FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

NUMBER 69.

Let It Pass. Be not swift to take offense; Let it, pass! Anger is a foe to sense; Let it pass!

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong Which will disappear ere lor :: Rather sing this cheery song-Let it pass!

Let it pass! Strife corrodes the purest mind: Let it pass! As the unregarded wind,

Let it pass! Any vulgar souls that live May condemn without reprieve; Tis the noble who forgive. Let it pass!

Let it pass! Echo not an angry word: Let it pass! Think how often you have erred:

Let it pass! Since our joys must pass away, Like the dewdrops on the spray. Wherefore should our sorrows stay? Let them pass! Let them pass!

If for good you've taken ill, Let it pass! Oh! be kind and gentle still: Let it pass! Time at last makes all things straight; Let us not resent, but wait. And our triumph shall be great:

Let it pass! Let it pass! Bid your anger to depart, Let it pass! Lay these homely words to heart, "Let it pass! Follow not the giddy throng; Better to be wronged than wrong; Therefore sing the cheery song-

THAT BOY.

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

"Husband ! there's somebody out in the yard sawing wood. Who do you

Farmer Granger turned himself in bed, listened a moment, and then, with the sleepy sigh of one who realizes that the time for dreaming is over and work

bours are at hand, replied: "It's Old Warner, likely. He's had time to get over his tantrum. I'll see." The farmer's toilet was not one that required hours to perfect, and before Mrs. Granger had concluded that it was time for her to "be stirring," the brown trousers and blue frock of her husband

could have been seen at the further end of the big kitchen, while two keen gray eyes peered through the half-open blind No red-nosed, haggard-faced old man met his gaze, but a pale-cheeked, barefooted boy whose low whistle kept time as he worked, while the heap of sticks at his feet gave evidence that his saw | then?" had made quick pace since sunrise.

"What are you about, boy?" was the farmer's salutation, as he neared the woodpile.

swered the lad, looking up as if to note | in silence. how his proposition would be received. "Breakfast! Of course! We never den close by a loud rap on the outer the hour, turn folks away hungry. Where'd you door.

"Over east," was the indefinite reply. "Where'd you sleep las' night?" "Under the bushes, down the road a piece," the boy answered.

"Well, you're a great one! I shouldn't ing your name?"
"Jap, sir." "Jap, hey?"

"That's what they call me-my real name's Jasper.' "Who are they-your father and "I haven't any, sir."

"Brothers and sisters?" "Not one," was the curt reply.

The farmer looked sharply at the boy from under his broad-brimmed hat, as the saw plied to and fro; and, doubtless, for nothin'." he would have pushed his inquiries still further had not the impatient lowing of Whitey and Doll reminded him that it Neither movement escaped the pair of never'll go back to Uncle George's-I'll was milking time.

"Well, you don't look over and above strongish. You'd better let that wood answer; and the work proceeded with no further interruption till Ethel, the from the foot of the stairs: three-year-old pet of the family, came trotting around the corner of the house. to announce in her baby fashion that "b'e'k'ast" was ready.

"Come right in, come right in. You've earned a good meal o' victuals:" and Farmer Granger led the way, with signed him, at one end of the square

table opposite Ethel and her father, while Mrs. Granger and a happy-faced old lady occupied seats on either side. The first supply of broiled ham and baked potatoes had disappeared from ment was vanishing bit by bit, when Mrs. Granger suddenly discovered that

he had no butter. "No, ma'am; I don't care for it—this bread's good enough without any," was her. the reply when the plate was passed. Mrs. Granger received this compli-

ent with a pleased smile, and an extra e doughnut immediately found its will to accompany the butterless bread. "I'd like to work awhile longer to pay for that breakfast," remarked the boy, as he followed the farmer through the woodhouse. "I haven't tasted anything so good in a long time," and the saw was taken up without waiting

for permission. "Well, if you're a mind to cut and pile up a spell, you can stay and get | youngster your dinner. We always mean to have good victuals and plenty of 'em here." "Now, where are you bound for?" | "and if I was you I wouldn't be round estioned the farmer, as the lad picked here when Tige gets out for a run." ugly, but after I'd had my say he cooled his bundle after dinner and seemed Then in a louder tone:

r. y to take his departure.

"That wood's to cut, and it'll take three or four days, at the least calculation. I'll agree to give you enough to eat and a comf'table bed. May be by that time you'll want to run home again."

The boy's eyes flashed; but he set his lips firmly together, and made no answer for a minute. Then he said: "You are very kind, sir. I'll stay if you will let me.

"Solomon Granger, you're crazy!" exclaimed the nervous little woman, you when her husband related the foregoing conversation. "The idea of having that boy in the house all night! I shan't sleep a single wink. Likely as not he'll kill us all before morning, and make off with everything there is here."

"Oh! no; I guess he's all right," was the farmer's rejoinder; while a sweet voice came from over the knitting: "I never see a boy with such a face that had anything in him but good, dogs, and the men, too." honest blood. Depend on t, Lowly, there ain't nothin' wrong about that

Two days passed. The lad kept faithfully at his work, saying little and revealing nothing in regard to himself. The farmer's wife, meanwhile, worried and fretted, turned a dozen keys at night, and was surprised when morning bewildered. "Where are the dogs?" and his weapon of defense a stout shill mother of this boy recently gave birth a barrel of ten per cent. crude carbolic individual regoing to church?" she asked, anxiously, on Sunday morning. "There's that

"There's room enough in the wagon," responded her husband, serenely. "I know-but 'tain't a bit likely he'll want to go. And I don't dare to leave him home. There's no telling what he'll

"I wouldn't worry about that boy; he ain't going to run off with the house." The proffered seat, however, was de-

clined, the boy saying:

wagon, tucking little Ethel in beside on the still air: her, and off they went over the hills to the town. two miles away.

gate, "your name's Jasper, ain't it?" "Jasper, ma'am." "Yes. Well, Jasper, can you read?"

brought out from the great chest in the gray and thick. corner, entitled "Tales of a Grand

sweet old face. thinking to herself, "As | breathless little worker. if I'd be afeard o' that boy !"

chapter was ended. "I never went," was the response.

begin the second chapter. Some time age. "I thought, maybe, you'd give me passed, till, at length, the one auditor some breakfast if I sawed awhile," an- falling asleep, the story was continued eager to know the cause of the unusual

> looking fellows, and very dirty in ap- exclaimed the boy, unmindful until the "Can you give us something to eat?"

wonder, now, if you'd run away?"-half- down," said the old lady, bustling off let the talk go on unheeded, interrogated the farmer, with a pleasant to the pantry. "Which do you like "I do believe that boy's saved my life, twinkle in his eye. "Do you mind tell- best-apple-pie or custard?" And soon Lowly. Depend on't the Lord sent him !" table, and the good things vanished

without ceremony. grandma, after receiving somewhat crusty answers to the few kindly questhe room. Finally, one asked:

"Folks gone to church?" "La, yes," replied the old lady, in-nocently. "Our folks never stay home

The speaker threw a quick glance towatchful eyes in the corner.

voice down the stairway.

his little girl perched upon his shoulder. ment and alarm. Could the boy be in possession of by a half-brother of his The lad silently took the place as- league with these men, and another be father's, a rascally, unprincipled man,

in waiting upstairs! low growl sounded from the room over- fully treated till he could endure it no head. Then came a sharp yelp, fol- longer, and at last, after six years of lowed by little whines of impatience: abuse and torment, he determined to and with a careless, "Hurry up, Dave!" seek a home among strangers. the boy's plate, and the second install- the lad walked leisurely back to the "I wanted to stay," the boy conkitchen. As he reached the door, cluded, "but I didn't dare to tell you, grandma, overwhelmed with consterna- for fear you would send me back"tion, made a desperate rush for the bed-

> The men in the meantime had neared | do all we can for you.' the outer door.

said one, with a disagreeable leer. "You heard 'em, didn't you?" was makes me feel mean to think of it." the careless rejoinder.

"Don't be a fool!" was the reply, the afternoon. in an undertone. "Who's afraid o' "Ye dogs ain't fierce, be they, hearer.

"Fritz ain't over and above friendly to strangers," replied the boy, coolly;

"I don't know, sir," he replied, dig- don't let Tige loose till these men get just as long as you please."

"What's the matter with this place?' ful threats; while the lad, with a final, per. "Depend on't, Lowly, the Lord with a little twinkle of the gray eyes. "I advise you to put a good piece o' sent him. road between you and Tige!" closed the door, softly sliding the bolt.

Then going to the room where grandma lay crouched upon the bed, scarcely daring to stir, he called through the

"They're gone. You can come out "The dogs!" gasped a faint voice,

softly. "Open the door, and I'll tell

"Come and sit down," said the boy, could not help it.'

stontly. "What do you mean by all der and admiration that nothing short this? You can't fool me! I heard the of setting the church bells ringing

with "Down, Tige!" and "Be still, markable feat of walking for a stiff cake Fritz!" that the door was swung open, was performed in more recent times by and grandma leaned against the wall, legs unprofessional. Capt. Ross was

"Well, I never in all my life! If you Kincardineshire, the time of the year don't beat all the boys I ever did see! being August. For seven or eigh, and there I 'sposed you was connivin' hours they had been wading waist-high with them critters, and I was so scart I among the bull-rushes, shooting snipe was just as weak as a rag."

Awhile after this fright at the farm- After the meal, Capt. Ross fell asleep, house, old Billy, with his load of three, and he was shortly afterward awakened "My clothes ain't fit. I'd rather stay was plodding peacefully over the brow by Sir Keith Hay. "Ross, old fellow," of the little hill a quarter of a mile from exclaimed Sir Keith, "jump up, I want So Mrs. Granger, with numberless home, when suddenly Mrs. Granger's you to go as my umpire with Lord Kenmisgivings, clambered into the high voice, wild with terror, rang out sharply nedy to Inverness. I have made him a

"The house is afire!" she screamed. foot before him." The distance was "And grandma!-oh! Solomon, if grand- 100 miles, and Capt. Ross thus con-"Let me see," began grandma, when ma's killed, I'll never forgive myself, tinues the story: "Off we started the last load of neighbors had passed the never! Why did we leave that boy? Oh, there and then, with our shoes and silk

farmer. Nevertheless, he whipped up longish walk. I called to my servant old Billy, and anxiously scanned the to follow with my walking shoes and "Well, s'posin you read out loud to corner of the roof visible behind the worsted stockings, and Lord Kennedy as we give our cattle makes excellent "foot-rot" in sheep. From the fact that me a spell," and a little, old book was trees where the smoke was curling up, did the same. They overtook us after beef. All these facts he has demon- carbolic acid acts specifically upon all

So the boy read; and grandma, fold and only wet, smoked timbers and a stockings certainly, but with them light ing her wrinkled hands-hands that blackened pile of rubbish met the farm- Wellington boots! The sole of one were always busy on other days—leaned er's eye when he sprang from his boot vanished after I had gone four East. back with a look of contentment on her | wagon and alighted at the side of the | and twenty miles, and now I had to fin-

The sight of the house and barn un- all night, next day and the next night, "You must ha' been to school considharmed and grandma standing in the raining torrents all the way. er'ble," was the comment when the first doorway alive and well, put all fears to crossed the Grampians, making a perflight in an instant. But there was a feetly straight line, and got to Inverstory to relate, and the boy stood modest- ness at one o'clock A. M. Sir Keith Hay "Never! Who learned you to read, ly by while grandma dwelt upon the ex- lost his money, as he preferred to citing events of the past hour. The travel by the coach road, which, altramps, it was supposed, were the incen- though much easier, was thirty-six miles The boy seemed reluctant to engage diaries; but happily the fire had been longer than by way of the mountains." in any conversation, and hastened to discovered in time to prevent any dam-

The returning loads of church goers. stir, stopped at the farmgate; and the Grandma's nap was brought to a sud- lad suddenly found himself the hero of

"I told 'em all the bad qualities of Two men stood on the doorstep; ill- Tige and Fritz, Uncle George's dogs!" words were spoken that his hearers had never heard of "Uncle George" before. Then, with a bright blush, he dropped "Sartin, sartin; come right in and sit | behind one of the men, and for a time

a bountiful repast was spread upon the and grandma concluding her story with a long-drawn breath, sat down on the doorstep, and was immediately engaged The boy eyed the two, sharply; while in an eager talk with old Mrs. Atkins. It was many hours before quiet settled down upon the inmates of the little farmtions, sat placidly rocking. The eyes house; but before they settled for the of the men roved searchingly about night Farmer Granger and his wife learned all that was needful to know of

Jasper Goodrich's former life. "The only reason I haven't told you. said the boy, in reply to the farmer's question, "is because I was afraid you'd send me back. It might as well come ward his companion; the other nodded. out though-I have run away, but I

A moment after, the boy left his seat, It was a short story. Until he was sauntered across the room, stopped by seven years old he knew only a happy alone till you get some victuals down." the window to look up the road, and life. Then his father's health failing "I'd rather keep on," was the only then, going through the little hall and a sea voyage being decided upon, which led out of the kitchen, he cal'ed his father and mother sailed for France, leaving him in the care of the village "Dave! Dave! you asleep up there?" | minister and his wife. In six months "What you want?" sounded a gruff came the news of his father's death, and some weeks later his mother too, died, "Come down, can't you? And bring and was buried in a foreign land. The along Tige and Fritz! Don't go to boy remained with his friends a few months only, for on the minister's re-Grandma heard in mingled amaze- moval to another town he was taken who had no love or kind feeling for his As if in confirmation of her fears, a young nephew. Here he was shame-

> "Never, my boy!" interrupted the room beyond, locking the door behind farmer, earnestly. "You can stay with us till you find a better home, and we'll

"Well," said Mrs. Granger, as she "Got some dogs up there, have ye?" lay down that night. "the idea of my distrusting that boy! I declare, it Early the next morning the farmer "Come on, Jim!" addressing his harnessed old Billy, and, dressed in his companion. "We might as well clear Sunday best, took the east road over and wollered, wile Billy bellered like prescribed in milk. It has been re-

The announcement made at the teatable was startling to at least one

"I have seen your uncle, Jasper!" The boy's face paled, but the farmer's next words were reassuring. "He was inclined at first to be a little down a trifle, and I fancy he won't give "Dave, ain't you! coming? But you any further trouble. You can stay

ging his bare toes into the dirt. "I away!"

At this, the men moved off, curssing the dogs and muttering low, wrath
"I knew there wa'n't nothin' wrong and a population of 1,400. Now it has some 4,000 buildings and a population of 7,000.

"I knew there wa'n't nothin' wrong and a population of 1,400. Now it has some 4,000 buildings and a population of 7,000.

The mortality caused by the plague in quiet and repose.

"I knew there wa'n't nothin' wrong about that boy," said grandma, with a population of 7,000.

The mortality caused by the plague in quiet and repose.

Russia was over eighty per cent.

Some Long Walks. destrian competitive strivings have of In less than two years the disease has late been indulged in in this country, exterminated in the province of Rio says a New York paper, might well lead some to imagine that the passion for to a gross loss of \$90,000. this particular branch of sport was never before exhibited in a light so whimsical, "There ain't any!" he answered, not to say absurd. This, however, Rome this season, "The Revels of Meswould be a rash conclusion, as many salina," has a strange history. The ridiculous exhibitions are recorded in man who painted it lived in an attic, The bolt was cautiously withdrawn, the fading leaves of periodical litera- and kept body and soul together on a pointed by the New York legislature, in tenderly. "I am sorry I frightened 1809, of a thousand miles in a thousand himself in utter despair. Now that he you so. I was afraid it would, but I hours, the accomplishment of which set is dead, his pictures are selling. The "I won't stir a step," said grandma, so nearly beside themselves with won- also killed himself. would satisfy them, we may mention a up there."
swallow-tail blue coat, a brilliant waistorder But the dogs!" cried the old lady, coat, buckskin breeches and top boots, turns the scales at nine pounds. The owner of cattle should be provided with lalah. The eccentric individual re- to a little girl in New York; and the acid, and a quart of ninety per cent. car-

And then came from the throat of the turned in good time to claim his win- new-born child weighed more at its bolic acid. The latter mixes with water, little ventriloquist such a torrent of nings, and was ever after known as birth than her fourteen - year old the former does not. Let the flows and growls, whines and yelps, interspersed "Jerusalem" Whalley. A very re- brother, with a shooting party at Block hall, in and had well earned a good dinner. from the Western plains. Col. Ezra achieved. Pleuro pneumonia has been bet of \$2,500 a side that I get there on run the horse, Solomon; run the horse!" stockings on our feet. We went straight the cows yield milk that will compare Further than this, the observations of "Nonsense!" said the easy-going across the mountains, and it was a favorably with that of the best Alder- the commission warrant the belief that

we had gone seven or eight miles, but A dozen or more well-directed pails | fancy my disgust when I discovered that

ish the walk barefooted. We walked

Sad Results of Intemperance. Special Officer Chiardi, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, appeared in Jefferson Market police court, in New York. He alleged that Ellen Doyle, the mother of three children, living at 115 Sullivan street, was drunk, and her children in a state

of starvation. Mrs. Doyle was arraigned at the bar. She looked haggard, dissihusband was sober and attentive to his duties. He was at length compelled to have her arrested; but, relenting the next morning, presented himself in the court, asking the judge to give her an other chance for the sake of the little children. She promised to take the pledge and sin no more. In a short time she was again arrested. Her rooms were in a disorderly condition, and the children had the looks of staryation. She was sentenced to three months on Blackwell's island, but again her husband interceded, and she was released. Her promises of amendment were stronger than on the previous occasion; she vehemently asserting "that a drop of liquor would never again cross her lips." However, she was only a short time at home when the old passion for drink was aroused. Her husband, wearied out, in despair and to drown his grief, took to drink and lost his position in Classin & Co.'s. The furniture and apparel were pledged or disposed of until everything had disappeared. A short time ago the husband was missing, and has not since been heard of. The only remaining article in the room was the stove, and this the unfortunate woman sold, and got drunk upon the proceeds. She was arrested and sent to the island for six months.

third, an infant, a few months. Time Enough to Beller. One day Billy, that's my brother, he

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to

and Sammy Doppy was playin' by a mud-hole, and Billy he said: "Now, Sammy, les play we was a like everything.

muddy little feller-and he said:

But Billy he said:

TIMELY TOPICS.

Like the grapevine, the coffee-tree has its phylloxera, which threatens to The preposterous extent to which pe- destroy the coffee plantations of Brazil.

A painting that is greatly admired at

and the old lady's face appeared, white ture especially pertaining to such per- limited diet of bread and onions. When 1858, stated that "carbolic acid is an musician often beats it. formances. With but a passing refer- it was done he gave it to another painter absolute and perfect disinfectant. It ence to the walk of Capt. Barclay, in in pledge for \$300, and finally killed not only destroys the odor, but kills the the inhabitants of sportive Newmarket ar ist to whom "Messalina" was pledged suspect that their cattle have been ex-Perhaps the "Midgets" are as dimin- where they are confined, and to put utive as any pair of known mortals. some carbolic acid into the water they A low, pleasant laugh sounded through famous walk told of in the Annual One of them—a girl, said to be fifteen drink, and in proportion of one part of Register for 1788. In that year an Irish | years of age -is named Lucia Zarate, | pure acid with thrice its weight of sal "Twas only me, grandma! I saw gentleman named Whalley laid a wager and was born in Mexico. She weighs soda, to 1,000 parts of water." In the ing them how to buy. those men meant mischief, and I knew of \$100,000 that he would perform a four and three quarter pounds, and is circular, "Suggestions to Farmers," something must be done pretty quick; walking tour from London to Constan- about as large as-a medium-sized doll. under the head of "Means of Prevenso I made believe there was somebody tinople and return, his attire being a The boy is a native of Chenango county, tion," they say: "When the disease is where she lies buried.

A good deal of attention has been re- work of the stalls with the same." fact that he is being rapidly exterminhitherto been claimed. He has also perfect immunity from diseases that proved that the thoroughbred buffalo is have hitherto carried inevitable destrucneys, both in quantity and quality; and this same agent possesses certain properstrated at his farm in Mahwah. In his germs or seeds of disease that are propof water had done their work, however; my idiot had brought me, worsted be done by establishing buffalo ranches or fungus parasites of the Texas disease, opinion there is pro table business to agated in a manner similar to the spores on the plains, where calves can be col- it is not too much to hope that it may lected, domesticated and shipped to the be used successfully in the treatment of

Vegetable Milk.

hibition were several flasks of vegetable in the nasal discharges and circulating milk, sent there by the Venezuelan blood of glandered horses the "congovernment. These have been careful- iothecium equinum," a microscopic ly analyzed by M. Boussingault, and in parasite of the same genus as the "conia paper descriptive of his labors which othecium stilesiarnum," which is the he sent to the academy of France, the active agent in the Texas cattle disease, astonishing statement is made that this | and it is effectually destroyed by very fluid, in its constituent parts, is not | weak solutions of carbolic acid. It is only like cows' milk, but in some re- very evident that after the excitement of spects is a decided improvement on that | 1867 68 died away, disinfection ceased, article. It contains fatty matter, sugar, | care was relaxed, and many of the causes caseine and phosphates; but the relative | that brought about these preceding proportions of these substances are such | epidemics now exist. It is the supreme that the fluid has all the richness and duty of the State to exercise the same nutritive qualities of cream. M. Bous- vigilance in the protection of flocks and singault says that this vegetable milk berds from contagious disease, that it was spoken of by Humboldt, who, in interposes when humanity is endangered. his travels in South America, had sevpated and forlorn. The story told by the officer was a pitiful one. He stated natives for collecting it. The trees of that fifteen months ago she was living which this is the sap grow upon the band was working with H. B. Claffin & The Indians go each morning to the cut in them deep incisions, from which the milk pours out in such quantities that in an hour or two quite a large vessel is filled with the fluid. This is taken back to the village, and forms a staple

article of food for both old and young. A Strange People. Dr. E. R. Heath, in a paper on "Peruvian Antiquities," describes a strange people living in a town called Eten, in seven degrees south latitude and about two miles from the sea. They number about 4,000, and they speak besides the Spanish, a language which some of the recently-brought-over Chinese laborers understand, but there is no other similarity between the two peoples. They intermarry uncles, nieces, brothers and sisters, nephews and aunts, that is, promiscuously, and with no apparent curse of consanguinity; but they will not permit any intermarriage into their number, or with the outside world. They have laws, customs and dress of their own, and live by braiding hats and mats and weaving cloths. They will give no account of the place whence they came, or of the time they settled at Eten. History does not mention their existence before the Spaniards arrived. Among them are no sick or deformed The children will be cared for by the persons, their custom being to send a committee to each sick or old person. and those who are reported past recov-Children. The eldest is aged four years. the next, a boy, aged two years, and the ery or past usefulness, are promptly strangled by the public executioner. Eten orders it, they say, and with Eten's orders there is no interference. Scientific Notes.

Milk as a Sleep Producer.

According to the Pharmacist, it is a barnyard; you be the pig and lie down frequent practice in the New York asyand woller, and I'll be a bull and beller | lum for inebriates to administer to the patient at bedtime a glass of milk to So they got down on their hans and produce sleep, and the result is often the "mountain." He returned late in distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he prescribed in milk. It has been recum out muddy-you never seen such a | cently stated in medical journals that lactic acid has the effect of promoting "Now, you be the pig an' let me bel- sleep by acting as a sedative, and this acid may be produced in the alimentary canal after the ingestion of milk. Can "I ain't a very good pig 'fore dinner, this, then, be the explanation of the and ittle be time 'nuff for you to beller action of milk on the nervous system wen yer mother sees yer close."-Little | after a long-continued, excessive use of months ago it had 500 to 600 buildings acid, and a lump of sugar allowed to hand.

A Cure for the Cattle Disease. It was speedily discovered that by the use of the same agent first brought into notice by the distinguished scientist. William Crookes, of England, who R? stamped out the cattle plague. or "rinderpest," by its aid in the United Kingtered in a very dilute state, in the drinking water, and sprinkled about the barns, stables and yards, quickly and thoroughly destroyed the infection. In virus of the disease. We advise all farmers or drovers, who have reason to

posed to infection, to sprinkle crude carbolic acid abundantly about the yard droppings of the cattle be sprinkled with the crude acid, and cover the woodcently directed to the buffalo, from the their final report, under the head of "Conclusions," page thirty, they stated: ated. Yearly thousands of them are "As direct results of investigations slain merely for the sake of their hides connected with this cattle disease, some and tongues, and it is feared that this of the most brilliant and useful dis- footed up. valuable animal will soon disappear | coveries in sanitary science have been Milier of Mawah, New Jersey, has re- successfully treated, and a remedial cently been making experiments with agent of incalculable value has been buffaloes that seem to prove that these brought into common use among the is thought that the commerce of 1878 animals are even more valuable than has flocks and herds of the State. With will show much larger figures. been supposed. He has found that a reasonable care on the part of stockcommon cow can be crossed with a buf- owners, in keeping themselves supplied falo bull, there being no physical obsta- with carbolic acid, and using it freely on cle to her bearing a buffalo calf, as has their premises, there appears to be a

many diseases in animals heretofore regarded as incurable, especially the "glanders" in horses, inasmuch as the recent researches of the world-renowned Among the exhibits at the French ex- Hallier, of Java, have brought to light -George Shepard Page.

The Cold Shoulder.

a call? Have not most of us occasionally found that our most interesting communications have been responded to by a vacant "Really," while our best stories have failed to provoke a smile? Do no friends who once signed them selves "Yours very affectionately" now conclude their letters with a chilling "Yours?" Have none of the old nicknames and familiar expressions been dropped, and are all the standing invitations to luncheon still in force? Have we not written affectionate and detailed epistles which, after long delay, have received but curt notes in reply, containing no allusion whatever to our friendly remarks and inquiries? Are not our tempting invitations sometimes refused with no better excuse than regrets that those whom we invited are unable to accept them ?-Saturday Re-

Ericsson's Diary.

John Ericsson, builder of the ironclad Monitor, is now an old man living in New York, and Colonel William C. Church has written an account of his life and work for Scribner. Although seventy-six years of age, Ericsson's whole thought is said still to be absorbed with his scientific and mechanical studies, so that he never leaves the roomy old house in Beach street, which is at once his dormitory and his workshop, except it be for exercise or pressing business. Social recreations he partakes not of. He accepts no invitations and gives none. Each day he concludes his labors with a record of the events that have happened. For nearly forty plate, and 1,100 feet below landed on years he has kept a diary, giving a single page to each day, until the work has reached its fifty-seventh volume, comprising now over 14,000 pages. In this diary only twenty days are missing alcoholic drink? Sugar, also, is capable in the forty years, the omission being of being converted in the stomach, in due to an accident in 1856, which de-Bodie is a town in California. Six certain morbid conditions, into lactic prived him of a finger on the right

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A watch-word - Mainspring. Querry by a clairvoyant-RUAC

Use your leisure time for improve-

A firm foundation—Establishing a partnership.

"That settles it," as the eggshell said to the coffee. The workingmen of Austria are asking

for universal suffrage. It is hard to get ahead of time, but a

If a young lady wants a home of her

own she will not a man-shun. How do we know the sun is a musical body? Because he sends forth his so

The Marseillaise hymn has been formally recognized as the national anthem of France. A New York teacher of cookery took

her class through Fulton market, teach-Pocahontas is to have a monument over her grave at Gravesend, England,

There is a striking resemblance between a man kicking a cow and a shoe-

maker; both boot the calf's skin. Spring poetry is a strangely hardy plant. When it gets fairly up, the weather never sets it back an inch. Eggs are now hatched by electricity,

Of invention necessity is the mother. and of the hen electricity is assister. An accountant who visited Bunker Hill monument, in Boston, last summer, says it is the longest column he ever

The total foreign commerce of the globe in 1876 amounted to \$14,000,400,000, of which \$7,474,400 000 consisted of imports and \$6,526,000,000 of exports. It Although the existence of kerosene

oil in several of the provinces of Japan is said to have been known for twelve hundred years, the Japanese did not know how to refine it till about six years ago. Now, however, refining establishments are springing up rapidly, and its manufacture is becoming an important A medical journal advises its readers

'not to yell when frightened, as it only increases terror; keep control of yourself and do something to calm your nerves." That's the doctrine. If you find the house is on fire, don't jump up and yell loud enough to bring all the fire companies from the neighboring towns to the spot, but just sit down, take up a last year's almanac and read it calmly through. By the time you finish it, you will perceive there is no necessity for yelling, as the fire will either have gone out or burned the house down .- Oil City Derrick.

The donkey is a pretty bird, So gentle and so wise; It has a silky little tail With which to whisk the flies. Upon its head two ears it bears, So silky, long and soft, That when its tail can't reach the flies The ears can whisk them off.

Robbing a Stage-Coach, "The first thing we knew," says a traveler in Mexico, "there were forty or fifty brigands around the diligence and the horses were stopped. Before I had time to turn around I had a revolver pointed at each side of my head, and was told to hand over my money. I had \$300 in notes along, but had hidden that It may be doubted whether any hu- in one of the cushions, and had only two man being has ever lived to the age of or three dollars in silver in my pockets. thirty without experiencing the cold They helped themselves to my watch Co. She drank heavily, and the children trees nearest to their settlements and shoulder in some form or other. Who and everything else in my pockets that does not know what it is, when casual- I cared anything for; but my having so ly falling in with a couple of friends, to little money seemed to excite their sussee them smile significantly at each picions, and one of them took me to one other, and then accord him a colder side of the road, away from the coach, greeting than he expected? Or who has making me bring along a small sachel not heard a knot of acquaintances I was carrying with me. He told me to chuckle with ill-concealed mirth when take off my clothes, and I did. The he left them? If any one has escaped sachel contained an old suit of light such a fate, has he never found the con- clothes, belonging to a friend of mine, versation of a friend cold and abrupt much too small for me; but he said he when he had hoped it would be sympa- | thought my clothes would about fit him. thetic and familiar? Is there a man so and he made me put on the old ones. lucky that he has never been made to He did not take time to search the pockfeel that he was in the way when paying ets, as he was taking clothes and all; but when I told him that I should need two or three more meals and a lodging before I got to the end of my journey. he gave me back the two or three dollars in silver. But he left me a bad looking specimen, in the little old suit of clothes. though I was better off than most of the other passengers, for they were sitting around in their underclothes, and one woman, whose clothes had been stolen, was wrapped up in a horse blanket.

Silver Mine Experiences.

Then we went on.

About ten o'clock in the morning. says a Virginia City (Nev.) paper, a crowbar was dropped down the main vertical shaft of the Savage mine from the surface, and went directly through a cage at the bottom, piercing the bonnet and floor. No one was on the cage at the time, and no one was hurt; yet it is unpleasant to one making a trip into a mine to reflect that such things some-

As the bar fell something over five hundred yards, it was traveling with the rapidity and vim of a cannon-ball when it struck the cage. A bit of gravel no larger than a filbert sings like a bullet toward the latter part of such a journey. A dog once fell into a shaft at Gold Hill; and, though the shaft was but 300 feet in depth, two men upon whom the animal landed were killed, as was also the clumsy cur that had failed

to hop across the top of the shaft. A rat once fell down the Consolidated Virginia in attempting to spring across a compartment, from wall-plate to wall the bald head of a miner, and exploded like a bomb, causing the miner to think that a rock had cut open the top of his

skull and let out his brains. A grain of birdshot dropped into the top of a shaft 1,500 feet in depth would probably bury itself in a plank or any piece of wood it might happen to strike