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Every Description of Job Printing executed at THE WHIG OFFICE:—

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VOL. XXXII[illegible]. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872. WHOLE NO. 1,632.

THE CECIL WHIG.

W. M. KENNARD &

HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR

NEW STORE,

306 MARKET STR

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE,

AND ARE OPENING ONE OF THE

FINEST AND LARGEST ST

OF

Dry Goods and Car

EVER EXHIBITED IN WILMING

Sept 28, 1872.

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Light enough to make Goods visible!

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Comomdious enough to give room for all who come to ex

THESE ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF TH

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BOOTS AND SHOES
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QUEENSWARE
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TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.

☞ Don't fail to examine for yourselves.

Jan 21, 1872

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BY USING

Bradley's Patent Enamelit,

The Most Economical, Beautiful and Du

These Paints are composed of PURE WHITE LEAD, ZINC AND OIL, with other materials which add greatly to the durability, elasticity, length of the paint. The whole are chemically combined, so that the pigment in permanent solution, thus forming a new compound which dries and adheres firmly to it, thus forming a smooth, glossy, firm elastic and durable Oil, which is the real life of the Paint, cannot leave it and be absorbed, nor to which it is applied, as it does in paints mixed in the ordinary way, the pigment dead and brittle, to wash and rub off in a few months, or three or four years. This paint is unaffected by changes of temperature, impervious to the action of water, is well adapted to all classes of work, is a better Paint for either INSIDE or OUTSIDE WORK or BOATS, lasts any other Paint known to the trade, and will last at least THREE TIMES THE BEST LEAD AND OIL MIXED IN THE ORDINARY WAY.

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MARYLAND

SUPER-PHOSPHATE.

[WE COURT THE CHEMIST'S INQUIRY.]

After 23 years' experience in the Fertilizing business, and after establishing a wide and excellence of his Bone Dust, the subscriber has been induced to prepare a Phosphate of superior purity and every way worthy the attention of the Maryland Farmer.

The "Maryland" is a rejuvenator and permanent improver of the soil. It is to Guano, and sustains equal to Bone, being composed almost entirely of those ingredients, viz: Peruvian centage of Potash in the residum. There is no adulterator nor inferior article used. Total per phate being of essential benefit to the land. Neither pains nor expense have been spared in the manufacture of a Phosphate we claim for it the greatest benefit to the farmer from the smallest outlay.

For Cotton, WHEAT and CORN, and as a general stimulant and aliment for worn out land it there can be nothing superior. It is warranted to run as high in Ammonia and higher in Bone than any other fertilizer in the market.

PRICE, $50 PER TON, IN NEW BAGS. No charge for del

BONE DUST, $45. BONE MEAL, $50. DISSOLVED BONE, $42, our own manufacture; Eastern and Western BONE DUST, $35. PERUVIAN GUANO delivered from Peruvian Warehouse, at lowest rates. No charge for delivery.

JOSHUA HORNER,

MANUFACTURER AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Office and Warehouse, 54 S. Gay St. General Warehouse, corner Pratt and Charles streets, BALTIMORE, MD.

april 6, 1872—tf

CHEAP BOOT & SHOE STORE.

JOHN W. DRAPER

Respectfully informs the citizens of Elkton and vicinity that he has opened a

Boot and Shoe Store,

on Main street, (a few doors west of the Bank,) where he will be found always on hand a full line of

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine and Coarse Wear, and Misses' and Children's Wear.

Prompt attention given to orders for work.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.

Aug 3, 1872—3m

TRADE MARK Patented. B

Bla Improved JUMP. Cuca Tastiest Cheap, Element not money, P for the last vited to especially Brackets prepared which Chek Yee, removing wax within the joiner distrib ber, wh Copper Ch and with s ave. ly Dealer. Forte Catalogue. Sender free.

JOHN E. ALEX Philadelphia. Sept 14, 1872—1y Agents Elkton, M

COAL.— The Celebrated Baltimore Coal for b ily Use, on hand and for sale VPT & Bl

The Cecil Whig

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY E. E. EWING.

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$2.00 a Year, in advance. If not paid within the year, $2.50. Six Months, $1.00. Three Months, 50 cents. No subscription taken at less than the above. Single Copies, FIVE CENTS.

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One Column, $35.00 per inch for 1 year; for 6 and 3 Months, 20 and 25 per cent. additional. Three changes allowed to yearly advertisers without additional charge.

A Little Elbow Room.

Good friends, don't crowd so very tight,
There's room enough for two;
Keep in your mind that I've a right
To live as well as you.
You're rich and strong, I poor and weak;
But think you I presume,
When only this poor boon I ask—
A little elbow room!

'Tis such as you, the rich and strong,
If you had but the will,
Could give the weak a lift along,
And help him up the hill.
But no—you jostle, crowd, and drive,
You storm, you fret and fume;
Are you the only man alive
In want of elbow room?

But thus it is on life's rough path,
Self seems the God of all;
The strong will crush the weak to death,
The big devour the small.
Far better be a rich man's hound—
A valet, serf, or groom;
Than struggle midst the mass around,
When we've no elbow room.

Up heart, my boy! don't mind the shocks;
Up heart, and push along!
Your skin will soon grow tough with knocks
Your limbs with labor strong.
And there's a hand unseen to aid,
A star to light the gloom;
Up heart, my boy, nor be afraid,
Strike out for elbow room.

And when you see, amid the throng,
A fellow-toiler slip,
Just give him, as you pass along,
A brave and kindly grip.
Let noble deeds, though poor you be,
Your path in life illume,
And, with true Christian charity,
Give others elbow room.

In struggling on with might and main,
An altered, better man,
Grown wise with many a bygone pain,
And many a broken plan,—
Though bruised by many a luckless fall,
And blinded by the gloom,
I'll up and I'll redeem it all,
But give me elbow room.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. }
Oct. 14th, 1872. }

MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps there is not an estate in California better known by name than the "Mariposa," or Fremont Grant, in Mariposa county. It is fourteen miles long and some miles wide. It was formerly an old Spanish *floating* Grant; but when the auriferous sand was discovered to be so very rich in gold in that vicinity, they floated the fourteen miles of a Grant to this place, and agreed for that to be a fixed fact. In order to do so, many illegal acts were resorted to before they drove off the rightful owners from their claims. Some years since on this estate were many lively mining camps; whereas, now owing to the exhaustion of the placer mines, those towns are "gone down," and quartz mining is almost the only mining done. I was all through the pine tree vein, which has been operated on for several years. All of those gold-bearing quartz veins in this vicinity are embedded in the slate formation. The gold disseminated throughout the rock is so fine as to be imperceptible to the unaided eye, hence the necessity of crushing it, for which were erected the Benton Mills, two miles from the mine, consisting of 54 stamps, each pulverizing three-fourths of a ton per day (of 24 hours), yielding about $6,000 to $8,000 per month. These mills are situated on the Merced river, the stream that leaps over and flows through the Yosemite. Scores of thousand of dollars have been thrown away by this Company trying new inventions for the separation of the gold from the rock and base metals; yet after all they have fallen back on the old and simple process first introduced.

On mount Bullien, looking eastward, I saw the entrance to the Yosemite—"the last of Earth"—which every person ought to see, so everybody says. Notwithstanding, I am told that farther south at the head of King's river, there is such picturesque scenery that the Yosemite compared to it is insignificant.

After bidding adieu to my Sierra Mountain friends, I took stage at Bear Valley, a nice little mining town, situated in a wide canon, and was formerly the rendezvous of bears—hence the derivation of its name—and in due time arrived at Hornito's, where an old toper told me they "sock" it to the Yosemite travelers by charging $1.00 for everything which I can get for "two-bits;" and the old lad was true, because by wearing the hat away back covering the occiput of the head, one can get on a deal cheaper in these country towns; they think he is up to the "scratch," you know, and is no "tender foot" (one straight from the East.)

Still going on, we soon entered Snelling, the capitol of Merced county. It is a pretty little city, but has reached the maximum of its splendor. It is situated on the Merced and is celebrated for its chills and fever. Leaving there and going over a houseless tract of country for twenty-two miles, I once more entered Merced city. What a change since my first visit in April last. Streets well laid out and good buildings up and others in course of erection, and instead of having to sleep on boards and fodder, as heretofore, there is now the El Capitan Hotel, the largest outside of San Francisco on the Pacific coast.

Next day I took cars and soon passed Modesto city, on the Tuolumne river, and crossed the Stanislaus river. All of these rivers were formerly rich in gold. Going along the Visalia Railroad, one is surprised to see the amount of wheat waiting shipment. Also in San Francisco city there are not vessels enough to take it away; consequently every vessel is chartered to transport it to foreign shores, and had not English enterprise in the maritime line been greater than ours a vast amount of wheat would be left to the mercies of the clements. One is surprised to see so many foreign flags waving in the harbor; whereas, the Stars and Stripes are few and far between. I think California would do better to devote her time to building vessels and steam boats, the sound of which would be far preferable to the clapping of hands at horse races.

Great political demonstration every night, Greeley in this city—

Feels so queer,
He can't stay here,
So he is going to Chappaqua.

On the morning of the 12th, old Mother Earth had another shake. You can scarcely imagine the delightful sensation it causes, especially when up four stories high.—The gentle oscillations are equal to the best alarm clock you ever heard.

It is surprising to see so many young men who have come to California without a *trade* or *profession*, thinking that they could pick up a fortune easily and speedily anywhere on the Pacific Coast; but to their sorrow soon found their anticipations blighted. So being remote from the watchful care and guidance of parents and friends are thrown on their own resources, and become utterly despondent and are now hanging about the streets, confirmed "bummers," associated with thieves and inhabitants of the lowest groggeries. At home, their mothers are anxiously thinking of them; wearily fretting over their long silence; wondering where they are and what doing; never dreaming of the degradation into which they have sunk.—Many a good old matron, whose head is whitened from troubles of mind respecting her truant boy is happily spared the cruel knowledge that her petted son is wearing out his miserable existence—his blasted life—in such vile haunts or among the crowd of convicts of San Juentin. I could give the names of many *well* bred and *educated* ones. Therefore, parents, give your sons; yes, and daughters too—*trade.*

THOS. STEPHENS.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR CECIL WHIG:—Your correspondent has been again to the big city of which he wrote in his last letter and has seen some of the interesting objects which he alluded to, but could not them describe.

One of them is the wigwam, where some of the most interesting speeches of the political campaign have been delivered. It consists of the walls of one of those extensive warehouses that formerly lined each side of Broad street, but which was burned some months ago. Rough unplaned seats have been erected and considerable bunting, with appropriate banners, cover the most unsightly spots in the room. A large equestrian portrait of General Grant adorns one side of the building, and the national colors drape the tall pillars that support the roof. Hundreds upon hundreds of people gather here week after week, if not night after night to listen to the discussion of the political questions of the day and no doubt the results reached here will have an important bearing upon the election.

In contrast with this temporary tabernacle is the substantial Masonic Temple, not far distant that looks as though it could stand for thousands of years. If anything is fire-proof, certainly it is. Such an abundance of brick and granite, and with the lack of anything that is combustible can rarely be found in any other structure within the city. It would serve an excellent purpose as either a fort, in times of war, or a prison, in times of peace.

Almost adjoining the Masonic Temple are to be erected the long talked of public buildidgs—to serve the purposes for which the old State House is now used. The ground to be occupied is that at the intersection of Broad and Market streets, where many years ago, stood the Philadelphia water works, before they were moved to Fairmount, and where, more recently, were four small green parks called Penn Squares, in honor of the founder of Philadelphia.

Speaking of the State House, reminds me that that memorable building is undergoing repairs, at least the parts of it that are most intimately associated with the early history of our nation.

The room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, has for many years been kept sacred, as a remembrance of Revolutionary scenes, but of late it has become a receptacle for objects in no way related thereto. These are to be removed and the room made to conform in its appearance and furniture so far as can be, to its original aspect. All this is to be completed in view of, and previous to the Centennial anniversary of American Independence.

Everything can be replaced as it was on the 4th of July, 1776, the seats, the desks, and the Declaration itself—everything but the men. Think of it, though less than one hundred years have passed, since then, not one of that interesting company of patriots remains. How sad. I have much more of interest to write.

Yours truly,
CHESAPEAKE CITY.

THE SILENT CAPTAIN.

One of the commanders of the Cunard line of steamers, plying several years ago, between Boston and Liverpool, was known as "the silent captain." He wasted no words upon passengers, and said little to anybody during the entire voyage of three thousand miles. But if he was neither talkative nor genial, he was master of his profession, and people who took passage in his ship felt that all the care and skill which could be employed for their safety would be exerted. For the "silent captain" was so nearly omnipresent as is possible for a human being. Day and night he was upon the lookout, and when upon his bed, and in slummber, was believed to have one eye open and an ear intent to catch the first sound of an approaching tempest.

A duplicate of this silent, quiet, and skillful commander is found at Washington, in the person of President Grant. His competitor has traveled two thousand miles, and made a score of speeches, to express what Grant did in four words; "Let us have peace." The air is full of base lies concerning this quiet man; but he notices them not, trusting his reputation and political destiny to the justice of his countrymen. And he will not be disappointed.—President Lincoln said, when he presented Grant with a commission as general of the armies: "The nation's appreciation of what you have already done, and its reliance upon you for what still remains to be done, are now presented to you with this commission. As the country herein trusts you so, under God, it will sustain you." Years have passed since those words were spoken, but they have not lost their force. They will sustain this quiet, unostentatious, and diligent public servant, and his revilers will be discomfited and put to shame.

Independent (N. Y.) Statesman.

—In a late issue of the Bloomington *Pantagraph*, an account is given of how a court-room was arranged in order to correct the echoes that were heard in it. It says:

"Monday we took some observations in the court-room, for the purpose of ascertaining the effects produced by the wires stretched across the room for benefiting the acoustic properties of the same. Most of our readers are aware that it has hitherto been a subject of remark and noticed by every one that it is almost impossible to hear distinctly in the body of the court-room what was said in an ordinary tone of voice within the bar. This is now remedied. Mr. W. S. Carlock suggested that the stretching of small wires at a proper heighth and at suitable distances would be of great benefit. This was tried, and the effect proves to be a vast improvement.

"We entered the room, Monday, while Mr. Ewing was addressing the jury in an ordinary and easy conventional tone of voice, and found no difficulty in distinctly hearing every word. We tried in various places, from the remote corners to the centre, and found it about the same. It appears to be a success. The theory is that the wires, although so small as to be hardly visible, break the sound-waves, and prevent the reverberation which has hitherto been the chief obstacle and annoyance to listeners. Only three or four wires crossing the room each way produce this improvement."

THE SEXTON.

BY REV. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

King David, it is evident, once thought something of becoming a church sexton, for he said, "I had rather be a *door-keeper*," and so on. But he never carried out the plan, perhaps because he had not the qualification. It requires more talent in some respects to be sexton than to be king. A sexton, like a poet, is born. A church, in order to peace and success, needs the right kind of man at the prow, and the right kind at the stern—that is, a good minister and a good sexton. So far as we have observed, there are four kinds of janitors.

THE FIDGETY SEXTON.

He is never still. His being in any one place proves to him that he ought to be in some other. In the most intense part of the sermon, every ear alert to the truth, the minister at the very climax of his subject, the fidgety official starts up the aisle. The whole congregation instantly turn from the consideration of judgment and eternity to see what the sexton wants.—The minister looks, the elders look, the people in the gallery get up to look. It is left in universal doubt as to why the sexton frisked about at just that moment. He must have seen a fly on the opposite side of the church-wall that need to be driven off before it spoiled the frescoe, or he may have suspicion that a rat-terrier is in one of the pews by the pulpit, from the fact that he saw two or three children laughing. Now, there is nothing more perplexing than a dog-chase during religious service. At a prayer-meeting once in my house, a snarling poodle came in, looked around, and then went and sat under the chair of its owner. We had no objection to its being there (dogs should not be shut out from all advantages), but the intruder would not keep quiet. A brother of dolorous whine was engaged in prayer, when poodle evidently thought that the time for response had come, and gave a loud yawn that had no tendency to solemnize the occasion. I resolved to endure it no longer. I started to extirpate the nuisance. I made a fearful pass of my hand in the direction of the dog, but missed him. A lady arose to give me a better chance at the vile pup, but I discovered that he had changed position. I felt by that time obstinately determined to eject him. He had got under a rocking chair, at a point beyond our reach, unless we got on our knees, and it being a prayer-meeting, we felt no inappropriateness in taking that position. Of course the exercises had meanwhile been suspended, and the eyes of all were upon my undertaking. The elders wished me all success in this police duty, but the mischievous lads by the door were hoping for my failure. Knowing this, I resolved that if the exercises were never resumed, I would consumate the work and eject the disturber. While in this mood, I gave a lunge for the dog, not looking to my feet, and fell over the rocker; but there were sympathetic hands to help me up, and I kept on until by the back of the neck I grasped the grizzly-headed pup, as he commenced kicking, scratching, barking, yelping, howling, and carried him to the door in triumph, and without any care as to where he landed, hurled him out into the darkness.

Give my love to the sexton, and tell him never to chase a dog in religious service.—Better let him alone, though it should, like my friend's poll-parrot, during prayer-time, break out with the song, "I would not live always!" But the fidgety sexton is ever on the chase; his boots are apt to be noisy, and say as he goes up the aisle, "Creakety-crack! Here I come. Creakety-crack!" Why should he come in to call the doctor out of his pew when the case is not urgent? Cannot the patient wait twenty minutes, or is this the cheap way the doctor has of advertising? Dr. Camomile had but three cases in three mouths, and, strange coincidence, they all came to him at half-past eleven o'clock Sunday morning, while he was in church. If windows are to be lowered, or blinds closed, or register to be shut off, let it be before the sermon.

THE LAZY SEXTON.

He does not lead the stranger to the pew, but goes a little way on the aisle, and points, saying, "Out yonder!" You leave the photograph of your back in the dust of the seat you occupy; the air is an atmospheric hash of what was left over last Sunday. Lack of oxygen will dull the best sermon, and clip the wings of gladdest song, and stupefy an audience. People go out from the poisoned air of our churches to die of pneumonia. What a sin, when there is so much fresh air, to let people perish for lack of it! The churches are the worst ventilated buildings on the continent. No amount of grace can make stale air sacred. "The prince of the power of the air" wants nothing but poisoned air for the churches. After audiences have assembled, and their cheeks are flushed, and their respiration has become painful, it is too late to change it. Open a window or door now, and you ventilate only the top of that man's bald head, and the back of the neck of that delicate woman, and you send off hundreds of people coughing and sneezing. One reason why the Sabbaths are so wide apart is that every church-building may have six days of atmospheric purification. The best man's breath once ejected is not worth keeping. Our congregations are dying of asphyxia. In the name of all the best interests of the church, I indict one half the sextons.

THE GOOD SEXTON.

He is the minister's blessing, the church's joy, a harbinger of the millennium. People come to church to have him help them up the aisle. He wears slippers. He stands or sits at the end of the church during an impressive discourse, and feels that though he did not furnish the ideas, he at least furnished the wind necessary in preaching it. He has a quick nostril to detect unconsecrated odors, and puts the man who eats garlic on the back seat in the corner. He does not regulate the heat by a broken thermometer, minus the mercury. He has the window blinds arrranged just right—the light not too glaring so as to show the freckles, nor too dark so as to cast a gloom, but a subdued light that makes the plainest face attractive. He rings the bell merrily for Christmas festival, and tolls it sadly for the departed. He has real pity for the bereaved in whose house he goes for the purpose of burying their dead—not giving, by cold, professional manner, the impression that his sympathy for the troubled is overpowered by the joy that he has in selling another coffin. He forgets not his own soul, and, though his place is to stand at the door of the ark, it is surely *inside* of it. After a while, a Sabbath comes when everything is wrong in church: the air is impure, the furnaces fail in their work, and the eyes of the people are blinded with an unpleasant glare. Everybody asks, "Were is our old sexton?" Alas! he will never come again. He has gone to join Obed-edom and Berechiah, the door-keepers of the ancient ark. He will never again take the dusting-whisk from the closet under the church-stairs, for it is now with him "Dust to dust." The bell he often rang takes up its saddest tolling for him who used to pull it, and the minister goes into his disordered and unswept pulpit, and finds the Bible upside down as he takes it up to read his text in Psalms, 84th chapter and 10th verse, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness!"

A Friend in Need.

The author of "Vagabond Adventures"—our corrospondent with the Mississippi Expedition—is now revisiting the scenes of his early tribulations and exploits. We bespeak for him something of the friendliness which he encountered in "Old Saint Lou" in the days of his unchastened youth. Of this friendliness Mr. Keeler has left a pleasant record in his entertaining book:

When I came to leave St. Vincents," says Mr. Keeler, "I drew out a deposit which I had in a bank in Toledo, and gave it into the hands of the College treasurer, reserving for myself only what I thought would be enough to take me back to Ohio.

As good luck would have it, the little steamer Banjo, a show-boat belonging to Dr. Spaulding, the manager of the Floating Palace, was advertised to be at Cape Girardeau the week in which I purposed to leave there. Seeing the names of some of my old comrades on the bills, I waited to meet them. They generously made me bring my trunk on board, and have a free ride to St. Louis, or, if I choose, to Alton, where I was to take the cars for Chicago.

The remembrance of this trip up the river with those jovial, reckless souls has made it my duty always to defend my old associates when I hear the censure heaped on them by inconsiderate ignorance of blind prejudice. And I can take my final leave of the show business and of show people in no other way, I think, than in relating an incident which occured on this little steamer.

On the afternoon before our arrival at Alton, as I was sitting on the deck by the side of one of the performers, Mr. Edwin Davis, who had been a member of our company on the Floating Palace, asked me to let him see my money, adding that I might have had imposed upon me some of the "wild cat" bills then afloat. Taking out all I had, I placed it into his hand. He counted it, and scrutinized it carefully, returned it to me with the remark that my bills were all good.

I had no occasion to use my money till I came to pay my railway fare at Alton, when I discovered that my wealth had increased by nearly half. He had, indeed, been a better judge than myself of my necessities; for with his generous addition, I had barely enough to take me to my destination.

I met Mr. Davis in New York, years afterwards, and offered him the sum he had added to mine, but could not prevail upon him to take it. And this is the way he stated his reason: "No; it does not belong to me. Keep it you, till you see some poor fellow as much in need of it as you were then on the Mississippi, and give it to him."

HOW TO GO WEST.

This is an enquiry which every one should have *truthfully* answered before he starts on his journey, and a little care taken in examination of Routes will in many cases save much trouble, time and money.

The "C., B. & Q. R. R.," running from Chicago, through Galesburg to Burlington, and the "I., B. & W. Route," running from Indianapolis, through Bloomington to Burlington, have achieved a splendid reputation in the last two years as the leading Passenger Routes to the West. At Burlington they connect with the B. & M. R. R. and from the great Burlington Route, which runs direct through Southern Iowa to Nebraska and Kansas, with close connections to California and the Territories; and passengers starting from Cecil County, on their way westward, cannot do better than to take the BURLINGTON ROUTE.

This Line has published a pamphlet called "How to go West," which contains much valuable information; a large correct map of the Great West, which can be obtained free of charge by addressing the General Passenger Agent B. & M. R. R. Burlington, Iowa.

CHOW-CHOW.—¼ peck green tomatoes; 2 large cabbages; 15 or 20 large onion; 25 cucumbers; 1 pint grated horse-radish; ½ lb. mustard seed; 1 ounce celery seed; a few small onions; 1 tablespoon each of ground pepper, cinnamon, and turmeric, and 4 pounds brown sugar. Cut the tomatoes, cabbage, onions and cucumbers in small pieces and pack down in salt over night. In the morning drain off the brine and put them in soak for a day or two in vinegar and water, (half and half,) then drain and press all the liquid off. Then mix in the spices. Boil 1½ gallons vinegar with the 4 pounds of sugar, and while hot, pour over the above materials. Drain off the next morning and heat again and pour over hot, and heat it again a third time. Then mix 1 pound mustard with ½ pint salad oil. Mix all well together and you have a pickle ready for immediate use. We omitted the oil and found no difference. Do not add the turmeric until the very last after the mixture is cold.

—Brain-work costs more food than hand-work. According to careful estimates and analyses of the excretions, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. Another evidence of the cost of brain-work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body it receives about one-fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain workers therefore require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food than manual laborers.

TRIPE.—Wash the tripe and dry it well in a cloth. Cut it in long pieces about three inches wide. Make a thick batter of egg, flour, milk, a little minced onion, and a little salt. Dip the tripe into the batter, and fry it in lard or good dripping, of which there must be sufficient in the pan almost to cover the tripe. Fry it of a light brown, and garnish with fried parsley.

ROADS.—Three inches of well-screened gravel laid on a thoroughly-drained and rounding road-bed will make a far better and more enduring road than a foot of unscreened gravel laid in the wet spots. Their is dirt and sand enough on our roads without drawing them from a gravel-pit.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE PULSE OF HEALTH.

A little instrument, recently invented by a French physiologist, does for the pulse what his countryman Daguerre, made the sun do for the face—that is, paint its features with an accuracy and minuteness before unknown. A pen or pencil, made to rise and fall by the motion of the artery at the wrist, traces a series of wave-like lines upon paper or smoked glass carried by clock-work. The upward lines are made by the swelling of the artery, with each contraction of the heart as it sends out the crimson jets. The downward sloping lines are made by the regular subsiding of the jets as the stream of life passes into the minute blood-vessels for the nutrition of the tissues.

By the use of this pulse tracer (or sphygmograph, as the instrument is called,) we are at length enabled to demonstrate some of the principles underlying the system of exercise, hitherto known as "The Health-Lift" or "Lifting Cure;" and to point out, clearly and intelligibly, the causes which produce its wonderful results in restoring and preserving health.

Without entering into details at this time, we will state, briefly, the conclusions arrived at as the result of investigation and experiment with the pulse-tracer:—

I. Ordinary forms of exercise, such as walking, rowing, swinging Indian clubs or dumb-bells, the frequent and rapid lifting of light weights, and other gymnastics; and all forms of muscular labor, such as chopping wood, sawing, sweeping, digging, etc., in every case increase the rate of the heart's action, and, generally, produce some irregularity—in other words, ordinary forms of muscular exertion make the pulse frequent and irregular.

II. Lifting a weight about one-half the maximum amount that the individual can raise (this ascertained by previous experiment), and, after a brief rest, lifting a weight fifty per cent, heavier than the first; this, in turn, being followed by a slightly longer rest and the lifting of a still heavier amount,—againg an interval of rest, and finally the lifting of the entire amount,—the whole operation occupying an average period of seven and a half minutes,—produces the following results: a reduction of the rate of the pulse, and a corresponding increase in force, volume and regularity,—in short, an approximation to "the typical pulse of vigorous health."

Of course, the experiments presented features that we have not enumerated, and others were made whose results are not essential to our present purpose; but the important points are all summed up in these two classes.

And in the last we have, substantly, the foundation of what we propose calling Cumulative Exercise—that is, an exercise in which successively increasing amounts of muscle are brought into use in overcoming successively augmented weights or resistances.

Let us state again the difference between ordinary, and Cumulative Exercise:—

The first, in all its various forms of walking, rowing, gymnastics, etc., uses a limited amount of muscle over and over again, usually in rapid motions with light and constant weights.

These frequent motions of a few muscles create a demand for fresh blood *from* the heart, whilst their contraction is not sufficient to send *venous* blood *to* the heart in sufficient quantities to supply the demand, and, consequently, the heart beats oftener, throbs violently, and, sometimes, irregularly.

Cumulative Exercise, on the contrary, by the immense amount of muscle gradually brought into play, compresses the deep-seated veins, sending their contents in large volume to the heart, which thus, pumping from full chambers, beats regularly and quietly, forcing a full, abundant tide along the arteries, and so furnishing "the typical pulse of vigorous health."

What all this implies the student of physiology will not be slow to recognize. What its tangible results are, any one who chooses may readily realize in his or her own person, by a few weeks' practice according to these principles. By it they may exchange their old bodies for new—arouse torpid livers—relieve aching backs and heads—renew appetite and make good digestion wait thereon—in short, secure, through an equable, thorough circulation of that "blood which is the life," the very PULSE OF HEALTH.

A BIG DINNER.

A couple of flat-boatmen on the Mississippi river, having made an extraordinary good speculation—made, in fact, six hundred dollars, a very large sum to that kind of folk twenty years ago—concluded that while they were in New Orleans they would for once in their lives see what it was to have a real first-class hotel dinner. They could afford it, and they would just like to see how it would go. So they went to the St. Charles Hotel, and ordered the very best dinner that that establishment could afford. When they had eaten to their complete and entire satisfaction (and the probable astonishment of the waiters), they called for their bill. The waiter in attendance misundertanding them and supposing that they wanted the bill of fare, laid it before them, with the wine-list uppermost.

"Whew, Bill!" said Jerry; "here's a bill. Just look at it! Here, you add up one side, and I'll add up the other, and we'll see what the old thing comes to."

So Bill added up the prices of wines on one side of the list, and Jerry added them up on the other, and they made the sum total $584.

"Wh-ew, Bill!" said Jerry; "that's nigh all we've got. What are we goin' to do about it?"

"We can't pay that," said Bill; "it 'ud clean us right out. The waiter ain't here now; let's jump out o' the window and put."

"No, sir-ee," said Jerry, "I'd never do sich a mean thing as that. Let's pay the bill, and then go down stairs and shoot the landlord."

Just then the waiter explained, when they paid their bill and departed, greatly relieved of their temporary embarrassment.

WEDDING CELEBRATIONS.

Thirty days—Sugar.
Sixty days—Vinegar.
1st anniversary—Iron.
5th anniversary—Wooden.
10th anniversary—Tin.
15th anniversary—Crystal.
20th anniversary—China.
25th anniversary—Silver.
30th anniversary—Cotton.
35th anniversary—Linen.
40th anniversary—Woolen.
45th anniversary—Silk.
50th anniversary—Golden.
75th anniversary—Diamond.

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.

An old schoolmate of mine by the name of Brown, some twenty years ago bought a three-year-old colt that had been quite well broken, and showed an uncommon *horse* intelligence. Brown has the power, to a great degree, of teaching animals what he wants of them, by the use of words. I once witnessed Brown's manner of "hitching up." After the harness had been duly adjusted, and the colt turned loose, Brown says, "Frank, go to the wagon." Frank started immediately, went out of the barn to the wagon-shed and took his place in the thills, ready to be hitched on, which was done. On returning home, at the house-door, Brown said, "Frank, Frank, go back, back, back, under the shed, Frank—under the shed." Frank immediately went off to the shed, made an exact turn, and backed the wagon to its usual position, entirely of his own accord.

Now, twenty years or more later, Brown resides in the village, and thither also he has taken Frank, whom he harnesses every morning; "hitches up" and leaves standing at his manger in the barn. When it is mail-time, Brown goes to the door, and says, "Frank, Frank, come, Frank, I am ready;" when Frank backs carefully out from the barn, makes a turn and comes up to the steps for his master.

When arrived at the post-office, Brown gets his mail, and if he wishes to go home, says, "Frank, come round, I am ready to go home." The horse then makes a careful turn, comes up to his master and takes him home; when this wonderful horse will take his accustomed place in the barn, awaiting "further orders."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

——The hyperbolical or tall species of American humor, was much in vogue some years ago, and such stories as the following were once very common: "A man was so tall that he had to go up a ladder to shave himself;" another was so strong that his sneeze would kill a buffalo across the Mississippi river;" "a Massachusetts pig was so lean that it was necessary to tie a knot in its tail to prevent it getting through the chinks of the pailings;" "an American artist painted a snow storm so natural that he caught a bad cold by sitting near it with his coat off;" some land was so rich that a squash vine, in its rapid growth overtook a drove of pigs;" "the reason why cream is dear is that milk has risen so high the cream can't reach the top." There is a capital story, in which it is related that "a coach drove through the country so fast and the milestones passed so quickly by, that the passengers thought they were in a church-yard." This coach, however, was beaten by the "Skipper, which went so tarnation fast that in sailing round Long Island she left her shadow three and a half miles behind her." Major N., when asked whether he was seriously injured by the explosion of the boiler of the St. Leonard steamer, replied "that he was so used to be blown up by his wife that a mere step had no effect upon him." The evidence of a witness in a life-insurance case involved in the blowing up of a steamboat on the Ohio is droll, just because it is characteristic. The witness knew the missing man, and saw him on the deck of the steamboat before the explosion. When asked by the lawyer, "When was the last time you saw him?" he answered: "The very last time I ever saw dim was when the boiler burst, and I was going up. I met him and the smoke pipe coming down." We all know that American oysters are large, but that one must have been of extraordinary size which required three men to swallow it whole. It is not fair that the foreigners should have all the lies to themselves; so we will let the Englishmen put in an appearance. A commercial traveler, boasting that his firm spent £300 a year for writing-ink alone, was answered, "During the last twelve months we saved in that article alone, £2,000 by merely omitting the dots to our i's and the crosses to our t's."

ORIGIN OF THE FIGHTING EDITOR.—The "fighting editor," the journalist who backs with his fist or revolver what his colleague's pen has written, is a being not unknown to the columns of Western papers and the streets of Western towns. He is not, as is generally thought, indigenous to America. His profession was created in France, during the reign of Charles X. M. Constant de Rebecque, editor of the *Minerva*, became sated with duels, and hired a fencing master to sign his articles and slay his attackers. Within a year five officers of the king's body-guard fell under his sword.—He received and accepted a challenge to fight twenty-three young officers of the St. Cyr Military College, agreeing to fight them all in turn. They, however, adopted their enemy's plan, and hired a rival bravo, Chocquart, to meet this one. The duel lasted three-quarters of an hour, and ended in the death of M. Rebecque's champion. Did the editor despair? He instantly engaged Chocquart at a higher salary than the St. Cyrians could offer, and henceforth wrote what he would.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.—The ruins of the world-renowned Temple of Diana at Ephesus are being brought to light through the archæological enterprise of Mr. Wood. During the last twelve months a considerable area of the temple has been freed from the alluvial deposit which, following on the ravages of the Goths and the Byzantines, had closed over the remains of the giant building, and obliterated its very site. In the course of this process of disentombment many architectural marbles, more or less mutilated, have been discovered, and colossal columns—with a diameter of six feet—have been unearthed, proving this Temple of Diana to have exceeded in magnitude all other known examples of Greek architecture. Mr. Wood's labors were first carried on at his private expense, but subsequently the trustees of the British Museum took the matter in hand, and the more recent investigations have been conducted under their auspices.

—A priest, recently, who was examining a confirmation class in the south of Ireland, asked the question, "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" A little girl at the head of the class, answered: "'Tis a state of torment into which sowls enter to prepare them for another and better world." "Being," said the priest, "the answer for purgatory." "Put her down," said the curate: "Put her down to the foot of the class." "Leave her alone," said the priest; "for anything you or I ought to know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right."

☞ What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat, and the other eats too long.