

Henry Ward Beecher's Farm.

Mark Twain has written of Mr. Beecher's old farm on the Hudson River as follows:

Mr. Beecher's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on on strict scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He plows, and reaps, and digs, and sows according to the best authorities, and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book-farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay ought to be cut, the hay-book could not be found, and before it was found it was too late, and the hay was all spoiled. Mr. Beecher raised some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavorable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for \$1.50, and feeds him \$40 worth of corn, and then sells him for about \$9. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but he makes \$7.50 on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn. And, any way it turns out, he has the excitement of raising the hog, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty.

One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago his far-sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of watermelons, and therefore he put in a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes up the infernal carrots—though I have never heard him express it just in that way. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason so many farmers failed; they scattered their forces too much; concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together, and put them all under one experienced old hen. That hen roosted over that contract night and day for eleven weeks, under the anxious personal supervision of Mr. Beecher himself, but she could not "phase" those eggs. Why? Because they were those infamous porcelain things which are used by ingenious and fraudulent farmers as "nest-eggs." But perhaps Mr. Beecher's most disastrous experience was the time he tried to raise an immense crop of dried apples. He planted \$1,500 worth, but never one of them sprouted. He has never been able to understand to this day what was the matter with those apples.

Mr. Beecher's farm is not a triumph. It would be easier on him if he worked it on shares with some one; but he cannot find anybody who is willing to stand half the expense, and not many that are able. Still, persistence in any cause is bound to succeed. He was a very inferior farmer when he first began, but a prolonged and unflinching assault upon his agricultural difficulties has had its effect at last, and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

A Russian Favorite.

Potemkin had an inordinate affection for honors and titles; whenever he saw a decoration on the breast of an Ambassador he had to be informed whether or not it was an "order," an association, or a badge, the history of its institution, and the grounds on which it was awarded. Many a one was bored with his importunities on the orders of Russia. His importunities to be created a Prince were wearisome. Catherine was not in the habit of conferring this rank on any of her subjects; she therefore besought Joseph of Austria to ennoble her favorite, who at the time had performed no public service to excuse his elevation to such rank. The Emperor, with a sense of shame and degradation, signed the patent of nobility. Anxious to conciliate one whom the Empress delighted to honor, Prussia decorated him with the order of the Black Eagle; Denmark followed with that of the Elephant, and Sweden with that of the Seraphim. It was a bitter drop in the cup of life that all Catherine's entreaties could not secure for him the orders of the Garter, of the Holy Ghost, and of the Golden Fleece. In spite of his vast wealth and occasional prodigality, he was avaricious; a just debt he paid by kicking the importunate creditor out of doors. He summoned a French veterinary surgeon from Vienna to prescribe for a valuable horse; after months of labor and of skillful treatment the doctor waited on the Prince officially to announce the cure, really to receive his fee. He was refused admission, and after a few weeks of weary waiting, returned to Vienna without receiving so much as his traveling expenses. Yet his prodigality, when the whim seized him, was boundless. No grander entertainment was ever given by a subject in honor of a sovereign than that Potemkin gave in honor of Catherine a year before his death. The Prince received her Majesty at the doors of his palace dressed in a scarlet coat; over his shoulders there hung a long cloak of gold lace ornamented with precious stones; "there were as many diamonds in his dress as a dress could contain," his head-dress was so heavy with them that an aide-de-

camp was detached to carry it. As Potemkin conducted his guest through the hall of his palace, a choir of three hundred hired musicians welcomed her with a burst of song. Thence he led the Imperial lady, beaming with fat and greasy smiles—for the symmetry of her early years had long ago left her—into the saloon; its pillars were of sculptured palm trees; vases of Carrara marble stood at either end of it; countless mirrors flashed back the light of its crystal lustres. The finest specimens of statuary abounded; shrubs in flower and exotic plants made endless summer in this enchanted hall. In the center of the saloon Catherine was met by a statue of herself carved from Parian marble. After her Majesty was seated, forty-eight dancers, all dressed in white scarves and girdles sparkling with diamonds worth ten millions of rubles, entered the saloon to amuse the guests whom the Prince had assembled in the sovereign's honor. The company was thereafter ushered into a second saloon hung with the richest tapestry; in the center of it stood an artificial elephant draped in robes interwoven with emeralds and rubies. After a pause a signal was given, and a curtain was drawn exposing to view a magnificent theater, to grace the stage of which the first actors of the day had been engaged, the entertainment winding up with a procession in which the costumes of the various tribes and principalities acknowledging Catherine's sovereignty were represented. Afterward every room in the palace was thrown open to the promenaders; then came the transformation scene; the whole building was ablaze; diamonds sparkled amid the soil of the summer-garden; prisms and crystals and mirrors mutually reflected each other's glory; the trunks of shrubs and fruit trees glistened and shone; the perfumes of Araby the blest filled the halls. At the supper-table six hundred guests sat down; the plate was of gold and silver; the viands were served in vases of alabaster; the wines were poured from golden cups and the waiters were dressed in the richest robes. Behind Catherine's chair Potemkin stood that he might wait on the Czarina, refusing to be seated till he was thrice commanded. At one in the morning her Majesty took her departure, an orchestra of vocal and instrumental music discoursing a hymn in her praise. At the door-step she turned round to express her gratitude to the Prince, who thereupon fell on his knees, and impulsively kissing her hand, stammered out, with broken voice and bedewed eyes, his loyalty and devotion.—*Temple Bar.*

An Old Farmer's Narrow Escape from Freezing.

Parties who came in from down the Bozeman road yesterday morning were startled to find a wagon and team belonging to Mr. Filson, of Beaver Creek, standing in the prairie about four miles from town, the owner not being in sight. The horses had been unhitched from the wagon, and it was evident that they had been there the greater part of the night. It was known that Mr. Filson started for Helena with a load of oats in the afternoon, and it was surmised that in the storm he had got off the road, and in the endeavor to find it had wandered away from his team and lost his way and probably his life. The night had been severely cold and the storm blinding. It appears, however, that in this they were partially wrong, as on reaching town Mr. Filson was found comfortably ensconced at one of the hotels. He had left home the previous day with about 2,500 pounds of oats in his wagon, and on reaching Woolfolk hill his team refused to pull. There was a fierce storm blowing, and rather than spend time in a vain effort to start the horses, he took the oats, sack by sack, and carried them up the hill.

After reloading the wagon, he started on again, but his team soon got into a snow-drift and could go no farther. He then unhitched the horses and getting onto one of them and leading the other, again started for town. Again the horses got into a deep snow drift and Mr. Filson was unable to "make them move." He was now becoming benumbed with cold and also became very sleepy, a dangerous sign. He resolved to go back to his wagon and pass the night in it, as he had left some blankets there. Fortunately for him, he was unable to find the wagon; he was, however, for the reason that if he had succeeded in finding it there is small doubt but that he would have frozen to death during the night. Finally in despair he turned toward town, becoming more sleepy and numb every moment.

After a struggle of two or three hours, which only the greatest exertion of will power enabled him to sustain, he reached the lower end of Rodney street. Here overstrained nature gave up, and the despairing man fell to the ground, where he lay in an almost unconscious condition. He knew that he was freezing to death, but was unable to longer fight off the overpowering desire for sleep. Strange visions appeared before him. Strange sounds rang in his ears. At one moment thousands of sleighs with their jingling bells seemed to pass round and over him. He seemed to hear music and songs in the distance, and bright, many-colored lights shone before him. Providentially at about this time two men passed along the road, and, although believing him to be drunk, they rubbed him, got him on to his feet and managed to get him to a hotel. Mr. Filson, who is seventy-four years old, has now entirely recovered from the effects of his unpleasant adventure; but it may be truthfully said that he does not hanker for any more experience in freezing to death.—*Helena (M. T.) Independent.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Pure precipitated sulphur, dusted on the face every night, will remove and prevent pimples. If the sulphur be performed, it will make an elegant cosmetic.—*Home Treasure.*

One cow well fed and comfortably cared for will produce quite as much milk and butter as two that are allowed to run at large, lie on the wet ground and be subject to the exposure of the weather.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

There is nothing better to clean window-glass with than a chamois skin. Wash the skin carefully first; after washing the glass rinse the skin, wring it dry, and wipe the glass with it. No other polishing will be required.—*N. Y. Post.*

Half an ounce each of cream of tartar and oxalic acid mixed and pounded together will suffice to remove stains from white clothing for a long time. Moistened the stain, rub on a little of the mixture, then wash and rinse thoroughly. The bottle containing this preparation should be marked "poison."

When large wounds are made in removing limbs or branches of fruit trees they should be covered with common oil paint. Linseed-oil and the mineral iron paint is the best for this purpose. It does not cause the bark to grow over the wound and so seal it, but it preserves the wood from rotting, and so prevents the decay and injury of the tree. No living thing, not even a tree, can long exist with a part of it in a dead and decaying condition.—*N. Y. Times.*

Apple Chocolate: In a pint of new milk boil half a pound of scraped chocolate; beat the yolk of three eggs and the white of one, and when the chocolate has boiled draw it away from the fire, and very gradually stir in the eggs. Pulp six large apples and lay them in a pie-dish, sweeten and season with cinnamon powdered; pour the chocolate over it very gently, so as not to mix with the apples; set it aside to cool, and when firm sift some sugar over it, and glaze with a salamander.—*Denver Tribune.*

A serviceable cover to throw over a lounge or couch in the sitting-room is made by taking a broad, bright stripe of cretonne, on each side of this put a stripe of black or dark brown cloth (line it to give body to it); on each edge put a row of fancy stitches in silk or creweil; the ends may be finished with fringe or not, as you choose. Another cover is made of the drab Aida canvas, with the ends worked in loose overcast stitches. The canvas may be fringed off if you take the precaution to overcast the edge when you stop raveling, to prevent its fraying out to greater depth than you care to have it.—*N. Y. Post.*

There are several methods of making paste, one is as follows: Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When it is cold stir in as much flour, either of wheat or rye, as will make a smooth thick cream, free from lumps; stir in a large pinch of powdered resin, and put in a dozen cloves to give it a pleasing scent. Have in a clean tin pail half a pint of boiling water and pour the flour mixture into it, stirring continually until it boils and becomes a thick mush. Pour it out into a bowl to cool, cover it, and keep it in a cool place. For use take out a portion and soften it with warm water. The paste will keep a year. To make paste adhere to tin rub the tin with a clean rag dipped in a weak solution of caustic soda or potash, and wipe dry with another rag. Any paste will then adhere.

Early Navigation.

"Ever seen navigation open as early as this before?" he repeated, as he glanced out of the window at the river and settled back in his chair—"bless you; yes! Why, this is no spring at all compared to one we had along in the forties. I don't exactly remember the year, but we'll say 1844."

"Very early, was it?"

"Yes, indeed. We only had seven flakes of snow that whole winter, and they fell in December. Only seven, sir, and the other two men who kept count with me are now up in the sail loft. Shall I call 'em down?"

"Oh, no matter. Was the river frozen?"

"Not the first sight of ice all winter."

"Did vessels continue to run?"

"Right along without a break. On the 10th of January I sailed into Buffalo with a cargo of wheat, and the weather was so warm that the men walked the decks barefooted. On the return trip I was sun-struck off Point Au Pelee."

"Is that possible?"

"That's a dead fact. That was a sad trip for me, both financially any physically."

"Why, you didn't lose any money, did you?"

"Not on the cargo, but going off just at the time I did and being gone eleven days threw my garden patch all behind and it never caught up."

"But you got over the sun-stroke?"

"Not entirely, and probably never shall. I can't talk five minutes without feeling dry, and if I should go to ask you to have a glass of beer with me I'd stutter over it so long that you'd have a chance to ask me twice to drink with you."

"No, young man," he continued, as he carefully put the glass down, "don't try to rush the season. Early navigation has no money in it, and it is full of perils. I've tried it, and the result is an infirmity which will follow me to my grave. I always smoke after drinking, and yet—thanks—don't care if I do—I prefer dark color—and yet—that is, don't rush things. There's nothing gained by it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The word "carnival," so often in use at the present time, is derived from the Latin *carni vale*, "farewell to meat."

A Little Story About Table Economy.

It is Saturday afternoon, and I will tell you in confidence, my dear reader, (of course with the understanding that you won't speak of it,) a little of my personal, private experiences during the past week.

On Sunday morning last I thought I would try for the week the experiment of living cheaply.

Sunday breakfast, hulled Southern corn, with a little milk. My breakfast cost three cents. I took exactly the same thing for dinner. Food for the day six cents. I never take any supper.

Monday breakfast, two cents' worth of oatmeal, in the form of porridge, with one cent's worth of milk. For dinner two cents' worth of whole wheat boiled with one cent's worth of milk. Food for Monday six cents.

Tuesday breakfast, two cent's worth of beans, with half a cent's worth of vinegar. For dinner, one quart of rich bean porridge, worth one cent, with four slices of coarse bread worth two cents. Food for Tuesday five and a half cents.

Wednesday breakfast, hominy made of Southern corn (perhaps the best of all food for laboring men in hot weather) two cents' worth, with one cent's worth of sirup. For dinner a splendid beef stew, the meat in which cost two cents. A little extravagant you see. But then, you know, "a short life and a merry one." Perhaps you don't believe that the meat was purchased for two cents? But it was, though. The fact is that from an ox weighing eight hundred pounds net, you can purchase certain parts weighing about one hundred pounds, even in this dearest of American markets, for three cents per pound. Two-thirds of a pound made more stew than I could eat. There was really enough for two of us. But then, you know how careless and reckless we Americans are in regard to our table expenses, always getting twice as much as we need. I must not forget to say that these coarse, cheap portions of the animal are among the best for a stew. The very genius of waste seems to have taken possession of me that fatal day. I poured into my stew all at once, slap-dab, a quarter of a cent's worth of Leicester sauce, and as if to show that it never rains but it pours, I closed that glutinous scene by devouring a cent's worth of hominy pudding. Food for Wednesday eight and a quarter cents.

The gross excess of Wednesday led to a very moderate Thursday breakfast, which consisted of oatmeal porridge and milk, costing about two and a half cents. For dinner, cracked wheat and baked beans, two cents' worth of each, milk one cent's worth. Food for Thursday cost seven and a half cents.

Friday breakfast, Southern hulled corn and milk, costing three cents. For dinner, another of those gormandic surfeits which so disgraced the history of Wednesday. Expense for the day, eight and a quarter cents.

This morning, when I went to the table I said to myself: "What's the use of this economy?" and I made up my mind for this day, at least, I would sink all moral restraints, and give up reins to appetite. I have no apology or defense for what followed.

Saturday breakfast, I began with one cent's worth of oatmeal porridge, with a teaspoonful of sugar worth a quarter of a cent. Then followed a cent's worth of cracked wheat, with half a cent's worth of milk. Then the breakfast closed with two cent's worth of milk and one cent's worth of rye and Indian bread. For dinner I ate half a small lobster, which cost three cents, with one cent's worth of coarse bread, and one cent's worth of hominy salad, and closed with two cents' worth of cracked wheat and milk. Cost of the day's food twelve and three-quarter cents.

In all of these statements only the cost of material is given. The cost of cooking is not given.

Cost for the week fifty-four and a quarter cents.

Of course I don't pretend that everybody can live in this luxurious way. It isn't every body that can afford it. I could have lived just as well, so far as health and strength are concerned, in half the money. Besides, on three days I ate too much altogether, and suffered from thirst and dullness. But then I may plead that my habits are very active. Not only have I written forty odd pages of this book during the week, but I have done a large amount of hard, muscular labor.

By the way, I weighed myself at the beginning of the week and found it was just two hundred and twelve pounds. Since dinner to-day I weighed again and found I balanced two hundred and twelve and a half pounds, although I have had unusual demands for exertion of various kinds.

But let me feed a family of ten instead of one person, and I will give them the highest health and strength upon a diet which will cost here in Boston not more than two dollars for the ten persons for a week. Let me transfer my experiment to Iowa, where wheat, corn, oats and beef are so cheap, and the cost of feeding my family of ten would be so ridiculous that I dare not mention it lest you laugh at me.

And so far from my family group being of ghosts or skeletons, I will engage that they shall be plumper and stronger, healthier and happier, with clearer skins, brighter eyes, sweeter breaths, whiter teeth, and, in addition, they shall live longer than your Delmonico diners, each of whom spends enough at a single dinner to feed my family of ten for a week. And last, but not least, they shall enjoy their meals vastly more than your Delmonico diners.—*Dio Lewis, in Golden Rule.*

The albatross, the largest of sea birds, flies with the velocity of 100 miles an hour.

FACTS ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Antiquarians say that the umbrella was invented shortly after the flood, and has been the least improved upon of all appliances for human comfort, the shape being now as it was in those youthful days of the world. An umbrella is much like a pigeon as to the question of possession—the last one who gets it owns it. The following facts about umbrellas—especially the last one—may serve every reader a splendid purpose sooner or later: To place you, umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but drippings of the rain, indicates courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies that "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella signifies that "I am a fool." To carry an umbrella just high enough to rear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To go without an umbrella in a rain-storm shows a sure sign of getting rheumatism, and will have to lose St. Jacobs Oil to get well." To keep a fine umbrella for your own use and a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, always in the house, in case of rheumatism or accident, would signify that you are real philosopher.



The following communication to the editor of the Salem (Mass.) Register shows how an artist treated his visitor: "I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday, and, without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Hatch's coal teams had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; he always swells and puts on a great many airs, making himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in flesh and pocket. Last winter he came and stayed two months; I then decided that the next time he came I would change his diet. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of St. Jacobs Oil—morning, noon and night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by to-morrow or next day; says he cannot stop any longer, as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and he intends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does, just give him the same fare that I did, and he won't stop long." J. S. LEPAVOR.

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