

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Ex-Senator Randolph, of New Jersey, devoted all his yearly salary to charity.

A review recently started in India is entitled *Cream*, the intention being to skim the magazines of Europe and America.

Solon Truth's real name—or that which had been given to her by her first master—was Isabella Hardenburg.—N. Y. *Sun*.

Congressman Lanham, of Texas, represents a district of eighty-seven counties, some of which are as large as Massachusetts.

Miss Winnie Hall, of Temple, Tex., admits that she is the oldest old maid in America, if not in the wide world. She was one hundred years old the other day.—*Chicago Herald*.

Fine bust portraits of President Adams and Van Buren have been recovered from the garret of the White House, by President Arthur's order, and hung up in the Red Parlor.

Mrs. George Bancroft, the wife of the venerable historian, reached her eightieth birthday recently. She is described as a very pretty lady, wonderfully well preserved, and, indeed, much healthier than her husband.

The volume of voluminous speeches and orations of the late Senator Ben Hill, authorized by the Legislature of Georgia, has at length been issued—four thousand copies for the use of the Senate and eight thousand for the use of the House.

Mr. Carlisle, the new Speaker of the House of Representatives, is most happy in his domestic relations. He dotes on everything to his genital and dignified wife, and frankly acknowledges his obligations to her for the success of his public career. Their home in Covington is proverbial for her hospitality and good cheer.—*Chicago Herald*.

Long Branch, N. J., is the residence of Jason Butler, aged one hundred and five, and his wife, who is ninetythree. Mr. Butler proudly claims to be represented in all parts of the world, as he has one son doing missionary work in China, another a sailor now whaling in the Pacific, a grandchild in England, and a grand-daughter married to a trader in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

HUMOROUS.

"Yes," said Dadofowski, "I al-

ways think of a physician when I see

one of those horrid gin mixtures."

"Make you sick?" "Oh, no, but it's a fizz I sham."—*Boston Post*.

Cheeky passenger: "Any fear of

disturbing the magnetic currents,

Captain, by going near the compass?"

Captain: "No, no, sir. Brass has no

effect on it, whatever sir."—*Trauch*.

A member of the New York Phonetic Club writes to this able and influential journal, asking us to "drop the final 'u' in words so ending, and spell dialog, epilog, etc., etc." Well, we kick. We are willing to drop the u to a limited extent, but when the New York Language Club asks us to spell glue, gl, we protest.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A trying case: "Oh no!" she ex-claimed, in consternation, "surely not, doctor?" "Yes," he said, "you are certainly threatened with scarlet fever." "What shall I do, what shall I do?" she moaned in great distress. "O, doctor, couldn't you throw it into some other kind of fever? Scarlet is so trying to my complexion!"—*Philadelphia Call*.

"Are you going to the German tomorrow night, Amy?" asked the high-school girl of her friend. "Yes, dear, I think I'll go," was the reply, "you know Adolphus has taught me a little of the language. I can say 'Kneess Sie Mich' and 'aus gespiel' and 'mix-curious.' Besides, I am fond of sauerkraut and bologna sausage, you know." Mildred fainted.—*All City Herald*.

"Do you know sis that you have outraged not only the fixed laws of society, but you have lost the respect of your friends and relations by marrying this muttato?" said an irate father to his eldest son, who stood in defiant attitude before him. "What is your excuse for this grave and irremediable offense?" "I was 'color blind,' father; I am so trying to my complexion."—*New York Tribune*.

"What are you crying about?" asked a kind-hearted stranger of a lad who was standing in front of a newspaper office weeping as if his heart would break. "O, dad's gone up stairs to tickle the editor." "Well, has he come down yet?" pursued the gentle Samaritan. "Pieces of him have," explained the boy, indulging in a fresh outburst of tears, "and I'm expecting the rest every minute."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A Reliable Carrier.

A business man near the foot of Woodward Avenue had three or four important letters to mail one day about four weeks ago, and as an acquaintance was going up Griswold street, he asked him to drop them into the post-office.

The mission was cheerfully accepted, and yesterday the acquaintance happened in at the office again for the first time since that date.

"Say, Ben," began the dealer, "do you ever forget anything?"

"Never!" was the prompt reply.

"Do you remember the letters I gave you to mail one day last month?"

"Perfectly."

"And you mailed them?"

"I did."

"Please feel in your left hand coat-tail pocket and see if they are not there."

"I'll feel, but I remember posting those letters as plainly as I remember."

He felt something and began to haul up, and out came four letters, crumpled and soiled and worn.

"I thought so."

"Well, by gosh!"

"And the money I gave you to buy stamps?"

"Bless me—bless me—did I ever! Say, I had that coat on that day to go to a funeral, and I'll be hanged if I didn't forget to go to that."—*Detroit Free Press*.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Ether pickles or catsup should be eaten with cold meat.

Two thicknesses of newspaper make a good lining for apple barrels.—*Troy Times*.

The best pen-wiper is a piece of an old kid-glove. No lint sticks in the penalls as from cloth.

Keep steel-hits in a warm place until wanted for use. It is cruel to put a frosty bit in a horse's mouth.—M. A. Herod.

Buckwheat should not precede either corn or wheat. It makes the soil too light and porous for wheat, and experience shows that corn never does well after buckwheat.—*Burat*.

Feed sheep regularly and by day-light. Noon is the best hour for feeding roots and grain. Whenever a sheep has examined its teeth. It is either a bad hoof or foot rot, and requires immediate attention.—*Advertiser*.

Savory Eggs Fried: Take a dozen hard-boiled eggs, cut them in halves and scoop out the yolks. Mix the yolks with some finely-minced cold chicken-marrow, shabbi, a little lemon juice and pepper and salt to taste. Put this mixture into the white halves together, pass a piece of thread through them, roll lightly in egg and bread-crums and fry to a light brown.—*Burat*.

Cranberry Pudding: Cranberry pudding is made by pouring boiling water on a pint of dried bread crumbs; melt two tablespoonsful of butter and stir in. When the bread is softened add two eggs, and beat thoroughly with the bread. Then put in a pint of the stewed fruit, and sweeten to your taste. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Fresh fruit may be used in place of the cranberries. Slices of peaches put in layers make a delicious variation.—N. Y. Times.

A colored man named Richards, now living in Rhode Island, entertains his friends by stories of the time when he earned twenty dollars a week playing the cimbalin in a well-known American show which traveled in England. Richards was kept shut up in a cage, and was expected to glare fiercely at the spectators, and every now and then approached his cage. He was taught a sort of gibberish, which he repeated occasionally to the horror and terror of the lookers-on.—*Advertiser*.

The American grain-elevator system is to be introduced in Russia.

The Meadows of Maryland: SPRINGFIELD, PRINCE GEORGE'S Co., Md. Mr. Chas. G. Addison of the above place states: "I sprained my right knee, causing intense suffering, and the use of crutches for several weeks. I found no relief in other remedies and finally tried the miracle of cure, St. Jacobs Oil. In a short time I could bend my knee—which had been as stiff as an iron rod—laying aside my crutches and was able to walk as well as ever."

The Mormon question: "Desire, will you join my aggregation?"—*Boston Freeman*.

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disturbing the magnetic currents, Captain, by going near the compass?"

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Twenty-four years ago, says John Thomas, we had three or four inches of sand carted on part of a garden, the soil of which was too clayey for the successful or convenient raising of garden vegetables. When this sand was well worked in, the whole became an excellent sandy loam, just the soil for agreeable working. The labor of drawing on the sand was considerable; but it was done in winter, when there was little else for the man and team to do; and the fine condition of the soil remains as good as at first, and probably will for a century to come."—N. Y. Tribune.

Liberality to Stock.

Stock animals are generally kept for two purposes—for the value of their flesh in various ways, and also for milk and butter. As to horses and sheep, the last are generally kept for their labor and the latter for wool, in addition to feed. But for all these purposes, as well as some others, first-class feeding is all-important. Why then should the feed be niggardly given at any time? A horse poor in flesh is weak-looking and unsalable. A poor cow is much the same, and in addition gives but little milk or butter, and is unfit for beef. Poor sheep and poor pigs are also nearly worthless in that condition, while to improve them after such treatment costs a great deal more, with less profit in the end, than to feed well from the first. According to all my experience, observation and reading, the more a cow will eat up to the point where she is moderately fat, say good enough to butcher, the more profitable she is for dairy purposes, and the less danger of loss from accidents, which do not impair her value for beef. Her is a constant motive then for good feeding, and yet it seems that there really are thousands of farmers whose leading doctrine of treatment and study is how little will keep their stock on their feet, with no thought given to how much can be profitably fed!

There is an inhumanity, too, in this treatment which is astonishing. It is a system which subjects animals to constant hunger so much so that it affects growth, health and spirits. The men who practice it know what hunger of this sort is. Probably not. But had they better not try it a short time at least? Try a couple of weeks or a month, and notice the result. Saying nothing about the appearance, the constant gnawing of the hungry tend in the stomach, attending on half or quarter rations would be a lesson in feeding that would last a good while. I wish it could be tried in some cases, as it would work a vast improvement in stock-feeding.

Whenever I hear a farmer complain about his stock being unruly it is tolerably strong proof against him that his management is bad. Stock do not jump fences to push them down merely for amusement or exercise. There is an impelling cause, and that generally is hunger. The animals expected to live and be happy and thankful in pasture feed which is harshly but a'nd exercise, and the law of self-preservation, which applies to them as well as to human beings, impels them to jump fences to save their lives. They are to be praised rather than blamed. I wish every half-starved herd in the country would demolish every fence between them and a full meal whenever it is necessary.

Look closely at a cow or horse that is never surprised by "unwonted liberality." There is contentment and happiness in the eye after every motion. The cow is sleek and fat, and unless habitually teased, there is a good nature and amiability never seen in the hungry animal. There is, too, in owning such an animal, as it is only surprising that the man who minded starver not find it out. In does not deserve the profit, but then he is his "unwonted liberality" system.—S. P., in *Country Gentleman*.

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How a Physician Managed to Obtain a Large Practice.

The following story serves to illustrate the love of the French people for the mysterious: A short time ago a Parisian doctor set up an establishment in the Faubourg Montmartre. He assumed a high-sounding name, furnished his house in weird and fantastic fashion, engaged solemn-looking and taciturn servants, and announced that he could only see patients after the hours of midnight or in the gray dawn of the morning. The effect was electrical. Every weak-minded person, with maladies, real or imaginary, flocked to the new doctor, who soon began to reap a golden harvest. At last the suspicions of the police were aroused. The physician paid him a personal visit, and asked to see his diploma. To his surprise he finds out that not only had the suspected individual taken good degrees but that he had graduated at the Paris University. Just as he was taking his departure, however, the doctor entreated him not to let any one know of his high qualifications. The commissary, with some surprise, asked him the reason of his desire to conceal so much intellectual light under a bushel. "Why?" replied the other, "if my patients only knew that I was a mere doctor, my practice would vanish like the snow."

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