Iowa Republican Platform.

The resolutions adopted by the recent Republican State Convention of Iowa are as follows:

We, the representatives of the Republican party of the State of Iowa, in convention assembled, do adopt the fol lowing platform of principles:

Resolved 1. That, as the policy of the Republican party in relation to finance has afforded the people not only a safe, sound and popular currency of equal and uniform worth in every portion of our common country, but has likewise greatly improved the credit of the country, at home and abroad, we point with pride to its record and accomplishments in this regard, and, while reaffirming the policy announced by the party in the National Conventions of 1868 and 1872, and triumphantly indorsed by the people at the polls—a policy which, while contributing to the public credit, has also enhanced the individual and collective prosperity of the American people—we favor such legislation as shall make national banking free to all, under just and equal laws, based upon the policy of specie resumption at such time as is consistent with the material and industrial interests of the country, to the end that the volume of currency may be regulated by the natural laws of trade.

2. That we reaffirm the declaration of the Republican National platform of 1872 in favor of the payment by the Government of the United States of all its obligations in accordance with both the letter and the spirit of the laws under which such obligations were issued; and we declare that, in the absence of any express provision to the contrary, the obligations of the Government, when issued and placed upon the markets of the world, are payable in the world's currency—to wit, specie.

3. That under the Constitution of the United States Congress has power to regulate all commerce among the several States, whether carried on by railroads or by other means, and in the exercise of that power Congress may and should so legislate as to prohibit, under suitable penalties, extortion, unjust discrimination and other wrong and unjust conduct on the part of persons and corporations engaged in such commerce, and, by virtue of the same constitutional power, Congress may and should provide for the improvement of our great natural water-ways.

4. That the State has the power, and it is its duty, to provide by law for the regulation and control of railway transportation within its own limits, and we demand that the law of this State, passed for this purpose at the last session of the General Assembly, shall be upheld and enforced until it shall be superseded by other legislation or held unconstitutional by the proper judicial tribunal.

5. That we feel bound to provide all appropriate legislation for the full and equal protection of all citizens, white or black, native or foreign born, in the enjoyment of all the rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States and the amendments thereto.

6. That the twenty-seven million reduction in the estimated General Government expenses for the coming fiscal year meets our hearty commendation, and shows that the Republican party, in questions of retrenchment and economy, is carrying out in good faith its oft-repeated pledges to the people.

7. That we are in favor of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States providing for the election of President and Vice-President by a direct vote of the people.

8. That while inventors should be protected in their just rights of property in their inventions, we demand such modification of our Patent laws as shall render the same more fair and equitable to consumers.

9. That the faith of the Republican party is pledged to promote the best good of the civil service of the country, and that we, as Republicans of Iowa, demand that only honest and capable men be elected or appointed to office, and that we command the position of the party in instituting investigations of corruption in office, sparing therein neither friends nor foes.

10. That, since the people may be intrusted with all questions of governmental reform, we favor the final submission to the people of the question of amending the Constitution so as to extend the rights of suffrage to women, pursuant to the action of the Fifteenth General Assembly.

The Republican Party.

It is well for those who may feel disposed to censure the Republican party on account of the corruption of some of its members, to stop and consider before going too far. All, or nearly all, of the corruption on the part of Republican officials which has been brought to light was exposed by Republicans. The party, as a party, has steadily, persistently and quite efficiently exposed every species of unfaithfulness and deserves great credit at the hands of the people for its zeal in discovering and honesty in exposing official delinquencies. Such efforts to protect the people, even at the expense of party leaders, was never before known. During the long years of Democratic rule, which culminated in rebellion and civil war, no such record of honest devotion to the interests of the people can be found as that which has characterized the Republican party.

The Indiana State Convention in their platform very clearly and concisely state some of the commendable qualities of the Republican party, as follows:

Unlike the Democratic party, it lays no claim to political infallibility. But it does claim that it has shown itself both ready and competent to resist every form of wrong and oppression—to restrain injustice, to remove the public ills when they are known to exist, to condemn the conduct of faithless and dishonest public agents, and to detect and expose abuses in the administration of the Government, even when practiced by its professed adherents. It has never failed in the work of reform when shown to be necessary. No offender, detected in corruption, has escaped its condemnation, no matter what party service he may have rendered. It has never endeavored to defeat the public will, but regards the people and not mere party organizations as the primary source of political power. In the Credit Mobilier investigation, its repeal of the "salary-grab" law, the abolition of the corrupting moiety system, and other honest reforms, it has shown how readily it pays obedience to the public judgment. By its searching investigation into abuses in the District of Columbia and its prompt condemnation of administrative officers, it has demonstrated its unabated hostility to the demoralizing doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils of office."

But the Republican party is not solely entitled to confidence and support because it is opposed to corruption. It goes farther than this, and is the friend of every measure designed to benefit the people. Its sympathies are heartily in accordance with the spirit of our Government, and it has done more to elevate the oppressed and for human progress than any other party in this or any other country. It is the party of the people, and in all the measures advocated or adopted by it the object has been to extend liberty, insure equal rights, and promote general prosperity. The people cannot afford to abandon such a party to run after the skeleton of Democracy or the fanaticism of weak-minded ambition as exhibited in efforts to organize new parties upon narrow and inadequate platforms. If there are wrongs to correct, correct them inside the party. If there are new issues deserving of indorsement, have them indorsed and carried into effect by the Republican party. Its defeat can only be the success of Democracy; and Democracy gives no promise of good, but every assurance of evil legislation and government. Stand by the party of the people—the party which has given such vitality to the principles of our Government and the energies of the people.—*Toledo Blade.*

Jumping the Gap.

TOM POTTS, a well-known locomotive engineer in England and the States, is the self-accredited hero of the following wonderful story of successful daring. I will narrate it as nearly as I can in his own words. I have heard him tell it often:

"Well, gentlemen, I say you'll think it's a lie, but I can't help that; you have asked me to tell it; and all I can say is, if you'd been in my place you'd have seen it.

"I had been driving the 'Witch' for about seven months, and a sweet thing she was. I never was half so fond of an engine as I was of her. She was the kind of machine a man only gets once in a lifetime.

"She made her steam quick, was easy on fuel, started off lively, and went like a deer. Her cylinders were sixteen-inch, her stroke twenty-two, and her drivers seven feet six, and she was as kind to handle as a baby.

"To see her run off with a heavy load, light and gay, was enough to shame the Juno, Venus and Helen and other eighteen-inch machines.

"She never wanted fixing up. Venus was always going in and out of the shop to be thrivated, and if there's anything I don't like it's an engine that all the time wants to be titivated. She was always ready and willing for work. Why, bless you! she was only washed out for the sake of cleanliness—she didn't need it a bit.

"She was the tidiest thing I ever seen—seemed as though dirt wouldn't stick to her.

"Well, what I am going to tell came off years ago, before I left the old country, and it was one of the best railroads—single track, then, though it's got three now, and four in some spots.

"Well, the 'Witch' and I were put on the mail—one of the fastest trains; and they went like sixty in them days.

"The engineer was fined a shilling for every minute he lost. He dared not go slow for fog, unless he wanted to lose his day's pay. He had to keep going right along and see things before he got in sight of 'em.

"We were running north one darkish, wintry day, and were making our best streaks. I should reckon we were going about fifty miles an hour.

"I was saying to myself, 'she's going her prettiest,' when we suddenly shot ahead as if we had been fired out of a cannon.

"I knew what that ment. We had broke loose; we hadn't a car behind us. The coupling had broken between the tender and the first coach.

"How we flew, to be sure! I whistled the guard to brake up the train. How we bounded along!

"I could make out no objects alongside—we seemed to go faster and faster; we must have got as fast as 100 miles an hour.

"It was a straight piece of track for some miles. I did not shut off steam directly we broke, for I didn't want the train to run into us, which might happen if they did not hear me whistle for brakes.

"It was lucky I kept her going; for just as I had had enough of such flying a man started out about 600 yards before us, holding a red flag.

"There was nothing in the way, so I knew something must be wrong with the track.

"You might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind as the 'Witch' in that distance. Her speed was fearful.

"There wasn't time to think, as we could not stop; the faster we went the better; so I gave her what more steam there was. She seemed to have some 'go' in reserve, for we shot past the red flag like a flash.

"I saw men standing horror-struck.

"'Bill,' I said, 'quick! Get on the coke, and see what's ahead.'

"He looked and went deadly pale, tottered, and fell back in a faint.

"By this time I could see plain enough what was wrong.

"There was a gap in the track where a bridge had gone down.

"You can't imagine my feelings just then. Going to death—death, swift and terrible—at about two miles a minute—getting nearer and nearer! I thought of my wife and child—nearer! An instant more—the gap!

"'God have mercy,' I shrieked.

"Well, would you believe it? that engine just cleared that gap!

"It was fifteen feet across and about sixty feet deep.

"She jumped that gap like a stag, and, what's more, she struck the rails all right on the other side, and kept right along, just as if she had not noticed the gap!

"I stirred Bill up, and with both of us at the brake we managed at last to stop the 'Witch.'

"She was on a tear that day, but I never dreamed she'd jump the gap—that's a fact."—*Taylor's Fast Life on the Modern Highway.*

A Tree that Keeps a Standing Army.

AMONG the varied means of defense developed by plants in their ceaseless struggles for existence, there is, perhaps, none more wonderful or effective than that of a species of acacia which abounds on the dry savannahs of Central America. It is called the bull's-horn thorn, from the strong curved thorns like bulls' horns set in pairs all over the trunk and branches. These, no doubt, help to protect the tree from attacks of browsing cattle; but it has more dangerous enemies in the leaf-cutting ants and other insects. Against these the tree maintains a numerous standing army, for which it provides snug houses stored with food, nectar to drink and abundance of luscious fruit for dessert. When first developed, the thorns are soft and filled with a sweetish pulp, much relished by a species of small springing ants, never found except on these trees. Making a hole near the point of one of each pair of thorns these ants eat out the interior, then burrow through the thin partition of base into the other thorn, and treat it in the same manner. The hollow shells thus formed make admirable dwellings, none of which are left untenanted, as any one may discover by disturbing the plant, when the little worries swarm out in force and attack the aggressor with jaws and stings. The leaves of the plant are two-winged, and at the base of each pair of leaflets, on the mid rib, is a gland which, when the leaf is young, secretes a honey-like liquid of which these ants are very fond. This insures their constant presence on the young leaves and their most zealous service in driving off other insects. A still more wonderful provision of solid food is made for a similar purpose. At the end of each of the small divisions of the compound leaflet there grows a small fruit-like body, which under the microscope looks like a golden pear. When the leaf first unfolds the little pears are not quite ripe, and the ants are continually employed going from one to another to see how they come on. As these fruit-like bodies—which appear to have no other use than as food—do not all ripen at once, the ants are kept about the young leaves for considerable time. When an ant finds one sufficiently advanced it bites the point of attachment, then bending down the prize breaks it off and bears it away in triumph to the nest. These ants, a species of *pseudomyrma*, are found, as already noticed, on these trees; and that the trees really keep them as a body-guard seems evident from the fact that, when planted in localities where their little protectors do not exist, they are speedily defoliated by leaf-cutters, which let them severely alone on the savannahs, while their honey glands and golden pears offer no attraction to the ants of the forest. Apparently both acacias and *pseudomyrmas* have been mutually modified in the course of time, until they are now quite dependent on each other for support and protection.—*Scientific American.*

The Dangers of Paris Green.

AS THE handling and using of dry Paris green, especially by persons unaccustomed to its use, is attended with considerable risk and often followed by serious consequences, we make the following suggestions, founded on our experience as manufacturers:

All packages, whether large or small, should be plainly marked poison.

There is great danger in the mixing of this green for potato bug and cotton worm poison, owing to the fine dust which arises in the process, which is inhaled and also rapidly absorbed by the pores of the skin, especially if the person using it should be in a state of perspiration. To guard against this, the hands and face (particularly nostrils) should be protected as much as possible, and should be carefully washed after working in it, or in any of the preparations of which it is an ingredient. As it penetrates and poisons wood, gets into the seams and crevices of articles made of metal, and even into earthenware that is at all porous, all household utensils, or anything in barn or stable which cattle or horses could have access to, in which the article may have been mixed, or from which it has been used, should be carefully set aside and never again used for any other purpose.

Malignant sores are not infrequently caused by scratching the skin when itching or irritated from handling the green. It should be constantly borne in mind that it is a more dangerous and deadly poison than arsenic, and farmers, planters and others when purchasing should be duly cautioned to exercise the utmost care in using it.

As a remedy for the poison, the free use of milk as a beverage is recommended, but we have found hydrated per-oxide of iron (a simple, harmless remedy) the best antidote. Sores caused by the green should be well covered with it, as with an ordinary salve, and a teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water should be taken twice a day internally, while working with the green. This remedy can be obtained from any druggist or chemist.

The consumption of Paris green has largely increased within a few years, and the article is now applied to such a variety of purposes that carelessness in its use or ignorance of its highly dangerous properties on the part of those who use it cannot fail to produce the most deplorable results.—*Paint and Oil Journal.*

WHY should a magistrate be very cold? Because he represents just-ice.

The Velocity of Rivers.

THE velocity of a river depends upon the inclination or fall of its course, and its surface velocity can be ascertained by determining the rate of that fall per mile, and *vice versa* we can ascertain the inclination by measurement of the surface velocity. But, as every one who has stirred up the bottom of a brook has observed, the surface-current flows faster than the under-current. The particles of sand at the top of the water are always carried some distance beyond those at the bottom. This retardation of the under-current is caused by the friction of the water against the bottom and sides of the brook. While, therefore, it is easy to measure the velocity of the surface-current, it is difficult, because of its retardation beneath, to determine the mean velocity or actual flow of the river. This has never been satisfactorily done before. Many experiments, with a view to the accomplishment of this end, have indeed been made by eminent men, but they have failed to establish the relationship between the depth of the stream and the velocity of the flow. M. Revy has established that the velocity of a river is directly proportionate to its depth, diminishing or increasing therewith. "Thus if a shoal occurs in the middle of a channel, the velocity of the current over the shoal is less than that of the deeper water on either side; and this diminution of speed is proportionate to the loss of depth. So direct is this relation that a plan of the surface velocities, if projected on an appropriate scale, coincides very closely with the section of the bottom of the river. Any want of parallelism between the two curves is capable of explanation either by the curvature of the banks, of by some physical irregularity of the channel." It was determined by actual experiment that the greatest velocity of current is at the surface and the least at the bottom, and that the increase of velocity "is in the simple ratio of the distance from the bottom." This decides that the mean velocity of a stream is to be found at half its depth. A result perfectly consistent with the previously-expressed law that surface velocity is proportionate to depth, it is in fact a corollary, and one that was verified by experiment.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Manners and Customs in Iceland.

MANNERS are simple in Iceland, as in deed in all the Scandinavian countries; and all the simpler here because there is really no distinction of ranks. Nobody is rich and hardly anybody abjectly poor; everybody has to work for himself and works (except, to be sure, a few storekeepers in Reykjavik and one or two spots on the coast) with his own hands. Wealth would not raise a man much above his fellows, and there are indeed no means of employing it except in supplying a house with what would be thought in England indispensable comforts. Wealth, therefore, is not greatly coveted (although the Icelander likes a good bargain, especially in horseflesh), and an air of contentment reigns. The farm servant scarcely differs from the farmer, and probably, if a steady fellow, ends by marrying the farmer's daughter and getting a farm himself. There is no trace of respect save Herra to the Bishop and Sira to a priest; not even such a title as Mr. or Mrs., or Esquire. If you go to call on a lady you tap at the door and ask if Ingibjorg or Valgregor is in; or, if you wish to give her her full name, Ingibjorg Thorvaldsdottir, or Eiriksdottir, or Bjarnardottir (as the case may be), for there is no title of politeness to apply. Her name, moreover, is her own name, unchanged from birth to death; for as there are no surnames or family names among the Icelanders, but only Christian names, there is no reason for a wife assuming her husband's name, and she is Thorvaldsdottir after her marriage with Guomundr just as before, while her children are Guomundsson and Guomundsttir. When such a concession is made to the rights of woman, it is a little surprising to find that she is in any other respect treated as an inferior, not usually sitting down to table with the men of the family, but waiting on them and dining separately. Otherwise, however, women seem sufficiently well off, having full rights of property and riding valorously about the country wherever they will; and we could not hear that there was any movement for their emancipation, or indeed for social reform of any kind, though, to be sure, imperfect knowledge of the language restricted our inquiries. In one regard the women of Iceland have obtained completer equality than their sisters in Continental Europe. They receive exactly the same education as the men do. There are no schools in the island naturally, as families live mostly a dozen miles apart, and instruction is therefore given by the father to his sons and daughters alike and together, the priest—where there is a priest—sometimes adding a little Latin or Danish. Thus the girl learns all her parents can teach her, and is as good an arithmetician and as familiar with the Sagas as her brothers. Accomplishments, of course, are pretty well out of the question; painting, not only from the difficulty of procuring materials, but because there is really nothing to paint; dancing, because you can seldom gather a sufficiently large party, and have no rooms big enough; instrumental music, on account of the impossibility of transporting a piano over rocks and bogs on the back of a pony. Nevertheless, we found in a remote house (a good wooden house, by the way) upon the coast, where we were hospitably entertained for a day and night, not only a piano, but several young ladies who could play excellently on it and a guitar, accompanying themselves to songs in four or five languages, the Swedish, as we thought, the prettiest of all. They lived in the most desolate spot imaginable—the sea roaring in front on a long strand; inland, a plain of dreary bog, and behind it, miles away, grim, shapeless mountains. They had no neighbors within ten or fifteen miles, and told us they were often without a visitor for months together. But they were as bright and cheerful as possible; and though they did not respond to the suggestion of a dance, they sang and played to two of us all evening long in the tiny drawing-room, while the storm howled without; and their worthy father (who was a sort of general merchant for that part of the island) and the Lord Lieutenant of the county, who had dropped in from his house, thirty or forty miles off, brewed noble bowls of punch, and held forth to our third comrade, in a strange mixture of tongues, upon the resources of Iceland, and the prospects of opening, by means of British capital, a flourishing trade in sulphur.

As for society, it must not be imagined that there is any society in Iceland in the same sense as in England or America. Except at weddings or funerals, there are no social gatherings; even in the town an entertainment is the rarest thing in the world, and in the country it is impossible. There are no "country people," no "best sets," and hence no struggles to get into them. But there is not only a great deal of practical hospitality, everybody staying, as a matter of course, at everybody else's house, but a very generous spirit shown in giving it. This is one of the things which one most enjoys in traveling there and which atones for many discomforts. Everywhere you meet a hearty welcome; all that the house affords is set before you, the best room is at your service, and what is done, be it great or little, is done in an ungrudging spirit and with genuine kindliness of manner. In fact, the strongest impression which we carried away, after that of the grimness of the scenery, was that of the geniality of the people and the pleasant sense of a social equality which involves no obtrusive self-assertion by the poorer, since it is the natural result of the conditions under which life goes on.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

Treatment of a Bad Horse.

A BEAUTIFUL and high-spirited horse would never allow a shoe to be put on his feet, or any persons to handle his feet. In an attempt to shoe him recently he resisted every effort, kicked aside everything but an anvil, and nearly killed himself on that, and finally was brought back to his stable unshod. This defect was just on the eve of consigning him to the plow, where he might work barefoot, when an officer in our service lately returned from Mexico took a cord about the size of a common bed-cord, put it in the mouth of the horse like a bit, tied it tightly on the animal's head, passing his left ear under the string, not painfully tight, but tight enough to keep the ear down and the cord in its place. This done he patted the horse gently on the side of the head and commanded him to follow, and instantly the horse obeyed, perfectly subdued, and as gentle and obedient as a well-trained dog, suffered his feet to be handled with impunity, and acted in all respects like an old stager. The gentleman who thus furnished this exceedingly simple means of subduing a very dangerous propensity intimated that it is practiced in Mexico and South America in the management of wild horses.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

How to Make a Good Bed.

PERHAPS some of the housekeepers who read the *Farm Journal* would like to know how they can make an inexpensive, and at the same time good and durable, bed, or mattress and bolster. And then, perhaps, those same housekeepers, after reading this article, will throw it aside with the remark, "merely a whim." That is what my friends said when I told them what I was doing; "one of your whims;" but it did not discourage me; I persevered, and the result shows that the "whim" was not a bad one. I have a bed that will (with good usage) last a life-time. It is merely a tick, the same as for straw, or husks, with openings in the upper side to insert the hand for stirring, and filled with cut paper. Now, reader, do not throw aside the paper with disgust, but if for nothing but curiosity finish the article; it will do no harm; possibly you may be induced to make one. The work of cutting the paper is not such a long job as you would think. Take any kind of clean paper (except straw wrappings) and fold it, or roll, so that it can be cut with one clip of the shears, and then cut it; you need not be particular as to the width, although the narrower it is cut the better it is. These clippings are like little curls or rings of paper, and lie almost as light as feathers, and after using the bed they will not break up and grow fine and dusty; but are clean, and can be stirred as light as when first used. I have heard people who have slept on them say "they were the best beds they ever slept on." I prefer them to feathers or common mattresses; hair mattresses are nicer, of course, but few of us farmers' wives can afford to buy them; whereas, the paper bed we can have without cost, except the work, and in that the smallest child you have who can use a pair of shears will help you, and if not kept busy too long at a time will think it but play. The same material makes nice pillows for lounges, chair cushions, cradle ticks, etc. I have a box to keep waste paper in, which is out of the way, and at the same time handier than the rag-bag; and when it is full I cut them into another box, and put them into the tick. I use the same ticks that I have used for straw; wash them and sew up the openings, so they are just large enough for the hand to pass through readily; three openings are sufficient.

But, we ask, where can we get enough paper to fill a bed? That is the very question I should expect you to ask, and here is the answer: If you do not take a liberal supply of newspapers, it would be a hard matter to get enough for a bed; but, as you are a reader of the *Farm Journal*, I will suppose that you are well supplied with reading matter of all kinds. Some papers after being once read are good for nothing but to cut up; others, perhaps, have some good recipes, poetry, or anecdotes, that you wish to save; if so cut them out and put the remainder of the sheet in your waste-paper box; then you have old letters, and, as I stated above, any but straw paper. When you commence saving paper, it will astonish you to see what a quantity will accumulate. Now, to finish this article, I will tell you another of my "whims;" that is what I used to make of the recipes, poetry and anecdotes I cut from waste paper. I trim the edges nicely, and with a little paste fasten them into some book that is useless for reading, but has good binding; and thus save them for future reference, each kind in a book by themselves, and thus I have a recipe book, book of anecdotes, and book of poems, by different authors, that will compare favorably with some that are for sale.—*Cor. American Farm Journal.*

An Inquest on Abel.

YESTERDAY afternoon an excited individual, with his hat standing on two hairs and his eyes projecting from his head like the horns of a snail, rushed into the office of Coroner Holmes. The Coroner is by profession a dentist, and his first thought as he glanced at the man was that he was well-nigh distracted with toothache. He was soon undeceived, however, as the frenzied individual cried out, as soon as he could catch his breath after running up the stairs: "Been a man murdered!"

"A man murdered?" cried the Coroner; "how? where?"

"In a garden, I believe; with a club or a rock."

"How long ago?" cried the Coroner, seizing his hat and cane.

"Been done a good while, and no police nor constables hasn't never done nothin' about it. Never been no Coroner set on the body, nor nothin' of the kind; no verdick—"

"What's the dead man's name? Who was he?" cried the Coroner.

"His name was Abel."

"Abel? Abel who?"

"Don't know. Never heard nothin' but his first name."

"Well, what is the name of the man who killed him? Do they know? Any one suspected?"

"Well, I've heard that a fellow named Cain put out his light. Cain was the brother of Abel, and—"

Coroner smells a mice and, flourishing his cane, cries, "You git down them stairs, my fine fellow. Git, and don't you show yourself here again!" With a loud guffaw the fellow went down the stairs three steps at a time, the doctor calling out after him, "How dare you trifle with an officer in this way, sir?"—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

The Perforating Power of Roots.

IT is indeed wonderful how easily the roots of plants and trees bore through hard, impacted soils in search of nourishment. They use for this purpose a sort of awl, of immense power, situated at the end of the root, and capable, with the aid of the other root machinery, of thrusting aside heavy weights and getting through almost any obstructions. Yet the awl consists only of a mass of microscopic absorbent cells formed by protoplasm or vegetable mucus—the fluid in which vital action is first set up. The roots of the elm and the maple will bore through the hardest soil of walks or streets, enter drains, twine about water pipes, and penetrate through the seams of stone and brick structures. The roots of some plants have been known to pass through eighteen inches of solid brick-work, and make their appearance in a wine-cellar below. Plants have a vast power in overcoming obstacles, when foraging for food. They are like a hungry animal which no fences can restrain when there is food beyond. The movements of roots in soils proceed on certain principles of utility in connection with the welfare of the plant. Some need much more moisture than others, and the roots will drive through rocks to obtain it; others need silicious food, and will penetrate through a clay bank to reach the desired foraging ground. The urgency with which nature drives plants and animals in pursuit of food is almost irresistible.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

—A Missouri husband wheeled his crippled wife three miles the other day to let her see a funeral procession, "the first she had had the pleasure of seeing for seven years."

WASHOE CITY, Nev., has been taking its census, and finds its population to consist of "eight men, two boys and a dilapidated squaw."—*N. Y. World.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

A WRITER in the *Medical Journal*, London, states that in cases of whooping cough in the last stage—that is, after the third week—he has had one ounce of the strongest liquid ammonia put into a gallon of water in an open pan, and the steam kept up by means of half a brick made red hot throughout, and put into the boiling water containing the ammonia, the pan being placed in the middle of a room, into which the patients were brought as the ammonia steam was passing off. This method, he says, was used in the evening, before bed-time, and it proved so efficacious in abating the spasmodic attack, and after three or four days terminating the malady, as to establish, beyond doubt, the value of this mode of inhaling ammonia as a therapeutic agent in tranquilizing the nervous system in the whooping cough.

SHEEP ON A FARM.—The New York *World* says, in answer to a correspondent: It certainly is profitable to keep sheep on a farm if rightly managed—even though the price of wool is low. They are scavengers on a farm—death to all weeds and shrubs that are an annoyance to the tidy farmer. Besides, the spring lambs, if a careful selection of breeds is made, will be found profitable to sell, especially the males, in the market. Americans are eating more and more mutton yearly. The object of the shepherd should be to adapt his sheep husbandry to the wants of the market nearest him—grow the kind of wool that sells the best; or if the carcass is more in demand, grow the sheep which make the most and best meat in the shortest time, always taking into account hardiness and easiness of keep.

CLEANSE THE MANGERS.—The mangers of horses, cows and oxen, when supplied with cut fodder and meal, frequently become offensively sour in consequence of the decomposition of the wet meal that adheres to the corners of the feed-boxes. This is apt to be the case especially when animals do not lick the corners entirely clean. If a small portion of feed is allowed to remain in the manger only a portion of a warm day it will become sour, and the offensive effluvia will taint the entire manger, so that an animal will often refuse to eat his accustomed allowance unless compelled by keen hunger. The true way to manage mangers is to scrape the corners clean at least twice per day, removing every particle of rejected food. Then if the manger does not smell as sweet as a butter bowl let the corners be washed out with hot water, wiped clean, and a handful of caustic slacked lime be sprinkled in the manger. If mangers are kept clean they will seldom become offensively sour. If an animal leaves a portion of its feed a new mess should never be given on the rejected feed.—*N. Y. Herald.*

CANNED FRUITS.—Use only fresh fruit and that which is perfectly ripe, not too soft, but just right to eat well. Fill your cans full of fruit, put the can in a kettle of cold water; put a few iron rings in the bottom of the pot to prevent the cans from breaking; then put over a slow fire at first, making it hotter after the fire has become hot. Too great a heat at first will crack the cans at the bottom. Meanwhile, make a nice sirup of white sugar, and when your fruit is half done cooking pour your sirup over the fruit in the cans, and continue boiling until done; remove from the fire and seal. Some people cook their fruit before putting in cans, but it does not preserve its natural flavor as well, neither will the sirup be as clear. Cooking the fruit in the cans is the proper way of canning fruit, in my estimation. I use half a pound of sugar to a quart jar of fruit; cherries, peaches, pears and raspberries will do with less sugar. Cook quart jars twenty to thirty minutes, according to hardness of fruit. Keep watch of your cans while boiling, and as fast as the fruit in the can lowers fill up with *well-ripened* fruit; next morning test your jars; if they do not hold boil them over again. In ten days from time of canning test your fruit again, and if the cover holds them it will keep for years, as I have some now nearly four years old which look as if they might keep three years longer. By testing ten days after canning you will never be awakened in the night by a loud report as of a gun going off, as I have heard people tell about, and breaking some half-dozen cans nearest to it. Keep your cans in a cool but not damp place.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

Remedy for Bites of Mad Animals.

THE Norristown (Pa.) *Independent* says: "In 1819, one Valentine Kittering, of Dauphin County, communicated to the Senate of Pennsylvania a sure remedy for the bite of any mad animal. He said that his ancestors had used it in Germany 250 years ago, and that he always found it to answer the purpose during a residence of fifty years in the United States. He only publishes it from a motive of humanity. This remedy consists in the weed called chick-weed. It is a summer plant, known to the Germans and Swiss by the names of *gauchnell rother mayor*, or *rother huehnerdarm*. In England it is called red pimpernel, and its botanical name is *Angelical phoniceu*. It must be gathered in June, when in full bloom, dried in the shade, and then pulverized. The dose of this for a grown person is a small teaspoonful, or in weight a dram and scruple at once, in beer or water. For children the dose is the same, yet it must be administered at three different times. In applying, it must be used green, cut into pieces, and mixed with bran or other feed. For hogs the pulverized weed is made into little balls by mixing it with flour and water. It can also be put on bread and butter, or in honey, molasses, etc. The Rev. Muhlenberg said that in Germany thirty grains of this powder are given four times a day, the first day, then once a day for the whole week; while at the same time the wound is washed out with a decoction of the weed and the powder strewed in it. Mr. Kittering said that he in all instances administered but one dose, with the most happy results. This is said to be the same remedy through which the late Dr. William Stoy effected so many cures."

Coloring Cheese.

ONE of the means employed to give cheese a rich cream-color is to expose the curd before and after salting to the air instead of hurrying it into the hoop or press as is usual with the majority of dairymen. Every cheese-maker must observed the fine golden color acquired by the particles of curd that have accidentally remained out of the hoop and exposed during the day to the atmosphere. This is the precise color desired by the dealers, and in warm weather an exposure long enough for the desired color is practicable, and the appearance of the curd can be materially changed for the better by letting it remain in the vat or tub until it has acquired the proper temperature for the press. It is always preferable to cool curd in this way, instead of using water or cold whey on the curd as is sometimes done for this purpose, as these last have a tendency to impoverish the cheese by washing out a portion of its richness, besides injuring somewhat its flavor. Fine flavor, quality, and the proper texture in cheese are important requisites to ready sales and good prices. But all these may be present and yet the cheese sell low in market for its bad appearance. The eye must be suited as well as the taste, and it is difficult to make the consumer believe that pale, white cheese is as rich as that which has a fine cream color. Again, many dairymen are troubled more or less in preserving a smooth, elastic rind; the rind checks, and deep cracks are found here and there in the cheese. This results often, and for the most part from the air being allowed to blow on the young cheese. Cheese, when it comes from the press, and for several days after, or until the rind has a firm consistency, should be kept where the air may not blow directly upon it, and washing the cheese twice a week with hot, sweet whey will add much to its outward appearance. Annatto is in general use during spring and fall for coloring milk for cheese-making, but as much of it is adulterated with poisonous materials its use should be avoided in summer, when the desired color to the cheese can be obtained as above described.—*Canada Farmer.*

Plaster as a Manure.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Maine Farmer* writes: There seems to be little doubt but that plaster, or, as it is called by chemists, sulphate of lime, is on some soils an efficient and cheap manure; while on other soils it seems to be of little or no value, as no difference can be detected in the crops following its use. Now in order to tell the soil on which it will pay to use it is a question that we shall have to decide for ourselves, for I am not aware that any man can tell by looking at the soil where it will pay to use it, or where it will not pay. Therefore, if we would know for a certainty it is best to try small quantities on different parts of the field, either by sowing on grass lands as a top-dressing or by using as a manure for field crops in different ways, and the answer that you may get will likely be a true one. After you have found where it will pay, then use it liberally, and it may be well to say here that if the crops are all consumed upon the farm there need be no fears of ruining your farm by using plaster in a judicious manner.

Prince & Co's Organs.

Splendid finish; six stops; price $125.
Terms, $25 cash; $15 monthly.
Money refunded if not satisfactory. Reed's Temple of Music, 92 Van Buren street, Chicago.

PROF. BAIRD writes that the fish caught in Lake St. Croix, and on which was claimed the reward offered by the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce for the first shad caught in the upper waters of the Mississippi, is not shad, but belongs to the herring family, of the species known as "tailors" on the Potomac, and allied to the blue fish of New York. He says the young shad placed in the river near the falls, by Seth Green, could not be expected to return from the Gulf of Mexico before next season, three years from the time they were placed in the river.

Diseases of the Blood.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of the WORLD'S DISPENSARY, Buffalo, N. Y.

Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose Rash or Erysipelas, Ringworms, Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Eruptions, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Rough Skin, Scurf, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Tumors, Old Sores and Swellings.

"The blood is the life." This is as true as a mathematical or any other scientific proposition, and one that should influence every physician. From the blood we derive our strength and mental capabilities. When this source is corrupted the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. From our blood our systems are built up and kept in repair. The strength of our constitutions and our powers of endurance and the withstanding of disease-producing agencies with impunity depend largely upon the condition in which our blood is kept. If it holds in suspension or solution vile festering poisons, all organic functions are weakened and their healthy action, upon vital and important organs, as the brain, lungs, liver and kidneys, the effect of these poisons in the blood is, many times, most disastrous. Hence, it behooves every one to keep the blood in a perfectly healthy condition at all times, more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year. When you purify your blood to cure Salt Rheum or any Erysipelas humor, you not only cure those diseases, but you put your system in such an improved condition that you are not so liable to any other disease. No matter what the external or exciting cause may be, the real or direct cause of a large proportion of all chronic or lingering diseases is bad blood. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon bad blood, a few of which I have enumerated at the head of this article, are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as purify the blood and cause it to excrete from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each minutely. For instance, medical authorities describe about fifty varieties of skin disease; but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment, it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again, I might go on and describe various kinds of Scrofulous Sores, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Ulcers of varying appearance; but as all these various-appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by uniform means, I deem such a course unnecessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will all return to us.

The Liver is the great depurating, or blood-cleansing, organ of the system. Set this great "house-scourer" of our health at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose my Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor (except Cancer), from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great, eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence.

HIP-JOINT DISEASE CURED.

J. M. ROBINSON, West Grove Station, Iowa, July 14, 1872, writes: My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors at an expense of $125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your great Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed, and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles and is still using it. Her recovery is considered almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood-purifier and strength-restorer.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS

can be shown at the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., expressing the gratitude of those who have been cured by the Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets of all forms of Blood Diseases affecting the Skin, Throat and Bones.

WILBOFF'S TONIC is not a panacea—is not a cure for everything, but is a catholicon for malarious diseases, and day by day adds fresh laurels to its crown of glorious success. Engorged Livers and Spleens along the shady banks of our lakes and rivers are restored to their healthy and normal secretions. Health and vigor follow its use, and Chills have taken their departure from every household where Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic is kept and taken. Don't fail to try it. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A PROTRUDING TOE is not a sightly thing, say nothing about health and comfort. SILVER TIPPED Shoes never wear out at the toe. For Sale by all Dealers.

THE NORTHWESTERN HORSE NAIL CO.'S "Finished" Nail is the best in the world.

Thirty Years' Experience of an Old Nurse.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the Best and