Agriculture.

Profit in Keeping Sheep.

An excellent farmer told me this year that for every sheep he kept he sold, in lambs and wool, an average of five dollars' worth per head. He said also that his sheep paid him better than anything else grown on the farm. Five dollars are nearly ten cents per week, and during the pasture season sheep can be kept at a cost of two to four cents per week. In the winter the cost is a liltle more; but if bean straw and other coarse fodder are freely used, winter keep need not be very expensive, and the manure would be worth am not so clear about the profit in summering sheep. Where a farmer has a large amount of rough land unsuited ages. for cultivation, sheep will utilize it better than any other stock, provided the land is not wet as well as rough. On low or swampy lands sheep will not do well, and are liable to foot-rot and other diseases. But if a farmer has only clover pasture, let him beware of sheep. Either he must feed so light as to get little benefit from his pasture, or he will ruin the young clover-and he may do both. Sheep and clover both improve the farm, but they will not do it together. One neutralizes the other. That "the foot of the sheep is golden," is a proverb only true when pastures are filled with natural grasses and the herbage is made sweeter and richer from being kept closely cropped.

Five-dollars-per-head sales from a flock of sheep pre-suppose a good many ewes, nearly or quite as many lambs as sheep and a good market for them. My friend this year sold lambs at \$3.63 per head and wool at \$1.50. Not all the lambs were sold, the ewes being saved for breeding and about as many old sheep fattened in the winter as were saved of ewe lambs. To get such a price for lambs, they must be good ones. A full-blood Cotswold buck is used. As the ewe-lambs are saved, the second cross is three-quarter blood, and the third is seven-eighth. Lambs even of the half-cross are very strong, thrifty and heavy for their age. They are commonly dropped in February and March. This requires close watching and warm quarters in cold and stormy weather; but with these there is usually little loss, often less than farmers suffer who have ordinary lambs dropped in April or May. The grade of the Cotswold buck on the common native sheep, is hardier than the thoroughbred. They need better feed than the common native lambs, but they pay well for all they get. It will pay well to have a field of winter rye to turn on early in the spring, after the weather becomes warm-better still if late her flow of milk, and as soon as the lamb is old enough to eat, to increase its size. Young lambs will begin to nibble at oats when two or three weeks old and will soon learn to eat greedily. Only a very little is needed in addition to the dam's milk. The larger the lamb, the higher the price per pound. high or low. I know no way in which extra feed is given to the mother at least, early-dropped Cotswold grade lambs are apt to become stunted and will never fully recover.

Celery for Milch Cows.

A writer in an Australian paper states that in many districts the leaves of celery are highly esteemed as food for milch cows, and are often preferred to red clover. The cows are said to eat them most greedily, and to yield on this food a far sweeter and richer milk than on any other. Sometimes the leaves are cut up small, scalded with hot water, and given as a mash mixed with bran, and sometimes they are fed whole in their natural state along with the other ordinary food.

As an item more of curiosity than of practical utility, we take the following from the recipe for the manufacture of the celebrated Roquefort cheese, given by Mr. Reynaud, whose exhibits of that article carried off the silver medal.

Says Mr. Reynaud: "Take good wheaten bread, render it mouldy, then take the most delicate part of the mould and mix it in the proportion of onefourth with rye flour; place this mixture in boxes, moistening it with a few drops of good brandy. In making the cheese, this mixture, dried to powder, is placed in three alternate layers with three layers of curd." We wonder who invented Roquefort cheese?

Domestic.

LETTERS FROM A COUNTRY GIRL on Dress .- Men, in describing the toilets of poor young ladies, and women who have never had to fix over their old clothes, in doing the same thing, write something like this: "By her taste she had made the cheap goods so beautiful that her appearance could scarcely have been improved had she been arrayed in the most costly

To those who don't know, this sounds pretty. There is something attractive in the idea of a young girl's own loveliness lending grace to poor materials,-but, alas, the simple idea is all there is of it. It is impossible to dress well without good materials, first of all and always. I grant that the main beauty of a dress is in the making,-that common materials, made up with taste and care, will please the eye, -but this is not all. The question is, "What is worth this trouble?" Cheap goods have nothing but their external appearance to depend upon for effect, so they need to be well made up if made up at all. And then, when you have expended time and strength and anxiety and skill upon them, how long will you have anything to show for your pains? Rain streaks damp shrinks, dust discolors beyond remedy, and what is almost a work of art amounts to nothing because of its flimsy foundation.

On the other hand, good materials, by their intrinsic value, are able to sustain themselves, no matter how plainly made. Gotten up simply, they are still elegant; elaborately, well worth the trouble; injured to any extent short of destruction, they are capable of being restored; and, finally, they last in good condition, until, perhaps, you are tired of them.

Most persons desire good materials for better wear, but are in the habit of purchasing inferior articles for everyday use. But I think this is a mistake. I know that cheap now is always very dear at last. Resolve always to have some tabric with a good honest name appended. I don't in-

Calicoes, ginghams, chintzes, percales, are solid and reliable, of one pure ma-terial, and quite all they pretend to be. filling a place that nothing else could take. They can be made nicely, they wear well, they can be renovated easily, and look pretty as long as they hold together. But half-wool poplins, mixed de bbges, low-priced bourettes, cotton velvets, imitation laces, are worthless. To attempt anything satisfactory with them is pouring water through a sieve, and to make a show with the most elaborate arrangement of any of them, is acting a falsehood. I know a young lady who is always well-dressed, and yet she spends almost nothing for her clothes. She buys a large part of the cost of feeding. I little, but takes care of what she has, and saves the pieces. And this is somewhat the way in which she man-

She needs a dress. By saving her money she gets a handsome black silk, but she knows that for the next five years she won't get another best dress, so this must be taken care of. By different arrangements of laces, neckties, flowers, gloves, etc., she wears this same dress to church, at weddings, parties, concerts and everywhere. With her coat and plain gloves and collar, it answers for the street; with a handsome ruche and jewelry, flowers, white kid gloves, and elaborately arranged hair, it is full dress, and so on, ad infinitum. It cost her considerable at first, but rain doosn't hurt it, dirt glances off it, it can be easily matched, and can be kept in repair, and because she always has something available, she doesn't have to buy any ordinary dresses to eke out her wardrobe, and almost before she knows it, she has, with her usual resources, saved enough to buy a handsome cashmere.

The pieces left from her silk trim it. and she can often wear the polonaise with the silk underskirt. And for over two years, winter and summer, (with, in the greatest heat, a white body or two) she has needed nothing else as regards solid dresses. Either of her skirts serves as a foundation for a calico, percale or linen overdress, while the handsomest white may be worn over her silk. So far good. But more. Her sister gets tired of her name redingote, and she alters and wears it over her silk, and with cardinal ribbon it is gorgeous.

When it comes to more extended renovations, she finds she has chosen wisely. She replaces fringe on her silk overskirt with guipure lace, which has been lying in a drawer several years. Her cashmere polonaise is not of style. She cannot, at present, afford any new material. So, of the body she makes a basque; of the underskirt, sponged and pressed, an overskirt; and with the rest, a sham skirt. some grain is given to the ewe to stimu- Out of the lower part of the polonaise, with contriving and twisting, she makes a pretty dolman, and trims it with the fringe off the silk, which, beautiful when purchased, is still good.

As for coats, the cashmere receives a coarse tlannel lining for winter. A year or two before, a little walking This is an unvarying rule, be the price | jacket of cloth nearly threadbare, took on new youth by a border of rich a little grain will pay so surely and so | fur, and when the young lady can afford fitting cloth for a new basque, she garment by making it herself and putting this same fur upon it.

She could tell you many little things. One is, don't buy any pronounced fashionable goods unless you have plenty of money. A handsome bourette costs as much as a handsome or two, while silk never does. Anthat dresses made with overskirts and ruffles are extravagant. They endure plain as to show all parts. And it is well to consider everything, even buttons, ribbons, etc. Smoked pearl buttons, for instance, never wear out, and can be used over and over again, upon all sorts of materials. The same with black gros-grain ribbon-its variety of uses is perfectly marvelous. In feathers, remember that breasts and bands never get out of curl; that real ostrich tips never crack like made tips. For under-clothing, it pays best also to have neat, white pearl buttons. for they last a lifetime. Good, all wool materials are the only ones that dye nicely. Collars, cuffs and handkerchiefs should be of the very best are the most expensive articles, yet even here much may be saved. In gloves, for spring, summer and autumn it is best, for ordinary wear, to have them of white (not dark) lisle thread. The former wash beautifully, the latter do not. This same young lady, whose best kids are always exquisite, has worn, day after day, from May till October, one pair of white, four button, thread gloves, washing them every other day and mending them often, always having her toilet neatly finished. In ties, with one real black guipure and one white valenciennes, a lady may be well provided for during many years, brightening her toilet by combining with either a little knot or ribbon or flowers. With wash goods for everyday, cashmere for better, silk for best, with little variations according to fancy, any girl may get along comfortably. But, if she still needs another dress for going out in the morning, for traveling, for chilly weather, the next best thing to an old cashmere, is a soft, all-wool de bege. Though this latter is a material becoming to nobody, it may be made to look well by accessories, and it is, it-

Though I hope most ladies will have a little more variety than the one alluded to above, still no one knows until she tries what may be accomplished on a little. The girl described actually has gone on and looked well, in the manner pointed out, for over five years. Perhaps, if all of the little shifts were known to the public, no woman would think herself poor, -happy thoughts, such as buying fine cambric remnants, here and there, to make a white dress, the whole costing about two dollars; trimming a jacket with the pieces of an old parasol; letting down the wide hem of a pair of gloves, stitching the edge neatly and working button-holes, to make them two inches longer; blackening a belt with shoeblacking; and many, many little devices, producing great results in ef-

self, substantial, serviceable, and al-

most impossible to soil or crumple.

I reiterate, never buy poor materials What could this girl have done with her almost empty purse had she not had the remains of fitting fabrics upon which to exercise her taste and skili? And when I say that it is every lady's cation from Frederick A. Ober, of duty to be well-dressed, I am very sure that I set no impossible task.—Rural

FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM. - The whites of two eggs well beaten; then mix with pure water (we melted ice,) add one tablespoonful of orange flower water and a little sugar, (as much is apt to make the bowels worse,) give a tablespoonful every hour. It will cure the worst cases of cholera infantum. the egg coating the bowels and healing them,

A sweet potato, one-third being left out of water and exposed to the sun in a window, will send out beautiful vines.

Scientific.

The Artificial Production of Certain Precious Stones .- From a strictly scientific standpoint, the synthetical produc-tion of mineral substances found in nature possesses great interest, as throwing much light upon the modes and processes which nature employsquestions often of vital interest to the geologist and mineralogist, and which the most careful chemical analysis does not permit him to decide with positiveness. With this object in view, investigators have succeeded in producing, artificially, in the laboratory, a number of mineral substances, which, in chemical constitution, crystalline form and other physical properties, are not to be distinguished from the natural products; and much information of interest to the chemist and the mineralogist has thus been gleaned. Naturally enough, the thought has often occurred to the ambitious chemist to seek to solve the problem of producing the choicest and most highly valued mineral products-the so-called precious stones-but until quite recently all such efforts have been, practically, failures, the best results being confined to gems of microscopic minuteness. We do not refer here to the imitations of precious stones-skillfully-colored glasses, paste diamonds and the like, the production of which has long been successfully practiced, but to the artificial produc tion of the gems themselves.

The exception we have made is of sufficient importance to warrant a special notice in the Review, and refers to the recent remarkable achievement of Messrs. Fremy and Feil (the first a distinguished chemist, of Paris, and the latter a glass manufacturer), in producing by artificial methods the colored crystalline variety of corundum, known as the ruby and sapphire, in such quantity and quality that the value of these hitherto costly products of nature threatens to be seriously impaired, and the wants of the watchmaker and the jewel-cutter will be abundantly supplied for the future.

In seeking for the cause of the suc-

cess of the experiments of Messrs. Fremy and Feil, we are disposed to attribute it largely to the circumstances that they were wise enough to depart from the beaten track of previous laboratory experimenters, and to operate upon a large amount of material (from 50 to 75 pounds was the quantity employed), and to subject their materials for a considerable period (20 days) to the uninterrupted influence of the very high temperature obtainable in a glass furnace. The chemical reaction of their procedure involved the composiwill reduce the cost of the completed tion of an aluminous silicate (in this case pure porcelain earth), by means of a metallic oxide (oxide of lead). The process, as carried out at the glassworks of M. Feil, consisted in subjecting a mixture of equal parts of the atoresaid porcelain earth and red-lead in a fire-clay crucible, to the intense silk, yet goes out of style in a season | heat of the glass furnace continued for several weeks. As the lead likewise other is, it is a mistake to suppose attacks the silver which the crucible contains, and may even perforate the walls of the vessel, it was found experefurbishings impossible for dresses so dient to place the charged crucible within another, to avoid the possibility of loss of the charge from this cause. At the conclusion of the above-descriled operation and the cooling of the crucible, its contents were found to consist of two layers-the upper one vitreous, and consisting chiefly of silicate of lead, and the lower one crystalline, and containing clusters of geodes, consisting of beautiful crystals of alumina. The experiment just described yields colorless crystals; and to obtain such as shall show the rose or deep-red color of the ruby, the addition of 2 or 3 per cent, of the bichromate of potassa is necessary. The blue of the sapphire will be produced by the addiquality. Above all, avoid cheap tion to the mixture of a small quantity ruches. Gloves, neckties and shoes of oxide of cobalt. As the ruby and sapphire are nothing but colored corundums, it is apparent, from what has been said, that the products of Fremy and Feil's experiment are not merely close and ingenious imitations of these gems, but the veritable gems themselves, in no way to be distinguished from the product of nature's handiwork. Usually these crucible-formed gems are covered with a skin of lead silicate, which may be removed either by means of fused oxide of lead, or of hydrofluoric acid, or by other modes well known to the chemist. At times, however, the geodes are found to contain crystals that are quite pure. They have the same chemical constitution, the same hardness, the same luster, the same specific gravity, and the same crystalline form as the natural ruby and sap-

The artificial rubies laid before the French Academy for examination were found to readily cut quartz and the topaz; their specific gravity was 4.0 to 4.1. Like the natural gems, they lost their red color when strongly heated, and regained it again on cooling. The diamond-cutters repute them quite as hard to grind and cut as the natural rubies (and at times even somewhat harder), and M. Jannetoz, a wellknown mineralogist who examined them crystallographically, reported that, under the microscope, with polarized light, they presented precisely the same peculiarities as the products of

It is probable, therefore, that these highly interesting discoveries may lead to the artificial production of the ruby and sapphire, and of many other gems in such quantity and quality as to speedily reduce the commercial value of these natural products, that heretofore have been esteemed to be beyond the skill of the chemist to reproduce.

The only precious stone which, in the light of these advances, may be said to have yet defied all the efforts to reproduce it, is the chief of all gemsthe diamond; but how long will it be permitted to enjoy this enviable distinction?-Polytechnic Review.

An Interesting Communication to the Smithsonian Institution .- Prof. Baird. of the Smithsonian Institution, has just received an important communi-Massachusetts, the well-known natu- I said no, I wouldn't try to learn; I ralist, who has been engaged for two would like to know how, but I was too

that institution in exploring the natural history of the West India Islands. He has been remarkably successful in his work, and has recently transmitted to Professor Baird a numerous collection of birds, embracing many new species, many of them exceedingly rare and hitherto unknown in the collection of the Smithsonian Institution or in any other in this country. Mr. Ober has attained a high reputation as a naturalist, and his report on the fauna of those islands on his return the coming winter will be looked for with great interest.

A good waterproof cement is made by dissolving five parts of gelatine in hot water, and adding one part of chromate of lime; the cement must be kept in vessels which are well shielded from light.

The Suez Canal, among its other curiosities, presents the traveler with the extraordinary spectacle of vast flights of flying-fish, which at times suddenly appear in the vicinity of the vessel and as suddenly disappear.

Dumorous.

-The latest conundrum, and we don't know who is responsible for it, is 'Which is the hardest-to kiss a girl leaning from you, or climb a fence leaning to you?"

-"That's the smallest horse I ever saw," said a countryman, on viewing a Shetland pony. "Indade, now," replied his Irish companion, "but I've seen one as small as two of him."

-An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him; "but I think it's better in the dark."

-There is nothing true, good or beautiful in this world that comes to us without care or thought of honest labor, but a sneeze is a kind of outburst in which there is a good deal of satisfaction, and yet it is rarely premedtated.

-"I'd like you to help me a little," said a vagrant, poking his head into a country store. "Why don't you help yourself?" asked the proprietor.
"Thank you, I will," said the tramp, picking up a bottle of pickles and two loaves of bread, and then vanish-

-A colored brother was telling his young friend that he ought to jine the church. Said George, "I would, but de temptation to do wrong is too strong for me." "Whar's yer backbone, dat ye can't rose up and stand tempta-tion?" exclaimed brother Peter. "I was dat way myself once. Right in dis yere town I had a chance to steal a pa'r of boots-mighty fine ones, too. Nobody was dar to see me, and I reached out my hand, and de debbil said take 'em. Den a good spirit whispered for me to let dem boots "An' you didn't take 'em?" alone. 'No, sah; not much. I took a pa'r o' cheap shoes off de shelf, an' I left dem

-A man was once walking along one road and a woman along another. The two roads finally united, and man and woman, reaching the junction at the same time, walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held by the legs a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep, dark ravine, the woman said to the man: I am afraid to go through that ravine with you: it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force." "If you are afraid of that," said the man, "you shouldn't have walked with me at ali; how can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, and a live chicken in the other, and am leading a goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot.

"Yes," replied the woman; "but if you should stick your cane into the ground and tie your goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken into it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resist-"Success to thy ingenuity, O ance." woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself. "I should have never thought of such an expedient."

And when they came to the ravine, he stuck his cane in the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying: "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then, lowering the kettle from his shoulders, imprisoned the chicken under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.—Ex.

TRIMMING THE HEDGE.-I saw an honest farmer trimming an osage hedge over in Henry county. It is a very peculiar operation, and I listened to it with a great deal of interest. I say listened, because the interesting fea- making, there her mind and heart go, ture of trimming a hedge consists not | and these are frittered away in plaits so much in what the farmer does as in and tucks and trimmings. If the wowhat he says. The honest farmer had man have to depend mainly on herself, a crooked knife on the end of a hoe handle. He stuck this into the hedge, and gave it a jerk.

Then he said: " Ah!" Then he jerked again and down came

edge switch. Then he said: Then he took hold of the withered switch and drew it away from the

hedge. Then he put his thumb in his

mouth, and stood on one foot and said: " Аһ-h-н-Н!!!" Then he once more unto the breach, dear, dear friends, made another prod with the hook, and said, loudly:

"Gee whiz!" Then he jerked at a wicked looking branch with his hook, and roared: "Great SNAKES!"

Then he pulled out a crooked branch so full of thorns that it made your back ache too look at it, and when he stumbled over it and it wrapped itself around his legs, he stood still for a second, then dropp d his book, lifted his hands to heaven, and screamed: "Oh! Bloody murder!"

The next rake he made, he brought whole top of a hedge plant, with five or six branches, right down on his back. Then he threw his hedge hook clear across a ten-acre field, opened his mouth thrice in voiceless gasp, spread his arms out and fell down flat on his face, dug his toes into the turf, drummed on the turf in agony with his cleached fists, and wailed like a storm of wrath: "Oh! dad essentially! Take him off!

Somebody take him off!" When he got up, he said I seemed interested in hedge trimming, and he would teach me how to do it myself. THE AGONY OF CLOTHES.

The Song of the Shirt was long ago ung, and has been learned literally by heart. The song of the Chemise, familiar as its sentiment is, has never been sung—has never been put into verse even-probably because its burden is so prosaic, so full of pettiness and annovance. It is a work-day, wearing, depressing theme, and is not likely to be anything else, for its concern is with Clothes, to which every woman's soul wistfully and engrossingly responds.

The life of the majority of women is a struggle for and with Clothes-their vast importance, in feminine eyes, demands a capital—and a struggle in which they are invariably overcome. They contend intrepidly in an unworthy cause, and deserve better fortune in consideration of the time and money, the thought and worry, they so eagerly give to it. If they could ever triumph over Clothes, the battle would be less ignoble; indeed, would have a certain dignity. But, alas, they are doomed, despite shirts and shams, expense of mind and material, consecration of all they have and are, to perpetual and mortifying defeat. Evidently, they do not regard it so. To them the battle of Clothes, though ever lost, is always won. Clothes are woman's natural master. To be conquered by them appears to her like a glorious victory.

It is common to speak of the present as the time when woman is entirely under the domination of Clothes; as if she were different now from what she has been; as, if, at some period of the past, she were lukewarm respecting the things she wore. This is unture. There has been no age within history when woman's blood has not boiled on the subject of her attire; when the depths of woe and the heights of happiness have not been reached at the prospect of how, or some special occasion, she must or may bedeck herself. In regard to dress, the belle of the season and the savage of the forest, the Calmuck female and the New York lady, are at one; the difference being in their culture and their taste, while their love of finery and passion for adornment, as they understand these, are the same. The chroniclers of every era, from the earliest to the contemporaneous, have mentioned woman's devotion to her raiment, and all satirists have rated her for her folly and extravagance in this regard. They have wasted words and ink. Woman's madness about Clothes, as it seems to men, is born of her sex and seems absolutely incurable. It she appears a little crazed conce ning them to-day, it may be comforting to know that her craze has not increased in two thousand years. The mania, though it may impress the masculine mind as abnormal and exceptional, is part of the natural history of womankind.

There is no good reason why woman should not bestow time and attention on her dress. She ought to; it is her æsthetic duty; it is graceful and commendable within limitations. The misfortune is that she allows Clothes to override and subjugate her, to trench upon and display her individuality, which should be precious beyond everything else. She should command her Clothes, instead of permitting her Clothes to command her. She should preserve something like preportion between what she is and what she wears. but, unhappily, she does not.

She seems to believe in her inmost soul, though she would not admit it, that fine feathers make fine birds, when we know, and she ought to know, that the finest birds are apt to have the plainest plumage. There are many exceptions-our wives, daughters and nearer friends are among them, of course-but the average woman is fearfully dominated, even dwarfed, not so much by her garments as by the incessant thought of her garments, by the one haunting, absorbing idea of how they appear. Even her own person, its grace and comeliness-vivid as her vanity may be-is unconsciously subordinated to her habiliments. If they excite admiration, if they are praised, her person must be lovely; she thinks, since beauty, in her slender lexicon, is defined by Clothes.

If woman could put on and off her garments, and give herself no uneasiness beyond this, it would be well. But they are always with her, whether on or off. They lead her a vungar. never ending dance; when they pipe, she capers, in and out of season. They pursue her and persecute her; they are the Nemesis of her own creation; and she fancies-so one-ideaed is she, so unhealthful have they made her-that sufferings they entail upon her are her pleasure and recreation. How sadly significant is the preparation of her raiment-unvarying, monotonous, eternal! If she have money she can patronize the modiste lavishly and contautly, but the modiste cannot relieve her anxiety and apprehension lest her things prove not all that they should. Where her gowns and garniture are what interminable toil and trial are hers! All her days are spent in cutting, basting, and sewing. She has no time to be, to think, to enjoy. Every moment must be given to her Clothes.

Think of her passing year after year thus, of the seasons, of youth and age coming and going, while she is staving at her needle! There is no need for satire here. The thing itself is the essence of satire. The simple fact is pitiable, the thought of it humiliating. Why does not woman rise above it? Why will she consent to be so miserable a drudge; why will she sacrifice her whole nature to so paltry an end? Ask her. No man can divine. He can only wonder at her patient, constant, hopeless suffering from the agony of Clothes .- N. Y. Times.

-A fortnight ago high winds swept over Paris and one of the strongest gusts blew away from the spire of the church of Notre Dame the gilded weathercock which surmounted it. The dethroned bird is nowhere to be found. Whether he plunged headlong into the river, or was picked up from the pavement by some unpatriotic and sacrilegious pedestrian, man knoweth not. Within the outer frame of that bird was concealed a heap of minted metal. The collection included every French piece of money current in France, whether of copper, silver or gold, from a centime to a hundred franc piece.-There were, in addition, coins of one denomination or another bearing the faces of all the sovereigns of Europe.

-Ovid Pinney's will, just filed at St. Paul, Minn., leaves most of his estate of \$200,000 to clothe and educate the orphans of Beaver county, Pa., where THE WRITERS OF THE BIBLE.

Moses wrote Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. Joshua, Phinehas or Eleazar, wrote the book of Joshua, but it is not certain which of them.

Samuel is the penman of the book of Judges and Ruth. He also wrote the first acts of David, and probably Nathan and Gad wrote his last acts; and the whole was formed into two books, which were named after Samuel, as the most eminent person, called the first and second books of Samuel.

Jeremiah most probably compiled the two books of the Kings. Ezra compiled the two books of the Chronicles. He is also author of the book bearing his name.

Nehemiah wrote Nehemiah. The author of the book of Esther is unknown.

Elihu was most probably the penman of the book of Job. Moses may have written the first two chapters and the last. Some think Job wrote it himself. David wrote most of the books of Psalms. Asaph penned a few of them. Solomon wrote Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Songs of Solomon. Isaiah is the author of the prophecy

of Isaiah Jeremiah wrote the book bearing his

name, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, probably Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, wrote the books of prophecies bearing their respective names.

wrote the Gospels named after them. Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles. Paul is the author of the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Phile-

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,

mon, and Hebrews. James, the son of Alpheus, who was cousin-german to Christ, and one of the Apostles, wrote the Epistle of James.

Peter wrote the epistle bearing his name. The Apostle John wrote the three

Epistles of John. Jude, the Apostle, the brother of James, called also Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddeus, a near relative to our Lord, wrote the Epistle of Jude. St. John, the Divine, wrote Revela-

-Garibaldi will winter in Genoa. Genoa a better place to stay? - Free Press. Never having taken a Turin Italy we can't say.—St. Albans Adver-tiser. We traveled a Milan a half there once, barefooted, Venice was two inches thick (and we never saw Foggia weather), with only a Pisa Bologna sausage to eat. We saw Susa and Florence, but when we got there, Lodi mercy! we didn't have a decent Leghorn us. We had to Gæta doctor, and he said you must not Rome any more, because your Legnago. But good Lucca bad, we didn't Sienna better place than Genoa.—Boston Post.

-He was an aesthetic young man from the city. The floor manager had introduced him to a divine young creature in blue, and they stood in the t waiting for the prompter's call.

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"It's the boss," replied the gentle reature in blue, as she arranged the fastening of a neat little glove.

The young man from the city had to be assisted out of the hall.—Rockland Courier.

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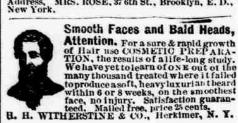
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