THE HERALD.

The City Farmer.

When formerly a city man who had made his "pile," and, as he drove through the country and became fascinated with the beauty of the growing crops and things in general, would make up his mind to try his hand at so pleasant a business—his actions were carefully watched by the old farmers and his many blunders laughed at. He was not satisfied to have the things after the fashion of the general farmer, he must have them all much nicer and better, and then couldn't help but succeed. He bought imported cattle, sheep, swine, chickens and what not, the finest and most expensive implements and farm machinery, some of which had scarcely been read of by agriculturists generally. He hauled his manure from the city by scores of loads; guano was applied profusely and everything done on a scale that threw all his neighbors entirely in the shade. When they protested against a great deal of this useless expenditure and waste of labor he would reply that he had his own ideas about matters and things, and as he thought they were an improvement on the old fogyisms of the day he would try what he could do, having no doubt of his entire success, and others would be glad to follow him; but no success followed, at least, not in the shape or to the extent expected. The next year was still less satisfactory, as several of his fine cattle died from over-feeding. The following year the fly got into his wheat so as to leave not more than one stock standing where there ought to be twenty. The worms destroyed his apples. His potatoes rotted. Some roving, worthless dogs killed or mangled twenty of his Southdown sheep in a single night. The lightning burnt down his barn. Hence, at the end of five years he found there was neither pleasure nor profit in farming—in fact, he was quite sure of it. His family complained, too, of being away from the city, from their friends, from parties, operas and theatres, and were terribly tired, anyhow, of the country. Papa, therefore, backed by his family, who had come out with such eagerness into the pure atmosphere of the hills and valleys, sold out everything at half its value—houses, lands, stocks, crops, household goods and everything else, root and branch losing from $15,000 to $20,000, and went back from whence he came, a wiser, if not richer man.—*Denver Inter Ocean.*

Pulpit Jokes.

Old Mr. P. had been, after a fashion, a Baptist preacher for fifty years. He was quite proud of a claim he frequently made from the pulpit, that in his line he was the oldest in the State. There was but one man who disputed this claim, and thus Mr. P. was accustomed to dispose of him: One Sunday, bringing as usual into the sermon his favorite parenthesis, he spoke about as follows: "Brethern and sisters, I've been a preachin' this blessed Gospel fur fifty year, the second Sunday o' last January. I'm the oldest preacher in the State. Now old Brother J., I've heard, 's been a-disputin'-me on that p'int, and says he's the oldest. Now, my brethern and sisters, Brother J. ain't a exactly countin' fa'r. Brother J. have been a-standin' in the pulpit fur fifty-two year; it's a fact, and I'm not a-goin' to deny it; but"—then the old man smiled in a triumph that, though mild, was most decided—"but, brethren and sisters, the first four year o' that preachin' o' Brother J. he were a Methodis', and I count that no preachin' at all; and, accordin' to my calkilation, that fetches him down to forty-eight year, jes' two year behind me."

The same parson was sometimes quite pointed in his rebukes for disorderly deportment in church. One Sunday a young lady in the congregation had changed her seat several times during the delivery of the sermon. As she was about taking yet another seat, he said to her, "That'll do, my darter; set down now, and keep still fur the balance o' the sarmint. Every body done see your new calliker frock."

On another occasion he thus began his discourse, after having chosen a simple text: "Well, to-day, my brethern and sisters, I'm goin' to preach a little defferent from common. I've been a-preachin' big theological sarmints fur some time, but to-day I'm goin' to preach jes' a common plain sarmint—one that the wimming and niggers can understan'."

Gymnastics as a Cure of Disease.

Boerhave, the great Dutch physician, inscribed on the wall of his lecture-room, "I gave the medicine, God cured the disease". He was far in advance of the doctors of his era, and promulgated ideas which were then novel, but which science has since made commonplace.

In an age of dosing, when quantity was as much thought of as quality, he said:

"When I reflect on the immunity of hard-working people from the effects of wrong and over-feeding, I cannot help thinking that most of our fashionable diseases might be cured mechanically instead of chemically, by climbing a bitterwood tree, or chopping it down, if you like, rather than swallowing a dose of its disgusting leaves."

Each school boy now knows that physical vigor is the basis of bodily health, and may only be retained by exercise. But in those days few physicians cared to utter the truth, even if they themselves knew it.

The Ancient Greeks, knowing that an effeminate man is half sick, provided gymnastic exercises. They used these to promote health and prevent disease. An old Greek doctor, Asclepiadese, is quoted as an authority by Dr. Oswald to enforce the idea that gymnastics will cure disease.

The philosopher had found that health could be preserved, and if lost, restored by physical exercise alone, and not only discarded the use of internal remedies, but made public declaration that he would forfeit all claim to the title of physician if he should ever fall sick or die but by violence or extreme old age.

Asclepiadese kept his word, for he lived upward of a century, and died from the effects of an accident. He used to prescribe a course of gymnastics for every bodily ailment.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Valuable Bouquet.

One of the first things the Princess of Wales purchased at a late fancy fair was a magnificent bouquet, for which she gave a couple of sovereigns or so. Having inspected the various stalls, she was on the point of departing, when one of the ladies, who had been most indefatigable in disposing of her wares, and was evidently a personal friend of her Royal Highness, stopped her.—"What, are you going already?" "Yes," said the Princess. "O, then *do* give me your bouquet, and wait a moment, and see what I will do with it." Her Royal Highness complied with the request at once; whereupon the vendor promptly announced to the crowd of male admirers standing round her stall that flowers from the Princess' bouquet were on sale at ten shillings apiece—"only a limited number to be disposed of." In less than two minutes thirty gallants had each one in his button-hole, and thirty golden half-sovereigns had been added to the funds of the charity.

A Brotherly Act.

Justice Field is reported by the New York *Star* as saying this: "When I go into my brother Cyrus' office I feel as if I was surrounded by forty steam engines and electric batteries. Such activity and bustle as he daily goes through would drive me crazy. When I told him I was going to Europe, he asked me if my wife was going. I said I thought not, as I could not well afford it. I left for home, and in a few days I got a letter from Cyrus which said: 'No man should take a trip abroad without his wife. I have forwarded to London a letter of credit for you for £1,000.' This was all there was in it, and I think Cyrus was right. He is a noble fellow, and an affectionate and devoted brother." A Chicago man recently received a letter from his brother saying that he could not take his wife to Europe on account of the additional expense. The Chicago man immediately wrote back: "I see you are just as tough as ever. I shall play the same racket myself next year."

A Dangerous Craft.

The ram "Polyphemus," just launched at Chatham, Eng., is a cigar-shaped vessel, having neither masts nor sails, and when in service but very little of her will be seen above water, except the central portion, upon which will be placed the funnels, signal towers, and other features necessary to have above water. Her chief weapons are an enormous ram, projecting twelve feet from the bow, and torpedoes, for the use of which she is specially designed. The torpedos can be fired from the bow or from either side of the ship, the ejecting parts being some depth below the water-line. The ram is also submerged, so as to strike armor-clads well below their iron plating. As the vessel's speed will be not less than seventeen knots an hour, she will be a very formidable craft for a fleet to encounter.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration.

Mr. R. S. Chilton, of Clifton, Ont., writing to the Toronto *Mail*, says: "On a visit in 1868 to the famous battlefield, Mr. Wills, a well-known resident of Gettysburg, who was Mr. Lincoln's host on the occasion of the cemetery dedication, told me that in the morning after the President's arrival he rapped at his door to ascertain if he had slept comfortably, etc., and found him partially dressed and seated at a small table with a half a sheet of paper before him, upon which he had been writing in pencil. 'Come in,' said he to Mr. Wills, 'take a seat. I want to read to you what I have been scribbling for a speech to-day, and to get your opinion on it. It isn't long.' And then he read to Mr. Wills the speech exactly as he delivered it in public a few hours later. The emendations made afterward when contributing in April, 1864, an autograph copy of the speech to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore are few and slight."

"Why, John!"

They were in a Lisbon Street shoe store, telling about their narrow escape on their way down from out of town. They were an honest-looking couple, apparently nearing their golden wedding. Said he, "I had got pretty nigh a railroad crossing over yonder, when I heard the engine holler—" "Yes," broke in his wife, and I says, 'Missy on us, John! do hurry up, and get over." She stopped to take breath, and her partner continued: "So I give the hoss a clip, and just as soon as I got on the track two big arms came down, one on each side of me, and I couldn't go one way or t'other. There was the engine a screeching and the cars a rattling along, and there we was, shut in there—". "And I says, "Why, John!" " put in his wife, while the man continued: "But the switchman came along and grabbed my hoss's bridle and pulled me off just as the train whizzed by. I never had such a squeak in my life,—never!" "And all I could say while we were on the track was, 'Why, John!" rejoined his better-half, wiping her specs with an agitated hand.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

An Old Trick.

A Voluntown horse laid down in the shaft of the vehicle to which he was attached on Water street recently. The goodhearted bystanders rushed to the prostrate animal, held him down by the head, unbuckled his harness and carefully pushed back the vehicle while he got up. They then harnessed him in. Just as the work was concluded one of the lookers on remarked: "Yud better let that beast alone, friends, he knows how to lie down and how to get up." "Is he your horse?" asked one of the active men. "Well, yes, I s'pose he is. That air is an old trick er his'n. He never breaks nuthin. He is the caref-most beast you ever see. I lets him go down and git up just when he wants to." The astonished fellows concluded that they had not won the thanks of the proprietor of that horse and departed in disgust.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

Two Oversights.

One of the stall-keepers at the Central Market had a basket of vegetables to go to a house on Fort street east, and calling to a whitewasher, who was hanging around for a job, he said to him:

"Here, old man, take this basket to No. — Fort street, and I will give you a watermelon."

The colored brother closed his bargain at once, and upon his return, after a suspiciously brief absence, the man handed him the two halves of a green melon. "I promised you a melon, and here it is," he said, as he clapped the halves together.

"But dat mellyon haint ripe, boss."

"Can't help that. I didn't specify that I would give you a ripe one."

"Dat's so, boss, but I didn't specify what time dis summer I should tote dat basket up dar, either, an' I kinder reckoned dat it was best to leave it in a lumber yard till I saw de size and color of de mellyon! Pears like I haint much behind in dis trade."

He had a ripe melon under his arm as he started off to finish his errand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Humors of the Telephone.

It is a somewhat singular fact that an ordinary business man will put up with almost anything he makes use of except the telephone; but from the greatest invention of this or any other century—an instrument that daily saves him more time and labor than all his other improvements put together—he won't stand the slightest nonsense. He turns in a signal. If the answer does not come instantly, he swears. He tells the central office the person he wishes to speak with; if the bell does not tap again before he can count a dozen, he swears some more, and he vows he could go and do the errand in half the time. A disinterested listener, however, knows that he couldn't have put his hat and coat on and got out of the door. The telephone is the best thing of the age to bring out human nature. A man will show more of himself in five minutes before this delicate machine than in half a year in ordinary ways. We recommend that the bells be made with a little mirror, to enable some of those irascible people, who think it strange that the telephone can't go out and harness up a horse for them, to see the latest and most improved specimen of a jackass.—*Exchange.*

A Cure by Imagination.

At a large hotel the not uncommon dilemma arose of there being only one room in the house vacant when two visitors required accommodation for the night. It was a double-bedded chamber, or was soon converted into such, and the two guests—who were both commercial travelers—agreed to share it. One of these gentlemen was a confirmed hypochondriac, and greatly alarmed his companion by waking him up in the middle of the night, gasping for breath. "Asthma," he panted out; "I am subject to these spasmodic attacks. Open the window quickly; give me air!" Terrified beyond measure, the other jumped out of bed. But the room was pitch dark; he had no matches, and he had forgotten the position of the window. "For Heaven's sake, be quick!" gasped the invalid. "Give me more air, or I shall choke!" At length, by dint of groping wildly and upsetting half the furniture in the apartment, the window was found; but it was an old-fashioned casement, and no hasp or catch was to be discovered. "Quick! quick! air! air!" implored the apparently dying man. "Open it, break it, or I shall be suffocated!" Thus adjured, his friend lost no more time, but seizing a boot, smashed every pane; and the sufferer immediately experienced great relief. "Oh, thank you; a thousand thanks. Ha!" he exclaimed, drawing deep sighs which testified to the great comfort he derived; "I think in another moment I should have been dead!" And when he had sufficiently recovered, and had expressed his heartfelt gratitute, he described the intense distress of these attacks, and the length of time he had suffered from them.

After a while both fell asleep again, devoutly thankful for the result. It was a warm summer night, and they felt no inconvenience from the broken window but when daylight relieved the pitchy darkness of the night, the window was found to be still entire. Had invisible glaziers been at work already, or was the episode of the past night only a dream? No; for the floor was still strewn with the broken glass. Then, as they looked round the room in amazement, the solution of the mystery presented itself in the shape of an antiquated bookcase, whose latticed glass doors were a shattered wreck. The spasmodically-attacked one was cured from that moment. So much for imagination.

Thomas Jefferson.

Mr. Flower, an English gentleman of education and wealth, who in 1816 made a trip on horseback through Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia, in the winter of 1816-17 became the guest of Mr. Jefferson at Monticello, has left the following description of Mr. Jefferson: "Mr. Jefferson's figure was rather majestic. Tall—over six feet—thin, and rather high-shouldered; manners simple, kind and courteous. His dress in form and color was quaint and old-fashioned, plain and neat; a dark pepper-and-salt coat, cut in the old Quaker fashion, with a single row of large metal buttons, knee breeches, gray worsted stockings, shoes fastened by large metal buckles—such was the appearance of Jefferson when I first made his acquaintance in 1816. His two granddaughters—the Misses Randolph—well-educated and accomplished young ladies, were staying with him at the time. The chief charm of the visit was in the evening conversations with Jefferson, who gave me the inside history of events, before only known to me, as to the world generally, in the published record or outside history, which is all that the public is generally allowed to see."

In the swimming shools of Berlin experiments have been made with a new style of life-preserver. It is a sort of cloak of silk, with three rubber bags or pockets, one on each side and one at the back. On touching the water a chemical compound in the pockets turns into a kind of gas, which will support a man and keep him afloat for two days.

Milk as a Food.

Again, milk is a food which should not be taken in copious draughts like beer or other fluids which differ from it chemically. If we consider the use of milk in infancy, the physiological ingestion, that is, of it, we find that the suckling babe imbibes little the natural food provided for it. Each small mouthful is secured by effort, and slowly presented to the gastric mucous surface for the primal digestive stages. It is thus regularly and gradually reduced to curd, and the stomach is not oppressed with a lump of half-coagulated milk. The same principle should be regarded in the case of the adult.—Milk should be slowly taken in mouthfuls, at short intervals, and thus it is rightly dealt with by the gastric juice. If milk be taken after other food it is almost sure to burden the stomach and to cause discomfort and prolonged indigestion, and this for the obvious reason that there is insufficient digestive agency to dispose of it. And the better the quality of milk the more severe the discomforts will be under these conditions. Milk is insufficiently used in making simple puddings of such farinaceous food as rice, tapioca and sago. Distaste for these is engendered very often, I believe, because the milk is stinted in making them, or poor, skimmed milk is used. Abundance of new milk should be employed, and more milk or cream should be added when they are taken. In Scottish households this matter is well understood, and a distinct pudding-plate, like a small soup-plate is used for this course. The dry masses commonly served as milky puddings in England are exactly fitted to create disgust for what should be a most excellent and delicious part of a wholesome dinner for both children and adults.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Wood Floors of Russia.

The finest floors are said to be seen in Russia. For those of the highest grade tropical woods are exclusively employed. Fir and pine are never used, as in consequence of their sticky character they attract and retain dust and dirt, and thereby soon become blackened. Pitch pine, too, is liable to shrink, even after being well seasoned. The mosaic wood floors in Russia are often of extraordinary beauty. One in the Summer Palace is of small squares of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A considerable trade is done in Dantzic and Riga by exporting small blocks of oak for parquet floors. There is an active demand for these in France and Germany, but none in England.

It is reported that Jay Gould's son is about to organize a racing stable. If this is so, the public will eventually discover the exact size of the elder Mr. Gould's fortune.

Ostrich feathers are not so much used for personal adornment by ladies as formerly, but there seems to be still a considerable demand for them. The British consul at Mogador states that these feathers form an important branch of the Mogador exports, the quantity last year for England and France being forty-one cwt., valued at £16,500. The feathers came from the Soudan, and further south, generally from birds killed by native hunters, who sometimes, however, catch them alive, strip them of their feathers and let them go.

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West Virginia, Aug. 25, 1879.—I received your medicine and I believe it has cured me, for which I am very thankful. Inclosed find $5. Please send me another box (No. 2) for a friend. You have done a great thing for me. I will send you all the orders I can.
From a Physician and Surgeon.
Missouri, June 26.—Please forward me another box of the Pastilles. The patient on whom I have used more than one box in addition to a sample box, is feel recovering, and I think another will set him all right.
From a Druggist.
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THE Physicians in charge of this old and well known Institution are regular graduates in medicine and surgery. Years of experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases have made their skill and ability so much superior to that of the ordinary practitioner, that they have acquired a national reputation through their treatment of complicated cases.
INDISCRETION OR EXPOSURE Producing enfeebled vigor, nervous debility and affections of the blood, skin or bones, treated with success on scientific principles, without using Mercury or other Poisonous Medicines and at moderate expense.
YOUNG MEN and those of middle age who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretion, and are desirous of regaining health and vigor, should consult the Doctors before entering elsewhere. Their long and extensive practice in the treatment of Seminal Weakness and Impotency, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Nervous Debility, Urinary Deposits, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Rupture, etc., are known to be the most skillful and successful treatment ever offered to the afflicted. Cures guaranteed in the shortest time with the least pain or exposure. Medicines sent everywhere, secure from observation. Consultation free, personally or by letter. Patients cured at home. Private Diseases of every kind, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Urinary Organs