A Curious Relic.

A teamster on the railroad, while bathing in Whitewater, some thirty miles east of San Bernardino, observed a dark, circular object in the stream which, on being brought to the surface, proved to be a truly marvelous piece of workmanship. The article in question is composed of a certain peculiar slate-colored stone, similar to that usually employed by the Indians of British Columbia for the manufacture of pipes, and is not found anywhere in this State. In form it is circular, being somewhat shaped like a large dinner-plate; the bottom for about six inches in diameter is perfectly smooth, and has a circular orifice in the center about half an inch in diameter. Toward the rim it presents a singularly convex appearance; this rim on the outer surface is surrounded with a wreath of grapevines, so faultlessly engraved that even the most minute fibers of the leaves are clearly outlined. On the upper surface of the rim is a peculiar border, composed first of two parallel lines extending around the entire rim, with an interval of about two inches between the lines; in the center of these lines, running at right angles, at regular intervals, are smaller lines converging from the inner line in the form of quarter circles, meeting in the center, where they pass through ovals, ending on the outer line in the center of a crescent facing outward; while traversing the whole is a waving line extending around the center of the outer lines. The center of this curious work, however, is the most astonishing portion. On it appears a marvelously beautiful and faultlessly executed wreath of flowers, leaves, vines and scroll-work, every bud, leaf and flower being perfectly natural and life-like to the minutest details. The whole is polished in the highest manner, and is as smooth as glass. The entire workmanship, in beauty of design and delicacy of finish, excels the choicest productions of modern artists, and shows that the people by whom it was executed had reached an advanced stage of civilization. It is almost with a feeling of reverence that we gaze upon this relic of a past race, of whom no history has yet been found, other than the ruins scattered on the plains, and whose origin and history are enveloped in impenetrable obscurity, which probably never will be penetrated. The plate is in a remarkable state of preservation, owing no doubt to the indestructible quality of the stone of which it is composed.—*San Bernardino (Cal.) Times.*

Deceptions in Candy-Making.

Not only adulteration but deception is very widely practiced by cheap candy-sellers. Peanuts are substituted for almonds, wheat sirup for gum-arabic, and the commonest and worst articles of flavoring and coloring are used with absolute recklessness as to consequences.

Poisonous substances are used in coloring less frequently than they were some years ago, owing to the fact that a good many inquests were held and post-mortems made; but they are still used, for the reason that chrome yellow and chrome green are much cheaper than pure vegetable colors.

The great attraction about fancy condiments is their flavor, and especially is this the case with confectionery. Fortunes may be made by the use of some new and peculiarly delicious flavor in confectionery; and, so long as the human palate is pleasantly titillated, it makes little difference to the manufacturer of edibles what means are employed. To close a long and ancient cat, dressed by a first-class French cook, would, no doubt, be very pleasant, so long as one is ignorant of what creature he is eating; and it is said that there was once a Spaniard in Morocco who made a fortune by selling what people long believed to be pork-pies, but which were really pies of human flesh. The deceptions of the cook and confectioner are the most difficult to detect, and, therefore, the most dangerous, especially in this age of chemical discovery. It is safe to say that the ingredients occasionally used in the flavoring of cheap candies are not only disgusting but harmful, and the war of competition is driving manufacturers to novel devices, which seem to be fathered by diabolical ingenuity. Of course, the worst devices cannot be successfully practiced in the larger manufactories, because of the impossibility of keeping secrets where several hundred employes are working. But what is done in those smaller stores, where street-peddlers manufacture their abominations, had better be left to the imagination. It will suffice to observe that sugar sweetens all things, and that good fruit flavor and vegetable extracts are not as cheap as dirt. —*Cincinnati Commercial.*

An Anecdote of Jules Janin.

Nevertheless, he had a keen eye to his own interest, as the following story will show: When quite a young man a certain neighbor of his owed him fifty francs. One day when he went to ask for it he found his debtor in great trouble. "I cannot pay you," groaned the man. "I have no money; I am ruined; in a few hours my landlord will distrain for his rent, and carry away all I possess in the world." Jules' face fell, for his finances were very low just then. Suddenly an idea struck him. "You have a dozen or two of excellent wine in your cellar, you told me the other day; let me have that, and I will give you an acquittance for the fifty francs." "Impossible; the porter will not let it pass out." "I will take my chance of that if you will agree to my proposition." The debtor did agree and the receipt was signed. An hour afterward a man in a workman's dress, with his hat slouched over his eyes, appeared at the door with two wine-baskets filled with bottles. "I have come to change some wine that was sent in to Mons. ——" (mentioning the debtor's name) "the other day by mistake," he says in a gruff voice. The porter, innocent and unsuspecting, shows the way to the cellar; the man deposits the bottles he has brought, takes away those he finds there, and goes on his way rejoicing.

The man was Jules Janin, and the bottles he left behind were filled with very excellent—water!—*Temple Bar.*

Culture a Means, Not an End.

We must not make culture an idol, as is the fashion, but regard it as merely one of the forces that go to keep the world in motion. It is a means, not an end. It is no more to be worshiped for itself than is the knowledge of the multiplication-table. We should not let ourselves be swamped in our luxuries. The man should always be better than his surroundings; he should absorb what is good in them, and stand above them. It is to the credit of a man to rise purified by his experience, however bitter it may be, and certainly he should not fall into joyous self-content because he has knowledge of bric-a-brac. That is no better than the strength of a giant who forever lolls upon the sofa. The collection of curiosities, the ransacking of the globe after singularities and the consequent selfish thrilling with enjoyment are not enough. Indeed, the mere enjoyment is in itself idle, unproductive and, if it interferes with work, harmful, however delightful it may be. That it is delightful no one can deny, but just as fear of starvation is, however disguised, one of the strongest inspirations of toil known to man, the evident danger of comfort, pleasantly-won distinction and elegance is, that they produce sloth, or passive content with things as they are. —*T. S. Perkins, in October Atlantic.*

An elephant in Calcutta had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked the doctor if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said that he would try the nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar disease in the human eye. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the accute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored and the animal could partially see. The next day when he was brought and heard the doctor's voice he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then by trunk and gesture evidently wished to express his gratitude.

How They Do It in Mississippi.

The Democratic State Central Committee of Mississippi have telegraphed to Atty.-Gen. Pierrepont, saying that they are not opposed to the organization of militia in that State. Oh, no! They are merely opposed to the use of money in support of such militia. These virtuous Democratic committeemen are the counterpart of the temperance man down East, who was in favor of the Maine Liquor law, *but opposed to its enforcement.* After having filed their bill for an injunction restraining the Auditor of State from disbursing any money for the equipment and support of the militia, they "take pleasure in assuring" the Attorney-General that "everywhere throughout the State the most profound peace and good order prevail." We were assured recently by a gentleman from Mississippi, familiar with the situation there, that the white Democrats who instigated the Clinton riot, with the purpose of breaking up a Republican meeting, were known in the neighborhood as the "best citizens"—lawyers, doctors, bank Presidents and cashiers. Doubtless some of them are among the signers of the telegram to the Attorney-General. This, then, is the situation: Jones, Smith and Robinson, residents of Clinton, being Democrats, determine that a Republican meeting shall not be held in their county. A Republican meeting being assembled, they bargain with the managers of the meeting to consent to a joint discussion. The Democratic orator speaks first, speaks an hour without interruption, but as soon as the Republican speaker takes the stump Jones and his friends begin to shoot "niggers" on the outskirts of the crowd and so break up the meeting. Having accomplished their purpose they telegraph to Jackson and other neighboring towns for White League troops to come and save the whites from a negro massacre. The troops scour the country, kill a score or so of negroes and drive the rest into the woods. Gov. Ames telegraphs the President, asking national aid to put down an insurrection. The President replies, recommending the organization of a militia force, and promises that the national troops stationed in Mississippi shall protect the State Executive in the organization of such militia. The Governor calls for troops and they respond. But now Jones, Smith and Robinson, having washed away all marks of blood from their garments, appeal to the courts to restrain the State Auditor from disbursing money for the support of the militia; and, having obtained the injunction, they telegraph the Attorney-General that they are not opposed to the organization of the militia, but they *are* opposed to paying the troops; and they say in conclusion: "We take pleasure in assuring you that everywhere throughout the State the most profound peace and good order prevail." They might as well have said: "We take pleasure in assuring you that we have killed as many 'niggers' as we like just now. We do not wish to kill any more unless they have the impudence to assemble in political council. We have taken the precaution to prevent the organization of companies of militia which you advised by restraining the Auditor from paying the necessary expenses. We have taken this course because, backed by militia, the Governor would be able to protect black Republicans from assassination should they assemble in council. If they meet again we want to kill enough of them to frighten the rest away, because we propose to carry the next election for the Democratic party by intimidation. Meantime, dear Mr. Pierrepont, we beg to assure you that throughout the State the most profound peace and good order prevail, because we have no occasion just now to go shooting niggers." It occurs to us that Jones, Smith and Robinson ought to be tried, convicted as murderers and hung by their several necks till they are dead.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean, Sept. 28.*

A Modest Showing.

What Democracy could do for the nation can be best known by what it has done for a single city. It has had, through a long series of years, undisputed control of the city of New York. What has it accomplished there to recommend it as worthy of national control? Let us see what its claims amount to. It has plundered the people through dishonest officials so that the amount of its stealings alone would make a respectable national debt. Within five years not less than $20,000,000 have been stolen—not wasted by reckless expenditures—but actually stolen from the city treasury by official thieves belonging leading positions in the Democratic party, and kept in them through the influence of that corrupt organization. The pending suit against Tweed for the recovery of $6,000,000 stolen from the city is but one item in the long chapter of plunder.

It costs, according to the Comptroller's statement, about $35,000,000 to pay the yearly expenses of the city. This is about equal to a tax of $35 on every man, woman and child in the city.

The same Democratic economy practiced in national affairs would cost the people for the support of the Government the snug little sum of $1,400,000,000 yearly. Yet this is the party that asks for the control of the national finances.

The city of New York has a debt amounting, in the aggregate, to $160,000,000. This would be equal to about $160 for each man, woman and child in the metropolis. Apply this ratio to the nation, of 40,000,000, and we have for a national debt the trifling sum of $6,400,000,000, the interest on which, at 6 per cent., would be $384,000,000, or about $100,000,000 for interest alone more than the entire yearly expenditures of the National Government at the present time. Why are these points overlooked by the speakers and press of modern Democracy? Why deal in charges against the Republican party? Why not occasionally change the subject to the beauties of the Democratic system, as enjoyed by the citizens of New York? If Democracy has any claims upon the people, where are they? From what city, or county, or State do they come? It has none! The city of New York is but a specimen of its control in other places. Its restoration to power would bankrupt the nation. Its dishonesty and extravagance would lead to repudiation, and this to national ruin.—*Republic Magazine.*

A Discouraged Canvasser.

The editor of a weekly newspaper in one of the counties of Ohio that has rolled up a heavy Democratic majority since the "memory of man runneth not to the contrary" canvassed a crowded smoking-car on a local train, a few days since, supposing that he would obtain a big "straw" in favor of the "Fogborn" for publication. After he had concluded his rounds the occupants of the coach watched expectantly for the announcement of the result, but not a word said the editor. Finally an inquisitive person drew near him and asked: "Say, mister, how'd she go?"

"Thirty-two and seventeen," the editor answered.

"Thirty-two and seventeen what?" queried the stranger.

"Votes," said the newspaper man, with a voice like that a tiger may be supposed to use when displeased.

"Votes for who?"

"Well, if you must know, thirty-two were for Hayes and seventeen for Allen." —*Cleveland Herald.*

☞ Gov. Allen, says the *Ohio State Journal*, makes a strong point of a Paymaster who stole half a million and was pardoned out of the Penitentiary by Grant after about a year's service. Is it possible that Old Bill is so ignorant as not to know that that Paymaster was a Democrat and that he was pardoned out on a petition signed by nearly every leading Democratic politician in Pennsylvania, his native State?

☞ The New York *Times* appositely hits off the character of the Massachusetts Democratic Convention when it says: "Why this queer combination of shreds and patches should be called 'Democratic' passes comprehension." Two of the candidates, it will be remembered, are Republicans, and large drafts were made upon Republican opinions for a platform. —*Chicago Tribune.*

Howling Dervishes.

A correspondent writes of the howling dervishes of Cairo:

All divested themselves of their outer garments preparatory to the great physical effort they were about to make. Their turbans were also removed, which allowed their unshorn hair to flow loosely over their shoulders in every hue, from the deep auburn of the lad of twenty to the silvery locks of the seer of threescore and ten. What a wealth of hair thus presented to the view! Over the shoulders and down the backs of many of the company fell those rich, luxuriant tresses, the product of years, of which the most ambitious maiden might be justly proud. Here were, too, those raven locks that the man of fashion would esteem himself happy in possessing; while again the snow-white, silvery hair of others, which bespoke the lapse of years, claimed for them, if not on other grounds, at least reverence and respect. There they stood—these forty Moslem devotees—girded for the work and nervously awaiting the signal of their chief for engaging in a scene which for extravagance and grotesqueness is not to be equaled by anything in the world done in the name of religion. A series of profound inclinations rapidly performed, until from sheer physical inability they were unable to continue, was now in the order of the service. The word being given by the chief, down went the entire body amid a great clatter of voices, and as quickly recovered their original positions only to bend forward again and again as rapidly and continuously as their strength and their training enabled them to do. The natural effect of the movement was to throw forward the hair that hung loosely over their shoulders over their faces, and, as the obeisances were exceedingly rapid, the long tresses went flying through the air, now lashing them in their faces and obstructing their view, and the next moment dashed disorderly and wildly over their shoulders. Added to this, as if to increase the weirdness of the scene, were also introduced cymbals, tambourines a kettle-drum and fifes, all of which, together with the shouting of the dervishes themselves, contributed to form such a pandemonium of utter extravagance as to necessitate one to ask himself whether in reality we were not in the company of lunatics. Occasionally one of the body was taken from the ranks and placed facing the others, obviously with the view of stimulating the flagging, and then ensued a scene still wilder and weirder than before—whooping, shouting, salaaming, all mingled with the deafening noise of tambourines and fifes; so that if only the light of day were withdrawn and the lurid glare of a few flickering torches cast over the scene one would necessarily conclude that he had fallen amid the members of the nether region.

An Unfortunate King.

Our Madrid correspondent has given a picture of King Alfonso's life that will excite the pity even of his enemies. When the poor youth was taken from his books and put at the head of the most disorganized nation in Western Europe he was made to believe that his mere presence in Madrid would bring the Carlists over to his flag, fill an empty exchequer and generally banish misrule. But after he has been a King eight months he finds the political prospect dreary, and his own existence so dull that he may, perhaps, envy his cousin, Don Carlos, the excitement of a campaign among the Basque Mountains. The Carlists are still fighting hard; there is no money in the Treasury; the army, the navy, the civil-service and the clergy are all more or less unpaid; the Ministers disagree as to the only way of giving Spain a constitution; the lack of a directing mind is as great as it was in the worst days of the Federal Republic, and the poor young King feels that he can do nothing to satisfy the profound discontent of his subjects. It is hard for a bright, ardent lad to feel that he is doing no good. He must find life terribly dull in his great palace, shut out as he is by Spanish etiquette from natural intercourse with his fellow-creatures, and forced to put up with the prosy dignity of a grandee whom the Ministry keep in the palace to play the part of a male duenna, by guarding his political virtue from contamination by the whisperings of their rivals. He must think it hard that he should be made the slave of an iron routine at every hour in the day, and have less freedom than the meanest of his subjects. He must think it strange that political necessities should force the Ministry to examine every telegram and letter he receives from his mother. As he is said to be a youth of good sense, he cannot help knowing that compulsory attendance at carnivals, processions and religious ceremonies is not the way to regenerate Spain. We cannot, then, wonder that he seeks refuge in a country-house from the splendid dullness to which he is condemned by the political necessities of the Ministry.—*London Times.*

An Enterprising Undertaker.

This is the only country in the world where people are too enterprising, but that they do occasionally show an unnecessary degree of vigor in this country is certain. An instance in point occurred in Senator Sharon's State only a few days ago. A well-known man in Eureka was very sick; he was, in fact, sick enough to be considered a hopeless case by the doctors, and the news came to the ears of one of the sick man's debtors, an undertaker. The undertaker was a native American, with an eye for an opportunity. He no sooner heard of his creditor's deathly prospect than he proceeded to make hay while the sun shone. He at once plunged into genuine preparations for the proper interment of the body of the sick man. The lumber for a coffin was sawed out and finished in the highest style of undertaker's art, the most gorgeous trappings were secured and every arrangement made for putting the expected body under ground in an imposing manner and subsequently sending in a bill to offset the debt which the executors would have to collect. Everything was ready for the funeral but the corpse, and that didn't come. The sick man suddenly became convalescent, and no sooner was he on his feet than he came around to collect what had been due him. Then came a scene which, if the local journal does not exaggerate, must have been richness itself. The undertaker wanted to be reimbursed for his outlay on the funeral fixings, and the proposition naturally astounded the convalescent man. There was a very sharp discussion, which terminated in the Western way. There was a fight, and the undertaker was the man who got whipped.—*St. Louis Republican.*

On the 18th of May last a registered letter containing £10 English money was put in the New York Postoffice for New Lebanon, N. Y., and some six weeks afterward the Postoffice Department received a complaint of its non-delivery. A careful investigation was made, and the letter was traced into the hands of the mail route agent, who declared that he had put the package in the pouch for New Lebanon, but the Postmaster at that place declared he had never received the package. The route agent having failed to report the refusal of the Postmaster to receipt for the package had it been delivered, or otherwise having failed to deliver it, was discharged, and the letter remested until the Postmaster at Bristol, Pa., reported a registered package for New Lebanon as having carelessly been sent to his office. Inquiry revealed the fact that this was the package that was lost last May. It is supposed that the pouch, after being emptied at New Lebanon, was returned to the New York office, and was stored away with the reserved pouches until the time it was again put to use for the Bristol mail, and that the registered letter in question had lain in it during the whole period. The Postmaster at New Lebanon has been recommended for removal, for negligence in failing to see that the pouch was entirely emptied when he received it. The package has finally reached the person to whom it was addressed.

A BOLT of lightning struck a tree in front of a Chicago Alderman's house the other night and in his fright the Alderman remarked: "Hold on! I'll restore the money!"

MRS. PEGGARTY says that her husband's behavior is enough to irritate an angel.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

SPICED TOMATOES.—Seven pounds of tomatoes, peeled. Boil together three pounds of brown sugar, one quart of vinegar, a small handful of stick-cinnamon, a few cloves and a tablespoon of salt; pour over the tomatoes while boiling hot, cover and let all stand over night, then boil two hours.

REMEDY FOR WARTS.—Warts are very troublesome and disfiguring. The following is a perfect cure, even of the largest, without leaving any scar. It is a Frenchman's prescription, and has been tested by the writer: Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart, and tie it on it; if the excrescence is on the forehead fasten it on with a strip of sticking-plaster. It may be removed in the day and put on every night. In one fortnight the wart will die and peel off. The same prescription will cure corns.—*Household.*

A FARMER in the New York *Evening Post* presents a plan for exterminating woodchucks, which appears to be without a fallacy and which would afford indefinite amusement for the boys. He says: "First, procure a good dog. Second, get a water-turtle small enough to enter the hole; bore a hole in his shell just above the tail; procure a piece of wire about six inches long and fasten to one end of it cotton wick, saturated with kerosene; fasten the other end to the turtle, place him in the hole, and touch a match to the wick. In a moment or less the turtle will enter the hole and at a double-quick will perambulate to its remotest recess, and return to the mouth again, ready for another march into another camp. You can imagine the surprise of the woodchuck on the entrance of the blazing enemy, and with what alacrity he seeks open air, to be taken in charge by the dog sentinel."

TO KEEP fruit fresh in jars, use only self-sealing glass jars. Put into a porcelain-lined preserving-kettle enough to fill two quart jars; sprinkle on sugar one-quarter pound; place over a slow fire and heat through—not boil. While the fruit is being heated keep the jars filled with moderately hot water. As soon as the fruit is ready empty the water from the jars, fill to the brim with fruit and seal immediately. As it cools a vacuum is formed, which prevents bursting. In this way every kind of fruit will retain its flavor. Sometimes a thick, leathery mold forms on the top. If so, all the better. The plan of keeping the jars full of hot water is merely to prevent the danger of cracking when the hot fruit is inserted. Some prefer to set the bottles full of cool water in a boiler of water and heat all together gradually. But the other way is much simpler and equally effective.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Spread of the Potato-Bug.

FEW insects have done more serious injury or attracted greater attention than this, even in America, where insect depredations attain a magnitude scarcely dreamed of in this country. Feeding originally on the wild *Solanum ostratum* in the Rocky Mountain regions of Colorado and other Territories, it fell upon the cultivated potato as soon as civilized man began to grow this excellent vehicle within its reach. With large fields of palatable food instead of scattered plants of the wild *Solanum* to work upon, it multiplied at a marvelous rate and began to spread from its native home toward the East. Reaching a point 100 miles west of Omaha, Neb., in 1859, its progress has been carefully recorded each year since, until last year it reached the Atlantic coast at a number of different points in Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. The present year we hear of its being still more numerous on the Atlantic coast and of its swarming round New York city and covering the nets of fishermen. It has thus in sixteen years spread over 360 geographical miles, in a direct line; and, if we consider the territory actually invaded, which includes the States of Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Ohio, Ontario (Canada), New York, Vermont, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, it has overrun an area of 800,000 square miles.—*Prof. Riley, in Popular Science Monthly for October.*

Preparation of Wax.

HAVING employed the bees to extract every particle of honey from the combs, put the latter in a clean boiler with some soft water; simmer over a clear fire until they are melted; pour a quart or so into a canvas bag, wide at the top and tapering downward like a jelly-bag; hold this over a tub of cold water; the boiling liquor will immediately pass away, leaving the liquefied wax and the dross in the bag; have ready a piece of smooth board, of such a length that one end may rest at the bottom of the tub and the other at its top; upon this inclined plane lay your reeking bag, but not so as to touch the cold water; then, by compressing the bag with any convenient roller, the wax will ooze through and run down the board into the cold water, on the surface of which it will set in thin flakes; empty the dross out of the bag and replenish it with the boiling wax, and proceed as before, until all has been pressed. When finished, collect the wax from the surface of the cold water, put it into a clean saucepan with very little water, melt it carefully over a slow fire, skim off the dross as it rises, then pour it into molds, or shapes, and place them where they will cool slowly. The wax may be rendered still more purely by a second melting and molding, and may be bleached by running it into thin ribbons and exposing these to the bleaching action of a grass plat for several days and nights, taking care the sun is not allowed to melt them.—*A Manual of Bee-Keeping, by John Hunter.*

Importance of Planting Forest Trees.

WE are shocked every year with newspaper accounts of the terrible simoons that pass over the Western prairies, demolishing buildings, fences and crops; the natural cause of which is want of timber for protection. The failure of springs and streams is attributable to the same cause. A well-wooded country is always a well-watered one. It is, or should be, the great aim of the husbandman to so improve his property as to enhance its value, by which means he becomes wealthy. The growth of timber requires time, but it increases in value yearly with time, and the sooner it is planted the sooner it will begin to pay. It will pay, too, in so many ways. In a few years you can cut out and sell hoop-poles; in a few more years you can cut out rails, and all this time it is protecting you from storms and drought—protecting the health of your family and stock.

Now I will tell you how to grow forest trees; my experience in growing trees will enable me to do this. The most profitable forest trees are chestnut, hickory, shell-bark, black, white and Spanish oaks; these all grow readily from the nut if planted just where the tree is to remain and grow, but will rarely bear transplanting. The nuts should be planted in autumn, before they get dry; if the germ of the nut becomes dry it is killed, and will never germinate; therefore, the nuts, when gathered, should be packed in moist moss or sand, and kept in a cool place until planted; many plantations have failed for want of this precaution.

The ground should be prepared properly in advance of the time for planting. Ground that has been recently planted with corn, oats, barley or wheat will be in good condition with one plowing; but prairie land that has not been farmed should have at least two plowings.

Select the location for your woodland with some care and, having the soil in good condition, proceed to mark off with shallow furrows about three feet apart; drop the nuts in these furrows, one at a place, about one foot apart, and cover with a corn-cultivator, the middle teeth out, running lengthwise, the horse walking in the furrow. This may be done any time in the fall before the ground freezes. Winter-freezing will not hurt the nuts; the young shoots will come up early in the spring and should be well cultivated for two summers, and kept clean of weeds and grass.

Be careful to leave space for wagon-roads at proper distances for removing the timber as wanted; they will also be useful for ventilation. No variety of live stock can be admitted, as they would destroy the whole matter. About the fifth year hoop-poles may be cut of the oaks and hickories, and may be continued annually for many years. A careful man, of some judgment, should pass along each row of trees once a year for some years with a sharp pruning-knife in his hand, and where he finds a tree growing forked cut off one of the branches; but the small branches that grow out from the stem should not be cut; they cause the stem to grow thick and strong, and will be smothered off in time, as the forest becomes dense and thick. The distance between the wagon-roads must be regulated by the judgment of the farmer, as it would be difficult to remove timber as wanted without them.

I have been particular in describing the minutiæ of this matter, and if properly followed there will be no failure. The matter of tree-planting is of sufficient importance to recommend itself.—"*A. M.*," *in Ohio Farmer.*

Preserving and Protecting Wood.

IT has been observed that dwelling-houses and other structures in European countries, although not fire proof in the modern sense of the term, are practically very nearly so. They do not burn with anything like the rapidity with which the frail, combustible tenements in American towns are destroyed. During the war between France and Prussia, in which many buildings were set on fire, accidentally and otherwise, it was found that a large proportion of them resisted the flames by virtue of the plaster which entered in a liberal degree into all parts of their structure. Walls of lath and plaster were found uninjured when all surrounding parts were destroyed; and heavy timbers imbedded and wholly covered with mortar or plaster have proved, in numerous instances, almost indestructible by fire, as well as proof against decay or the attacks of insects.

This element in house-building, where stone and iron cannot, for any reason, be used as the material for the frame, is deserving of more general attention, as it presents a method by which, without great expense, the danger of swift destruction by fire can be almost wholly avoided, and this in a class of buildings which, it has been thought, must be suffered to take their chance, inasmuch as they are limited in the matter of cost. To surround the timbers with plaster, though a very effectual process, is not so cheap or convenient as could be desired; and a method of treating the wood itself is now proposed, by which it is not only preserved from decay, but the same protection from fire as that derived from a plaster coating is in some degree afforded. The process referred to has lately been tested in England, and with very satisfactory results. It consists in first kiln-drying the wood and thus depriving it of moisture and of volatile and inflammable matter. It is then placed in cylinders into which lime and water, with sulphurous acid gas, are forced, under considerable pressure, and made to enter the pores of the wood, which, when removed and dried, is ready for use. The exact chemical effect of this treatment upon the wood it is not necessary here to explain, but it may be stated, in general terms, that as the pores of the wood are filled and covered with an insoluble sulphate of lime, resulting from the application described, water is excluded, dry-rot prevented and insects repelled, and, in addition to this, the liability to combustion is very greatly diminished. The process, moreover, is said to be the cheapest in use, and the weight of the wood is less after treatment than before it is dried in the kiln.—*Leffel's Milling and Mechanical News.*

German Child Romances.

Every age and every country has its romance, but the romance of childhood belongs more especially to Germany. Wonderful tales of fairies and kobolds, of pixies and waterspirites, of dwarfs and giants, are sung over the babes in the cradle, told by the fireside of every hut and cottage, to the wondering, eager, little, blond-haired children, whose eyes are so full of earnestness and belief.

What histories are connected with the fir-trees, with the beloved and venerated *Christbaum!* What legends lurk in the caves and the woody hollows! Though it be yet summer, the child sees in fancy the beautiful *Weinachtsmann* adorned with splendid sparkling things, as the gospel is adorned with promises and hopes; rich in gifts, as the three kings were; rich; pointing to heaven, as the angel pointed; bright as those very heavens were bright, with silver-winged messengers, crowned with gold, as the word was crowned; odorous like the frankincense; sparkling like the star; spreading forth its arms full of peace and good-will on every side; holding out gifts and promises for all.

And they see the old King Winter making ready for his journey from the north pole; his spiked crown of icicles is on his head; his long, white beard is frozen; his snow mantle, and ice scepter, and rubicund nose and cheeks betokening enough; all are familiar to them. He comes in a sledge drawn by reindeer, and with him his queen, Frau Holle, who, like a tender wife, stuffs his cushions with snow-flakes; they are attended by their trusty servant, Knecht Ruprecht, the *Weinachtsmann*, he who knows all about the good and naughty children. And the vassals of King Winter, when they know he is coming, hasten to spread beautiful rime-carpets before him; and, as he loves fine mirrors, Knecht Ruprecht lays clear crystal looking-glasses over the lakes and rivers for his lord and master's delight. There are no leaves on the trees (only the ever-faithful fir is green), so the trusty servant hangs glittering ice-spangles on the bare branches. Flowers there are none to cast before his sovereign's feet on his entry into those more southern lands, and so he traces beautiful frost-flowers on all the window-panes to gladden the stern old monarch's heart. And the sun rises in the morning and gazes with wonder at the result of Knecht Ruprecht's midnight industry, and sinks to rest again after his brief day without having robbed the white-bearded Winter King of one of his delicate frost-flowers; and when all is ready Knecht Ruprecht is sent forth to hear news of the good children; the Winter King and Frau Holle begin to adorn the fir-trees with march-pane and gilded nuts, apples, quinces, and a thousand tempting sweet-meats. Knecht Ruprecht comes back with his tidings, and the tapers will soon be lighted. For the naughty children Frau Holle has been pointing a moral with birch-rods cut in the forest, and adorning a tale with the bright-colored ribbons that bind those instruments of judicious torture.—*London Society.*

—The conversions in the Presbyterian Church South during the past year are reported at 7,846, being an addition of eight for every minister on the rolls of the presbyteries.

—A fair sample of journalistic experience is furnished by a Lexington (Ky.) paper, whose telegraph editor got sleepy, retired for the night, and left the intelligent compositor to wrestle with his foreign dispatches. The next morning the following item appeared in the telegraphic columns of the Lexington paper: "Dispatch from Vienna reports that radicals been victorious in elections in Seria Deutchez Suitzung States radicles will move in skupigchina but Sevia send army to Herzogevina to assist in Sugenes."

—Miss Lizzie Goss, of Harrisburg, Pa., offers to go up in a balloon with any man who will take her. She has sued three parties for breach of promise, and this may be a new plan.

—Canada papers seem to be alarmed lest the Fenians appear again. There's allurs something to make life unhappy.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES

Not everyone can be President, but all can buy SILVER TIPPED Shoes for their children, and thereby lessen their shoe bills two-thirds. Also try Wire-Quilted Soles.

As the several coatings to the Atlantic Cable, so are a pair of CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots or Shoes to the feet, insure protection from all the elements, except fire. Also try Wire-Quilted Soles.

CABLE SCREW WIRE

—A new and beautiful optical instrument called the microscopic telescope has been invented for the use of photographers. It consists of two parallel telescopes about three feet in length and two inches in aperture, connected by hinges and separated to the distance of the eyes by an adjusting screw. In order to produce the effect of the microscope there are placed before the object glass prismatic lenses of about three feet focus, so that when these lenses are in position an object three feet in front of the object-glass will be seen by both eyes distinctly and magnified according to the power of the eye piece

—If the lazy men of the world could only give their spare time to the busy men in it, things would get to flying so that the former would all be run over and killed in less than a week.

GROCERS who sell Prussing's White Wine Vinegar will never hear a complaint about it.

FIRST Grand Exposition of the Tradesmen's Industrial Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa., opens Oct. 7, closes Nov. 5. Address A. J. Nellis, Pres.

WITHOUT doubt hundreds of people who will read this item are suffering with Kidney Disease in some form, which might be cured with a bottle or two of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*, used internally. Why not try it?

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS, which are now being extensively sold in this State, are purely vegetable, and are mild and gentle in their operation. One is a dose. Good qualities, certainly.

WHEN you go to Chicago, stop at the "Barnes House," corner of Randolph and Canal streets. The fare is excellent and everything in the house is new. Only $1.50 to $2.00 per day for transient.

IF you want to keep posted as to the value of your insurance, subscribe for THE HERALD, published by Geo. J. Yeager, 202 La Salle St., Chicago, at $2.50 per annum, in advance Send 25 cents for sample copy.

SAFE, PERMANENT AND COMPLETE!—Wilhoft's Tonic cures Chills and Fever, Dumb Chills and Bilious Fevers—those Titans that kill their thousands where this remedy is unknown. It cures Enlargement of the Spleen. It cures Hypertrophy of the Liver. It hurts no one. It cures all types of Malarial Fevers and is perfectly protective in all its effects. Try Wilhoft's Tonic, the great infallible Chill Cure. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Consumption Can Be Cured.

SCHENCK'S Pulmonic Syrup, Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic, Schenck's Mandrake Pills, are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption. Frequently medicines that will stop a cough will occasion the death of the patient; they lock up the liver, stop the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, they clog the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of Consumption. Many persons complain of dull pain in the side, constipation, coated tongue, pain in the shoulder-blade, feelings of drowsiness and restlessness, the food lying heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching up of wind.

These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and the cough in these cases he suddenly checked, will find the stomach and liver clogged, remaining torpid and inactive, and, almost before they are aware of it, have the seeds of sores and ulcerated, the result of which is death.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain opium or anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juices of the stomach, aids digestion and creates a ravenous appetite.

When the bowels are costive, skin sallow, or the symptoms otherwise of a bilious tendency, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

These valuable medicines are prepared only by J. H. SCHENCK & SON, N. E. cor. 6th and Arch-sts, Philad'a, and are for sale by all druggists and dealers

The Strange Disease.

LIKE the thief at night, it steals in upon us unawares. The patients have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After awhile a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with greenish-colored expectoration. The patient loses flesh the while, and sleep does not appear to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive, the skin is dry and hot at times. The blood becomes thick and stagnant, the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes a sweetish taste. This is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart. The vision becomes impaired with mistes before the eyes. There is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms do not make their appearance at one time, but during the various stages they are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for liver complaint, some for dyspepsia, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of these various kinds of treatment have been attended with success. It is found, however, that the SHAKER EXTRACT OF ROOTS (not a patent medicine), when prepared properly, will remove the disease beyond all reasonable doubt. It is taken to procure a good article. Sold by A. J. WHITE, General Agent, 315 carl street, N. Y. Agents wanted.

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$30 per Week Salary. Male or Female. Circular free. Address Crystal Co., Indianapolis Ind.

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