But the rosy boy of the cherub wing Hath many a shaft for his slender string, And the youth below and the maid above. Were touched by flaming darts of love.

And she would wake from her troubled sleep O'er his tender billet-doux to weep; Or stand like a statue cold and fair And gaze on a lock of his bright-red hair

With his step so firm and his laugh so loud, His bread grew long and his face grew thin, And he pined in solitude over his gin.

As she lay in the light of a cloudless moon A voice came floating soft and clear, To the startled maiden's listening car.

Oh, then from her creaking couch she sprung And her tangled tresses back she flung, She looked from the window far below, And he stood beneath-her whiskered beau

She did not start with a foolish frown But packed her trunk and scampered down, And there was her lover, tall and true, In his threadbare coat of its brightest

The star that rose in the evening shade Looked sadly down on a weeping maid; The sun that came in its morning pride, Shed golden light on a laughing bride.

### A PANTHER ADVENTURE.

Many of the survivors of the past generation remember a particularly cold winter at the beginning of the present century. Especially in Western New York was the rigor of this season felt with extraorditary severity.

Numerous farmers were so isolated and shut off from each other that they passed long weeks without seeing each other's faces, while those who had not the means of sustaining life around them, ran no little risk of meeting a death from starvation.

The brute creation suffered no less than did the settlers, and, emboldened by hunger, the wolves came in droves from the woods, and swarmed about the barns and houses, where they trotted restlessly back and forth during the night, awaiting for a chance at the sheep or swine confined therein. The hiber nating animals, in that strange coma when the functions of life are held in suspense, stood the trying season better than anything else.

When spring came, cold and stinging, the bears and panthers seemed to feel an unusual fierceness, and ere the sultry summer was at hand, more than one unfortunate farmer had been killed and torn by the ravenous brutes.

On the outskirts of an immense tract of woodland, in Western New York, dwelt a half-breed known among the settlers as "Ruppy." He had Iroquois and French blood in him, but in nature partook more of the American than the Caucasian race. He was somewhat of a hermit in character, living in a rude cabin constructed by his own hands, and seldom was seen among the settlers except when in want of powder or ball. He was taciturn and uncommunicative although there seemed nothing morose or vindictive in his composition.

During the winter months, when ranging the forest, he wore a beautifully embroidered blanket, made in the style peculiar to the Indians, while his leggins, moccasins, flaming black eyes and swarthy skin, gave him the appearance of a perfect Indian. In warm or mild weather he wore civilized pants and moccasins, with a large slouched hat, "There we shall find panthers," said told him that the earth was still flat, and with no covering at all for the upper portion of his body. His hair, which hunting."

Ruppy; "we shall now find game worth those fibbing poles had affirmed. He was long and luxuriant, was generally gathered in a knot behind. He usually went armed with a long, formidablehawk, and a fearful-looking knife-long, one of those fierce brutes."

keen and glittering. Ruppy, as we have stated, was a her- near noon. mit in his tastes, resolutely refusing all companionship, except so far as his enter the thicket near that large sugar-wants compelled him to meet and min-maple, which you see can yonder, while 1 known that when a war-party of Senecas encamped near his hovel, he quietly took his departure in the woods, and tures." was not seen again until they had withdrawn.

This strange being, so solitary in his they were fully a quarter of a mile from tastes and habits, was never known to each other. Edward Inman plunged This strange being, so solitary in his receive any being into anything like into the densest portion, walking care-friendship or confidence until he had resided in this lonely place for something out for the game which had brought like ten years. At this time, young Ed-them hither. Innumerable squirrels ward Inman, a lad about a dozen years of age, and who had known Ruppy ever since his earliest childhood, was hunting | was full of birds. alone in the woods, when, unexpectedly to himself, he came upon the home of the half-breed. He had never seen it before, yet from

the descriptions which he had so often heard, he recognized it at once. All was silent and motionless, and he

hesitated some moments, debating whether he had better withdraw or advance and enter. He was about to do the former, for fear of offending the singular being, when something like a groan caught his ear, and sent a shiver of terror from his head to his feet.

Believing that there was need of help, he walked hastily forward, and knocked meteor. The young hunter had been timidly at what was intended to be a expecting this, and at the instant the It was not until he had twice repeated the summons, that the response came, in a harsh, husky voice:

stepped in and looked about him. become accustomed to the semi-dark-ness, but when they did he saw Ruppy lutions, not offering to touch him. stretched upon his bed of skins, in a delirious brightness, while his cheeks rolled from side to side in his pain, moan-

The boy walked to where he was lying, and placing his cool hand upon the hot and throbbing brow, said in his

kindliest voice: "Ruppy, you are sick; can I do any-

thing for you?" "Water! water!" he gasped, making a feeble attempt to rise.

Edward did not stop to consider that in those days it would have ruined any physician had he allowed a fever patient mouthful of the refreshing fluid, and that all heads older than his own would A few minutes brought him to the scene have pronounced it fatal to allow such a of conflict. In a sort of clearing lay a was in dire extremity, and catching up his slouched hat which lay near, he dashed out, and made all haste to a running brook, where he filled its crown with

It leaked somewhat, but then he had fully a pint, which was eagerly grasped in the trembling hands of the sufferer, and swallowed with a feverish haste

"More-more!" he muttered, as he

fell back exhausted. "You shall have it !" exclaimed the pitying boy, as he hurried away to the

brook again.

He brought back a larger quantity than before, which was swallowed with no less eagerness, when Ruppy was satisfied. His dark eyes looked the gratitude which he could not speak, and the boy experienced the pleasure of knowing that he had done a kindness to a needy

fellow creature.

Fortunately, Edward in his ignorance did the very best thing possible under the circumstances. The patient was wrapped up in his skins and furs, and shortly after fell into a refreshing sleep. shortly after fell into a refreshing sleep, during which, when the boy placed his hand upon his brow, he found that it was covered with perspiration. The fe-ver was broken and the half-breed was

convalescent. To shorten this part of our narrative our young friend remained with Ruppy for a couple of days, by which time he was perfectly recovered. He was filled with an Indian's gratitude for the kindness shown him, and when his young acquaintance took his departure, he carried several presents, in the shape of toys, and in return gave the promise to come back as soon as possible and ac-

company him on a hunt. Edward did not wait long to avail himself of this invitation; but before a week had come round, he presented himweek had come round, he present as self at the door of Ruppy's wigwam, accounted for a hunt. The half-breed received him with undisguised pleasure.

"The woods are full of game," said he,

his fine eye sparkling, while he little dreamed that he was about to engage in the most momentous hunt of his life. "What shall we shoot?" inquired Edward. "There are plenty of deer and

bear.' "They are not worth our powder and ball," replied the half-breed, with the dignity and pride which is sometimes seen in the Indian under similar circum-

stances. "And what are noble game, if they are not?" inquired our hero, in no little

"We will hunt the panther; he is a notice of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, a brave animal, and will fight. I have gentleman of high reputation, and a enough food, and do not need the deer, and the bear is a coward unless you ge him in a corner; but the panther will not run from the white or red man." "Just as you say," laughed the young hunter; "they are not so plenty as other

animals, but I suppose you know where to look for them." "Ruppy will show you such hunting as you have never seen," was the signifi-

cant reply. A few minutes later the two issued from the lodge, and, talking a northern direction, which led them toward the heart of this vast wilderness, they started out upon the panther-hunt. Ruppy strode through the forest like a genuine Indian, taking long loping strides, which necessitated almost a run upon the part of the young hunter to keep pace with More than once, as they journeyed in this manner, they caught sight of a bear that lumbered awkwardly out of their way, or the frightened antelope, which bounded off with the speed of the wind. It was a strong temptation to Edward, but the half-breed shook his head. That was not the game for which he was

searching. A half hour later they reached a large hill, the top of which was almost clear of undergrowth. Standing here, they gazed down into a dense-looking portion of the wood, which from their stand-

"Do you see any signs of them?" "No, but I know they are there. I have been through that section many a looking rifle, an immense ax or toma- time, and never without encountering

"Let us go forward, then, for it is

" Hold! do you go down the hill, and gle with the whites. He was equally will off toward the red oak, and we will unsocial toward the aborigines. It was then come toward each other. See that your rifle is ready, for it is the only thing that has much effect on these crea-

This programme was carried out, and when the two hunters entered the wood were skun ying up the trees and darting from one limb to another, while the air

The boy had passed about a half of the intervening distance, when a low groaning growl caught his ear, and looking up, he saw an enormous panther, squatted on the immense limb of a colossal oak, glaring down upon him with an expression which showed unmistakably that he was making ready to spring down upon his head.

There was no time to be lost, and, stepping back a few paces, Edward leveled his rifle at the head of the brute. At the very instant of discharging his gun, the panther's body left its perch, shooting down through the limbs like a rifle cracked, he made a spring backward, the brute striking heavily at his feet, and immediately afterward making a "Come in!" huge curveting spring in the air, ac-Shoving aside the slabs and skins, he epped in and looked about him. It snarling. Instead of springing upon the required a moment or two for his eyes to half-paralyzed boy, the brute gyrated

It was not till several moments had burning fever. His eyes shone with a clapsed that our hero discovered that his rifle-ball, instead of killing the aniand the surface of his body were all mal, as he intended, had struck him in aflame with the consuming fire. He such a manner as to blind him. His frenzied leaps were made by the animal in his furious search for him who had inflicted all this injury. As soon as the boy understood the situation, he retired several yards, carefully reloaded his rifle, and then, taking a sure aim, sent the careless a quill generally as their north-bullet through the heart of the panther, ern brethren; Chicagoans apparently

which instantly fell dead. At this instant, when the young hunter was exulting over his triumph, a shout for help from Ruppy reach his ear. It sounded urgent and close at hand, and not stopping to reload his gun, he dashed through the thicket as fast as possible. He saw that the poor half-breed dire extremity, and catching up buched hat which lay near, he lout, and made all haste to a run-brook, where he filled its crown with a lying at his feet, his slouched hat several yards away, while his rifle was no-

half-breed lying in the grass. Catching up the weapon, he dashed forward and buried it to the hilt in the neck of the brute, which, after a few farious struggles, was thrown off the prostrate body

of Ruppy, who, bloody and weak, rose to his feet.
"You seem to come to me when I am in trouble," said the half-breed, with a smile. "If you had staid away longer, it would have been too late."

"How happens it that you are in this fix?" inquired the boy, in some surprise "I struck my rifle against a tree and broke the lock, and had to fight these two alone, and that is rather a hard thing for a man to do."

They made their way home, where was several days before he recovered. This adventure had the effect of cementing more closely the friendship between the two. It remained unbroken unti many years later, when the half-breed quietly folded his arms and took his long, last s'eep.

## Is the World Round or Flat?

About a year ago, an eccentric philos pher of London, England, named John Hampden, having convinced himself beyond all peradventure that the world was flat, not round, as commonly supnosed, undertook the arduous missionary work of converting mankind to his way of belief. Not making much progress by following the ordinary methods of private preaching, he resorted to the expedient of offering a bet upon the subject. He made a public announcement, offering to stake \$2,500 against \$2,500. to be put up by any scientific man, that he could prove that the earth was flat, and not round, as was generally believed. No one appears to have taken immed iate notice of this absurd offer, where upon Hampden came out with another announcement, in which he boldly declared that scientific men knew they were guilty of an imposition in propounding the round theory, and that, in consequence they were afraid to take up his challenge, and stake \$2,500 as he pro-

But the challenge having come to the notice of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, a member of several scientific societies, he accepted the conditions, and put up his \$2,500. This amount, together with a similar sum put up by Hampden, was deposited, subject to the order of the referee, Mr. Walsh, editor of the Field newspaper, who was to pay over the \$5,000 to the winning man.

The mode adopted for settling the question was planned by Hampden, the advocate of the flat theory, and the experiment appears to have been conducted in all respects as he desired. The ground selected was a six mile level on the Bedford canal. Three long poles of equal length were provided, and planted at equal depths, and at distances of three miles apart. A telescope was then em-ployed, through which it was clearly and unmistakably perceived that the central pole was five feet above the level the telescope, which at once proved that the earth was not flat but round. Mr. Hampden expressed bimself satisfied that he had lost the bet, and the money was accordingly paid over by the referee to the winner, Mr. Wallace.

The experiment and the telescope were level, but not so the head of Hampden. He that's convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still. It was not long before Hampden woke up to the mortifying conclusion that he had made a blunder, or that in some way he had been befogged. His reason those fibbing poles had affirmed. He these libels in the most unblushing theory that the earth is flat. Poor Hampden is indeed a martyr to science.

# Loss of a Curious Document.

spires great alarm for other buildings. The palace at Bourges, built in Louis XIV. style, was of no architectural value in itself, but it contained works of art and manuscripts of inestimable price. The most remarkable document in the The order runs thus:

"Jesus of Nazareth, of the Jewish tribe of Juda, convicted of imposture and rebellion against the divine authority of Tiberius Augustus, Emperor of the Romans, having for this sacrifere Romans, having for this sacrilege been condemned to die on the cross by sentence of the judge, Pontius Pilate, on the prosecution of our Lord, Herod, lieutenant of the Emperor in Judea shall be taken to-morrow morning, the 23d day of the ides of March, to the usual place of punishment, under the escort of a company of the Prætorian guard. The so-called King of the Jews shall be taken out by the Strunean gate. All the public officers and the subjects of the Emperor are directed to lend their aid to the execution of this sentence. (Signed) Capel, Jerusalem, 22d day of the ides of March, year of Rome, 786."-The Cosmopolitan.

Styles of Handwriting. The names on the registers of the Saratoga hotels, says the Saratogian, are quite a study. By careful attention it will be noticed that on an average, persons hailing from various sections of the country differ in the style of penmanship. New Yorkers are the best penmen; Philadelphians affect the backslope a good deal; Bostonians write a Declaration of Independence hand, not very legible; Southerners don't swing so try to see how gracefully and unintel ligibly they can pen their autographs; while Cincinnatians and Western men generally, write a good deal as they build cities, in a hurry; Albanians and Trojans are among the poorest writers, but they excel the West Trojans, whose style is barely above "his mark"; those from the smaller towns take more pains and separate their letters according to rule, and then spoil their work by a flourish or an insane capital, like a mile post in their name; Cubans and Spaniards write a delicate hand, similar to a lady's, but not clear always to the common Yankee perception. Canadians and where to be seen.

As the boy stood for a moment transfixed by the fearful scene, he caught sight of the long, bloody knife of the out of "Smith."

Europeans adhere to the old-fashioned style, and take it for granted that everybody should know how to make "Brown" out of "Smith." Europeans adhere to the old-fashioned

### A Model for American Youth.

A Long Branch correspondent writes As I rode up from the depot to the hotel recently, I was attracted by a manly young fellow of about twenty-eight who sat next to me in the stage. He was handsome, with a hazel eye and fresh complexion, was well and neatly dressed, and had especially a silver-toned voice. spoke to him first, because I was at tracted by his modesty.

"Yes," said he, in reply to an intro ductory question in regard to the hotels. (the weather being entirely beyond ar gument,) "it has turned out a pretty good season, I believe. I have been here several seasons, and have seen none

"You spend all your summer vaca tions here?'

"No," reflectively, "not vacations. usually pass the summer here."

Evidently he was a rich young blood

and with his good looks and modesty an excellent model for the American youth. "Stopping at the - Hotel?

He was bowing to a sweet looking girl just then, and did not immediately answer. She was smiling back with delightful grace, showing a mouthful of rich pearls. Evidently he knew the good society of the Branch.

"No, no," he replied, when he had ceased bowing and comprehended my question. "No, I stop at—at—at a cot-

Fine fellow, this, stopping at his own cottage, and independent enough to ride upon an omnibus. He interested me greatly as we went along, evidently knowing everything about the place. "There's Judge — 's cottage; handsome, isn't it? There's the handsomest pair of steppers at the Branch, those grays just turning in at the Continental." Here he was attracted by the repeated cows of two gorgeous dames who where passing us slowly in their open carriage. and who opened two huge mouths and a couple of batteries of ready-made teeth upon him. He bowed quite gracefully to them and went on with his pleasant descriptions. At the hotel we parted, and I lost him; but I thought in this wise of him : Talk of the degeneracy of the American youth. Look at this young fellow. Handsome, polished, pleasant tempered, elegant in his manners, rich, modest, sensible. He visits this watering place, evidently not to suffocate in the hotels and follow the old winter routine of dissipation and flirtation. He would certainly not seek them in his own quiet cottage. He comes for the rational joys of sea air and sea bathing, to be, perhaps, near the girl he loves and hopes (and I may say deserves)

to win. Happy fellow! True model he for the youth of this glorious republic In order to see one of the lions I went over to the cottage where the tiger is let loose, just a step or two from the West End, and as I went into the back room, among the rattling of chips at the fare table and the clinkling of the little ball in the pool of the roulette table, I heard that silvery-toned voice again Walk in and have some supper, gentlemen-just ready-18, red. Ah, how de do-met you on the stage-I remember. Have supper? No! Then take a drink-21, black. Excuse me-busito this gentleman."

ness, you know. Charley, pass the cigars There he was-my model of American youth. I passed out without patroniz-

# ing the establishment.

Ancient Landmarks in Massachusetts. A Western visitor to Salem, Massachusetts, writes back home to his paper an interesting account of his observa- those that have escaped and crawled tions. The old "witch house," a quaint there for shelter. They will be found dwelling erected in 1632, inhabited for a generally in a transformation state, beconcluded, also, that Wallace was a time by Roger Williams, and afterwards thimble rigger, a pickpocket, a liar, and the building in which the court which a swindler, and went about proclaiming condemned the Salem witches to death held its sessions, he found still in exismanner. This so annoyed Wallace that tence, and the apartment used nearly he brought suit for libel against Hamp- two hundred years since as the courtden, and the jury lately mulcted him in room now occupied as a drug store. \$3,000 damages, making a sum total of From the scene of the old tribunal the of \$5,500 cash paid out on account of his visitor next bent his steps to "gallows" hill," where the witches were hanged on a tree and their bodies then buried at ance is the price of handsome, perfect the foot of the gibbet. Irish squatters he found in full possession, having built their cabins and colonized their child-The burning of the archiepiscopal ren, pigs, and goats "above the unpalace at Bourges following so close on the conflagration at Nancy naturally inproach." Yet another grave, the resting-place not of a witch but of an oldtime beauty who loved not wisely but too well, claimed our tourist's attention. Years ago Elizabeth Whitman, daughter of a Connecticut clergyman and known in the Salem retreat to which she had bishop's collection was, without doubt, the order for the execution of Jesus strange lady," was ruined by a son of Christ, which was the personal property of the family De La Tour d'Auvergue. She is buried at Salem, and some painful antiquary has left on record as the inscription he deciphered years since on her tombs: "Her departure was on the 25th of July, A. D. 1788, in the 37th year of her age, and the tears of strangers

#### watered her grave." The Virtue of Medicine.

"Shall we Throw Physic to the Dogs?"

contains the following: Nothing is more probable or natural than that we should overestimate the virtue of medicine. We do it because we wish to do it. We all expect to be sick, and we wish to believe that when we become so we can be cured. Many of us will indulge in violations of the known laws of health, and we wish to believe that the punishment for such violations can be averted. We all wish to have faith in the skill of our physician and will pardon a great amount of as-sumption of authority and wisdom on his part. It never excites our jealousy to hear him extravagantly praised. like to see him sport a fine turn-out, and often make him a pet in our households. We will not harbor a suspicion that he is capable of a mistake or that his judgment may be at fault. Some, it is true, in health profess to believe the doctor a humbug, but when sickness comes the most swaggering heretic is suddenly converted, summons the physician, and swallows the nauseous potion with all the alacrity of the lifelong believer. Then it happens, in a medical point of view, that

"When the devil gets sick, the devil a monk would be,"

although it is equally true that When the devil gets well, the devil a monk

The physician very naturally, too, allows his powers and the virtue of his drugs to be overestimated, because it is flattering to his vanity, and he soon begins to accept the undue appreciation of himself and his medicines as really deserved. Thus it happens that the selfishness of the patient and the selfishness of the physician alike tend to produce an extravagant estimate of the necessity and virtue of medication.

#### FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

PLOUGHING UNDER CLOVER -- In 1864 I ploughed up a field of clover and planted corn. In 1865, planted corn again, and used the cultivator very freely both years to kill the weeds. In 1866 sowed barley, followed by wheat, and seeded down into clover in the spring. In 1867, mowed the clover for hay, and the second crop for seed. In 1868, mowed it again for hay. After the hay was off, we ploughed half the field, and allowed the other half to produce a second crop of clover. It was a wet sesson and the second crop of clover grew splendidly. I think it would have made a ton of hay per acre. This clover we ploughed under

The next spring (1871) the whole field was cultivated, but not ploughed, and sown with barley. I could see no differ-ence in the growth of barley on the part of ploughing immediately after hay harvest, and that when the clover was allowed to grow and then plowed under. After the barley, the field was ploughed and sown to winter wheat. So far, I can see no difference in the color or growth of the wheat. There was no more labor expended on

the one part of the field than on the other. The only difference was, that one was ploughed before the clover commenced to grow, and the other after the clover had attained its growth. The presumption is, that notwithstanding the fact that a large growth of clover was ploughed under, there was no more nitrogen or other plant-food in the soil on one part of the field than on the other. The plant-food organized in the clover was simply taken out of the soil, and was merely returned when ploughed un-der. Had the part of the field ploughed immediately after the harvest been harrowed, cultivated, and then ploughed again in the fall, and otherwise exposed to the decomposing influence of the at-mostphere, I believe more plant-food would have been developed from the soil than on the part where the clover was allowed to grow. This probably would not be the case in poor, sandy land, but I have no doubt that clay loams which abounded in latent plant food would become richer from being worked and exposed to the atmosphere than from the mere growth of clover; if

there is any evidence to the contrary, I would like to have it produced. I believe in clover. No man has written more in its favor as a renovating crop. We cannot grow too much of it. But it should all be consumed on the farm, and in addition, the clay-land farmer should " fall fallow" as much land as he can. I am satisfied, though I admit the evidence is not conclusive, that fall-fallowing is more in accordance with the facts of scientific farming than the practice of ploughing under clover .-J. Harris, in American Agriculturist.

How to DESTROY INSECTS IN YOUR ORCHARDS.—The address of J. W. Robson, before the Joe Daviess County (Ill.) Horticultural Society has some excellent points relating to orchard culture, and especially the depredation of insects, and he recommends every orchardist to observe these few details every season:
"1. Encourage the black-cap tit-mouse

and the hairy woodpecker, which destroy the insect in the pupa state. "2. Light small bonfires in the or-chard, on dark nights, after the sun has set. This will destroy the moth.

"3. Pick up wormy fruit as soon as it falls; run it right through the cider mill, or throw it to the hogs to be eaten.
"4. Strips of woolen cloth, tied around the trunks when the trees are in bloom, and examined twice a week, will destroy

tween worm and pupa.
"5. Place a bunch of weeds or soft hay in the crotch of the tree at the same time, and examine frequently. You have only to look at these dishes of beautiful fruit, to see how this insect destroys the appearance and lessens the market value

"Brother horticulturists, up and be ance is the price of handsome, perfect

LEACHED ASHES AS A MANURE.—An agricultural journal of Germany calls renewed attention to the great value, as a manure, of soap-boilers' leached ashes which, as it is well known, are prepared by mixing wood ashes with fresh burnt lime, and boiling or leaching the two together for the purpose of obtaining a caustic lye. Altogether the soluble salts are removed from these ashes, the insoluble parts remain, namely, the car-bonates, sulphates, and phosphates, principally lime salts, accompanied, generally, by a little caustic lime. Experience has shown that there is no substance equal to leached ashes of this kind for manure, not excepting even the richest guanos; the veg tation of the cereals becoming broader than common by its use, and the stalks more tubular, while the leaves grow of a dark bluish green. The value of this application is seen more particularly in meadows, where, curiously enough, nearly all of the or--a spicy article by E. P. Buffett, in Lippincott's Magazine for September and instead of it a thick vegetation of and instead of it a thick vegetation of red clover is met with which will be renewed year by year for a long time without additional supply.

LEAD FOIL FOR BANDAGES .- Doctor and broken limbs. The sheets of lead are kept in place by adhesive plaster, and are said to offer the following advantages : 1. The lead remains soft and cool in contact with the wounds. 2. It enables the physician to dispense with lint, which is the constant occasion of heat and infection. 3. The sulphur compounds which form prevent the decomposition of the parts and growth of organisms. 4. After the bandage is made the wound can be washed and refreshed with cold water without removing it. It would be well to have a supply of this foil on hand in machine shops where large numbers of workmen are employed.

A GEORGIA FARM.-Colonel Lockett has, in southwestern Georgia, planted in cotton this year six thousand five hundred acres, and in corn and small grain three thousand five hundred acres, making in all ten thousand acres. It is estimated that his cotton crop will be worth \$180,000. This is probably the largest cotton crop made by any one person in the cotton region. He em-ploys three hundred and sixty hands, all blacks.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for Sep tember is up to its usual standard of excel-lence. Both its illustrations and literary con-tents are highly commendable, and are sure to find favor with the ladies, especially, every-where. \$2.00 a year. T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR for September is a dainty little periodical, just the thing for the little ones at home. It is only \$1.25 a year. T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia.

New York Markets.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Western and State flours were duli and prices lower. Southern flours quiet. Hye flour and corn meal in good demand and arm. We quste: Flour—Western and State superfine, \$4.00 a \$2.25; do. shipping extras, \$5.30 a \$3.55; do. trade and family brands, inclinding \$1. Lonis, \$4 a \$3.00; Southern shipping extras, \$5 a \$4.50; do. bakers' and family extras, \$7 a \$5.75. Rvo flour, fine and superfine, \$4.25 a \$5. Corn moal, Western and Southern, \$3.50 a \$1.

superfine, \$4.2a a 5. Corn meal, Western and Southern, \$4.50 a \$4.

PROVISIONS—Pork was lower and fairly active: sales at \$13.50 for mess, \$10.75 a \$11 for prime moss, and \$10 a \$10.50 for mess, \$10.75 a \$11 for prime moss, and \$10 a \$10.50 for prime; for future delivery september and October, at \$13.35 a \$13.49, the latter buyer's option. Beef in full demand and firm, at full prices. Bacon firm, with a sale of city long clear at \$40. Cut meats in demand; dry salted shoulders sold at \$6., and 100 tes. Western swoked hams at 12½ a 12½c. Lard declined \$c. and was active is ales, prime old steam, September and October delivery, at \$9 a \$8.0. prime new to arrive at \$2c.; Western, \$12 a 25c. Cheese steady at 6 a 10%c. GHAIN—Wheat 2 a 2c. lower and moderately active; sales at \$1.30 for prime No. 1 Chicago spring, \$1.40 for prime No. 1 Chicago spring, \$1.40 for prime No. 1 Chicago spring, \$1.40 for prime red winter, \$1.45 for amber do, and 1.40 a \$1.25% for good to choice white. Rye lower at \$0c. for Western. Barley and barley malt duil. Oats were a shade firmer, but quiet; sales at \$7.50 for good to choice white. Rye lower at \$9c. for white, and \$4 a \$6c. for black. Corn was steady and fairly active; sales at 65½ a 66c. for Western Inxed, \$7 a 68c. for do, yellow, and \$8 a 69c. for white.

for white.

COTION—Was firmer on the foreign news. Sales
on the spot at 19%c, for middling uplands; and
18%c, for low middlings. For future delivery the
market was also stronger; sales at 18%c, for September, 18%c, for October and November, and 19c,
for January.

Chapters, forfer continues firm, with a fair de-

for January.

GROCKERS—Coffee continues firm, with a fair demand. Bio, 14% a 174c.; Maracaibo, 14% a 174c.; gold, duty paid. Rice ateady for foreign, at 6% a 74c., but higher for Carolina, with small sales at 8% a 8%c. Mohasees dull and nominal. Sugars active and firm; fair to good refining, 6% a 34c; grocery grades, 10 a 11c; refined very firm and more active; crushed, 13c; soft white A, 12%c.

SUNDIMES—Petroleum was rather unsettled at 24%c. for immediate delivery; crude, 14c. Naphtha more active, with sales at 10a 10%c. Rosin was irm at 8.15 a 82.25 for strained. Spirits torpentine was lower, with a moderate business; sales at 50% a 51c. Whiskey ateady at 9% a 9%c. Freights firm at 9% a 10%d. for grain by sail and steam to Liverpool.

Live STOCK MARKET—Fat, matured cattle were

by sail and steam to Liverpool.

Live Stock Market—Fat, matured cattle were not plenty, and the best offered had a quick sale at a fraction advance. Common native steers and Texans were no higher, but the scarcity of good stock helped the sale of lower grades, and altogether the market was a shade stronger, closing at 9% a 12c. \$\psi\$ b, for common to choice and extra native steers, and 7 a 9c. for common to good Texans.

Sheep and lambs were mostly sold in a dul market at 5 a 6 hc. \$\psi\$ h. for ordinary to prime sheep, and 4 a 64 c. \$\psi\$ no ordinary to choice lambs.

Veal calves continue firm at 7 a 10c. \$\psi\$ h., with a tew selling at 104 a 104c. Grass calves were dull at \$6 a \$5.50 \$\psi\$ head, or 4 a 45c. \$\psi\$ h.

A hundred diseases may proceed from one source, a diseased or debilitated sto-mach. No human being can be healthy when digestion is disordered. Tone th stomach and liver and regulate the bowels with DR. WALKER'S VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS, and the work of assimilation and excretion will go bravely on. This vital elixir conquers the causes of all physical irregularities. By insuring perfect digestion and a proper flow of bile, it insures pure blood, a vigorous circulation, and the prompt discharge of all waste matter from the sys-

The most astonishing cure of chronic diarrhœa we ever heard of is that of Wm. Clark, Frankfort Mills, Waldo County, Maine; the facts are attested by Ezra Treat, Upton Treat, and M. A. Merrill, either of whom might be addressed for particulars. Mr. Clark was cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Hon. Joseph Farewell, Mayor of Rockland, Me., Isaac M. Bragg, Esq., Bangor, and Messrs. Pope Bros., Machias, Me., lumber merchants, fully endorsed the Sheridan Cavalry Condition Powders, and have given the proprietors liberty to use their names in recommending them.

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