He Got His $15,000.

Adelphi (Ohio) News, May 16.

Mr. William H. Shupe, the gentleman who received with $15,000 in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company was a visitor in our city on Saturday last. Mr. Shupe informed us that he had received the money last Saturday, a draft being sent him by express, and that he had through Asams Express agency in Circleville, and the Spring National Bank of that place received and cashed the draft. Mr. Shupe stated that the Lottery Company had been prompt in every detail, he hardly expected after its transportation with as keen an interest as any stockholder himself. He is all of which he feels thankful.

He has been investing in the Louisiana State Lottery Company for twenty-five months past, and previous to drawing the $15,000 he had received a hundred times ahead of that institution. He held the one twentieth of ticket No. 21,326, which drew the first capital prize of $15,000.

Sybil Sanderson, the only soprano whose voice ranges higher than Patti's is a tall blonde, with dark eyes, a pretty throat and a willowy figure.

It is worth remarking that the Germans have never called Bismarck "The Iron Chancellor." The title is one of French or British invention.

The sacrifice of widows on the funeral pyre still goes on in Hali, an is and near Java. They are burned along with the remains of their husbands.

A parrot in a Pittsburg hospital recently got drunk on a half cup of alcohol that was lying around, and broke the establishment all up with her profanity.

The American turf is a more important institution than it is generally supposed to be. It is estimated that it furnishes a livelihood to over 50,000 people.

The historic Christ's Hospital, with its famous blue coat boys, will soon be removed from London and many radical changes made in its constitution.

In 1893 the wealth of the United States was placed at 40 billion. Porter, the census super intendent, thinks it will now reach 60 billion. "How we do grow."

Isaac McLellan, who wrote "Poems of the Hot and Cold," was at Howdon College with Tennyson and Hawthorne. He is now over eighty three years of age.

An Eiffel tower may be erected in Germany. The Bavarian government proposes to build one near Sharenburg, as a monument to Bismarck, and also as an observatory.

The Japanese do not flourish in California, being too uniquely confounded with the Chinese, and most of them being young men who speak no dig well even in their own country.

It is an interesting point in American history, if, as stated, the confederate gray uniform was borrowed from the first Virginia Regiment, which borrowed it from the seventh New York Regiment.

"Carmen Sylva," the Roumanian queen, is said to be an industrious epistolarist. She has invented a number of portable encrusted inkpots, so that she can write while a dish for the ding with her own hands.

The next thing to a drought of desolate proportions is a year of good leaf. This is the best does not seem to be generally made of the *Fifteen to Drain*, the Frenchman liqueur, which got leaf a bill in some kind.

The French fishermen are troubled by the depredations of porpoises, for which they have not succeeded in finding a remedy. At Boulogne they have tried dynamite in some nets, but they spoiled not of the snares.

The biggest oyster beds in the world are found at Port Lincoln, in South Australia. There are some dredges more than a foot across the shell, and the older the the shell so much the more the beds depth margin.

It cost $15 to make a pair of fresh mackerel before leaving the Delaware River, and $7 for a pair of salted ones. Fishermen who go to sea for a week or two nights ago.

"Struck the Golden Mean"

As a Blood Purifier.

The Detroit Free Press says. "Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup prepared by The Hubbard Wright Medicine Co., of Detroit, of this city has struck the golden mean in the treatment of all blood diseases, and its success is as evidence that an honest, pure and valuable medicine, is sure to succeed in attracting the attention of every family.

A GRATEFUL MAN says: "I have been troubled for ten months with rheumatism. Five bottles of Hibbard's rheumatic Syrup have entirely cured me. Your Plasters used in connection with the Syrup, have entirely removed the pains from my back and hip and are truly a revelation to the world for the cure of rheumatic troubles. I have sent your Syrup to my friends with effectively and with one health results. There's nothing like it for a tonic and appetizer. Yours truly,

LEVI K. CASTLE, North Branch, Mich.

J. K. Osgerby, without any professor title, has been elected superintendent of the East Lake schools.

WYOMING'S CAPITAL.

In the congressional report upon the admission of Wyoming, many facts were given going to show the wonderful resources than any of her sisters, and no territory ever appeled for admission so thoroughly qualified. It has now made the CAPITAL, CHEYENNE, to be one of the wealthiest cities of its size in the world and certainly the most favored and prosperous. The Union Pacific Railway is now constructing its shops at Cheyenne (500) and employs 2,000 men. This fact, coupled with the early admission of the State of Wyoming, is sure to make the CITY OF CHEYENNE, bother realty is still low, offering the best investment in the West. We have the only unimproved residence property in the city, and our prices are even lower than this immediately upon the opening of Cheyenne alternate blocks, and to induce a quick response we will offer the following: Lots, two fifths in clear Lincoln cheaties, a small cash payment, balance in one and two years, at twenty per cent. Interest, not cash. Call at our Cheyenne office or address THE INTERNATIONAL SAVINGS AND IMMIGRATION CO., Department B, Denver, Colorado.

H. Belworthy, a Bay City tailor, has been convicted of running a gaming table.

He sold clothing for the club plan.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasant to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER 7.—CONTINUED.

That seemed a sweet promise for the future, and I was comforted. I believed that Stella was safe and that sometime we would meet again. What a sense of rest came to my mind, bringing the dull ache of weariness all her quiet ways and pleasant words back again, until I seemed to feel her very presence. I was anxious to do some good deed to be worthy of her pure love. Can mind take form and visit mind? Yes, I believe that sympathy of love can unite us though miles divide us. Some day, she would she believe what my mother said, that Annie and I were engaged? O, mother, how could you tell her that! And Annie! I had been jealous, but what was my love for her compared with this strong, deep passion, that filled my waking thoughts and visited my dreams? My Stella was my queen, my life-star, and if I failed to find her I felt that life would be a failure.

Moving some furniture one day in Stella's room a little blank envelope fell to the floor. I picked it up and found it was not sealed. Surely here was the message I had longed for. I hesitated to my room to examine the contents. I had not a doubt that it was for me, until I opened it. I found a little square card inscribed with thirty-six equal parts. Twenty-seven were closed and nine were open. Such a card, at college, the boys called a grating. It was used to decipher messages when great secrecy was desired. What was the message? Should I read? For a little while I debated the question, but curiosity prevailed, and I tried. It was addressed "To my darling," and contained the following words:

thoura	novell	vow
raselp	ffall	ilave
nnere	swnadi	awtes
rovek	awtes	ofacn

There was no meaning to the words in this shape. But I had learned the use of the grating years ago, when my Delaware Indian midnight raids about the buildings and grounds of the university. I copied the first row of words into square corresponding to the thirty-six parts of the grating. Then I placed the card with the nine open squares over my letters, carefully observing the little crosses, on the upper left hand corner, which marked the top. Then the letters revealed through the spaces were d. n. m. l. g. n. e. s. Here was no more meaning than before. But I replaced my card, moving the cross to the right hand upper corner, these letters were revealed, a. n. e. y. r. r. m.

I turned the grating once more. The cross now came to the lower right hand corner and these were the letters that appeared through the spaces, o. r. f. t. p. o. r. I turned the grating once more. The cross now came at the lower left corner. I read. I read it over and over, literally I arranged the other letters as obtained as a result the following letters:

vedrawdel	
vedrawdes	
ydrawdes	
ifrachmal	

At the university when we had decipherded a message by the use of the grating we wrote all the letters together and then separated them into words. Thus I put the twenty twelvetters in the order that I had discovered them, and had the following: d n s l g n e k r a p s n e r a r m o r f k r o y f l r a e f r o m r o f r a f t e r e v e r d r a w d e s a l r h a m a l.

That was all. The enigma seemed as meaningless as ever. I sat down and threw back in my chair and threw my hands behind my head. My writing was revealed to me in the looking glass that hung above the table. I straight at the mirror, I pondered over the word Everett. Quick as thought I solved the mystery. The message had been written backward and the glass had reversed it right. I followed out the thought and discovered "I am Charles Edward Everett, son of Edward Everett, earl of York from Berkley Park, England."

The message was plain, but the mystery remained. Evidently it was from some relative or friend of the same family name of my lost darling. It revealed nothing to me. I placed the card, the message and my soliloquy in the envelope and put it in my note book. Cold water brought me back like a little withered flower, it reminded me of my lost friend. Where was she now? Could I ever only know that she was safe and with friends.

CHAPTER VIII.—WHAT WAS THE FAMINE.

Once more I had an object to attain. There was work for me to do, and I was ready to begin. The most important work was to plan a cottage for Mr. Haynes' tenants. I never dreamed of opposition in carrying out the methods used by Sir Wren, of changing my tenants into laborers. The first farmer I visited lived in an old hut surrounded by fifth of every description. I knocked at the door, and was admitted into a room where a man, a woman, six children, a cow and four pigs all lived huddled into a space of not more than twelve by twenty feet.

Mike came to the door looking as though he feared my presence meant eviction. As he came to the door he put his hand, and after a cordial handshake I said:

"Mike, would you like to give up your holding and hire out to me?"

"Och, thin, ye're going to be worse than the rough riders, and I'm afeard we'll fall out either," he said, shaking his powerful fist by way of emphasis, while the woman came hurrying in a threatening attitude.

"No, Mike," I said, in a friendly way, "you mistake me. I want to make you more comfortable. On your small holding you can hardly earn enough to keep your family from want. But if you will work for me, I will give you good wages for yourself, your wife, and all the children that are large enough to work.

"My father lived here and his father before him, and now as soon as ye're finished ye come to the rough riders," he said, shaking his fist in my face, while his wife kept coaxing nearer and showing the spirit of an angry tigress about to spring.

"But, Mike, I protested, "I want you to live more comfortable. It is hard work to live in this way," pointing to the pigs and cow.

"Yer want the cow turned out like, so we can't pay rent to your father, I'm afeard yer turn is from our home. No, yer may leave us to ourselves."

I tried to reason with him, but could not make him believe but that I meant to harm him. Mike was honest, industrious, and sober, but the few acres he held were not enough to keep the family from starving if he never paid any rent. Yet I could not make him believe it was for his good I meant the change.

I visited a dozen farmers, but they were all of the same opinion as Mike, and preferred to live in filth and degradation rather than give up their holdings. Instead of helping them as I had planned to do, I nearly caused an insurrection. The men gathered together in groups and were ready to fight if I persisted in asking them to change. I soon found the reason for such filthy packs and houses was fear of the rent being raised if the place looked thrifty. Very carefully I set to work to overcome their mistaken prejudices.

I had contracted for the work. Of improvement before Stella had left, as she had advised on that day which seemed to me years ago. O, why was I silent that morning! If I had only spoken the loving words within my heart, I might have kept her by my side. How mean I missed her now! I had learned to value her words of counsel. Her ready tact would influence the tenants to do her will, as I often found. When I offered any plan for change if she had ever spoken of it to them they were very willing to accept it. Gradually I had to learn her way of dealing with the people and was guided accordingly. It was the story of Topsy and Eva over again. Stella was the Eva to teach the there must be sympathy to win regard. As I followed out that principle the tenants began to trust me. I started improvements that gave them work, and the wages gave them a good money comfort.

After a good deal of thought and

Mike came to the door, looking as though he feared my present mend eviction.

will prove an open sesame to political circles."

I bade him good bye, received this friendly invitation, and then returned home and hastily arrangements for a few weeks' absence.

Arriving at my destination in London, sought the lawyer to whom I was to deliver my packet, transacted the business intrusted to my care, and went out to find the Duke of Melvorne. He was at his club house. I gave him the letter from Sir Wren. He read it, then in the most cordial manner made me feel at ease.

The Duke of Melvorne was tall and strikingly handsome, with expressive brown eyes, dark curly hair and a clear olive complexion. He had the stately bearing of an English nobleman. He introduced me to a young man, a friend of his, Colonel Haynes, from America, to Lord Sanders, an owner of American land and to some dozen more. The young American was a powerful looking man, with black hair, penetrating black eyes that could flash quick as a sword, with tenderness, a clear, ringing voice and a grateful manner. Lord Sanders was a diminutive fine little man, with a dark, sunny face, small, restless black eyes and a long straight nose. He was dressed in black, with beds as shiny as his eyes. He had a gold watch with two immense seals, depending from his fob, which he rattled to emphasize his speech.

"Here comes the big and his fair daughter!" asked the duke.

"They are, quite well except the little rheumatics that kept Sir Wren at home just now." I answered. "Miss Haynes is a niece of Sir Wren's. Nothing them from 1200 fob. Are you acquainted with her?"

"I only know her by sight," the duke replied, but indifferently, yet slightly anxious.

"That is her name. She is a widow and a beauty," I said.

"How young widows are usually good company," said Colonel Haynes. "But I think the English ladies are not as good looking as our American girls."

"I believe you are right there, said the duke. "And the American girls have more animation than ours."

"Why, I have met some in Ireland," asked Colonel Haynes, turning toward me as he spoke.

"Where the finest news in Ireland," asked Colonel Haynes, turning toward me as he spoke.

"Why, Cromer is ruling with a despotic sway," I said. "Anyone who has not been arrested or in prison is out of the fashion there now."

"Is Parnell first? he the prince of Irish fashion, said Colonel Haynes.

Parnell a prince," sneeringly said the Duke of Melvorne, "he is a pickpocket to gain a hold on people's pockets. Why, even, the Americans were gulled into paying him large sums of money for his Irish sufferings."

"But Parnell did not use the money, it came to the people, as I can testify. I have seen the results of it in the shape of improvements in our harbors, and I have seen those same provisions performed up to the starving people of Ireland. I have also seen the results of English government in the shape of the soldiers armed force to evict these same people without a thought of mercy," I said, indignant that a nobleman, and a Christian should accuse Parnell of trickery and dishonesty.

"Lord Wavertand, you are right. I, too, have seen ships from the United states in the Irish harbors loaded with the same provisions that other ships were loaded for Ireland, but never in England. It was not a lack of food that made famine," said Colonel Haynes.

"That is true," said Lord Sanders. "There is enough of everything raised in Ireland for her people to have plenty. At the very time when American food and money were being sent to Ireland, I saw my people they were sending from Ireland to England thirty large steamers every week, laden to the gunwales with fat cattle, sheep, pigs and the most expensive kinds of food."

"Then what made the famine?" asked the Duke of Melvorne.

"The feudal system of land tenure under which Ireland is groaning is what caused it," I answered.

"Why, sir, do you blame and yet advocate the tenants' rights so zealously?" asked Lord Sanders a little annoyed.

"Yes, Lord Sanders, I am a landlord, yet I would willingly yield my interest in the land as the Persians did theirs."

"Why, how was that?" asked Colonel Haynes.

"The land-owners were compensated for their claims by the government issuing bonds bearing four per cent. interest to them, while the tenants paid the government five per cent on the bonds," I explained.

"Yes that sounds very well," said the Duke of Melvorne. "But the Irish people never will be satisfied until they have taken every landlord out of Ireland and possess the land free of cost. Toen in five years they will be ready for another gift of like value. The Irish are a thriftless, vagabond people, who never know the value of anything."

"Then they change mightily by coming to America," said Colonel Haynes. "To be sure, some of them are, as you say, vagabonds and drunkards, but the most of them are sober, industrious people, and not only provide for themselves and their earnings back to Ireland every year."

"I have tenants on my estate who could never pay the rent but for the aid that comes from boys and girls in America," I said. "And they are sober, hard-working people, managing their holdings."

"I think, Lord Waverland, that you have been taking lessons of Sir Wren," said the Duke of Melvorne, smiling, and bad forth through the room. "I remember he used to be very bitter against absent landlords."

"He thinks they are a curse to Ireland yet," I said, "by draining the country of a million pounds a year. He claims that no nation on earth could avoid famine under such a system."

"That remains to be seen," said Lord Sanders. "I know there are more tenant farmers in proportion in Ireland, Scotland and England combined. A large per cent. of the land owners are Englishmen, too. Why, I derive nearly two hundred thousand dollars a year from tenant farmers in America, and I am not the only one who is reaping a rich reward from American labor. But there is no sign of a famine there, as yet."

"No," said the Duke of Melvorne, "on the contrary, America is one of the most prosperous nations on the globe."

"We are a prosperous nation," said Colonel Haynes with animation, "but this heavy tax on our people may cause suffering before we are expecting it."

"O, bah, on your suffering! I expect to hear the American people begin to complain as a competitor to cut into Irish agitation," said Lord Sanders, with more arrogance than usual. "I am not afraid of the Americans, so long as the laws are made to suit ourselves."

"But the laws are made by the people and for the people," protested Colonel Haynes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GOT A SEAT BESIDE HIS GIRL.

One Touch of Nature That Made a Car-Load of Passengers Kin.

A young man and his best girl got into a Third avenue "L" car recently at the Fifty-third street station and looked around for a seat, says the *N. Y. Herald*. It was just about the time that the people were going to the theater and the car was crowded.

There were two seats down by the door, however, at which the young couple had entered. One was on either side of a musician in uniform. The young man put his sweetheart in the nearer seat at once and then stopped and asked the musician to take the one beyond him. He attracted the attention of the persons in the middle of the car, and their looks and whispers roused the rest of the passengers.

All eyes were directed at the young man standing in front of his girl and holding on by a strap and the musician sitting sullenly in his seat with his instrument in his lap. The girl was smiling and blushing, and gazing at the young man out of a pair of beautiful blue eyes in a manner that might compensate him for any amount of publicity he encountered in her behalf.

She was a very pretty girl with teeth as white as snow, and there were many men in the car who would have liked to have a chance to hold on by a strap for her sake. Her little hands were folded modestly in her lap and a pair of small, well-shaped feet peeped from beneath her draperies. He was a lucky young man, though he wasn't quite comfortable, as he saw that he was evidently the owner of the whole car. He looked back unutterable love, of course, on the fair maiden as he hung on by the strap, and apparently forgot all about the musician, whereupon several men in the car turned over to the instrumentalist.

"Get up!" they said between their teeth, and the poor man, who was a musician rose enough to get free of the division and dropped heavily into the vacated seat. The nearest man of the three nudged the young man and the empty seat. He thanked them and took it. The girl bowed, and a barely audible "Thank you!" escaped her rosebud lips. The musician took off their hats to her and returned to their places, greeted by the plaudits of the cat.

A Mule Beats The Record.

One Spring day, about a mile outside Decatur, Ala., a little old boy belonging to Uncle Bill Jones went to swatin, a matter which should happen to every well-regulated hive about once in so often. Just at that time Uncle Reuben Gathers, an old black man, came coming into town with his mule and a "jag" of wood. The road was pretty heavy and the mule very lazy, but Uncle Reuben was a good driver. Just as he came to a place where a broad Uncle Reuben had stuck several branches into the harness. Coming along toward the Clark place the old man was saying:

"Now, yo' good-fur-seat mewl, yo' lift dem hoofs an' walk along or you'll har from me! If yo' hain't de laziest, doggoned critter ever I see, de bull State den I'll leave de church! Why, sah, I'd sell yo' fur $2 an' one leetle possum!"

About this time the bees got a move on them from the hive, and by accident or design the queen settled down on one of the branches waving over Uncle Reuben's head. The mule stopped and in two minutes the animal was loaded. She had come to a halt of her own accord, and the old man sat with his mouth wide open and glazed at astonishment. Not for long, however. Some of the bees skirmishing around on the outside concluded to feed the old mule and see what she was made of, and in about fifty stingers entered her feelings at once she reared up, uttered a terrific snort and started off at breakneck speed. Uncle Reuben was jolted into the road at the first jump, and as he scrambled up and saw the mule on a dead run and the bees in a cloud following and the wheels shedding spokes at every turn, he raised his hands and shouted:

"Ef I takes it all back, Julius! I said back dar dat I'd sell yo' fur $2 an' a leetle possum, but mewls has suddenly risen in dis Julius, an' make a record! Yo' gwine to fight mule, yo' gwine to git possums and I'll add 10 per cent, every minute till yo' is outer sight!" — *N. Y. Sun.*

A Touching War Incident.

It is proposed that the new seal of Geary county, Kas., shall have in the center a picture of General Geary kissing his wife. The idea is that the reverse side of the war does not furnish a more touching incident. A boy at the age of 19 enlists and at 20 is first lieutenant of the Twenty-fourth Battery. His father, a Brigadier General commanding a division, was about to lead what proved to be one of the most desperate and heroic struggles of the war. He saw the son falls before his eyes with a bullet in his forehead. He dismounts, leaves the boy, mounts again and leads on to duty with wonderful fortitude, skill and bravery. Father and son contribute equally to the name of Geary. In Fairfax, Va., there lage says there never was a more wonderful instance of duty performed under such awful circumstances as when Geary laid his dead boy on the field and led his troops to victory.—*Kansas City Star.*

Believes in the Rod.

An English religious paper publishes the following advertisement: "A lady wishes to hear of a good school for girls where the birch rod, now coming into fashion again, is used in the old way. Also of one for boys."—Mrs. Griffiths, *Church Times* office.

Five grains of chloral hydrate per ounce of water is said to be a perfect dandruff eradicator.

FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

An Hour With the Busy Farmer and the Housewife.

Education Needed for the Dairy Business—Diseases of the Potato—House Plants in Summer—Look After the Boys—Farm and Household Notes and Hints.

Dairy Education.

The capital invested in the dairy interests of the state of New York is estimated at $400,000,000. The profit which her dairymen and farmers derive from the investment, is much smaller than it might be. Neither is quantity nor in quality, are the products what they ought to be, and what is true of New York in this regard, is true in other dairy states. The cooperative creamery system, is, wherever it is introduced, improving the yield. The slovenly processes of butter making practiced by farmers at home, by which butter of all grades and much of it below grade, is produced, have been replaced by the cleanly, systematic modern methods of the factory, and higher prices and correspondingly larger profits are realized.

But a creamery can be successfully maintained only in a community, where a number of well-stocked dairy farms exist. Where these farms are scattered, as is frequently the case, the business is made to home, whereas neither the theory or the practice of the art is understood. How to reach these farms, how to instruct their inmates, reform their slovenly methods, and induce them to adopt the improvements, which their profits? These are felt to be questions of cardinal importance. Here as elsewhere among those who are our inferiors in knowledge, lies the difference are the great obstacles to overcome. Ignorance of the fundamental principles of milk, butter and cheese production, and indifference as to the importance of a careful observance of the principles.

The great dairy county of Cheshire, in England, has a Dairy Institute, the sessions of which are held on farms engaged for the purpose. But two instructors are needed during the season, the manager, a gentleman, who teaches cheese-making and the butter-teacher who is a lady. With the view of the instruction and guidance of the institute within the reach of all, the terms are $2.50 per week.

Scab in the Potato.

Some very interesting experiments have been conducted by Prof. J. C. Arthur of the New York experimental station at Geneva, on the cause of the trouble known as the scab in the potato. This has been believed to be due to fungus action, or to minute insects, the believers in neither being able, as Prof. Arthur suggests, to give any reason for the faith that is in them. The experiments show that a potato tuber, if its offer days exposed to the full sun, and yet not shrunk in the slightest degree, will resist the most exhaustive efforts to induce the scab growth. He finds this to result from the impervious character of the thin skin covering the tuber, which is a true layer of cork. The cells composing it are, thin, in seven or more layers, fitting together so closely as to leave no space between, and so tough and tough, that the starchy matter so abundant in the great mass of the potato tuber, It is the destruction of these cells that causes the scab. The action of the fungus growth appears through any of the destructive stages, nor is there any trace of insect depredation. Just what does bring about the destruction of the cells Prof. Arthur was not able to discover, but it is certainly neither of the influences that have been generally held. As far as his observations went, he found more scab in potatoes where stable manure had been employed as a fertilizer than where it had been used. He is inclined to suppose that it is some chemical element combatting the water-proof character of the cuticle that produces the scab. Apart as it is from dermic wounds, the potato has the power of healing these by forming new skin under that which has been destroyed, and transforming the cells bearing cells to these flat, corky ones. This can readily be shown by placing a potato tuber where the water-cress is pushed off, and the clean, smooth skin exposed beneath.

Enemies of the Cabbage.

The caterpillars of the cabbage moth do great mischief by eating the hearts of the cabbages and cauliflowers, rendering them unfit for use. Hand-picking and dusting the plants with newly slacked lime are the best means by which these destructive insects can be kept in check. Another insect injurious to the leaves, and especially so to cabbage and broccoli, is a minute flea-like beetle, which from midsummer to the end of autumn, and from going through all of its changes in less than a month, its numbers increase with astonishing rapidity. Cutting off and burning the infected leaves is the only way of arresting its progress. Among the several other kinds of caterpillars besides the above which attack the cabbage, one, all of which may be kept in check by dusting with lime, are the Snails and slugs attack all the varieties of cabbage, and frequently prove very destructive. The best mode of destroying these is to place a few boards in the plants and ground about them with newly slaked lime or fresh sawdust. The formation of rotten spots on the roots, usually termed clubbing, is the most destructive disease to which the cabbage tribe is subject. It is ascribed to minute insects or fungus, and targets being generally found in the tubercles. Lime, wood ashes, soot, nitrate of soda and common salt are recommended for application to the soil in which cabbages, etc., are to be known, and mark unquestionably so so.

Mange.

This disease may attack many of our domestic animals. It is contagious and is caused by a minute insect burrowing under the skin. Live stock closely confined in winter quarters are more liable to spread the disease. Animals thus affected should be separated and treated persistently till cured. The affected parts should be thoroughly cleansed with soap and water, dried, and have well rubbed in an ointment made of lard half a pound, flowers of sulphur four ounces, and crude carbolic acid two drachms. This application, after perfect cleansing, on the hairy parts of animals. Washing is not a a momentary work, but requires the use of "elbow grease." The insect must be reached to be destroyed, and nothing but a thorough scrubbing can expose the little tormentor to the destructive application of the remedy.

House Plants in Summer.

Whether greenhouse and window plants in general should be kept in their pots or turned into the open grounds for the summer depends upon what is desired of them. Probably most plants can be more healthy under form in pots than in the open ground, and if one does not care for the labor, but seeks the best results in the form of his plants, continuous pots are the best. But to lessen labor most gardeners now turn their greenhouse plants out of pots and into the open border for summer, and pot them in the first of September. As a rule, Azaleas may need attention in pruning some time before they are put out. We prefer to plunge the pots of healeas in sand in the garden and not to turn them out, though some gardeners do so. Some plants have to be repotted in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation

A large Belgian poodle dog astonished pedestrians in the vicinity of Fifty-first Avenue hotel, New York, on the other day by strolling leisurely along up and down pacing in front of a gentleman satisfaction at a small pipe, which he held tightly in his mouth.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

"Take a chair" is now fashionable for "Have something."

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