VOLUME I.

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Let It Pass. Be not swift to take offense: Let it pass! Anger is a foc to sense; Let it pass! Brood not darkly o'er a wrong Which will disappear ere lorg; Rather sing this cheery song—

Let it pass! Let it pass! Strife corrodes the purest mind; Let it pass! 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! oe 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! kind and gentle still; Let it pass! Time at last makes all things straigh 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-Let it pass ! Let it pass!

THAT BOY.

"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 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 had made quick pace since sunrise. "What are you about, boy?" was the farmer's salutation, as he neared the

woodpile.
"I thought, maybe, you'd give me some breakfast if I sawed awhile," answered the lad, looking up as if to note how his proposition would be received. "Breakfast! Of course! We never turn folks away hungry. Where'd you

come from ?" '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 wonder, now, if you'd run away?"—half-interrogated the farmer, with a pleasant twinkle in his eye. "Do you mind tell-

ing your name?"
"Jap, sir."
"Jap, hey?"
"That's what they call me—my real "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, he would have pushed his inquiries still

further had not the impatient lowing of Whitey and Doll reminded him that it was milking time.
"Well, you don't look over and above

strongish. You'd better let that wood till you get some victuals down." "I'd rather keep on," was the only answer; and the work proceeded with no further interruption till Ethel, the 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 his little girl perched upon his shoulder. The lad silently took the place assigned 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 the boy's plate, and the second install-

ment was vanishing bit by bit, when Mrs. Granger suddenly discovered that

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

with a pleased smile, and an extra
te doughnut immediately found its
with 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 tested." nt with a pleased smile, and an extra anything so good in a long time," and saw was taken up without waiting

Well, if you're a mind to cut and pile up a spell, you can stay and get your dinner. We always mean to have good victuals and plenty of 'em here." to strangers, "Now, where are you bound for?" his bundle after dinner and seemed

to take his departure.

"I don't know, sir," he replied, diginto the dirt. "I away!" ging his bare toes into the dirt. s'pose I'll stop anywhere I can get

"What's the matter with this place?"
with a little twinkle of the gray eyes.
"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

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, 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

"I never see a boy with such a face that had anything in him but good, 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 and fretted, turned a dozen keys at night, and was surprised when morning dawned to find everything untouched.
"What are you going to do about going to church?" she asked, anxiously, on Sunday morning. "There's that boy!"

"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 declined, the boy saying:

"My clothes ain't fit. I'd rather stay
round here."

So Mrs. Granger, with numberless misgivings, clambered into the high wagon, tucking little Ethel in beside her, and off they went over the hills to the town, two miles away.

"I Let me see " began grandme when

"Let me see," began grandma, when the last load of neighbors had passed the gate, "your name's Jasper, ain't it?"
"Jasper, ma'am."
"Yes. Well, Jasper, can you read?"

"Yes, ma'am." "Well, s'posin you read out loud to me a spell," and a little, old book was brought out from the great chest in the corner, entitled "Tales of a Grand mother"

mother. So the boy read; and grandma, folding her wrinkled hands—hands that

"You must ha' been to school consider'ble," was the comment when the first

chapter was ended.
"I never went," was the response.
"Never! Who learned you to read, " Mother."

The boy seemed reluctant to engage in any conversation, and hastened to begin the second chapter. Some time passed, till, at length, the one auditor falling asleep, the story was continued

Grandma's nap was brought to a sudlen close by a loud rap on the outer

Two men stood on the doorstep; illooking fellows, and very dirty in ap-"Can you give us something to eat?"

asked one. "Sartin, sartin; come right in and sit down," said the old lady, bustling off to the pantry. "Which do you like best—apple-pie or custard?" And soon a bountiful repast was spread upon the table, and the good things vanished a long-drawn breath, sat down on the

without ceremony.

The boy eyed the two, sharply; while grandma, after receiving crusty answers to the few kindly questions, sat placidly rocking. The eyes of the men roved searchingly about the room. Finally, one asked:

" Folks gone to church?" "La, yes," replied the old lady, in-ocently. "Our folks never stay home nocently. "for nothin'." The speaker threw a quick glance toward his companion; the other nodded.

Neither movement escaped the pair of watchful eyes in the corner.

A moment after, the boy left his seat,

from the foot of the stairs: roice down the stairway.
"Come down, can't you? And bring

long Tige and Fritz! Don't go to sleep again."
Grandma heard in mingled amazement and alarm. Could the boy be in league with these men, and another be

in waiting upstairs!
As if in confirmation of her fears, low growl sounded from the room overhead. Then came a sharp yelp, fol-lowed by little whines of impatience: and with a careless, "Hurry up, Dave!" the lad walked leisurely back to the kitchen. As he reached the door, grandma, overwhelmed with consternation, made a desperate rush for the bed-room beyond, locking the door behind

her.
The men in the meantime had neare the outer door.

the outer door.

"Got some dogs up there, have ye?"
said one, with a disagreeable leer.

"You heard 'em, didn't you?" was
the careless rejoinder.

"Come on, Jim!" addressing his
companion. "We might as well clear -our game's up !" "Don't be a fool!" was the reply,

in an undertone. "Who's afraid pups!"
"Ye dogs ain't flerce, "Fritz ain't over and above friendly to strangers," replied the boy, coolly;
"and if I was you I wouldn't be round

undle after dinner and seemed here when Tige gets out for a run." "Dave, ain't you! coming? But don't let Tige loose till these men get

ful threats; while the lad, with a final, "I advise you to put a good piece o' road between you and Tige!" closed the door, softly sliding the bolt. Then going to the room where grand-ma lay crouched upon the bed, scarcely

daring to stir, he called through the key-hole:
"They're gone. You can come out

now. "The dogs!" gasped a faint voice. "There ain't any!" he answered, softly. "Open the door, and I'll tell

The bolt was cantiously withdrawn, and the old lady's face appeared, white and terrified. "Come and sit down," said the boy,

tenderly. "I am sorry I frightened you so. I was afraid it would, but I could not help it."

"I won't stir a step," said grandma, stoutly. "What do you mean by all this? You can't fool me! I heard the

dogs, and the men, too."
A low,pleasant laugh sounded through he room

"'Twas only me, grandma! I saw those men meant mischief, and I knew something must be done pretty quick; so I made believe there was somebody up there."
"But the dogs!" cried the old lady,
bewildered. "Where are the dogs?"
"I made 'em bark—listen!"

And then came from the throat of the little ventriloquist such a torrent of growls, whines and yelps, interspersed with "Down, Tige!" and "Be still, Fritz!" that the door was swung open, and grandma leaned against the wall,

"Well, I never in all my life! If you don't beat all the boys I ever did see! and there I 'sposed you was connivin' with them critters, and I was so scart I

was just as weak as a rag."

Awhile after this fright at the farm-house, old Billy, with his load of three, was plodding peacefully over the brow of the little hill a quarter of a mile from home, when suddenly Mrs. Granger's voice, wild with terror, rang out sharply on the still air. on the still air: "The house is afire!" she screamed.

"And grandma!—oh! Solomon, if grandma's killed, I'll never forgive myself, never! Why did we leave that boy? Oh, run the horse, Solomon; run the horse!"
"Nonsense!" said the easy-going farmer. Neverthelers, he whipped up old Billy, and anxiously scanned the corner of the roof visible behind the trees where the smoke was curling up, gray and thick.

A dozen or more well-directed pails of water had done their work, however; and only wet, smoked timbers and a blackened pile of rubbish met the farmwere always busy on other days—leaned back with a look of contentment on her sweet old face, thinking to herself, "As if I'd be afeard o' that boy!"

Ing her wrinkled hands—nands that the side of the brackened phe of rubbish met the tarm-brackened phe of rubbish met the tarm-ward wards and back with a look of contentment on her sweet old face, thinking to herself, "As if I'd be afeard o' that boy!"

The sight of the house and barn un-

harmed and grandma standing in the doorway alive and well, put all fears to flight in an instant. But there was a story to relate, and the boy stood modest-ly by while grandma dwelt upon the exciting events of the past hour. The tramps, it was supposed, were the incen-diaries; but happily the fire had been discovered in time to prevent any dam-

The returning loads of church goers, eager to know the cause of the unusual stir, stopped at the farmgate; and the lad suddenly found himself the hero of the hour.

"I told 'em all the bad qualities of Tige and Fritz, Uncle George's dogs!"
exclaimed the boy, unmindful until the
words were spoken that his hearers had
never heard of "Uncle George" before. Then, with a bright blush, he dropped behind one of the men, and for a time

doorstep, and was immediately engaged in an eager talk with old Mrs, Atkins, It was many hours before quiet settled down upon the inmates of the little farm-

nouse; but before they settled for the 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 out though—I have run away, but I never'il go back to Uncle George's—I'll die first !"

It was a short story. Until he was sauntered across the room, stopped by the window to look up the road, and then, going through the little hall which led out of the kitchen, he called his father and mother sailed for France, seven years old he knew only a happy life. Then his father's health failing and a sea voyage being decided upon, 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, and was buried in a foreign land. The boy remained with his friends a few nonths only, for on the minister's removal to another town he was taken possession of by a half-brother of his father's, a rascally, unprincipled man, who had no love or kind feeling for his young nephew. Here he was shame-fully treated till he could endure it no longer, and at last, after six years of abuse and torment, he determined to

seek a home among strangers.
"I wanted to stay," the boy concluded, "but I didn't dare to tell you,
for fear you would send me back"— "Never, my boy!" interrupted the farmer, earnestly. "You can stay with us till you find a better home, and we'll

do all we can for you."
"Well," said Mrs. Granger, as she lay down that night. "the idea of my distrusting that boy! I declare, makes me feel mean to think of it." Early the next morning the farmer harnessed old Billy, and, dressed in his Sunday best, took the east road over the "mountain." He returned late in

the afternoon. 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 ugly, but after I'd had my say he cooled down a trifle, and I fancy he won't give you any further trouble. You can stay just as long as you please."
"I knew there wa'n't nothin' wrong

At this, the men moved off, cursing the dogs and muttering low, wrath-

per. "Depend on't, Lowly, the Lord sent him."

Some Long Walks.

The preposterous extent to which pedestrian competitive strivings have of late been indulged in in this country, says a New York paper, might well lead some to imagine that the passion for this particular branch of sport was never before exhibited in a lightso whimsical, not to say absurd. This, however, would be a rash conclusion, as many ridiculous exhibitions are recorded in the fading leaves of periodical literature especially pertaining to such performances. With but a passing reference to the walk of Capt. Barolay, in 1809, of a thousand miles in a thousand hours, the accomplishment of which set the inhabitants of sportive Newmarket Some Long Walks. the inhabitants of sportive Newmarket so nearly beside themselves with won-der and admiration that nothing short of setting the church bells ringing would satisfy them, we may mention a famous walk told of in the Annual Register for 1788, In that year an Irish gentleman named Whalley laid a wager of \$100,000 that he would perform a walking tour from London to Constantinople and return, his attire being a swallow-tail blue coat, a brilliant waist-coat, buckskin breeches and top boots, and his weapon of defense a stout shil-lalah. The eccentric individual returned in good time to claim his winnings, and was ever after known as "Jerusalem" Whalley. A very remarkable feat of walking for a stiff cake markable feat of walking for a stiff cake was performed in more recent times by legs unprofessional. Capt. Ross was with a shooting party at Block hall, in Kincardineshire, the time of the year being August. For seven or eigh, hours they had been wading waist-high among the bull-rushes, shooting snipe and had well earned a good dinner. After the meal, Capt. Ross fell asleep, and he was shortly afterward awakened by Sir Keith Hay. "Ross, old fellow," exclaimed Sir Keith, "jump up, I want you to go as my umpire with Lord Kennedy to Inverness. I have made him a bet of \$2,500 a side that I get there on foot before him." The distance was 100 miles, and Capt. Ross thus continues the story: "Off we started there and then, with our shoes and silk tinues the story: "Off we started there and then, with our shoes and silk stockings on our feet. We went straight

stockings on our feet. We went straight across the mountains, and it was a longish walk. I called to my servant to follow with my walking shoes and worsted stockings, and Lord Kennedy did the same. They overtook us after we had gone seven or eight miles, but fancy my disgust when I discovered that my idiot had brought me, worsted stockings certainly, but with them light Wellington boots! The sole of one boot vanished after I had gone four boot vanished after I had gone four and twenty miles, and now I had to finish the walk barefooted. We walked raining torrents all the way. We crossed the Grampians, making a perfectly straight line, and got to Inverness at one o'clock A. M. Sir Keith Hay

lost his money, as he preferred to travel by the coach road, which, al-though much easier, was thirty-six miles longer than by way of the mountains."

Sad Results of Intemperance

Special Officer Chiardi, of the Societ or the Prevention of Cruelty to Chil iren, 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, dissipated and forlorn. The story told by the officer was a pitiful one. He stated that fifteen months ago she was living in South Fifth avenue, while her husband was working with H. B. Claffin & Co. She drank heavily, and the children were very much neglected, though the husband 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 stary ation. 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 occa sion; she vehemently asserting "that a drop of liquor would never again cross However, she was only short time at home when the old pas sion for drink was aroused. Her busband, wearied out, in despair and to drown his grief, took to drink and lost his position in Claffin & Co.'s. The furniture and apparel were pledged or disposed of until everything had disap-peared. 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 The children will be cared for by th Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The eldest is aged four years the next, a boy, aged two years, and the third, an infant, a few months.

Time Enough to Beller. One day Billy, that's my brother, he and Sammy Doppy was playin' by a mud-hole, and Billy he said:

"Now, Sammy, les play we was a barnyard; you be the pig and lie down and woller, and I'll be a bull and beller

like everything.
So they got down on their hans and knees, and Sammy he went in the mud and wollered, wile Billy bellered like distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he cum out muddy—you never seen such muddy little feller—and he said: "Now, you be the pig an' let me bel-

But Billy he said:
"I ain't a very good pig 'fore dinner,
and ittle be time 'nuff for you to beller wen yer mother sees yer close."-Little

Bodie is a town in California. Six months ago it had 500 to 600 buildings and a population of 1,400. Now it has some 4,000 buildings and a population TIMELY TOPICS.

Like the grapevine, the coffee-tree has its phylloxera, which threatens to destroy the coffee plantations of Brazil. In less than two years the disease has exterminated in the province of Rio Janeiro 450,000 coffee plants, amounting to a gross loss of \$90,000.

A painting that is greatly admired at Rome this season, "The Revels of Messalina," has a strange history. The man who painted it lived in an attic, and kept body and soul together on a limited diet of bread and onions. When it was done he gave it to another painter in pledge for \$300, and finally killed himself in utter despair. Now that he is dead, his pictures are selling. The is dead, his pictures are selling. The ar ist to whom "Messalina" was pledged also killed himself.

Perhaps the "Midgets" are as diminutive as any pair of known mortals. One of them—a girl, said to be fifteen years of age—is named Lucia Zarate, and was born in Mexico. She weighs and was born in Mexico. She weighs four and three quarter pounds, and is about as large as—a medium-sized doll. The boy is a native of Chenango county, New York, is fourteen years old, and turns the scales at nine pounds. The mother of this boy recently gave birth to a little girl in New York; and the new-born child weighed more at its high them here fourteen weeks old. birth than her fourteen - year old

A good deal of attention has been recently directed to the buffalo, from the fact that he is being rapidly exterminated. Yearly thousands of them are slain merely for the sake of their hides sian merely for the sake of their hides and tongues, and it is feared that this valuable animal will soon disappear from the Western plains. Col. Ezra Milter of Mawah, New Jersey, has re-cently been making experiments with buffaloes that seem to prove that these buffaloes that seem to prove that these animals are even more valuable than has been supposed. He has found that a common cow can be crossed with a buffalo bull, there being no physical obstacle to her bearing a buffalo calf, as has hitherto been claimed. He has also proved that the thoroughbred buffalo is easily domesticated and easily kept; that the cows yield milk that will compare favorably with that of the beet Alderfavorably with that of the best Alderneys, both in quantity and quality; and that a buffalo fattened upon such food as we give our cattle makes excellent beef. All these facts he has demonstrated at his farm in Mahwah. In his opinion there is pro table business to be done by establishing buffalo ranches on the plains, where calves can be col-lected, domesticated and shipped to the

Among the exhibits at the French exhibition were several flasks of vegetable milk, sent there by the Venezuelan government. These have been carefully analyzed by M. Boussingault, and in a paper descriptive of his labors which he sent to the academy of France, the proportions of these substances are such that the fluid has all the richness and nutritive qualities of cream. M. Boussingault says that this vegetable milk was spoken of by Humboldt, who, in his travels in South America, had several opportunities of tasting it and of witnessing the methods adopted by the natives for collecting it. The trees of which this is the sap grow upon the sides of mountain chains in Venezuela. The Indians go each morning to the trees nearest to their settlements and cut in them deep incisions, from which the milk pours out in such quantities that in an hour or two quite a large ves-sel 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. B. 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 persons, their custom being to send a committee to each sick or old person, and those who are reported past resovery or past usefulness, are promptly strangled by the public executioner. Eten orders it, they say, and with Eten's orders there is no in Scientific Notes.

Milk as a Sleep Producer. According to the Pharmacist, it is a frequent practice in the New York asylum for inebriates to administer to the patient at bedtime a glass of milk to patient at bedtime a glass of milk to produce sleep, and the result is often found satisfactory, without the use of medicine. Medicine is there sometimes prescribed in milk. It has been recently stated in medical journals that lactic acid has the effect of promoting sleep by acting as a sedative, and this acid may be produced in the alimentary canal after the ingestion of milk. Can this, then, be the explanation of the action of milk on the nervous system after a long-continued, excessive use of alcoholic drink? Sugar, also, is capable of being converted in the stomach, in certain morbid conditions, into lactic cid, and a lump of sugar allowed to dissolve in the mouth on going to bed will frequently sooth a restless body to quiet and repose.

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 Orookes, of England, who stamped out the cattle plague. or "rinderpest," by its aid in the United Kingdom, equally gratifying results were achieved here. Carbolic acid administered in a very dilute state, in the drinktered in a very dilute state, in the drinking water, and sprinkled about the barns, stables and yards, quickly and thoroughly destroyed the infection. In thoroughly destroyed the infection. In a preliminary report, commissioners appointed by the New York legislature, in 1858, stated that "carbolic acid is an absolute and perfect disinfectant. It not only destroys the odor, but kills the virus of the disease. We advise all farmers or drovers, who have reason to suspect that their cattle have been exposed to infection, to sprinkle crude suspect that their cattle have been exposed to infection, to sprinkle crude carbolic acid abundantly about the yard where they are confined, and to put some carbolic acid into the water they drink, and in proportion of one part of pure acid with thrice its weight of sal soda, to 1,000 parts of water." In the circular, "thinggestions to Formers." circular, "Suggestions to Farmers," under the head of "Means of Preven tion," they say: "When the disease is present in any neighborhood, every owner of cattle should be provided with barrel of ten per cent. crude carbolic acid, and a quart of ninety per cent. car-bolic acid. The latter mixes with water, the former does net. Let the flows and droppings of the cattle be sprinkled with the crude acid, and cover the woodwork of the stalls with the same." In their final report, under the head of "Conclusions," page thirty, they stated: "As direct results of investigations connected with this cattle disease, some of the most brilliant and useful discoveries in sanitary science have been achieved. Pleuro pneumonia has been successfully treated, and a remedial agent of incalculable value has been rought into common use among the flocks and herds of the State.

tion wherever they appeared.

Further than this, the observations of the commission warrant the belief that industry. this same agent possesses certain proper-ties of the greatest value when applied to "foot-rot" in sheep. From the fact that carbolic acid acts specifically upon all germs or seeds of disease that are propgated in a manner similar to the spores fungus parasites of the Texas disease, it is not too much to hope that it may be used successfully in the treatment of "glanders" in horses, inasmuch as the Hallier, of Java, have brought to light in the nasal discharges and circulating blood of glandered horses the "con iothecium equinum," a microscopio parasite of the same genus as the "coniothecium stilesiarnum," which is 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 fluid, in its constituent parts, is not only like cows' milk, but in some respects is a decided improvement on that article. It contains fatty matter, sugar, caseine and phosphates; but the relative that brought about these preceding endings now exist. It is the suprementations of the causes that brought about these preceding endings now exist. that brought about these preceding epidemics now exist. It is the supreme duty of the State to exercise the same vigilance in the protection of flocks and herds from contagious disease, that it interposes when humanity is endangered -George Shepard Page.

The Cold Shoulder.

It may be doubted whether any hu other, and then accord him a colder greeting than he expected? Or who has not heard a knot of acquaintances chuckle with ill-concealed mirth when he left them? If any one has escaped such a fate, has he never found the conversation of a friend cold and abrupt when he had hoped it would be sympa-thetic and familiar? Is there a man so ncky that he has never been made to feel that he was in the way when paying 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 nick names 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 riendly remarks and inquiries? Are not our tempting invitations sometimes refused with no better excuse than review.

Ericsson's Diary.

John Ericsson, builder of the iron clad 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 absorb ed 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 workhop, 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 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 the miner to think a skull and let out his brains.

A grain of birdshot dropped into the top of a shaft 1,500 feet in depth would in the forty years, the omission being due to an accident in 1856, which de prived him of a finger on the right

The mortality caused by the plague in Russia was over eighty per cent.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

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

Use your leisure time for improve-

A firm foundation—Establishing 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 musician often beats it. 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 oody? Because he sends forth his so

The Marseillaise hymn has been formally recognized as the national an-

A New York teacher of cookery took her class through Fulton market, teaching them how to buy.

Pocahontas is to have a monument over her grave at Gravesend, England, here she lies buried. There is a striking resemblance be-

tween 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 footed up. The total foreign commerce of the globe in 1876 amounted to \$14,000,400,000, of which \$7,474,400 000 consistences. It

ports and \$6,526,000,000 of exports. It g the is thought that the commerce of 1878 With will show much larger figures. reasonable care on the part of stockowners, in keeping themselves supplied with carbolic acid, and using it freely on their premises, there appears to be a perfect immunity from diseases that have hitherto carried inevitable destruction wherever the corners of the part of stockowners, in keeping themselves supplied will show much larger figures.

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 establishago. Now, however, refining establish-

ments are springing up rapidly, and its manufacture is bed A medical journal advises its readers "not to yell when frightened, as it only increases terror; keep control of your-self 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 many diseases in animals heretofore regarded as incurable, especially the 'glanders' in horses, inasmuch as the 'glanders' in horses, inasmuch as the 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. LINES ON THE DONKEY. 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 in one of the cushions, and had only two or three dollars in silver in my pockets. man being has ever lived to the age of thirty without experiencing the cold shoulder in some form or other. Who shoulder in some form or other, when casually falling in with a couple of friends, to see them smile significantly at each picions, and one of them took me to one side of the road, away from the coach, making me bring along a small sachel I was carrying with me. He told me to take off my clothes, and I did. The sachel contained an old suit of light clothes, belonging to a friend of mine, much too small for me; but he said he thought my clothes would about fit him, and he made me put on the old ones. He did not take time to search the pockets, 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. Then we went on." Silver Mine Experiences.

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 grets that those whom we invited are unable to accept them?—Saturday Reand 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-

times occur. 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 plate, and 1,100 feet below landed on the bald head of a miner, and exploded

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 at the bottom. This being the case, we repeat that it is not pleasant to think of such things as crowbars going down