

THE CARM CHUMS.

The Carmi Chums was the name they went by all along the river. Most other roustabouts had each a name of his own; so had the Carmi Chums, for that matter, but the men themselves were never mentioned individually—always collectively. No steamboat Captain who wanted only a single man ever attempted to hire half of the Carmi Chums at a time—as easy would it have been to have hired half of the Siamese Twins. No steamboat mate who knew them ever attempted to "tell off" the Chums into different watches, and any mate who, not knowing them, committed this blunder, and adhered to it after explanation was made, was sure to be two men short immediately after leaving the steamer's next landing. There seemed no possible way of separating them; they never fell out with each other in the natural course of events; they never fought when drunk, as other friendly roustabouts sometimes did, for the Carmi Chums never got drunk; they never sprang up any coolness between them because of love for the same lady, for they did not seem to care at all for female society, unless they happened to meet some old lady whom one might love as a mother rather than as a sweetheart. Even professional busybodies, from whose presence roustabouts are not free from church members, were unable to provoke the Carmi Chums even to suspicion, and those of them who attempted it too persistently were likely to have a difficulty with the slighter of the Chums. This man, who was called Black, because of the color of his hair, was apparently forty years of age, of very ordinary appearance, except when an occasional furtive, frightened look came into his face and attracted attention. His companion called Red, because his hair was of the hue of carrots, and because it was occasionally necessary to distinguish him from his friend, seemed of about the same age and degree of ordinariness as Black, but was rather stouter, more cheery, and, to us the favorite roustabout simile, held his head closer to the current. He seemed, when Black was absent minded (as he generally was while off duty), to be the leading spirit of the couple, and to be tenderly alive to all of his partner's needs; but observing roustabouts noticed that when freight was being moved, or wood taken on board, Black was always where he could keep an eye on his chum, and when he could demand instant reparation from any wretch who trod upon Red's toes, or who with a shoulder load of wood grazed Red's head, or touched Red with box or barrel.

headed for the shore end of the ripple. She seemed almost into the boiling mud in front of her when the passengers on the steamer heard the Mate in the boat shout: "Back, all." The motion of the oars changed in an instant, but a little too late, for a heavy root of the fallen giant, just covered by the water, caught the little craft, and caused it to career so violently that one man was thrown into the water. As she righted, another man went in. "Confound it!" growled the Captain, who was leaning out of the pilot house window. "I hope they can swim. Still, 'taint as bad as it would be if we had any more cargo to take aboard." "It's the Chums," remarked the pilot, who had brought a glass to bear upon the boat. "Thunder, exclaimed the Captain, striking a bell. "Below there! Lower away another boat—lively!" Then, turning to the passengers, he exclaimed: "Nobody on the river'd forgive me if I lost the Chums. 'Twould be as bad as Barnum losing his giraffe." The occupants of the first boat were evidently of the Captain's own mind, for they were eagerly peering over her side, and into the water. Suddenly the pilot dropped his glass, extemporized a trumpet with both hands, and shouted: "Forward—forward! One of 'em's up!" Then he put his mouth to the speaking tube, and screamed to the engineer: "Let her drop down a little, Billy!" The sounding party headed towards a black speck, apparently a hundred yards below them, and the great steamer drifted down stream. The speck moved towards shore, and the boat, rapidly shortening distance, seemed to scrape the banks with her port oars. "Safe enough now, I guess," exclaimed Judge Turner, of one of the southern Illinois circuits. The Judge had been interrupted in telling a story when the accident occurred, and was in a hurry to resume. "As I was saying," said he, "he hardly looked like a professional horse thief. He was little and quiet, and had always worked away steadily at his trade. I believed him when he said 'twas his first offense, and that he did it to raise money to bury his child; and I was going to give him an easy sentence, and ask the Governor to pardon him. The laws have to be executed, you know, but there's no law against mercy being practiced afterwards. Well, the Sheriff was bringing him from jail to hear the verdict and the sentence, when a short man, with red hair, knocked the Sheriff down, and off galloped that precious couple for the Wabash. I saw the entire—

ought to let the second boat's crew go on with that, and you have gone back to your soundings. They was the Chums, to be sure, but now they're only dead roustabouts. Below there! Pass out a couple of shovels!" "Perhaps some ladies would go down with the boat, Captain—and a preacher, too, if there's one aboard," remarked the mate, with an earnest but very mysterious expression. "Why, what in thunder does the fellow mean?" stammered the Captain, audibly. "Women—and a preacher—for dead roustabouts. What do you mean, Mr. Bell?" "Red's a woman," briefly responded the mate. The passengers all started—the Captain brought his hands together with a tremendous clap, and exclaimed: "Murder will out! But who'd have thought I was to be the man to find out the secret of the Carmi Chums? Guess I'll be the biggest man on the New Orleans levee, after all. Yes, certainly—of course some ladies 'll go—and a preacher, too, if there's such a man aboard. Hold up, though—we'll all go. Take your soundings, quick, and we'll drop the steamer just below the point and tie up. I wonder if there is a preacher aboard?" No one responded for a moment; then the Judge spoke: "Before I entered the law I was the regularly settled pastor of a Presbyterian church," said he. "I'm decidedly rusty now, but a little time will enable me to prepare myself properly. Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen." The sounding boat pulled away, and the Judge retired to his stateroom. The ladies, with very pale faces, gathered in a group and whispered earnestly with each other; then ensued visits to each other's staterooms, and the final regathering of the ladies with two or three bundles. The soundings were taken, and as the steamer dropped down stream, men were seen cutting a path down the rather steep clay bank. The Captain put his hands to his mouth and shouted: "Dig only one grave—make it wide enough for two." And all the passengers nodded assent and satisfaction. Time had been short since the news reached the steamer, but the Bennett's carpenter, who was himself a married man, had made a plain coffin by the time the boat tied up, and another by the time the grave was dug. The first was put upon a long barrow, over which the Captain had previously spread a tablecloth, and followed by the ladies, was deposited beside the body of Red. Half an hour later the men placed Black in the other coffin, removed both to the side of the grave, and signaled the boat. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the Captain. The Judge appeared, with a very solemn face, his coat buttoned tight to his throat, and the party started. Col. May of Missouri, who read Voltaire and didn't believe in anything, maliciously took the Judge's arm and remarked: "You didn't finish your story, Judge." The Judge frowned reprovingly. "But really," persisted the Colonel, "I don't want curiosity to divert my mind from the solemn services about to take place. Do tell me if they ever caught the rascals." "They never did," replied the Judge. "The Sheriff hunted and advertised, but he could never hear a word of either of them. But I'd know either one of them at sight. Sh—h—h—here we are at the grave."

Some Large Families. Says a writer in All the Year Round: About the year 1700, one Lady Elphinstone died the mother of thirty-six children, of whom twenty-seven were living at one time. The late Bishop Bathurst, of Norwich, was the twenty-third child of Mr. Bathurst, youngest brother of the first Lord Bathurst. But this is only part of the story; for Mr. Bathurst, who had twenty-two children by his first wife, and was destined to have fourteen by his second, making a good round three dozen altogether. Rather distinguished in this way were the Bathursts; for two brothers and a sister of his had during their respective married lives, sixty-four children, which, with his thirty-six, made just an even hundred. Another married couple, Thomas and Helen Urquhart, are ranked among those who have had thirty-six children. The parents lived at Cromarty castle, in the early part of the sixteenth century; their twenty-five sons all grew up to manhood, and many of them became distinguished, while the eleven daughters all lived to be married, and many of them to be the mothers of large families. The Urquhart blood, therefore, must have been rather extensively diffused in Scotland by the end of the century. An authenticated case of thirty-nine brooders and sisters was afforded by the Greenhill family in the closing years of the seventeenth century. Mr. Thomas Greenhill, a surgeon, afterward author of a treatise on the "Art of Embalming," addressed in 1698 a memorial to the Duke of Norfolk, in his capacity as earl marshal of England: "That in consideration of your petitioner being the seventh son and thirty-ninth child of one father and mother, your grace would be pleased to signalize it by some particular motto or augmentation in his coat of armor, to transmit to posterity as uncommon a thing." The College of Arms, or Herald's college, of which the hereditary earl marshal is the official head, assented to the application of Thomas Greenhill, by granting an addition to the armorial bearings of the family. In the language of heraldry, which is not very intelligible to outsiders, the addition was in the form of a demy-griffin, powdered with thirty-nine pellets.

The Prospect for Hogs. There is naturally considerable anxiety to learn the probable number of hogs which will be marketed in the West this season, and from several sources we have received invitations to furnish such information as we can obtain on this subject. Such information of a definite and reliable character is very meagre, and in the nature of the case any opinions on this matter, even from the various producing sections, are more a matter of conjecture than of certainty, and the most that can be done is to give the general indications and the few facts which according to natural laws conduce to increase or reduce the production. In the first place, it must be considered that the area of the corn-growing and consequently the hog-raising section of the country is rapidly extending westward, and that in the comparatively new States west of the Mississippi river the new land brought under cultivation annually makes a material addition to the capacity of the country. It is not improbable that such States as Ohio, Kentucky, and possibly Indiana, have reached the maximum of their corn-raising and hog-producing interests, not because they have not yet ample capacity, but because much of the land can be more profitably devoted to other purposes, such as sheep-raising, dairy farming and vegetable gardening, while in many sections of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, corn is the most profitable crop, not only because it can be raised in greater quantities, but because much of the land can be turned into pork and marketed with less expense than any other crop. The supply of hogs depends largely upon the quantity and quality of the corn crop. That a larger area of country was planted in corn this year than usual is generally conceded. It has met some vicissitudes, but taking the country together, the yield is doubtless fully up to the average, and the quality somewhat superior. Now as to the basis for the production of fat hogs. The reports of the Auditors of State show that there were less hogs in most of the Western States which were six months old or over on April 1, 1875, than one year preceding, but this is not conclusive as to the ability of the country to turn out fat hogs this winter, for it is well known that spring pigs constitute a large part of the stock hogs which are fattened during the autumn and winter for packing. This is one of the modern improvements in pork-raising, and a very important one, because of its economical advantages. It will be remembered that at the close of the winter packing season last year, there was a prevalent impression that there were few hogs in the country which could be made available for summer packing, but the result shows that there was no great falling off from last summer, and this illustrates how a demand will be met with a corresponding supply if the inducement in price is sufficient. Farmers have learned that it is more profitable to fatten young hogs and market them when ten to fifteen months old than to keep them two years or more. We think this is the true inwardness of the condition shown by the Auditors' reports. If we are correct in this it follows that there is no force in the argument that there are not enough hogs in the country to furnish the usual number for packing this season. There is a sufficient inducement in the present and prospective price of hogs for farmers to utilize all of their feed—other than corn, which has been unusually abundant this autumn—in bringing their stock hogs up to the point where they will fatten rapidly on corn. The fact that many of the hogs are young will doubtless lead to late feeding if the weather proves favorable; but we see no more reason to suppose that there will be a scarcity of early hogs than there was last spring to expect no fat hogs during the summer. We think we have somewhere met with the observation that this is a great country, and that the hog is a prolific animal, but which some people seem to diabolize at this season of the year.—Cincinnati Price Current, Oct. 25.

Wonders of Memory. Pity says that Cyrus had a memory so prodigious that he could name every officer and soldier in his army; and that Lucius Scipio knew every Roman citizen by name when that city contained more than two hundred thousand capable of bearing arms. Seneca speaks of a friend, Pontius Latro, who could repeat verbatim all the speeches he had heard declaimed by the Roman orators. It is said that Joseph Scaliger committed to memory both the Iliad and the Odyssey in twenty-one days. Sir William Hamilton tells us of a young Corsican of good family who had gone to Padua to study civil law, in which he soon distinguished himself. "He was a frequent visitor at the house and gardens of Muretus, who, having heard that he possessed a remarkable art or faculty of memory, though incredulous in regard to reports, took occasion to request from him a specimen of his power. He at once agreed; and, having adjourned with a considerable party of distinguished auditors into a saloon, Muretus began to dictate words, Latin, Greek, barbarous, significant and non-significant, disjointed and connected, until he wearied himself, the young man who wrote them down, and the audience who were present—"we were all," he says, "marvelously tried." The Corsican alone was the one of the whole company alert and fresh, and continually desired Muretus for more words, who declared he would be more than satisfied if he could repeat the half of what he had taken down, and at length he ceased. The young man, with his gaze fixed upon the ground, stood silent for a brief season; and then says Muretus, "Vidi facinus mirificissimum." Having begun to speak, he absolutely repeated the whole words in the same order in which they had been delivered, without the slightest hesitation; then, commencing from the last, he repeated them backward till he came to the first. Then, again, so that he spoke the first, the third, the fifth, and so on; did this in any order that was asked, and all without the smallest error. Having subsequently become familiarly acquainted with him, I have had other and frequent experience of his power. He assured me (and he had nothing of the boaster in him) that he could recite in the manner I have mentioned to the amount of thirty-six thousand words. And what is more wonderful, they all so adhered to the mind, that after a year's interval he could repeat them without trouble. I know, from having tried him, he could do so after considerable time."—E. S. Droner, Scribner for Nov.

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USEFUL RECIPES. EXCELLENT SOUP.—Take a pound of salt beef or pork, and cut it into very small pieces into the saucepan. Pour six quarts of water over it and let it boil over a slow fire three-quarters of an hour. When this is done, put in some carrots, turnips, potatoes, well cleaned, and a cabbage, all cut into slices. Let this boil slowly another hour, and then thicken it with a pint of oatmeal, stirring it after the oatmeal is put in, to keep it smooth and nice. Season it with pepper and salt, and there is a dinner for a large family. If any soup remains when all have done dinner, keep it in a clean earthen dish or pan till the next day. DRIED BEEF.—An "old fashioned" house-keeper sends the Germania Telegraph a capital recipe for drying beef: Pint of salt, teaspoon of brown sugar, teaspoon of saltpetre, mixed well together, for every twenty pounds of beef. Divide the mixture into four equal parts, lay the meat on a board and rub one of the parts in every consecutive morning for four mornings. On the fifth or sixth day it will be ready to hang up. If the mixture is done in cold weather and the mixture well rubbed in, it will keep during the hottest weather, or until used. We like it best without being smoked; is nice broiled white now, or frizzled with cream equally so chopped and eaten raw. Council Bluffs has voted to borrow \$12,000 for internal improvements.

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