A MISSISSIPPI PILOT'S STORY.

Some Facts About Alligators as they Were in the Good Old Days.

The passenger, who was going down the big river, for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up beside the pilot, a grim old grayback, who never told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in this river?" inquired the stranger, after a look around.

"Not so many now, since they got to shootin' 'em for their hide and taller," was the reply.

"Used to be lots, eh?"

"I don't want to tell about 'em, stranger," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.

"Why?"

"'Cause you'd think I was a-lyin' to you, and that's sumthin' I never do. I can cheat at keerds, drink whiskey or chaw poor terbacker, but I can't lie."

"Then there used to be lots of 'em?" inquired the passenger.

"I'm most afraid to tell ye, mister, but I've counted 'leven hundred allygators to the mile from Vicksburg cl'ar down to New Orleans. That was years ago, afore a shot was ever fired at 'em."

"Well, I don't doubt it," replied the stranger.

"And I've counted 8,495 of 'em on one sand bar," continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a government surveyor was aboard, and he checked 'em off as I called out."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said the passenger, as he heaved a sigh.

"I'm glad of that, stranger. Some fellers would think I am a liar, when I'm telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine to the mile!"

"Is that so?"

"True as gospel, mister! I used to almost feel sorry for the critters, 'cause they'd cry out e'en most like a human being. We killed lots of 'em, as I said, and we hurt a pile more. I sailed with one captain who allus carried a thousand bottles of liniment to throw over the wounded ones!"

"He did?"

"True as you live, he did. I don't 'spect I'll ever see another such a kind, Christian man. And the alligators got to know the Nancy Jane, and to know Captain Tom, and they'd swim out and rub their tails agin the boat an' purr like cats, an' look up and try to smile!"

"They would?"

"Solemn truth, stranger! And once when we grounded on a bar, with an opposition boat right behind, the alligators gathered around, got under her stern, and jumped her clean over the bar by a grand push! It looks like a big story, but I never told a lie yet, and I never shall. I wouldn't lie for all the money you could put aboard this boat."

There was a painful pause, and after a while the pilot continued:

"Our engines gin out once, and a crowd of alligators took a tow line and hauled us forty-five miles up stream to Vicksburg."

"They did?"

"And when the news got along the river that Captain Tom was dead, every alligator on the river daubed his left ear with mud as a badge of mournin', and lots of 'em pined and died."

The passenger left the pilot house with the remark that he didn't doubt the statement, and the old man gave the wheel a turn, and replied:

"That's one thing I won't do for love nor money, and that's make a liar of myself. I was brung up by a good mother, and I'll stick to the truth in this boat don't make a cent."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

Senator Davis of West Virginia.

A curiosity among senators is Henry G. Davis, now nearly sixty years of age. While he was a boy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad came up the valley of the Patapsco past his birthplace, and when he was discharged from his father's farm he went to that railroad and asked for work. They made him a brakeman for a while, then he developed into conductor, and stayed with the road nearly till the time of the John Brown raid. Affable, particular, very fond of money, yet working hard to get it, he started, at thirty-five years of age, a little money lending business at Piedmont, at the foot of the Alleghaney mountains, a wild, mining town, and varied the business by getting out some coal. A bank is the result of that work, of which he is president, and it is a National bank, too. Mr. Davis probably had a hand in forming the State of West Virginia, in which his railroad had a special interest. Virginia had obstructed the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in her palmy days, and when she went out of the Union, and a state seceded from her, it was decided that this state should come right up to the Baltimore and Ohio crossing-place, so that to-day there is not one foot of this railroad on old Virginia. Mr. Davis also moved into the new state, and began to get out lumber and buy new coal mines not much known to other people, taking into his ventures some of the Garrett family. He has accumulated about $1,000,000 in money and property, and is now considered on the Democratic side one of the most useful men to know. Mr. S. B. Elkins, formerly an active delegate in Congress from New Mexico, who has married one of Senator Davis' daughters, is a co-operator in his enterprises, and together they are building a railroad from Piedmont to a new coal field on the Alleghany mountains, and expect ultimately to carry it across the Ohio river or to some connecting point with the Chesapeake and Ohio or Richmond and Alleghany railroad.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt.

A mind too vigorous and active serves only to consume the body.

Justice consists in doing no injury to any one; decency in giving no offense.

They who presume most in prosperity are soonest subject to despair in adversity.

The law can never make a man honest; it can only make him very uncomfortable when he is dishonest.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

He who has filled the measure of his days has only learned how to begin to live.

Great deeds need to be tested by their spirit. There can be no saintliness without humility.

Oftener ask than decide questions. This is the way to better your knowledge. Your ears teach you, not your tongue.

The best victories are those that are least bloody — those that, though achieved by the hand, are managed by the head.

There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the way—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

To beautify the loaf, we frost the top, but when Father Time frosts our human top, we do not consider it in that sense, but hasten to cover up his work.

Mexican Jails.

In the department of jails there is a deficiency. As at present arranged they can present but moderate terrors to evil doers. The really fine penitentiary at Guadalajara is the only one in which modern ideas of penal discipline are followed. There is by law no death penalty. The number of the most nefarious criminals is kept down by semi-official lynchings—as the shooting of certain kinds of offenders on capture into which nobody ever inquires; and by transportation to Yucatan; but there still remain sufficient to make one look with uneasiness on the slightness of the means of restraint employed. The bolts and bars are only lattices of wood much more often than iron. At the great central prison of Belen, where some two thousand persons are confined, it seemed to me that a very large portion of them were more comfortable than they could have been in their squalid homes. They make a strange spectacle indeed as one looks down upon them in the large courts of what has once been an old convent, where, of all ages, and for sentences of all durations, they eat, sleep and work at various light occupations together. No attempt is made to prevent their communicating with one another, or staring about. They have good air, light and food, and are paid a part of their earnings. They take their siestas at noon, play at checkers, gossip, and even bathe luxuriously in a central tank.

Snakes in Colorado.

The rattlesnakes found on the Colorado plains are mottled and of a grayish tint—so nearly the color of the cactus and the grass, which never takes on a vivid green, that a person might pass very near one and not see it, did it not sound its warning rattle. The sound of the rattle reminds me of the angry buzzing of a bee imprisoned in a hollyhock flower, only it is not so continuous. It is not safe in this region to go into one's garden and put one's hand carelessly among the plants to gather peas and beans or to pull potato vines, for under just such plants his snakeship delights to take a nap on sultry days. The reptile creeps into cellars, under boards, and a general watchfulness is always in order. The harvesters must keep a sharp lookout for this deadly enemy. When stacks of wheat are removed it is no uncommon thing to find snakes under them, or to hear the sharp, defiant rattle as a bunch of wheat is tossed on the load. Too feelings of the man upon the rack on which the unwelcome visitor has been landed can be imagined. If an enemy comes too near, the rattlesnake will sound his rattle and hurry for the nearest prairie dog's hole, unless he is actually molested; then he will fight. These snakes generally live on dry, high land.

A Safe Experiment.

A man risks little in marrying a widow. He runs no danger of dashing any romantic female ideals of the high and noble character of man. She knows what man is, and knowledge has driven from her mind all this nonsense. She has found that man is a creature of a narrow mind, of no high pursuits, of few ideas, of a generally dull composition, of small passions, and largely governed by his own bodily wants; that, if he is made comfortable by supplying his physical appetites, he is amiable, like the anaconda, after a full meal. She looks for no hero, and is in no danger of being soured by that disappointment. Therefore he need not fear that when the halo of the honeymoon has dissipated, he will find in her a far-away expression of face and a listless manner, as if expectancy had failed. She knew the situation when she accepted it. He will find that she knows all the little habits and little wants which go to make up man; knows how to gratify them, and eke how to regulate them. And if she is not quite all his fancy painted her, he has little reason to complain of his practical helpmate.

A doctor at Richmond says that if people will take a bath in hot whiskey and rock salt twice a year they will never catch Cold. Unless somebody has tried this new remedy we would say—stick to the old reliable Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints.

To prevent smoke from a lamp: Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it thoroughly before you use it. It will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and will give a great deal of satisfaction for the trifling work in preparing.

All sorts of vessels, and utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of every kind in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

Broom Corn.

Large quantities of broom corn are required now for manufacturing brooms, etc.; and its cultivation and ready sale will probably repay its cultivation as profitably as most of other small crops which can be raised everywhere. The *Western Rural* says that the soil upon which it is proposed to raise broom corn should be rich, deeply plowed, harrowed, and if any clods remain, or if the soil is newly turned, it should be rolled. Newly-broken prairie soil is not the best to grow broom corn on, for although it may be successfully grown upon such soil, it is apt to be rank and coarse. A rolling surface is preferable to a flat one, as on the latter the water may collect, especially in wet seasons, which will destroy the vitality of the plant, making it scant, brittle and unusable. Of the varieties most in demand the Chinese, California and Missouri evergreen stand first. The seed of these can be obtained of the seedman. A gallon and a half of seed will plant four acres, which ought to produce a ton of corn. The sowing should be done with regularity, and care should be taken to plant all at an equal depth, else second cutting may be necessary. The number of seed to the hill may be three or four and the distance apart three feet. This is, however, only a general rule, to which circumstances make an exception. The nature of the soil must necessarily be taken into consideration. If planted too close on some soil the brush will be too small, and if too far apart on other soils the brush will be too coarse.

As soon as the germ sprouts, and for a month later, the soil should be diligently cultivated or hoed, unless the land is free from weeds. It should be cut while still green, and while, at slight pressure, milk exudes from the seed. Broom corn is an important crop, and its cultivation proves profitable in some sections of the West.

Farmers' Gardens.

A practical gardener says: Although farmers in general have not much time to spare for gardening, I cannot but think that many of them might find it both pleasant and profitable to cultivate a few acres as a sort of experimental ground in connection with their farms. To beginners in this line a few hints may be serviceable. I aim at simplicity.

The rectangular form is best, and for convenience in cropping, the length should be very much greater than the breadth. Prepare the ground in the most thorough manner, and arrange it so that all crops that occupy the land a year or more shall be together—say at one end of the lot. This may include flowers, small fruits, rhubarb, asparagus, herbs, etc. The remainder of the garden should get one good general plowing and manuring each spring.

Division second should include crops that occupy the land during the summer months, such as beets, parsnips, salsify, tomatoes, and many other things that need not here be mentioned.

Division third should be reserved for succession crops, peas, beans, lettuce, etc., followed by cabbage, cauliflower, celery, and the like. It must necessarily be plowed twice a year, and an opportunity is then given for a second manuring, also for experiments in special manuring, seed-raising, etc. The crops on the second and third divisions should change places annually; those on the first may remain several years. It is presumed that the land is of nearly uniform quality throughout.

No crops that are usually raised on the farm should cumber the garden; everything should be sown or planted in rows; the rows for fine seed should be laid off with a marker, and those for peas and beans with a skeleton plow. The rows should never, in any case, be less than two feet apart, as the farmer has no time to hand-hoe. He must use the cultivator. A small corner should be reserved for seed beds of cabbage, celery, etc.; but perhaps it would be more advisable to purchase plants from those who make it their business to raise them.

The above is a mere outline, but it can be filled up and enriched to any extent. The farmer who sighs after "a little farm well tilled" would be all the better confirmed in his views and aims by first proving the possibilities of a single acre.

The celery stored in my cellar is doing well; will refer to it again next month. Meantime, I will say that the simplicity of growing and blanching the article by this new arrangement is likely to introduce it to farmers' and cottagers' gardens where hitherto unknown. Sow your peas as late as June if you would save them from the pea weevil.

The winter is so mild at the North that the ice crop will have to be replanted. Last year the ice dealers gave, as a reason for high prices, that the crop had been eaten up by the grasshoppers. We are not supposed to know any better down South here.

Sowing Corn for Fodder.

Those who do not adopt the ensilage system—or, indeed, whether they do or not—should not fail to put in a few acres of ground for soiling cattle with sowed corn, the great advantages and value of which we had fully demonstrated under our own eye last year; and we can fully endorse all that is said in the following paragraph from a correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*:

"There is nothing the farmer can get as much stock food from for the amount of labor expended than he can from a patch of sowed corn for fodder. Now is a good time to begin preparations. Select your ground, and, unless rich, give it a good coat of manure and plow it under. Let it lie until the last of May or the first of June; then replow and harrow until the surface is thoroughly pulverized; then sow the corn with a drill, about one and a half bushels of shelled corn to the acre if you want it for fodder alone, as by sowing thick the stalks will be smaller, and you will have a larger quantity of blades and tops that the stock will eat up cleaner. By sowing thinner you get larger and heavier stalks, and by sowing a little earlier and letting it stand longer you can secure a good supply of nubbins. I prefer thick sowing, as it shades the ground more completely and weeds have no chance at all to grow, hence there is no need of cultivating. Cut as soon as it is all tasseled out well; lay in bundles until thoroughly cured, and then shock up or haul to your barn. If you have never tried it you will be astonished at the quantity of fodder you can raise on a small patch of ground. Besides getting a good supply of fodder cheaply, farmers will find this crop a great help during August. When pastures begin to fail and dry up, and the supply of green food gets short, you can keep your stock growing and improving all the time by cutting and feeding from your patch of fodder. We all know that very often stock loses considerably during the very hot days of August, when the grass in the pastures get short, and that, too, just when it is most desirable to keep them growing. A good supply of green corn grown in this way will be of great benefit at this time. It takes but little ground and very little trouble to give it a trial, and we know from experience that tried once you will never be without your patch of fodder afterward."

Mrs. Fogg visited a second-hand auction the other day and bought a job lot of kitchen furnishing goods. Fogg says every article in the lot has a hole in it excepting the pepper box cover, and that everything leaks except the cullender and milk-strainer.

"What made the mule kick you?" they asked of the gentleman who had been sent through the roof of a barn. And he answered: "Do you think I was fool enough to go back and ask him."

Tony Pastor in Trouble.

Tony Pastor, of New York, who is now with his immutable variety combination, making a tour of the principal cities of the Union, is recognized as the leading character vocalist and variety performer of the United States. He owns and runs a first-class theatre on Broadway, New York City, and has gathered about him the best troop of variety artists that could be obtained. The company has just completed a brilliant engagement at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, and after the present tour they will reappear in Tony Pastor's own theater in New York city. Mr. Pastor is the originator of his peculiar school of character singing, and has made himself immensely popular having realized by his talent a large fortune.

The writer of this article met Mr. Pastor recently at the Bingham House, in Philadelphia, and found him as genial in private as he is amusing before the public. During our conversation I inquired as to his physical health, and he replied that, notwithstanding the strain upon him in the discharge of his professional duties, it was excellent. He had occasionally severe pains, either the result of rheumatic attacks or colds, but any complaints of that character never troubled him long as he had found out a remedy for such annoying affections. I asked him what the remedy was, and he replied, "St. Jacobs Oil." I then learned from Mr. Pastor that he considers Dr. Bull's Great German Remedy an excellent preparation for the cure or relief of rheumatism, and that it was about the only thing used among professional people for that distressing complaint. He took bottles of it with him when on his tour travelling, and would not be without it, and knew that it was very popular with a number of members of his own company. A conversation held subsequently with various members of the organization revealed the fact that St. Jacobs Oil had been performing most invaluable service for them in the way of curing them of rheumatism. Nearly every artist in the troupe used it, and was enthusiastic in its praise, and the writer was really forced to the conclusion that Tony Pastor was certainly in luck in having so valuable an article known and employed by his immutably good company of performers, for it enabled every one to be always in his place, thus insuring comfort to the management and genuine satisfaction to the public. Tony Pastor would certainly be in trouble without St. Jacobs Oil. At least, other managers whose artists have been temporarily unsupplied have noticed the difference between St. Jacobs Oil in stock and St. Jacobs Oil out of stock—among the members of their companies.—*N. Y. Clipper.*

"When I wath a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my ideath hin life were thentered on being a clown." "Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the ill-bred reply.

"All through advertising," remarked ex-Mayor Gregory to us as he went homeward with a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, "that I bought this. Your paper contains so many wonderful cures—of course they are facts—and so I thought I'd try a bottle for the rheumatism."—*Madison (Wis.) Daily Democrat.*

A Michigan Liar.

"Let's see, they raise some wheat in Minnesota, don't they?" asked a Schoharie granger of a Michigander.

"Raise wheat! Who raises wheat? No, sir, decidedly no, sir. It raises itself. Why, if we undertook to cultivate wheat in that state it would run us out. There wouldn't be any place to put our house."

"But I've been told that grasshoppers take a good deal of it."

"Of course they do. If they didn't I don't know what we would do. The cussed stuff would run all over the state and drive us out—choke us up. These grasshoppers are a God-send, only there ain't half enough of them."

"Is that what nice and plump?"

"Plump! Why, I don't know what you call plump wheat, but there are seventeen in our family, including ten servants, and when we want bread we just go out and fetch in a kernel of wheat and bake it.

"Do you ever soak it in water first?

"Oh, no; that wouldn't do. It would swell a little and then we couldn't get it in our range oven."

Cleanest! Truest! Best!

EUREKA!

Read and Judge for Yourself.

As a general rule, we do not pin our faith to anonymous testimonials, but there is some excuse for the publication of well developed and authenticated facts. Such is the introduction to the Appended notice, the great German Remedy, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, has proved so popular and so universally beneficial in its effects, that we have received numerous testimonials from those who have used it, and have found it to be the best medicine for which it is claimed. We now call the attention of those who have not used the Syrup, to the following testimonial, which we publish in full, because we know the gentleman who signs it to be a man of the highest integrity and great literary ability, and we have heard him speak in the highest terms of the Syrup. In the examination of such testimonials it is necessary to be specific, and to know that we have authority for permission to use the name and address, in order that the public may have the satisfaction of knowing that what we state is a capital fact. [illegible] Leader of the Daily West, Fifth street, near the Post Office, [illegible] Pittsburgh, Pa., says: He had exhausted nearly every remedy, and had tried almost every cough remedy, and had tried almost every remedy, and had tried almost every remedy, and had tried almost every