

Two Sides of a Sentiment.  
When two-year-old May-Blossom  
Came down in clear white dress  
And run to find "dear Auntie,"  
And claim her sweet kisses—  
And Auntie takes up Blossom,  
And her eyes—they glow and shine,  
Oh, pretty Baby Blossom—if you were only  
mine?  
—Scribner's Magazine.

Harvest Song.  
When roses were budding, and clover was  
sweet,  
And the grasses were cool, and long, and  
green,  
There was laughter and song with the hay-  
maker's feet.  
And laborer merrily on his way;  
If the hay was gathered from every lot,  
The babbling brooks ran to tell the sea,  
"The hay is home."  
That was yellow in all the land,  
That the earth with the harvest  
kept time with the binding  
of the sheaves piled up so high,  
And the sun, and the fall barn's gleam,  
And the brooks ran to tell the sea,  
"The hay is home."  
There the harvest home,  
Down in the swamps where the rice is beat—  
There's never a land in the wide world free  
Where the babbling brooks have not told the  
sea.  
—The Harvest Home.

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Why is a solar eclipse like a woman  
whipping her boy? Because it's a hiding  
of the sun.  
Why is dew like a falling star? One  
is mist on earth, and the other missed  
from heaven.  
A steamer which sailed from Boston a  
few days ago took out a shipment of  
robust for acclimatization in England.  
The average man doesn't want an  
elephant on his hand—Springfield Re-  
publican. No; nor of his loss, either.  
—Boston Post.  
We sleep, but the loom of life never  
stops; and the pattern which is weaving  
when the sun went down is weaving  
when it comes up to-morrow.  
A physiologist estimates that there  
are 2,400 disorders to which the human  
frame is liable, and there are plenty of  
people who believe they have every one  
of them.  
California is preparing to make a  
splendid display at the Paris Exposition.  
The aggregate space asked for is over  
30,000 square feet, and the estimated  
weight of the exhibit is five hundred  
tons.  
The prisoners in the Jamesville (Wis.)  
jail run a paper of their own. Their last  
issue contains urgent appeals to the  
county board to clean out the rats, which  
coaxes to be a pleasant surprise.  
The population of Richmond, Va., has  
doubled since the war, and her manufac-  
tories now number 361. The sales in  
1870 reached the sum of \$22,424,800  
her wheat and corn mills producing  
\$2,857,000, her forty-one tobacco factories  
\$12,032,780, and her iron works  
\$12,032,780.  
A deputy sheriff recently set out to  
arrest two brothers, who had farms a few  
miles from Waco, Texas. He found them  
at work in their fields picking cotton.  
He told them what his errand was. They  
stared at him, winked at each other,  
gently but firmly disarmed him, and  
ordered him to go to work in the field;  
and there he remained, picking cotton  
for dear life, until the officials in his  
frontier county heard of the incident and  
rescued him.  
Several children were feeding a pet  
bear with corn at Austin, Texas. An ear  
was dropped out of the reach of the bear,  
and a little girl handed it to him. The  
bear sportively pulled her to him, when  
a house dog, believing the child in dan-  
ger, sprang upon the bear. The child  
carried the dog to the further part of  
the yard, until the officials in his  
frontier county heard of the incident and  
rescued him.  
Robbers of Graves.  
If you have had occasion to take up a  
vine that had been some years in grow-  
ing, you will often find that its roots,  
instead of growing in a regular orderly  
space, have run round and round some  
especially fat tree-trunk, and there  
have festined in riotous living. A grape  
vine which had grown to the top of a  
wood-shed was once transplanted, and  
was found to have thrown out its prin-  
cipal roots to one side where a basket  
of bones had been buried, and there it had  
made such a network of rootlets that it  
was necessary to take up the bones and  
all. How did the vine know the bones  
were there?  
In the biography of Samuel J. May  
we find a curious instance related illus-  
trating this peculiarity of the growing  
world. It was one day taking a walk  
when he passed the tomb of an old friend  
named James Otis. The door of the  
vault was open and he passed in. Cur-  
iosity impelled him to look into the  
moldering coffin, and he found it entirely  
filled with the fibrous roots of the  
vine, especially thick and matted about  
the skull. Stepping out he looked up  
at a noble elm, which flourished glori-  
ously above the tomb, and he felt that  
there were the true remains of his old  
friend.  
Perhaps the most curious instance  
of such transformation is in the case of  
Roger Williams, whose grave was in-  
vaded by the root of an apple tree. The  
main branch struck into the coffin at its  
head, branched around the skull, branch-  
ing off at the shoulders along the two  
temples, and then followed the spine,  
branching at the hips, and even turning  
up at the feet. The whole is preserved  
in a New England Museum. It is a  
question of some little interest who ate  
the apples that grew on that tree from  
year to year.  
No doubt the records of thousands  
of graves could be brought to light many  
such instances would be found.

## A Strange Adventure.

"Good morning, sir—a lovely day!"  
I started rather guiltily from the  
sloping position in which the voice of  
my unknown colloquist had accosted me.  
In truth and in fact, I was engaged in  
examining the paddled moorings of a  
graceful little boat whose keel lay on the  
shore, and meditating to myself how  
very agreeable a row across the crystal  
lake would be through the silence of the  
purple August daybreak.  
"Good morning," I responded, turning  
to meet the inquiring gaze of a tall,  
gentlemanly-looking person of about  
about thirty-five years of age, who  
stood leaning against a little gate. He  
was dark and handsome, with piercing  
eyes, a forehead slightly bald, and a jet-  
black moustache, twisted jauntily away  
from a small, nervous mouth; and his  
dress was tasteful and faultless to his  
last degree. He had taken off his light  
straw hat to greet me, and now stood  
apparently awaiting some more definite  
explanation on my part.  
"I beg your pardon, sir," I stam-  
mered, rather confused;—"I-I hope  
I am not trespassing on private  
ground?"  
"Who, sir, you are undeniably on  
private grounds," returned the stranger,  
smiling; "but I think you won't call it  
by any such harsh name as trespassing.  
You are staying in the neighbor-  
hood?"  
"I am staying at the 'Lake House'  
for the summer," I explained; "and I  
suppose my morning walk has led me  
further than I at first intended."  
"You are about six miles from the  
house, sir," returned my companion,  
courteously, "and, judging from your  
occupation when I came down to the  
gate, you would not object to crossing  
back by water?"  
I laughed, and acknowledged the fact.  
"To tell you the truth, sir, I was just  
thinking how cool and pleasant a short  
row would be. In fact, if the boat had  
not been fastened, I should most assur-  
edly have braved all consequences, and  
boldly ventured the experiment."  
"I think we can overcome that objec-  
tion," said the stranger quietly, turning  
to an old ruined tree, whose gnarled  
trunk overhung the transparent tint,  
and drawing a key from his hollow depths.  
"Suppose we get up an appetite for  
breakfast together? I am not an experi-  
enced oarsman myself, and I suppose  
you understand the art of propelling on  
the water?"  
"Just give me an opportunity, and  
see if I don't indicate my education in  
aquatic matters," I said, in high good  
humor, springing into the fairy-like lit-  
tle shell, followed by my new acquaint-  
ance. "Really, sir, this is an unexpected  
treat. I scarcely know how to thank you  
adequately for your courtesy."  
"Then do not attempt to," said the  
gentleman, inclining his head with a  
dignified, high-bred politeness, which  
impressed me the more and more in his  
favor. "I assure you my gratification  
is entirely mutual. Pull to the right a  
little; we shall get entangled in yonder  
floating sheet of water lilies if we are  
not careful. Upon my word, this is a  
most perfect morning for the water."  
It was, indeed! Across the diamond  
glitter of the lake the golden splendors  
of an August sunrise were just beginning  
to be reflected; and in the distance, a  
range of dim, misty, mountain-peaks  
leaned against the horizon like far-off  
sentinels, almost losing their outline in  
the blue radiance of the cloudless  
heavens.  
"I wish I were an artist!" broke al-  
most involuntarily from my lips.  
My companion smiled.  
"Need a man be an artist to enjoy the  
beauties of such a scene as this?" he  
asked. "A little more towards yonder  
point, if you please, sir. Now we are  
out in the channel, and you can pull as  
hard as you choose. The boat will al-  
most move of herself, in fact."  
He threw down his oars and leaned  
back in the stern, adjusting his straw  
hat so as to shield his eyes from the  
too vivid glare of the morning sun-  
shine.  
"One scarcely thinks of civilization in  
such a secluded spot as this?" he mur-  
mured, lazily. "I suppose there isn't  
a living soul within a mile of us, unless  
excepting birds and fishes."  
"I suppose not," I assented.  
"But, nevertheless, the forms and  
ceremonies of society cannot entirely be  
cast aside. May I know whom I have  
had the pleasure of helping to an hour's  
pleasure?"  
I drew my card from my waistcoat-  
pocket, and handed it across, with a  
smile.  
"Vernon Cheveley, eh? A very  
pretty name, sir. I congratulate myself

## Don't Dispute.

We were within a few rods of the  
clustering bushes that I knew contained  
help. Oh, heaven, could I but have  
reached their friendly shelter. How  
like a mass of lead my heart sank in my  
bosom, as I saw him catch up the oars,  
and strike out once more in a contrary  
direction.  
But as he turned his head away, I  
caught up the sheathed knife, and flung  
it hurling upon the shore.  
"What's that?" he demanded, turning  
quickly round.  
"It's your witch," I said, as uncon-  
cernedly as I could. "Don't you know  
we ought to go ashore and see what has  
become of her?"  
His eyes roved restlessly along the  
green bank.  
"I don't know; what do you think?"  
"Why, she's your enemy. No doubt  
it was she who spread the report of your  
deeds. You ought to address her in a  
conciliatory manner; and if you could  
once bring her to terms, what would pre-  
vent you from assuming your proper  
station once more in England?"  
"That's very true. Here, head her  
in toward the land. I wonder I never  
thought of that before."  
The fellow brained lunatic! Even in  
the consciousness of my own mortal  
peril, my heart ached for the crazy  
flights of his sick fancy.  
We were close to the friendly land;  
the long, silver-green tresses of the wil-  
lows almost touched my throbbing fore-  
head, when my strange companion start-  
ed to his feet with a yell that aroused all  
the echoes floating over the peaceful  
lake.  
"Traitor—spy! double-dyed villain!  
you have been deceiving me. Your  
hiredlings lurk among yonder bushes.  
But it is in vain! I the royalty of England  
shall never fall a prey to base artifices  
like these."  
He sprang towards me like an infuri-  
ated tiger. At the same instant the  
shore seemed to become alive with  
hurrying figures; and with a last im-  
pulse I caught up the rope that lay coiled  
in the bottom of the boat, with one end  
fastened to an iron hook, and threw it  
desperately shoreward. I could see a  
tall form plunging waist deep in the  
water to grasp at it; and then the cling-  
ing arms of my terrible companion were  
wreathed round me, and I knew no  
more.  
"Are you better, sir?"  
"Better? Yes—no—I can't tell.  
Where am I?"  
"Here, at the little inn, snug in bed;  
but you've had a stormy time of it.  
What on earth possessed you to go out  
in a boat with that poor gentleman?"  
"Mad, isn't it?" I asked, with all  
the frightful occurrences of the morning  
crowding back upon my mind, as one  
may remember the hideous phantasies of  
a troubled dream.  
"Mad as a March hare, sir; he's the  
worst case in all the asylum, since escap-  
ed last night, and has been wandering  
about the shores all the morning."  
"Is he safe at last?"  
"Yes, sir; they had a deuce of a time  
getting hold of him though. He threw  
yours overboard as if you had been a wil-  
low twig, and then swam like a fish  
himself. Dick Dayton, that's his  
keeper, says—says he's got the strength  
of twenty Samsons in those long arms  
of his."  
Thus ended that long fruitless morn-  
ing among the peaceful solitudes of  
Shadow Lake; but I carry an everlast-  
ing memorial of it, in the shape of a  
single lock of hair that gleams, white as  
silver, among the chestnut luxuriance  
that curls over my temples. While it  
lives, and while that lock retains its  
glorious whiteness, I shall never remem-  
ber my peril and deliverance without a  
shudder.

## Words of Wisdom.

What have kings that privates have  
not, save ceremony?  
Men of genius are often dull and inert  
in society, as the blazing meteor when it  
descends to earth is only a stone.  
Excessive indulgence to others, espe-  
cially children, is, in fact, only self-  
indulgence upon an alias.  
Get too many suits brought for you by  
the lawyer, and you will get none brought  
to you by the sailor.  
When a man has nothing in the world  
to lose, he is in the best condition  
to sacrifice for his better good every-  
thing that is his.  
There is a wonderful vigor of constitu-  
tion in a popular family. When the  
world has once got hold of a lie, it is  
astonishing how hard it is to get it out  
of the world.  
There are few men who, were they  
certain of death on their seventieth birth-  
day, would think of preparation. To-  
morrow may be the gate of an eternity,  
and they are in their folly.  
Moral influence: The influence of a  
good example is far-reaching; for every  
experience and conflict with the world  
lead us at times to indulge in misanthropic  
sentiments, and charge all men with sel-  
fish and impure motives.  
A man of genius never seeks applause;  
while the little-minded of those who have  
but a small portion of intellect, strive by  
their vanity and conceited boasting to  
build upon the mental resources of  
others their own fame and reputation.  
However, it is for the best, for they soon  
reach to their proper level—once they  
find it they never rise.  
True kindness must often set impulse  
aside and seem to sacrifice itself for the  
time, that it may eventually justify its  
principles. Would we be truly mer-  
ciful, we must consider the contingencies  
that may rest upon our impulsive kind-  
ness. If to please one individual we  
sacrifice the happiness of twenty, or in-  
cur the risk of doing so, we are cruel in  
our benevolence. If to relieve present  
distress we create a greater one for the  
future, we are most

## Driving Rats Away Without Poison.

We know of three methods: First,  
the old French plan; this is followed  
chiefly in Paris; it consists in making a  
special business. They take a deep tub,  
with water on the bottom and a little  
elevation in the middle like an island,  
on which is only placed for just one rat  
to sit on. The tub is covered and has  
a large balance-valve, opening down-  
wards. On the middle of this valve a  
piece of fried pork or cheese is placed,  
and when the rat walks on to it to get  
the cheese the valve goes down, drops  
the rat into the water, and moves back  
in position. A road is made from the  
rat-hole to the top of the tub by means  
of pieces of board rubbed with cheese,  
so as to make the rat's feet slip.  
In the course of a night, some ten,  
twenty, or even more rats may be  
killed, and the provision of the little island  
is used for killing them, because  
their gottic instinct for preservation  
causes them to fight for the exclusive  
possession of the island, on which,  
in the morning, the strongest rat is found  
in solitary possession, all the others  
being killed and drowned around him.  
Second, the New York plan, invented by  
one of our Friends. The door near the  
rat-hole is covered with a thin layer of  
a most caustic potash. When the rat  
walks in this it makes their feet sore;  
these they lick with their tongues,  
which makes their mouth sore, and the  
result is that they shun this locality, not  
alone but appear to tell all the rats in  
the neighborhood about it, and eventu-  
ally the house is entirely abandoned by  
them, notwithstanding the houses  
around are full of rats. Third, the  
Dutch method. This is said to be used  
successfully in Holland. We have,  
however, never tried it. A number of  
rats are left to themselves in a very large  
trap or cage, with no food whatever;  
their craving hunger will cause them to  
fight, and the weakest will be beaten by  
the strongest. After a short time the  
fight is renewed, and the next weakest  
is victorious, and so it goes on till one  
strong rat is left. When this has eaten  
the last remains of any of the others, it  
is set loose, the animal has now acquired  
such a taste for rat flesh that he is  
terribly afraid of it, and he will not  
eat what he may devour. In an incred-  
ibly short time the premises were  
abandoned by all other rats, which will  
not come back before the annual rat  
and left or died. —Manufacturer and  
Builder.

## True Success in Life.

Benjamin Franklin attributed his suc-  
cess as a public man, not to his talents  
or his power of speaking—for these  
were moderate—but to his known integ-  
rity of character. "Hence it was," he  
says, "that I had so much weight with  
my fellow-citizens. I was but a bad  
speaker, never eloquent, subject to much  
hesitation in my choice of words, hardly  
correct in language, and yet I generally  
carried my point." Character creates  
confidence in men in high station as well  
as in humble life. It was said of the  
first Emperor Alexander of Russia that  
his personal character was equivalent to  
a constitution. During the wars of the  
Fronde, Montaigne was the only man  
among the French gentry who kept his  
castle-gates unbarred; and it was said  
of him that his personal character was  
worth more to him than a regiment of  
horse. That character is power is true  
in a much higher sense than that knowl-  
edge is power. Mind without heart, in-  
telligence without conduct, cleverness  
without goodness, are powers in their  
way, but they may be powers only for  
mischiefs. We may be instructed or  
improved by them, but it is something  
as difficult to admire them as it would  
be to admire the dexterity of a pick-  
pocket, or the horsemanship of a high-  
wayman. Truthfulness, integrity and  
goodness—qualities that hang not on  
man's breath—form the essence of  
character. Hence it is that our old  
writers has it, "that intelligence unto  
virtue which can serve her without a  
livry." When Stephen of Colonna fell  
into the hands of his base assassins, and  
they asked him in derision, "Where is  
your fortress?" "Here" was his bold  
reply, placing his hand upon his  
heart. He died, but he left a name that  
endures to the present day, and shines  
forth with the greatest lustre; and,  
when all else fails, he takes stand upon  
his integrity and upon his courage.

## Locomotives for Russia.

A recent dispatch from Philadelphia  
says: One of the proprietors of the  
Baldwin Locomotive Works started for  
Russia last month, in response to a cable  
dispatch from the Russian government,  
inquiring about the terms, etc., for the  
building of a large number of locomotives.  
Yesterday the firm received from  
Mr. Parry directions to immediately  
proceed with the construction of five  
large-sized, first-class freight engines  
of five feet gauge, to be completed dur-  
ing February and March, 1878. It is  
stated in a letter received from Mr. Parry  
that the Russian government has  
been absorbed nearly all the railway  
plant for war purposes, and that it is  
being rapidly used up and destroyed in  
that ruinous service. Meanwhile the  
largest crop of wheat ever raised in  
Southern Russia and Bulgaria is rotting  
in the bins for want of transportation.  
This wheat, which usually finds an outlet  
from the Black Sea ports, will have to  
be transported by rail to the Baltic  
ports, and about three hundred new en-  
gines will be required at once. A large  
proportion of these will, however, be  
built in Europe.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

How to Treat Ringworm.  
Should there be any inflammatory ap-  
pearances, as there generally are, they  
should be removed before recourse is had  
to stimulating remedies. For this purpose  
evaporating applications should be used,  
by immersing the limb frequently in a  
bucket of cold water, or by the applica-  
tion of rags around the limb, which should  
be kept constantly wet and cold during one  
or two days. When perfectly cold, but  
not before, counter irritation may be resorted to. In choosing  
either blistering or the more severe  
remedy, fring, we must be guided by the  
extent of the disease and the nature of  
the animal's labor. If fring is em-  
ployed, blistering may be added im-  
mediately after or after a few weeks. If  
it be preferred to blister it should be  
repeated at least three times. For the  
purpose of shortening the hair covering the  
enlargement, and apply, by rubbing it  
well in ten minutes, the whole of the  
following ointment: Half a drachm of  
biniodide of mercury, mixed with six  
drachms of hog lard. Apply the blister  
every day in the morning, and keep the horse  
tied during the day, so that he cannot  
touch to interfere with the blister. In the  
evening he may be tied as usual, as he  
will then not interfere with the parts.  
Next day wash the blister carefully off  
with a sponge and lukewarm soap suds,  
without rubbing the skin, which would  
break the blisters. When dry, apply a  
coat of lard, once daily, during a week  
or ten days, when the blistering may be  
repeated as before, and repeated again  
and again, the same as the first time.  
While under treatment the horse should  
not be worked, and should be fed spar-  
ingly, with an occasional change of wet  
feed, and at last have liberty for a month  
or two on good pasturage. —Dr. Fournier  
in *Prairie Farmer*.

Feeds—Water and Cleanliness.  
These timely and sensible suggestions  
are from the *Poultry Review*:—"Per-  
sons who in the farm-yard suffer more  
for want of pure water in winter than  
from any other cause. In the summer  
they usually get plenty and do well  
enough, but in our cold climate, when  
springs and brooks are frozen solid,  
when tanks and swill pails are no longer  
available, then their daily allowance is  
entirely cut off, and often for weeks and  
even months, they do not get a drop of  
water. They eat snow when it is to be  
had, and they could do nothing worse,  
for this has the singular quality of  
making them poor, and they should never  
be allowed to eat it. If they are  
supplied with water they will not eat  
snow. This treatment, with very little  
exercise, and a few scrapings, is the best  
remedy among farmers. The result is that  
millions of fowls die annually of this  
scourge of poultry—the cholera. Years  
ago the cholera was dreaded as a most  
feverish plague among the human family.  
Towns and cities were devastated by it  
and ravages; but of late years, by cleaning  
out the cess-pools of filth in the cities,  
and by the proper measures, it has lost  
its terrors.  
Here lies the remedy for chicken  
cholera—cleanliness and proper care.  
This will do more to rid the country of  
this plague than all the patent nostrums  
in existence. With a very little outlay  
of money and time you can build a  
comfortable house for your fowls.  
Let it face the south, with windows to  
give it light and warmth when the sun  
shines. Spend an hour each day in  
feeding, watering and caring for your  
fowls. Keep your house clean and well  
ventilated and you will have a plentiful  
supply of eggs in winter as well as in  
summer, and the time that you spend in  
the care of your fowls will pay you a  
larger per cent. than any time you spend  
on the farm.  
**Medical Hints.**  
**DISINFECTANT.**—Light, airy cleanliness  
are the three greatest disinfectants  
known to medical men. With these, and  
no medicine, it is said that small-pox has  
been most successfully treated both in  
Europe and here.  
**ADHESIVE PLASTER.**—One ounce of  
French singlass, one pint of warm  
water; stir until dissolved, then add ten  
cents' worth of pure glycerine and five  
cents' worth of tincture of arnica; tuck  
a piece of silk, black or white, on a  
board, and paint it over with the mix-  
ture.  
**CRUISING COLDS.**—A severe cold in the  
head or inflammation of the air passages  
will sometimes be speedily dissipated by  
several injections up the nostrils of a  
saturated solution of bromide of potas-  
sium.  
**CHILBLAINS.**—Put the hands and feet  
into hot water in which two or three  
handfuls of common salt have been  
dissolved. This is a certain preventive as  
well as a cure.  
**Roots for Stock Feed.**  
Roots have become a necessity, with  
progressive farmers, as a winter food for  
stock, and their great value in this con-  
dition should commend them to those  
who have not essayed their cultivation.  
Even the owners of work and driving  
horses in large cities, where no oppor-  
tunity is had to raise them, annually buy  
hundreds of bushels of carrots, mangel  
wurzel, turnips, etc., to be fed in con-  
nection with grain food to their horses,  
and they are well assured of the profita-  
bility of using them, for the animals  
are always sleek, fat, and glossy in ap-  
pearance, and never become hide-bound  
or sickly. The sheep, cattle and swine,  
too, come in for a share of the roots in  
winter, and no farmer who has a right to  
be called so should think of neglecting  
the cultivation of roots for his different  
kinds of stock.  
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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

How to Treat Ringworm.  
Should there be any inflammatory ap-  
pearances, as there generally are, they  
should be removed before recourse is had  
to stimulating remedies. For this purpose  
evaporating applications should be used,  
by immersing the limb frequently in a  
bucket of cold water, or by the applica-  
tion of rags around the limb, which should  
be kept constantly wet and cold during one  
or two days. When perfectly cold, but  
not before, counter irritation may be resorted to. In choosing  
either blistering or the more severe  
remedy, fring, we must be guided by the  
extent of the disease and the nature of  
the animal's labor. If fring is em-  
ployed, blistering may be added im-  
mediately after or after a few weeks. If  
it be preferred to blister it should be  
repeated at least three times. For the  
purpose of shortening the hair covering the  
enlargement, and apply, by rubbing it  
well in ten minutes, the whole of the  
following ointment: Half a drachm of  
biniodide of mercury, mixed with six  
drachms of hog lard. Apply the blister  
every day in the morning, and keep the horse  
tied during the day, so that he cannot  
touch to interfere with the blister. In the  
evening he may be tied as usual, as he  
will then not interfere with the parts.  
Next day wash the blister carefully off  
with a sponge and lukewarm soap suds,  
without rubbing the skin, which would  
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not be worked, and should be fed spar-  
ingly, with an occasional change of wet  
feed, and at last have liberty for a month  
or two on good pasturage. —Dr. Fournier  
in *Prairie Farmer*.

Feeds—Water and Cleanliness.  
These timely and sensible suggestions  
are from the *Poultry Review*:—"Per-  
sons who in the farm-yard suffer more  
for want of pure water in winter than  
from any other cause. In the summer  
they usually get plenty and do well  
enough, but in our cold climate, when  
springs and brooks are frozen solid,  
when tanks and swill pails are no longer  
available, then their daily allowance is  
entirely cut off, and often for weeks and  
even months, they do not get a drop of  
water. They eat snow when it is to be  
had, and they could do nothing worse,  
for this has the singular quality of  
making them poor, and they should never  
be allowed to eat it. If they are  
supplied with water they will not eat  
snow. This treatment, with very little  
exercise, and a few scrapings, is the best  
remedy among farmers. The result is that  
millions of fowls die annually of this  
scourge of poultry—the cholera. Years  
ago the cholera was dreaded as a most  
feverish plague among the human family.  
Towns and cities were devastated by it  
and ravages; but of late years, by cleaning  
out the cess-pools of filth in the cities,  
and by the proper measures, it has lost  
its terrors.  
Here lies the remedy for chicken  
cholera—cleanliness and proper care.  
This will do more to rid the country of  
this plague than all the patent nostrums  
in existence. With a very little outlay  
of money and time you can build a  
comfortable house for your fowls.  
Let it face the south, with windows to  
give it light and warmth when the sun  
shines. Spend an hour each day in  
feeding, watering and caring for your  
fowls. Keep your house clean and well  
ventilated and you will have a plentiful  
supply of eggs in winter as well as in  
summer, and the time that you spend in  
the care of your fowls will pay you a  
larger per cent. than any time you spend  
on the farm.  
**Medical Hints.**  
**DISINFECTANT.**—Light, airy cleanliness  
are the three greatest disinfectants  
known to medical men. With these, and  
no medicine, it is said that small-pox has  
been most successfully treated both in  
Europe and here.  
**ADHESIVE PLASTER.**—One ounce of  
French singlass, one pint of warm  
water; stir until dissolved, then add ten  
cents' worth of pure glycerine and five  
cents' worth of tincture of arnica; tuck  
a piece of silk, black or white, on a  
board, and paint it over with the mix-  
ture.  
**CRUISING COLDS.**—A severe cold in the  
head or inflammation of the air passages  
will sometimes be speedily dissipated by  
several injections up the nostrils of a  
saturated solution of bromide of potas-  
sium.  
**CHILBLAINS.**—Put the hands and feet  
into hot water in which two or three  
handfuls of common salt have been  
dissolved. This is a certain preventive as  
well as a cure.  
**Roots for Stock Feed.**  
Roots have become a necessity, with  
progressive farmers, as a winter food for  
stock, and their great value in this con-  
dition should commend them to those  
who have not essayed their cultivation.  
Even the owners of work and driving  
horses in large cities, where no oppor-  
tunity is had to raise them, annually buy  
hundreds of bushels of carrots, mangel  
wurzel, turnips, etc., to be fed in con-  
nection with grain food to their horses,  
and they are well assured of the profita-  
bility of using them, for the animals  
are always sleek, fat, and glossy in ap-  
pearance, and never become hide-bound  
or sickly. The sheep, cattle and swine,  
too, come in for a share of the roots in  
winter, and no farmer who has a right to  
be called so should think of neglecting  
the cultivation of roots for his different  
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## A DISASTROUS EXPLOSION.

A Large Candy Factory in New York  
Blew up—Scenes and Incidents.  
The fatal boiler explosion in a New  
York candy factory was described by  
spectators in the next morning's papers.  
An eye-witness gives the following de-  
scription of the explosion: "I was pass-  
ing Greenwich street at 5:10 P. M. when  
I was startled by a loud report that  
shook all the houses and shattered the  
glass in the vicinity. I at first supposed  
it was an earthquake, but as coming to  
myself I saw paving stones and debris  
flying in all directions. The fire soon  
enveloped the buildings in the vicinity  
of Barclay street and College place, and  
amid the smoke and flames a number of  
women, young and old, could be seen.  
They were hysterically shrieking for  
help. I shall never forget the heart-  
rending cries of those poor girls. From  
one of the upper windows several of the  
girls jumped down; others fainting in  
the street. One young girl in a blue  
dress jumped into the flames from the  
third story. Another, who seemed not  
to be over thirteen, held out her hands  
beseechingly for help. She attempted  
to jump, but her dress caught, and she  
fell back."  
Mr. David Sullivan was on the oppo-  
site side of Barclay street, about fifty  
feet east of the location of Greenfield &  
Co.'s building. He gave an account of  
the explosion to a reporter to the follow-  
ing effect: "He says that he was walking  
toward Broadway when he heard a sound  
resembling the report of a cannon, only  
somewhat duller. He turned round and  
saw the whole front of Greenfield's build-  
ing flung out into the street, which was  
entirely filled with the heaps of debris.  
The gaps made in the walls of the follow-  
ing edifices were the upper floors, burst  
upward as if by some force from below.  
Everything within seemed shattered. Then  
the whole building settled back into  
its proper position, all the floors and  
walls being distorted by the shock. He  
rushed up to the spot, and with some  
other persons attempted to get out some  
one who had been buried by the falling  
debris. Then they assisted three girls  
to escape from the building. One of these  
was badly hurt on the head, and was  
beside crying out for her brother, who,  
she said, was inside. These had to be  
forged away, as they were unwilling  
to leave the place until they were satisfied  
of the safety of their friends. A space  
was then cleared for a boy to jump out.  
He did so, and escaped unhurt. Three  
more boys came to the front of the third  
story. The height was so great to the  
sidewalk that the bystanders called to  
them to wait for ladders. They waited  
for a while, and then went back to try  
to get out by the stairs. At all on a  
sudden, the flames burst out with great  
violence in the center of the building,  
and the unfortunate boys were seen to  
be caught in their terrible embrace. One  
boy slipped and fell to the ground while  
preparing to jump from the second  
floor. He lay close to the wall, appar-  
ently badly hurt. No assistance could  
be given to him on account of the flames  
and smoke pouring out from the front  
of the house. The flames then drove  
the crowd back, and the firemen and police  
arriving, applied themselves to check  
the conflagration. A ladder was placed  
against the front of the building, down  
which the persons made their escape,  
though the fire scorched their hands.  
This, however, was soon burned before  
it could be taken away by the firemen.  
Mr. Scherer, who was wounded by the  
explosion, said: "I was in the rear of  
the store, No. 69 Barclay street, when I  
heard the explosion. I was thrown  
down and stunned. The noise was  
similar to the discharge of a battery of  
artillery. On recovering myself I ran  
in front of my store and saw our own  
place on fire, then heard a second explo-  
sion and was thrown down again, which  
caused the cut on my forehead. I then  
saw the whole of Nos. 63, 65 and 67  
Barclay street on fire. My tongue and  
neck were scorched. He asked me, 'Have  
you seen father?' I told him that  
I had not. Did not reply, however; I  
ran back into my store to save what I  
could. I rushed out again into the  
street; there saw four men jump from  
the third story into the arms of firemen,  
who stood on the sidewalk ready to  
catch them. Two of them hesitated,  
but the firemen shouted to jump, and  
they finally did so. At that very mo-  
ment almost the walls fell with a tremen-  
dous crash, and a panic seemed to  
get hold of the people, police, firemen  
and all."

## Two Types of Life in Nevada.

In the Carson *Tribune* of a late date  
we find this little item: Judge F. K.  
Bechtel arrived on the stage this after-  
noon from Boile. He is on route  
to the scene of his boyhood days in  
Pennsylvania. The judge has resided  
in Bodie since 1862. His implicit  
faith in the mines has been finally  
rewarded, and he returns to his Eastern  
home a wealthy man.  
On Friday last a man named Carroll,  
here in Virginia City, fifty years of age,  
blew his brains out. A day or two pre-  
vious he remarked to a friend that he  
had a daughter, eighteen years of age,  
to educate whom he had sent money  
East; that his daughter had recently  
married a gentleman there; that they  
were coming here to see him, and that  
he would rather die than have his daugh-  
ter come here and find him poor. He  
was discharged a few days since from  
one of the mines; he had drunk heavily  
for two or three days, and on Friday  
borrowed a pistol from a friend and, bid-  
ding him good-bye, turned around and  
blew his brains out. The cases of Bechtel  
and of the suicide make between them  
a pretty good history of the country.  
In the Consolidated Virginia  
office yesterday we saw half a million  
dollars worth of silver bricks, and out-  
side a beggar. Both were types of Ne-  
vada—the latter the more common type.  
—*Virginia City Enterprise*.

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