little walk leading from the street to the front door, and perhaps not more than twenty feet in length. All such walks should be straight, and the attempt to make them otherwise is ridiculous. With a good, neat and broad walk in the front door, from this a narrower one leading to the rear of the house, you have all the walks necessary, and all that will look well. In a lot only thirty feet in width, the walk leading to the front door will be, of course, only a few feet from one side of the lot, leaving space for a little unbroken lawn about twenty thirty feet from the street. The space on the other side of the walk will be only a narrow border. Have all the space not used for the walk graded nicely, and covered with grass, either by sodding or sowing seed. Seed must be sown in early fall or spring, and sodding should be done at the same seasons. Keep the grass in perfect order by frequent cutting, and it will look well at all times, except during severe droughts in the middle of summer. If it can have a soaking of water once or twice a week, it will be as green as emerald in the Northern States from April to November, and in some places nearly or quite the whole year. Kentucky Blue Grass or lawn grass seed, which is about the same, is the best seed to sow.

Now we have the foundation of all ornamental gardening, a good walk and a well kept lawn, and there is little more to do—only just a little ornamenting or gilding. This must be done sparingly. Profuse ornamentation outrages all good taste, so we will make a bed in the middle of the lawn, of some simple form, a circle or an oval. This would look well filled with caladinus and cannas. If these should be too expensive, ten cents' worth of striped and blotched petunia seed would give plants enough for two such beds, and would be exceedingly showy, and endure all summer. Thanks to a kind Providence, beauty is cheap—almost, and often entirely, without money or price. A few shrubs around the edges of the little lawn, perhaps to screen the fence or any other object, some climbers over the front door, like the asrtoclinia, and a climbing rose at or near the corner of the house farthest from the front door, and you have done about all that can be done to beautify so small a space. Instead of the flower-bed in the center of the lawn it would not be a bad plan to substitute a fine, well-filled vase, with a small bed of flowers near each corner, or a few half-moon shaped beds near the fences.

Garden work needs a large stock of patience, and we are pleased that it is so; it is an excellent discipline for an irritable temper. Things will not all prove satisfactory for the first season; but we see reason to hope for better things next year, and we have enough success to give us faith in the future. What a grand school for the culture of patience, faith and hope! Then some of our work proves to be in excellent taste, while a portion we dislike, and resolve to change and improve another year. Thus, while we improve our gardens we improve ourselves, and while they get handsomer we get, at least, better. We propose no model, therefore, for any garden, and only give a few suggestions to set people thinking and working—just the key-note to get the tune properly started.—*Vick's Floral Guide for 1876.*

John Forster.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* gives some interesting anecdotes of John Forster. One day, as he sat a guest at Dickens' table, some one asked the host how many children he had.

"Four," said Dickens.

Whereupon Forster interrupted, with an air of great authority.

"Dickens, you have five children."

"Upon my word, Forster," Dickens expostulated, "allow me to know the number of my own family."

"Five, my dear Dickens," was the firm rejoinder.

When it was proved that four was the correct number, Forster gave in with a laugh.

Mr. Forster, although sometimes apparently harsh toward his servants, was greatly beloved by them. The zeal and veneration with which his servant Henry waited on him during many years were noticed by all his friends. Henry's blind devotion was illustrated on one occasion when his master had a dinner party. During the dinner Henry was nervous, and made two or three blunders. His master chafed and fumed, and cast angry glances at his servant, but the poor man could not settle quietly to his duty. At last, when the dessert and wine had been placed upon the table, he stole timidly behind Mr. Forster's chair and said:

"Please, sir, can you spare me now? my house has been on fire the last hour and a half!"

Dickens loved the high character, and thoroughly respected and trusted the opinion, of his friend and biographer. He also delighted to contemplate his gorgeous manner when dealing with the smallest things—the imperial air with which he asked Henry for his coat, the mighty look of command with which he hailed a cab.

—Mary—"I say, Mrs. McCarthy, this 'ere's a bad cabbage." "Shure now, and is it, honey? Then pick another. Bless yer, young cabbages is like sweethearts; you must thry half a dozen 'fore ye get a good wan."

The Quality of the Blood.

Upon the quality of the blood depends, in a great measure, the vigor and health of the body. If the blood is wanting in nutritious properties, the muscles are sure to be weak and flabby, the flesh deficient in quantity, the skin sallow and dry, the cheeks hollow, and the eye listeless. To improve the quality of the blood, stimulate digestion and assimilation with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Under the influence of this strength-creating cordial the body is efficiently nourished and the flesh grows, in consequence, more abundant, the muscles become more compact, the cheek is tinged with a healthful color, and the eye regains its brightness. The Bitters also free the blood from impurities by stimulating the kidneys and bowels to thoroughly perform their duty of carrying off the refuse of the system, which, if not entirely got rid of, poisons the vital current.

An Ounce of Preventive Worth Ten Pounds of Cure.—A course of Simmons' Liver Regulator, commenced now, will purify and regulate the whole system—placing it in an attitude of complete defense, with every vulnerable point fortified and guarded, and as nearly invulnerable to unwholesome miasmatic influences as is possible for the human structure to be.

"O wad some power the gift to gie us,
To see ourself's as ithers see us."

Behold that pale, emaciated figure, with downcast eye, like some criminal about to meet her fate! See that nervous, distrustful look, as she