

THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

Interesting Information for Poor Men Afflicted with the Florida Fever.

A letter to the New York Sun from Florida says:

At this season the Florida fever usually begins. Persons who can afford to pay \$4 a day, and who fear a Northern winter, migrate to Jacksonville, where, with the broad St. John's before them, they can lodge as in Northern hotels, and take meals at a table supplied from the New York markets. They escape the winter season North, and are duly grateful.

But there are others who go to Florida to improve their lot in life. It promises them all that the most exciting emigrant can desire—a climate the most healthful, soil the most fertile, people the most cordial and kind, and everything that is needed to make life happy. But notwithstanding glowing accounts, and the further fact that Florida is the oldest settled portion of the Union, the population is only a little over a quarter of a million, and of those nearly 128,000 are blacks. The explanation is simple. Although many persons go to Florida, many leave it, and they do not leave it because it is the paradise which agents, speculators, and interested writers represent it to be. If they take money with them to buy and cultivate land they seldom bring any back. Thousands of families have been nearly ruined by attractive stories about Florida.

There is nothing in the State which will justify a workman or a small capitalist in giving up a home and any means of livelihood in the North to go there. Scores of immigration societies have told a different story, but the facts remain the same. Every association of speculators sends out a pamphlet. The latest is entitled "Florida; its Climate, Soil, Productions, and Agricultural Capabilities." It is published by the Department of Agriculture. If there be any justification whatever for the Government in devoting the public money to an advertisement of any particular State, it could only be found in a desire to publish the truth and to correct previous misstatements. But there is nothing of the sort here. This pamphlet bears evidence of having been written in the interests of an immigration company. It repeats many of the misrepresentations made by the companies. It contains statements in direct opposition to the official reports published annually by the department from which it is issued. It is not only a false guide to the intending settler, but a flagrant misuse of public money, and a gross prostitution of the lines of a department of the Government.

When the inhabitants of an entire village leave Florida in a body, die, leave their property, and are reduced to poverty, as was the case not long ago at Archer, and when families are coming back every year broken down in health and impoverished in pocket. It is time to make the truth more plainly known. Florida is not healthy. No part of it is free from malaria. Two thirds of the State is under water, by actual survey. Yet we are told that the air is dry. The State is covered with swamps. The land is flat and difficult to drain. The highest point of the peninsula, eighty miles from the coast, is not more than 163 feet above sea level. Physicians, however, are frequently employed by land agents to write up reports of the extreme healthfulness of the country. A man in Jacksonville has attained great notoriety for his ability in this line. There are no correct bills of mortality. Deaths constantly occur without a record. The natives and long-time residents exhibit few signs of health, and old people are few.

In the pamphlet recently published by the Agricultural Department we are told that "the trade winds of the Atlantic sweep over this land from east to west by day," and the equatorial prevailing wind is said to return from the Gulf by night. It is indicated that the climate is tropical, and a list of tropical fruits is given as the ordinary products of the country. Florida is not tropical, as was rightly explained in the Official Report for 1879. Many tropical fruits can be cultivated here, but they do not grow here, it does not pay to grow them. No part of the State is exempt from frost. In 1879 the thermometer fell to thirty-two degrees at Key West, and south of St. Augustine it reached sixteen degrees. It was three inches thick. In a previous winter icicles a foot long were seen. Except in the extreme south, where frosts are more acute, and insects fill the air and soil, even the banana exceptionally remains green through the winter. Oranges cannot safely be left on the trees, as they are attacked by the Mediterranean or in New South Wales and many other localities, but should be gathered as soon as ripe to escape the effects of cold. A night's frost does not affect their appearance, but it prevents their keeping, and renders them unfit for shipment. Yet nowhere may the orange be grown to greater perfection if a suitable locality be chosen, and a good orange is certainly a desirable property. Herein lies the real attraction of Florida. Any one who thinks that the orange can be grown without much trouble and in any part of the State is much mistaken. The owners of one of the finest groves on the St. John's river spent \$30,000 before he began to succeed. It is, however, true that a healthy tree in full bearing ought to be worth \$30 a year, to its owner.

For the possession of two or three hundred such trees in a country where land can be bought for \$125 an acre, though they are at the price, it may be thought worth while to wait a few years

and to incur some discomfort, possibly much ill health. But is this within the reach of a small capitalist? Speculators say that it is. The Agricultural Department, in the new pamphlet, says that it is, but the official reports, and the hard experience of thousands, warn us that it is not.

Truck farming will not afford a living. Florida cannot supply itself with vegetables. The large hotels depend upon Northern markets, and importations from New York or Philadelphia are to be found in almost every town. Tomatoes, cucumbers, and watermelons are the chief local products, and of these the first two are uncertain. Climate and soil are unfavorable. The irregularity of the one and the poverty of the other are serious obstacles. The Florida New Yorker once published the assertion that two persons can clear five acres in February, which in the fall would be worth from \$500 to \$1,000, after having yielded \$450 profit. Probably no more disgraceful bait to catch settlers was ever laid. Another agent says that land can be cleared for from \$12 to \$15 per acre. The Florida Immigration Department sets the cost at from \$40 to \$50, and the truth lies somewhere between \$70 and \$100. But the clearing is the quickest part of the work. Major Elton, President of the Farmers' Union in the State, has declared that the soil cannot be got into fair condition for a crop in less than three years, and by steady cultivation. Experience has proved the truth of that statement. The soil is very poor. Seven analyses of samples taken from different localities yielded the writer an average of 90 per cent. of pure sand, and only about 7 per cent. of organic matter. An official analysis made in Washington by the Government chemist gave nearly the same results; that is, 89.55 per cent. of white sand, and 7 per cent. of organic matter. This is its own story. No farmer or horticulturist would expect large crops from such soil until at least a considerable amount of money and labor had been expended.

No man can go to new land in Florida and earn a living from it at the outset. He must work hard, spend money, and wait. If he cannot do this he must starve or leave, and there are always at hand land speculators ready to take advantage of his distress and put the value of his improvements into their pockets. The letter contains other important information, but enough is given to warn people against the Florida fever infatuation.

Don't Betray Confidence.

Teachery is a detestable fault; therefore he who tempts you to betray a secret confided to your honor. What if the friend who once trusted you, and told you all the secrets of his heart, has become your enemy? You are still bound to keep your word inviolate, and preserve locked in your heart the secrets confidentially made known to you. A man of principle will never betray an enemy. He holds it a Christian duty never to reveal what in good faith was placed in his keeping. While the Athenians were at war with Philip, King of Macedonia, they intercepted a letter that the king had written to his wife Olympia. It was returned unopened, that it might not be read in public—their laws forbidding them to reveal a secret among the Egyptians it was a criminal offence to divulge a secret. A priest, who had been found guilty of this offence, was ordered to leave the country. Have your another's secret in your keeping? Then reveal it not for the world. A confiding friend may tell you a hundred things, which, if whispered abroad, would bring him into contempt and ridicule, and injure his character through life. No one is so upright that he may not have committed some ungentlemanly act, or some immoral offence, which may have been done years ago, before the individual's character was formed, and before he had a profanation of the most social duties, in a fit of anger, or out of malice? Or, again, to divulge a secret like this? A man's enemies would not care whether it was the fault of his thoughtless youth or his maturer years, so long as they could make a handle of it to his injury, and thus effect their purpose. Be careful, then, never, under any consideration whatever, to repeat what has been whispered to you in the confidence of friendship. A betrayer of secrets is fit only for the society of the low and vile.

A Good Story.

It is related that a bear and its leader lately arrived towards night at a village near the city of Lyons, France, and the latter sought admission at the only inn of the place. The host at first declined to admit the strange pair, not knowing where to place the animal, but finally consented to receive them. The bear was placed in the pig-sty, and its occupant, a fat pig, which was to be killed on the morrow, was let loose in the court-yard. In the middle of the night cries for help, proceeding from the pig-sty, aroused the house, and the host, his wife, and the servants at once ran to the spot. It was then ascertained that a thief, excited by the splendid condition of the pig, had determined on eloping with it, and had entered the pig-sty with that laudable intention. The bear, displeased at being suddenly awakened by this enterprising individual, rewarded him with a fraternal hug, which caused the would-be thief to cry out so lustily. The man was delivered from the paws of the bear, but only to be handed over into the hands of justice.

At three vegetarian restaurants in the City of London the dinners daily served average 1,550.

A Chance for Inventors.

A machine is greatly needed in many parts of the country for twisting together swamp hay, the straw of grain, bushes and the smaller branches removed from trees in the operation of trimming them, for the purpose of utilizing them for fuel. Such materials are extensively employed in many parts of Europe for heating houses and for cooking food. They are twisted together or tied by hand. Although this country is well supplied with wood and coal, and the facilities for transporting them are excellent in most sections, still there are places where the inhabitants are obliged to rely entirely on the materials at hand for fuel for warming and cooking. They have an abundance of hay and straw, and sometimes bushes and the branches of trees that have been planted. If they are twisted together and bound, they form very good and convenient fuel for domestic purposes. The materials as prepared should be nearly in the form of stove wood. In addition to being twisted they should be bound so that they can be conveniently handled. A machine that would accomplish these results would be of very great value in many portions of the West, and especially so in the treeless, coalless sections of the great-growing region. It should be of ample construction, not liable to get out of order, and cheap. Large machines might be constructed that could be moved from one house to another, as threshing machines now are, but small machines are more desirable, so that every settler could have one. The machines would be valuable in places where there is a supply of coal but no wood that can be employed for kindling purposes or for supporting brick fires, that are often required for cooking meals. With a suitable machine, a substitute for wood could be obtained from materials now wasted, at the expense of little labor.

The "Brice-Brac" Mania.

A story is going of a fabulous price which an Irish honorable and affluent member of Parliament has paid for a pair of Sevres porcelain. The chateau of the Marquis Dupont, at Ferre Saint Cyr, has had amongst its ornaments for over half a century, a couple of small vases in old red porcelain. One day a friend found admittance to the hall, and broke one of the little vases, which was, however, carefully patched together again.

The accident attracted the attention of a gentleman who was visiting at the chateau, and a few days after his departure an unknown person, assumed to be a dealer in old curiosities, presented himself, saying he came expressly from Paris to see the red vases. The marquis permitted him to examine them. "Would you sell them?" asked the stranger.

"No," replied the marquis. "Even if I offered you a big price for them?" "Let me assure you, once for all, that I am not a dealer in porcelain; I have nothing to sell."

The Parisian went away; and a few days after the marquis had a telegram in these words: "Pay any price you like on the vases, if you will consent to dispose of them."

The noble owner, tired of impudently thought he would end the affair by demanding an incredible sum, and telegraphed that he would take sixty thousand francs.

An immediate message of acceptance was returned and the man came for his vases. The marquis did not wish to go back on his word, and the cash was counted down.

"Now," said the vender, "may I ask you why you are giving so absurd a sum?"

"Oh, sir, Sir Richard Wallace's collection of boys enters into all sorts of business, the chances of boys must necessarily lessen. A real cry of woe comes from 'a middle class' set: England who is 'saddled' over the way things are getting mixed and out of joint generally in her own family. Hear what she says: 'While my niece can without any difficulty get seven hundred and salaries varying from one hundred and fifty dollars to fifteen hundred dollars a year, my nephews, fine young fellows, six feet high, intelligent and well educated, can, with the greatest difficulty, obtain employment at all. Take the case of the girls first. Number one, a gifted Girtonian, gets, without any difficulty, a handsome salary with residence in a high school for girls, and three months' holiday in the year. Number two, who has passed her junior and senior local examinations with honors, has a colonial appointment, salary seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. Number three—but no more wearisome particulars. It is quite evident that in the present day the paternal query will rather be, 'What shall I do with my boys?' than 'What shall I do with my girls?' It is delightful to have the girls so well provided for; but it is no less melancholy to find their brothers lounging at home, depressed with nothing to do."

The Coming Man.

The coming man will have microscopes over his eyes, telephones on his ears, speaking tubes in front of his mouth, a porous plaster on his back, and a liver pad on his stomach, which means he will be thoroughly informed and well healed.

Anecdote of Mendelssohn.

Frederick II. of Prussia was very fond of having artists, literary men, and singers of talent at his small suppers, and he enjoyed free humor and encouraged gaiety with all his power. Personally fond of music and literature, he had a special liking for the philosopher Mendelssohn, who was very witty, as hunchbacks usually are, and he often related a writer in "Temple Bar" gave him a seat at supper by his side. It so happened that some small ambassador—German with the divided into a number of microscopic countries with pigmy sovereigns—tried to chaff Mendelssohn, who, with his quick repartee, turned the tables at once on his adversary. Farious, his dardish excellence ran to the king and complained of the plebeian being admitted into circles above his reach, etc. The king said to him:

"Mendelssohn was my guest, as you were, and you should not have joked him, or you should take the consequences."

"Ah," said the ambassador, "he is a man who would consider nobody, and would offend your majesty if it so happened that for some imaginary reason he thought himself hurt."

"Well," said the king, "I shall give him no reason for feeling hurt; and, my way, he would not offend me."

"Is it a wager?" asked the ambassador.

"Certainly," replied the king. "Well, if your majesty will do what I say, we will soon see whether I am right or wrong."

"And what do you want me to do?" "Will your majesty, at the next supper party, write on a piece of paper, 'Mendelssohn is an ass,' and put that paper, signed by your own hand, on his plate?"

"I will not; that would be a gratuitous insult."

"It is only to see what he would do, whether his presence of mind is so great, and in what way he would reply to your majesty."

"Well, if it is just for an experiment, and I am at liberty to attend to my own affairs, I by no means intend to offend him, if I do not mind complying with your wish."

"Agreed; only the paper must be signed under the words, 'Mendelssohn is an ass,' so that there can be no doubt in his mind that it comes from your majesty."

Reluctantly, but with a feeling of curiosity as to how it would end, the king wrote and signed the paper as required. The evening came; the table was laid for twelve; the fatal paper was on Mendelssohn's plate, and the guests, several of whom had been informed of what was going on, assembled. At the given moment all went to the ominous table and sat around it. The moment Mendelssohn sat down, being rather short sighted, and observing some paper, he took it very near his eye, and, having read it, gave a start.

"What is the matter?" said the king. "No unpleasant news, I hope, Mendelssohn?"

"Oh, no," said Mendelssohn; "it is nothing!"

"Nothing? Nothing would not have made you start. I demand to know what it is."

"Oh, it is not worth while." "But I tell you that it is. I command you to tell me."

"Oh, some one has taken the liberty to joke in very bad taste with your majesty!" "With me? Pray do not keep me waiting any longer. What is it?"

Are You a Man?

One day a young man was teasing a little girl, when she, becoming tired of him, exclaimed impatiently,— "If I were as big clothes as you do, I'd be a man."

Her mother overhearing her remark, called her away, and chided her for being so saucy, but soon the tears caused by the rebuke were brushed away, and the cause forgotten by the little girl. A few years later the same girl, then a young lady, was returning home from school, and in making some changes of the train was obliged to stop at a hotel over night. A rising and popular lawyer of the place chanced to see her name upon the register, and at once called upon her. As soon as he greeted her he said,—

"I called to thank you for what you have done for me."

"You must be mistaken about my help, for although I do remember you as a clerk in my father's store, when I was a child, I cannot recall one single favor I ever did you, or in fact remember that I had seen you since then."

He then referred to the impatient remark before quoted, and said that day he resolved to be a man, and from that time had honestly tried to make something of his life. He also said he had never been tempted to do a mean thing without hearing the warning, "I'd be a man."

In the Sierra Martis valley the Indians gather together on particular occasions to gather grasshoppers. The squaws carry cone-shaped baskets of great capacity, and sweep the grasshoppers with a fan-shaped implement into their baskets, and when loaded carry the wriggling mass of insects to the camp, and then prepare them for food. The grasshoppers, killed and subsequently dried, are mixed with mashed pine nuts or cracked wheat, and made into a kind of flour, which is afterwards made into a bread, most delicious to the palate of the Indian. White visitors to the camp are always invited, in accordance with Indian hospitality, to partake of the compound, and great is the astonishment of Poor Lo at the disgust expressed by the white man for this kind of food.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: Mr. Charles Reis, No. 1611 Second Carol and Avenue, this city, was cured by Dr. Jacobs' Oil after sixteen years suffering with rheumatism.

The mainspring of a man's actions is hidden from view, as is the mainspring of a watch.

The Boston Globe brings this item: Chas. S. Strickland, Esq., this city, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs' Oil.

Springfield has a musical organization called the "Half-Past Twelve Club." Its reputation is almost unique.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms of general debility, loss of appetite, palpitation, chronic cough, and night-sweats, and aching, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a curable disease of the lungs; therefore, use the great remedial agent of Dr. Hodge's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to all other remedies, it is made and prepared as a preservative for nearly a century. It is made of the finest ingredients, and is entirely free from all the dangerous and deleterious ingredients of other remedies, and is entirely safe for all ages. It is made of the finest ingredients, and is entirely free from all the dangerous and deleterious ingredients of other remedies, and is entirely safe for all ages.

WOMAN AND HER DISEASES.

is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. Hodge, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

A St. Louis horse chaser writes: We have often seen a fast driven horse snaffle.

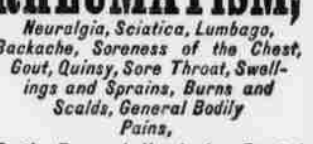
25 CENTS WILL BUY

A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, Book of 100 Pages, Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent post-paid by Baltimore Newspaper Union, 28 to 30 N. Holladay St., Baltimore, Md.

People who do not object to far-printers and beaters.

DR. JACOBS' OIL

TRADE MARK.



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frostbit Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

A. VOGELER & CO.

Forecasting Disease.

When we are that death is so often the penalty paid for a fatal disease, and the symptoms of approaching disease, should we not be warned against the folly of neglecting preventive measures when called for by our own senses? Assuredly we should, and upon the first manifestation of ill health or decay of physical vigor, seek the aid of medicine. The following influence upon the system of Hodge's Sore, Bitters, entitles that medicine of many virtues to the highest consideration as a preventive, and it cannot be too strongly recommended as a means of arresting the progress of malarious fevers, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, kidney and bladder troubles, gout, rheumatism and other diseases which in their incipency are far more easily overcome than in their maturity—albeit, the great alternative has probably already taken its power to ravish them in their worst phases.

"A bird in hand is worth two in the bush," and one on a beam is worth in general about a hundred times as many.

The Fever And Grease

is the best in the market. It is the most economical and efficacious, and is long as long as it can be used, it will last two weeks. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, also medals at various State Fairs. Buy no other.

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. Druggists, send for pamphlet to E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

Warranted to Cure.

WILLIAM J. COUGHLIN, of Somerset, Mass., says: "I was afflicted with a bad cough, followed by a severe cold, and I lost my appetite and flesh, and was unable to work. I used your 'Fever and Grease' for a few days, and it cured me of the cough, and I was able to work again."

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A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.



The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., who has done more for the women of this country than any other woman. She is a woman of rare talents, and her career in life is a noble one. She is a woman of rare talents, and her career in life is a noble one. She is a woman of rare talents, and her career in life is a noble one.

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