Flogging of Three Garroters in England.

At the last assizes in Liverpool no less than five men were convicted of garrote robberies, three of whom were ordered to receive twenty lashes each, one to receive twenty-five, and the fifth—on account of his youth, we suppose—was to have thirty strokes with the birch rod. The latter received his strokes some time ago; the man who was to get twenty-five lashes was spared the infliction on account of ill-health, and the three other men duly received their score each yesterday.

The hour fixed for the flogging was 11:45. The punishment was given, as usual, in the central corridor of the prison, and, in anticipation of it, all those prisoners who are in jail, convicted of violence, were brought out of their cells and stationed in the circular galleries above, from which they could command a full view of the flogging, the object of the visiting Justices in making this arrangement being, as before, that it might have a deterring effect. In the meantime the three men who were to be flogged were brought out, and each of them placed facing a wooden frame, to which he was, after taking off his upper clothing, securely fastened, hand and foot. The two men, Burns and Rigby, were of comparatively small stature, but powerfully built, with plenty of muscle and sinew, and appeared to await their punishment with considerable indifference.

The youth, Wafer, was the tallest of the three, but slim in body, and seemed likely to suffer the most. As on a previous occasion, when several men were flogged on one day, the arrangement was made that the punishment of the three men should take place at the same time, each man to be flogged by a separate officer, and the strokes to fall upon one prisoner at a time in succession, until each had received his quota. The frames were numbered A, B, and C, and as Deputy-Governor Bishop sang out A 1, B 1, C 1, and so on, the lash was brought down on the men's backs and shoulders in regular order, until the twenty rounds had been completed. The order in which the three men were placed formed a crescent, Burns being placed at one corner, Rigby at the other, and Wafer in the center.

The man who had to administer the flogging to Burns lacked neither strength nor willingness to let the lash be felt, and Burns, although he said very little beyond giving utterance to a short exclamation during the first few strokes, and complaining that he was being struck too high—the ends of some of the tails once or twice in the beginning catching him on the neck and chest—undoubtedly suffered most. The man who flogged certainly miscalculated his distance, and hence the cause of the complaint made by Burns, who at one time shrieked out, "It's all round my neck—do you call that on my back?" Rigby endured his castigation well, and said nothing more than "Oh!" once or twice, and at one time asked to be struck fair on the back. The blows in his case were more lightly laid on than in that of Burns, but they seemed to have quite as much effect, causing him to shake and shiver a good deal.

He was thankful, however, when the end came, and when the last stroke fell he remarked that that was what the cobbler called the last. Wafer was less able than either of the other two men to bear the flogging, and after the first stroke or two he began to howl and cry and continued to do so until the end. When the three men were released their backs were in a terribly lacerated state, their right shoulders being all livid, cut and bleeding. Rigby appeared to take the matter coolly when he was being released and turned round and laughed and grinned at the prisoners standing in the galleries above, but his bleeding back belied the genuineness of his smiles. Burns marched away seemingly unconcerned, chewing a piece of lead or other substance with which he had fortified himself to sustain his courage before he was tied up.

Wafer was a piteous-looking object and was led away crying. The prisoners who witnessed the flogging from above did not appear to be much moved by the spectacle with the exception of one, a youth, who was led away in an almost fainting state. The cat-o'-nine-tails used on this occasion were much more formidable weapons than those heretofore employed. Formerly the "cats" were made in the prison, but yesterday whips marked with the Government stamp were brought into requisition, the handles of which are longer and thicker and the cords longer also than the old cat-o-nine-tails. The flogging only occupied about ten minutes. —*Liverpool Post.*

Alpine Excursions.

Anne Brewster says in a letter to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*: "There are many persons who are unhappily ignorant of the delights and varieties of Alpine excursions; they imagine them all alike and all equally tiresome. They call our raptures nonsense and our recitals of what we have actually seen and felt flights of imagination. We can only pity them. They are as the deaf and blind, and are unbelieving because of their incapabilities. Alpine courses are very fatiguing; you return with every atom of your body tingling, bruised feet, probably severe contusions; your face blistered and skinned, caused by the reflection of the sun on the ice; every drop of blood in your veins is dancing and bubbling. You go to bed tired from the crown of your head to the sole of your feet, and wonder if it could be possible for you to fall to pieces, so thoroughly shaken up and unhinged is your mortal frame. But something inside of you feels splendidly. Alpine courses may weary the body, but they delight and fortify mind, imagination and spirit. I never shall forget the physical keen spiritual pain enjoyment I felt once when the guides allowed me to throw myself down on the turf of a superb fir and pine forest near the Nan, Berrant during a rapid, steep and wearying descent we were making on foot one August afternoon. The grass was thick with flowers: lilac digitals, golden arnica, rosa saxifrage, Alpine veronica genipet even little chrysanthemums, the dark garnet vanilla and Alpine roses. I gathered great handfuls and flung them up into the air. Life never had for me a happier, purer moment. There was a sense of exaltation, an exulting emotion that nothing else gives. There was no sorrow worth thinking of, no wrong worth remembering, no care but was folly. It is this exalted feeling that is the secret cause of the fascination of Alpine traveling. If you experience it once it is irresistible. No juice that the grape ever yielded possesses the exhilarating power that is in the air you breathe on a solitary glacier, or the summit of a high Alp. The air far surpasses wine of Cyprus or Xeres. It gives a godlike inebriation, and its to-morrow is one of health and lightness of heart."

Advertising For a Wife.

A Melbourne widower, with something of a family and a goodly bank account, advertised for a wife over a fictitious signature. Several answers were received, among which was one that particularly pleased him. The chirography was delicate and graceful, the language chaste and the signature, like his own, fictitious. After a brief and mutually-agreeable correspondence a time and place were agreed upon for meeting. At the appointed hour the gentleman was waiting in a private parlor at a certain fashionable hotel, and shortly afterward a lady entered, thickly veiled. She came in trembling and did not venture to look up until the voice of the gentleman, in respectful greeting, fell upon the ear, at which she started convulsively, raised her eyes to the face of her swain, and then uttered a suppressed cry—a cry the tone of which struck upon the gentleman's ear with a sound not unfamiliar. He lifted the veil and looked upon the scared face of his own daughter, whom he had supposed industriously pursuing her studies at a school in Melbourne. The young lady has since been installed as housekeeper in the paternal mansion, and her papa is not likely to advertise for a wife again until his daughter is married.

SLANG is both strong and weak. Its strength consists in the ability to express in it, sharp and nervous and full, the idea intended to be conveyed. Its weakness is in the fact that it is the language of the unrefined, the uneducated, the low.—*Philadelphia North American.*

The Double Murder at Clinton, La.

Yesterday we received a brief letter from a colored man in Louisiana. The letter inclosed an account of the murder of John Gair and his sister-in-law by the mob of White-League ruffians in East Feliciana, La. Says the writer:

You see how the Democrats treat Republicans down here. I ask you, in God's name, to raise your voice in our behalf.

The account inclosed, cut from the New Orleans papers, shows that Gair and his sister-in-law were accused of poisoning one Dr. Sanders, of East Feliciana. They were taken from the hands of the officer by an armed body of disguised men, and Gair shot to death, while his sister-in-law was hung to a tree. It seems, however, that Sanders, the man reported poisoned, is *perfect yawell*, and was known to be so when this double murder was committed. The secret of Gair's "taking off" is explained by the fact that he was a prominent Republican and very influential with his people. Says the New Orleans *Republican*:

The shooting of Mr. Gair is, no doubt, in pursuance of the general policy inaugurated in Mississippi some months ago, and in East Feliciana a few weeks ago, to drive out Republican officials and leaders; to demoralize the party, and make the South united for the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1876. "Peaceably, if we can, and forcibly, if we must," seems to be the motto along the Democratic line, and poor Gair has become a victim to this inexorable decree.

Nearly all the officials of East Feliciana have been driven out, and an armed organization rules supreme.

Since writing the above we have received a ringing letter from a correspondent at Clinton, La.—the scene of the recent outrages—which gives the full particulars of this brutal murder. The doctor reported poisoned was not even sick, and while our correspondent was writing walked past the window, as usual. And yet two persons have been assassinated to avenge his poisoning! A very pretty state of things exists at Clinton. The Judge has been compelled to adjourn court, the Sheriff being shot while discharging his duties, and the place seems given up to the reign of the organized ruffians who infest that part of the State.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean, Oct. 19.*

A Democratic Straw.

Many influential Democrats are in favor of paying the South for every slave set free by the result of the rebellion. They defend this policy of paying for slave property on the grounds of justice, and pledge their influence to have it enacted into a law if the Democratic party obtains the control of the Government.

As straws show which way the wind blows, so private opinions, publicly expressed, oftentimes show the current of sentiment prevailing in party organizations. Several leading Democrats in the South have brought this subject of paying for slave property clearly before their constituents, and have excited hopes which must be gratified or doomed to bitter disappointment.

Capt. Camm Patteson is the Democratic candidate for Senatorial honors in the Third Virginian District. He has issued an address to the citizens of Buckingham County, in which he uses the following language:

"Of course I cannot say that sending me to the Legislature would facilitate you in getting pay for your slaves; but this much I do say: I never intend to relax my efforts to secure this laudable object. The United States Government owes us the value of every one that we owned on the 9th of April, 1865, and I would advise every slaveholder to record the names and ages of each one he possessed, with an approximate valuation. This is not idle advice, as I firmly believe we will get some compensation some of these days."

This is a single straw, but thousands could be gathered of a like nature. In certain sections of the South the names, ages and personal description of slaves have been preserved for the very purpose indicated by Capt. Patteson. There is no doubt but Southern Democracy will favor this policy. This wing of the party has always controlled Democracy, so that it may reasonably be expected that the payment for slave property will become part of the Democratic programme—when once in power.

Are the people ready for this additional drain upon their resources? If they are, they should vote the Democratic ticket. If they are not in favor of plundering the nation for the benefit of its former slaveholders, they must not fail to cast their votes for the Republican party. Republicanism means public honesty; good faith with the nation; justice to all men. Under its control not one dollar shall ever be paid for slave property.—*Republic Magazine.*

☞ In the general rejoicing over the great Republican victories in Ohio, Iowa and Nebraska, the little victory in Newark, N. J., on the same day, ought not to be forgotten. It was in every way as remarkable as the greater ones. The Republican candidate for Mayor has a majority of 3,400, the highest ever given a Mayoralty candidate in that city, and of the fifteen wards in the city the Republicans captured thirteen. The total vote was 4,000 greater than in the city election two years ago. The effect of the unexpected Republican victory is a staggering blow to the Democracy. Before the election there was a fierce contest for the nomination of Sheriff on the Democratic ticket, but since last Tuesday nearly all the prominent candidates have dropped out, and don't care to be mentioned in connection with the office at all. The Democratic party all over the State look upon the Newark election as a bad omen for them in the State election next month, and the Republicans are correspondingly elated.—*Chicago Tribune.*

☞ Mr. William Allen has retired with a wet cloth wound round his heated brow, and Samuel Cary—speaking of Cary reminds us of the meditative lumberman who bought two raw oysters and had them wrapped up in a paper. Said the wondering saloon-keeper, as he handed over the parcel: "What on earth yer goin' ter do with 'em?" "Well, yer see," said the lumberman, "I'm goin' up ter Oshkosh ter-night ter hev some fun with the boys, 'n I've most always noticed 't ther's nothin' so good for takin' out inflammation 's a raw 'ister." Samuel Cary has had much experience with "the boys." We suspect he bought the raw oysters at the beginning of the "jamboree," and that he is lying on his back somewhere now with one on each eye.—*New York Tribune.*

☞ The Democrats in New York are claiming credit for investigating and exposing canal frauds, but a little of the wind is taken out of their sails by the publication of portions of the official documents concerning the management of the canals in past years. The regularly-attested records show that the expenditures, both for ordinary and extraordinary purposes, have invariably been largest in the years when the management was under the control of the Democratic party.—*St. Louis Globe.*

☞ When Gov. Allen predicted that he would run 40,000 ahead of his ticket he must have considered Cary the rest of the ticket. But even in that case there was not much "ahead" about it. Cary ran behind, while Allen kept faith with the other candidates.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ The Dubuque *Herald* (Dem.) confines its election news to this remark: "From the various parts of this State the returns are encouraging." And so they were.

☞ The Republican ticket sweeps Iowa with a majority estimated at over 30,000. The people do not seem to be tired of Republican management.—*Cincinnati Times.*

☞ The great Republican victory in Ohio was appropriately celebrated in many of the larger cities, both East and West.

☞ A PUBLICAN in Shrewsbury, England, has found a vein of quicksilver in his cellar.

☞ Poor Uncle William Allen! Gone to meet Methuselah!—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ Another "bad bill" canceled—Bill Allen.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

The English Hangman.

A Paris journalist claims to have interviewed "M. Marwood," the English hangman and the successor of Calcraft. "Calcraft," he says, "was a gentleman. Short in stature, scanty in vestments, his figure humble as a beaten dog, M. Marwood has the air of a badly-paid solicitor's clerk. He has an enticing expression, and he always appears benign, kind and easy-going. Like Calcraft, he dresses himself in garments made by the most fashionable tailors of London; his clothes are black, and, being too large, give him a melancholy air. From an invariable obsequiousness toward Sheriffs, journalists, priests, and, in short, all those who have business with him, he changes his tone toward the condemned. He draws himself up, the pupils of his little gray eyes seem illumed as by a flame, he swaggers and regards the condemned with an imposing air which seems to say: 'Yes, it is I, M. Marwood. You see that I am not fat; very well, with this excellent rope, of which I hold one end while I place the other round the neck of a man, I just dispatch this man whose life is forfeited. It is I who have the honor and the talent to do this. I, Mr. Marwood, Esq!' However, he shows the greatest humanity and the greatest celerity during executions, and it is very curious to see him at those moments. This little, miserable man is so terrible at his work that he becomes positively frightful. The thing done, the obsequious solicitor's clerk reappears, but the obsequiousness is mingled with haughtiness. M. Marwood willingly explains to journalists his manner of procedure, and he becomes very cadaverous when he makes his compliments. Here are some details of his conversation:

"'Is it long, M. Marwood, since you entertained the idea of succeeding Calcraft?

"'Always, sir; but I was not in that line of business; I was in commerce. But I never missed an execution. I have spent whole nights in seeing them. I have even been discharged from three situations because I was obliged to play truant for two days in order not to lose an execution. During this time I studied.'

"'What did you study?'

"'I studied the procedure of Calcraft, and I said to myself that he hanged with a rope too short. I remarked that his criminals were never killed at a blow, because they did not receive a sufficient shock. Then his ropes were so thin that they almost decapitated the patient (!). It was as bad as using the guillotine.'

"'They say that you do not agree with the guillotine, M. Marwood?'

"'Certainly not; and it does not agree with me. We have a right to kill a man, but we have no right to separate him in two. Besides, it is of no consequence that the guillotine works better. It is a mechanical affair, and to do the thing properly is a work of art. I tell you, then, that one day I discussed my theories with M. Calcraft.'

"'And what did M. Calcraft say?'

"'He first ordered me out of the door in contempt. However, after he had reflected—for he was an intelligent man, though somewhat obstinate—'You are the man of the future, Marwood,' he said to me, with a melancholy air. 'You will be the chief of the new school! But I—I am too old to renounce the traditions of my life. My old hands only know how to hang properly with a rope short and thin!' After that day he frequently asked me to assist him. Some time since I succeeded him.'

"'And how much money do you make a year?'

"'Four or five hundred pounds sterling, according to whether business is slack or heavy. We are otherwise very happy.'

"'You have a family, sir.'

"'Here the voice of M. Marwood became churlish.

"'I must ask you, sir, not to speak of Mistress Marwood. An Englishman would not have put so indiscreet a question.'

"He finished, however, in softer tones, and when our special was taking leave of him he presented him with a hanging-rope."

Snakes in Southern Africa.

The puff-adder is a most dangerous snake, being of the color of the dead leaves on which he is fond of curling himself up, and of so sluggish and sleepy a nature that he will not trouble himself to move out of one's way; it is difficult to always avoid treading on him. His bite is most deadly, and he has the most dangerous habit of striking backward, not forward like other snakes. A few people have, I believe, recovered from the effect of a puff-adder's bite, but very few; they generally die in about a quarter of an hour, going quietly to sleep. The only chance of a cure is to keep constantly walking, and to drink quantities of raw brandy, and to take doses of cau-de-luce. When the Kaffirs kill a snake they take some of the venom from its head, which they carry in a little bag round their necks, and, if bitten, swallow a little, which they say is a certain cure. There is even a worse snake in Natal than the puff-adder—fortunately a rare one—the black imamba, one of the very few that will venture an attack without provocation. Many people say that it will even follow a person for miles; but I rather doubt this, unless the person's road happens to run between it and its home, and then I dare say it would do so. Perhaps every one does not know that cows are snake-proof. A bite has no effect on them; we had an opportunity of proving this. A short time after we came to Oakham we were out strolling about, looking at our new possessions, when we were startled by hearing a peculiar shriek from one of the children, evidently a scream of terror. We rushed up to the house and into the dining-room, whence the sounds came, and there was our little boy in a frantic state of fright, with a long, green imamba wriggling about on the floor in front of him, engaged in a fierce tussel with a large tortoise-shell cat, one we had brought from the town. Which would have got the best of it had they been left to fight it out I cannot say, for the coolie rushed in and killed the snake. The cat had bitten out one of its eyes, and in return had got a wound on its face that swelled up to an enormous size; but beyond that he seemed none the worse for his encounter, and in a few days puss was quite himself again; and we felt very grateful to him ever after for having, in all probability, saved our little boy's life.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

—The pressure of the atmosphere at the level of the sea has given rise to a great many experiments tending to scientific results, not a few of which have elucidated important truths, while others have been merely curious in their developments. It is a singular and not very well-known fact that, as the boiling point of water is lowered in proportion to the increase of elevation, people living high up in the world are compelled to do without boiled meats and vegetables, and to have their food roasted or baked, since the water cannot be heated sufficiently to cook food. Darwin tells of an amusing instance of the result of the diminished pressure of the Andes. His companions tried for some hours to boil potatoes, and though the water bubbled vigorously the potatoes refused to be cooked, and the result was attributed to the bewitched pot.

A GENTLEMAN residing in a village not many miles from Boston, finding that the diminution of his stock of wood continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clew to the mystery. At an hour when "all honest folk should be in bed," hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window and saw a lazy neighbor endeavoring to get a large log into his wheelbarrow. "You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I'm asleep!" "Yes," replied the thief, "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my neck with lifting before you'd offer to come and help me!"

How to weigh a load of coal: Weighed—"This load is too heavy; jump out there, Patrick, and take off a few baskets." Patrick jumps on the load and shovels off coal until the weigher cries "stop," and the purchaser of the coal pays for 100 pounds of Irishman which he does not receive.

To do so no more is the truest repentance.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

BREAD JELLY.—Toast some stale bread, and soak in boiling water; slice in one lemon, and then boil to a jelly; strain and sweeten to taste; this is nice for children, as well as for invalide.

THE London *Garden* says: "In a nursery at Clapton where thousands of plants are annually struck from pipings, it is an established rule never to prepare the cuttings, or pipings as they are termed, with a knife. The plan adopted, according to Mr. Casey, is to take hold of the top of the 'grass' and draw it gently until it breaks, which it will do at one of the joints; cuttings thus treated are found to root much better than those made with a knife, which, unless very sharp and skillfully used, bruises the cuttings."

THE abundant presence of salt in the intestinal canal is hostile to almost all intestinal parasites; but it is only hostile to parasitic worms which it cannot immediately reach, because it gives a vigor to the health that is unfavorable to their development and existence within the body. If, instead of getting food seasoned with salt, as well as having the salt-cellar at table to take as many pinches from as we may wish for, we had to get our salt by licking a piece of rock-salt, and if, moreover, there were several others behind us who were impatiently pushing us out of the way in order to have their turn at the piece of rock-salt, we think it is very likely that we should not get salt enough for our health, and that many more of us would suffer from worms than do now.—*Prairie Farmer.*

HOW TO EXTINGUISH LAMPS WITH CHIMNEYS.—A correspondent of the *English Mechanic* says: "Turn the flame up to full power, then blow a puff *horizontally* across the top of the funnel, when the light will not only be extinguished, but there will be no after-smoke—the formerly-ignited wick will be extinguished by its own carbonic acid gas. On leaving my office at night I thus turn up the flaming wick and, with a grateful gladness that the desk labors of the day (and night) are over, give a side wave of the hat past the chimney, which draws up the flame from contact with the wick and the light is gone, and with no after-smell. This cannot be too widely circulated, as I read in the *Times* the other day that a lady lost her life by blowing *down* the chimney and thus causing an explosion."

ELASTIC VARNISH FOR LADIES' SHOES.—Three pounds of rain water are placed in a pot over the fire, and when well boiling there are added four ounces of white pulverized wax, an ounce of clear, transparent glue in small pieces, two ounces of pulverized gum Senegal, two ounces of white soap scraped fine, two ounces of brown pulverized sugar; the ingredients are placed in one by one, and every time stirred up; it is well to take the pot from the fire every time a substance is added, to prevent boiling over; when all is added, the pot is removed from the fire; when sufficiently cooled, three ounces of alcohol are added, and finally three ounces of fine Frankfort black, well incorporated by continued stirring. This varnish is put on the leather with a brush, and is very valuable for boots and shoes, as it can be afterward polished with a large brush like ordinary shoe-blacking, shows a high polish, and does not soil the clothing.—*Western Rural.*

How to Have Early Fruits and Vegetables.

EARLY fruits or vegetables are a luxury which can be enjoyed by all who possess a small plot of ground, by devoting a few hours to the garden. To succeed, in the first place we should procure the earliest variety of seed, and by saving for next year's planting the seed of the first fruit that ripens it can be brought to ripening in less time every succeeding year, provided the season is favorable. For instance, twenty years ago it was difficult to get my melons ripe before the fall frost, and some years I only succeeded by covering them on frosty nights; but by saving for planting the seed of the earliest ripe fruits I have succeeded in having nice ripe musk-melons by the 15th of August and watermelons a few days later. For early vegetables I generally plant the seed in the ground where they are to grow as early as the state of the soil will permit in the spring, and advance vegetation by placing around each hill four bricks set on edge and covering with an 8-by-10 pane of glass. In the first place, after well pulverizing the soil, the surface should be hoed or raised in small mounds, similar to potato hills, and the seed covered lightly on the apex, and the protection of bricks and glass placed around each hill. Tomatoes, Lima beans and sometimes cucumbers, early sweet corn, etc., are advanced in the same manner. After the weather becomes sufficiently warm the protecting glass and bricks are removed and laid by for another season. I prefer planting the seed in the ground where the vegetables are to mature to transplanting from a hot-bed, as the growth after the plants come up is continuous, while the growth of tender plants from a hot-bed is generally checked for some days by transplanting to the open ground. Early potatoes may be had some three or four weeks sooner than their usual time of ripening by placing a small quantity cut fine in a box about the 1st of March and covering them with damp loam and setting them near the kitchen stove, and when the danger of spring frost has passed planting or setting them out in a warm, sunny place in the ground. If the sprouts from the potatoes are inclined to grow too rapidly after they are up in the box, set the box in a cooler place, which will not retard their growth and harden them, till it is time to set them in the open ground.

Among the chief attractions of a home in the country is a farm, fruit garden, and an orchard of choice apple, pear and plum trees, and a home where such luxuries are provided will always prove attractive to the children born on the place; and although when they arrive at adult age they may become separated and reside far from the home of their youth, the old homestead will always possess attractions which will cause longings to revisit the scenes and joys of our early days.—*Maine Farmer.*

Changing Too Often.

Many a man has failed to become a successful farmer through proneness to make frequent changes in the products of his land. Dairy husbandry is tried for a few years, then sheep husbandry, but nothing thoroughly and long enough to learn the business, or establish a reputation for producing a first-rate article of any kind.

If a man learns from experience or close observation that his farm is better adapted to the culture of some other crop than the one produced, he would certainly be foolish not to make a change in accordance with circumstances. In nine cases out of ten, however, a change is not made from any such consideration, but merely to do something else which promises to be more profitable.

One of our subscribers writes from Wisconsin that wheat was formerly a profitable crop upon his farm, but of late years the land had become so poor that wheat "is played out." We would certainly advise farmers of this class to make a change of some kind, but a man who will starve his land would probably do the same thing with his animals; consequently we should not feel justified in recommending a change in this direction. Better commence to restore fertility to the soil, adding deep culture and a judicious rotation of crops, until the worn-out or exhausted land again produces wheat as it did in "days of yore." This kind of a change is the one of all others needed over a wide extent of country, and before thousands of our farmers can begin to count their profits. Probably one of the most prolific sources of frequent desires to make a change is found in the accounts of great profits derived from the culture of certain crops or from keeping certain breeds of stock, as published in our agricultural papers. Of course we are not disposed to doubt the truth of these statements, nor depreciate their value to thinking men, but there are hundreds of persons who "jump at conclusions," and if they read of a man who has made $500 profit from an acre of fruit or vegetables in the suburbs of New York city they are inclined to think that something may be done in Maine or Minnesota. The various "manias" or "fevers," as they are termed, which have run riot over the country during the last half century, causing the loss of millions of dollars to our agriculturists, all originated in the same manner, those who had the articles for sale finding their customers among those who were ever desirous of "making a change" in the products of their farms. The mulberry, or *morus multicaulis*, mania and pear, grape and sorghum fevers left more men poor than they made rich; still, there was an element of good in all, but the masses lacked the discretion which would have prevented them from purchasing an article or entering into a business which they were confessedly ignorant of. Right here we would hinge this entire subject of making changes in products or the general management of a farm. If a man proposes to make any change in his system of culture he should first ascertain with some degree of certainty that the new and untried will prove to be better than the old before attempting it.

The same rule holds good in omitting one kind of crop and replacing it with another, or changing the breed of animals; in fact the more thorough a man's knowledge in this respect the more likely is he to succeed. It is usually much cheaper to purchase information in books and periodicals in regard to any branch of agriculture than through experience. Not that we believe the former can wholly take the place of the latter, but it is a much shorter and safer road to reach general principle.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Cabinet or Parlor Organs.

These have become the most popular of large musical instruments. There are now about two hundred and fifty makers of them in the United States, who produce more than forty thousand organs per annum. Most of these are very poor instruments. This is naturally so, because there are few articles in the manufacture of which so much saving can be made by the use of inferior, improperly-prepared material and inferior workmanship, and yet which, when finished, show so little difference to the average purchaser. The important parts of an organ, made as well as they can be, cost two or three times as much as if made as low as possible. Yet, when the organ is done, it is not easy, from casual hearings, to tell the difference between the best and a very poor one. Especially when shown by one who knows how to cover up defects, to one who has not special skill in such matters, it is not difficult to make a poor organ appear a good one.

The temptation to makers, then, to produce, at a fraction of the cost, an organ which will sell almost as well as a good one is almost irresistible. Hence the fact that so few good organs are made and so many poor ones, and that the country is flooded with peddlers and dealers selling these poor organs, which pay such large profits. The buyer of the poor organ does not fail to find out his mistake after a while. The thin, reedy tone of his cheap organ soon becomes offensive, it works noisily and roughly, is constantly out of order, and becomes useless by the time a really good instrument would have been getting into its prime. A good organ ought to last a generation, at least; a poor one may last five years, with considerable tinkering, or may break down much sooner.

There is one safe way. Get a genuine production of one of the very best makers and you cannot go astray. Among these undoubtedly stands pre-eminent the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., whose organs are so well known that other makers are generally content to claim that they can make *as good* an organ as the Mason & Hamlin. They invented and introduced the Cabinet or Parlor Organ in its improved form, started with and have always closely adhered to the policy of making only the best work, have shown such skill as has given their organs the highest reputation, not only in this country but also in Europe. At the Great Exposition at Vienna, in competition with eighty of the best makers in the world, they obtained the highest medals. To enumerate the competitions at which they have received similar honors would be to give a list of the fairs at which they have exhibited; and to mention the prominent musicians who recommend their organs as unequaled would really be to give a very good list of the most illustrious musical names in the country, with a good representation in Europe.

One who obtains a Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organ need have no doubt that he has the best instrument of its class which can be made.—*New York Independent.*

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 become yellow, 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 feels tired all 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 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 blood, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes a sweetish taste. This is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart. The vision becomes impaired with spots 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 in all its stages. Care should be taken to procure a good article. Sold by A. J. WHITE, General Agent, 319 Pearl street, N. Y. Agents wanted.

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 a dull pain in the side, constipation, coated tongue, pain in the shoulder-blade, feelings of drowsiness and weariness, 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 if the cough in these cases be suddenly checked, will find the stomach and liver clogged, remaining torpid and inactive, and, almost before they are aware, the lungs are a mass 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 generous nutriment.

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

These 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.

TO HAVE GOOD HEALTH the liver must be kept in order. *Sanford's Liver Invigorator* has become a staple family medicine, purely vegetable—*Cathartic* and *Tonic*—for all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Will clear the complexion, cure sick headache, etc. See advertisement.

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.

FOR pickling or table use Prussing's White Wine Vinegar is unrivaled. Try it.

CRAMPS and pains in the stomach are the result of imperfect digestion, and may be immediately relieved by a dose of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* A teaspoonful in a little sweetened water is a dose.

HEAVY oats are good for horses; none will deny that; but oats can't make a horse's coat look smooth and glossy when he is out of condition. *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* will do this when all else fails.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.—This medicine is used by construction companies for the benefit of their employes when engaged in malarial districts. The highest testimonials have been given by contractors and by the Presidents of some of the leading railroads in the South and West. When men are congregated in large numbers in the neighborhood of swamps and rivers Wilhoft's Tonic will prove a valuable addition to the stock of medicines, and will amply reward the company in the saving of time, labor and money. We recommend it to all. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

—The only Presbyterian church which received more than 200 accessions during the year 1874 was Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle in Brooklyn, the number being 238.

—The Bushes, quite an aristocratic family, are out in fall style, with various shades of red and yellow.

BEANS are very easily damaged and reduced in value in harvesting. From the time they are gathered until they are threshed and marketed they should be kept dry and protected from mildew. Exposure to damp causes them to be spotted or discolored, in which case they are either unsalable or can be disposed of only at a much-reduced price. As soon as the beans are ripe they should be pulled. This may be conveniently done by passing down between two rows, commencing so that the fence is at the left hand and the field at the right, and pulling the plants in both rows, laying them over on the right-hand row; then passing between the next two rows, gathering the beans and laying them over toward those already gathered. Before the dew falls the beans should be stacked. To do this, a pole six feet long should be stuck firmly into the ground. Then short pieces of rails should be laid on each side of the pole. The beans should be laid on these rails, the roots all one way. One moderately-sized bunch should be laid on each side of the stake or pole. Then other bunches should be laid across the first ones and the roots kept always on the same side of the stake. This is to prevent the earth from falling amongst the beans and discoloring them. In this way the stack is carefully built up, and on reaching the top of the stake a cap of straw is fastened around it, and spread so as to shed rain and keep the beans dry. The stack is so open and narrow that the wind passes freely through it, and curing goes on rapidly. When they are sufficiently cured they may be hauled to the barn and threshed, either with the flail or the machine with the concave raised, and winnowed and bagged for market.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Mr. Winegardner, of Williamsport, Pa., was considerate and courteous to the last. He tied a rope to his body and fastened one end of it to a bridge, pinned up a placard near by: "Pull on this rope—you'll find me," and calmly jumped off. They pulled on the rope, and lo! there was the corpse. No trouble or unnecessary expense. Need we force the case of Mr. Winegardner upon a suicidal public?—*Rochester Democrat.*

OPIUM and Morphine Habit absolutely and speedily cured. Painless; no publicity. Send stamp for particulars. Dr. Carlton, 187 Washington-st, Chicago

Fire and Water-Proof! LANGLEY'S PATENT SLATE PAINT stops the leaks in an old Shingle Roof and makes a new one last twice as long; is also the most durable paint made for Tin and Iron. Send for pamphlet. Agents wanted. WILLIS G. JACKSON, General Agent, 169 Washington street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

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