FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Recipes.

TO PURIFY WATER.—Put a good sized piece of charcoal into a can of water; it will collect all the impurities. Wash it when the water is changed.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE FOR DYSPEPTICS.—Line a dish with sponge cake; heat to nearly the boiling point one pint of milk, and stir in briskly half a cup of corn starch dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of cold water; cook for a minute; then add half a cup of white sugar, and pour the mixture into the dish; serve hot.

APPLE SNOW.—One pint bowl of the pulp of roasted apples, strained; one-half pint of pulverized sugar; whites of three eggs; beat the eggs to a stiff froth, then add the apple and sugar alternately, a spoonful of each, and beat all together until it stands perfectly stiff on the spoon; it will swell immediately; serve this in saucers on a custard made of the yolks of the eggs, one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flavored with vanilla.

RICH APPLE PUDDING.—Pare, core and chop five or six apples, or enough to make half a pound shred; a quarter pound of suet; blanch and pound one dozen sweet almonds; half a pound of currants, a small cup of sugar, half a nutmeg, equal quantity of bread crumbs and flour, teaspoonful of salt, the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth; a little milk the last thing. From ten to twelve ounces of bread crumbs and flour make a good sized pudding, but if more flour is liked, add a teaspoonful of baking powder, sifted dry in the flour.

GERMAN POTATO CHEESE.—Boil sound white potatoes, peel and mash them perfectly smooth; to five pounds of the mashed potatoes, when cold, add a little more than a pint of sour milk; season it with salt and knead it well; cover it and let it remain, according to the season, from two to four days, then knead it afresh and make it into small cheeses; hang them up in a basket in the shade to dry; when they are sufficiently dry put them in layers in large pots or kegs, and keep them closely covered. It will be fit for use in three or four weeks, but becomes finer the longer it is kept. It must be kept in a dry place well covered.

PINEAPPLE PRESERVE.—Twist off the top and bottom of pineapples, pare off the rough outside then weigh them, cut them in slices, chips or quarters; to each pound of fruit allow a teacup of water, put it in a preserving kettle, cover it and let it boil gently until it is clear and tender, then take it up and put into the water a pound of white sugar to each pound of fruit, stir it till all the sugar is dissolved, then put in the fruit, cover the kettle and let it boil gently until transparent throughout, take it out then and let it cool, put it in glass jars; as soon as the syrup cools a little pour it over the fruit and let it stand until the next day before sealing up the jars.

Questions and Answers.

Is there any remedy against the appearance of weevil in wheat about the close of harvest?

When ricking the wheat scatter fresh slaked lime enough to whiten the stack between every two or three courses of sheaves. When the wheat has been thrashed from the shock throw lime over it, and shovel it through the grain.

Can a farm be rid of thistles?

This question is answered a great many times each season. Among the more popular modes of eradicating thistles is the one that effects it with hoed crops; also another which consists in letting the land lie idle one season—that is, free from crops—and constantly plow and harrow it.

Can a horse be broken of the habit of overreaching?

This has been done by placing the shoes exactly opposite to the usual rules; raise the heels of the fore shoes as much as is consistent with your ideas of right, and lower the heels of the hind shoes the same way; this tends to hasten the fore feet and retard the hind ones, allowing the former to get out of the way in time for a clean reach for the latter.

Which is the best shape for a stack?

An egg shape is considered the best form for a stack; inexperienced farmers are liable to build too high and to run their stacks up to a spire like point, in which case the top generally blows off and the whole thing is unsightly. A stacker should bear in mind that it is the pitch of the sheaf and not the pitch of the top which renders it waterproof. In stacking keep the centers full, as this gives the outside courses a steep pitch. Always have the tops of the sheaves point to the center.

Do bees injure fruit?

This oft-repeated question was answered recently by Professor C. F. Reiley at the Bee-Keepers' Council in St. Louis. He said that the construction of a bee's mouth is similar to that of a wasp's, and that both are capable of injuring fruit; this the wasp often does, but the bees but rarely, excepting, indeed, in times of severe drought. He did not consider this fact as any argument against the usefulness of the insect, as the exercise of its power as a pollenizer is of great value to the orchardist, even though it occasionally commits depredations upon fruit.

To Dry Sweet Corn.

Select ears of corn that are just right for the table, husk them, throw them into boiling water, and let them boil hard five minutes; then cut the corn from the ear, spread it evenly and thinly on earthen or new tin dishes, and subject it at once to the heat of the morning sun, or place it in an oven of unvarying temperature, where the process of drying will begin at once and be promptly completed. The sooner it is dried after it is cut from the cob the better, and the sooner it is prepared after it is gathered the better.

Not a Servian Victory.

A dispatch to the London *Standard* from Alexinatz says authentic accounts show that the battle which was claimed as a success by Tchernayeff, really resulted in a victory for the Turks. Fazyl Pasha, commander of the division of the right wing, on Thursday, fearing an attack in the rear, fell back. The Servians attacked all along the line on Friday, but the Turks drove them back. There was heavy fighting on Saturday, but, after five hours' incessant conflict, Tchernayeff's attempt to cut off Fazyl Pasha from Eyoub Pasha failed, and the Turks were completely victorious. The *Standard's* correspondent with Ali Saib, on the left bank of the Morava, opposite Alexinatz, reports that the Servians were repulsed with great loss on Saturday, after seven hours' fighting. The Servians have claimed this battle as a sweeping victory. A Belgrade special dispatch says Tchernayeff's accounts of his victories are now generally discredited.

The American People.

I had heard of the degeneration of your stock from the English type, says Prof. Huxley, of England, in a lecture at Buffalo. I have not perceived it. Some years ago one of your most distinguished men of letters, equally loved and admired in England and America, expressed an opinion which touched English feeling somewhat keenly—that there was a difference between your women and ours after reaching a certain age. He said our English women were "beefy." That is his word, not mine. Well, I have studied the aspect of the people that I have met here in steamboats and railway carriages, and I meet with just the same faces, the main difference as to the men being in the way of shaving. Though I should be sorry to use the word which Hawthorne did, yet in respect to stature for fine portly women, I think the average here fully as great as on the other side. Some people talk of the injurious influence of climate. I have seen no trace of the "North American type." You have among you the virtue which is most notable among savages, that of hospitality. You take us to a bountiful dinner, and are not quite satisfied unless we take with us the plates and spoons. Another feature has impressed itself upon me. I have visited some of your great universities and met men as well known in the old world as in the new. I find certain differences here. The English universities are the product of government, yours of private munificence. That among us is almost unknown. The general notion of an Englishman when he gets rich is to found an estate and benefit his family. The general notion of an American, when fortunate, is to do something for the good of the people and from which benefits shall continue to flow. The latter is the nobler ambition.

It is popularly said abroad that you have no antiquities in America. If you talk about the trumpery of three or four thousand years of history, it is true. But, in the large sense as referring to time before man made his momentary appearance, America is the place to study the antiquities of the globe. The reality of the enormous amount of material here has far surpassed my anticipation. I have studied the collection gathered by Professor Marsh at New Haven. There is none like it in Europe, not only in extent of time covered, but by reason of its bearing on the problem of evolution; whereas, before this collection was made evolution was a matter of speculative reasoning, it is now a matter of fact and history as much as the monuments of Egypt. In that collection are the facts of the succession of forms and the history of their evolution.

The Diamond Field.

The Oil City *Derrick* gives this little story in three chapters:

CHAPTER I.

"This, then, Miss Bangs, is your final answer?"

"Irrevocably so," was the proud reply.

CHAPTER II.

They made a pretty picture standing in the doorway of her father's mansion; he, the captain of the Melon Stealers, tall and strong in limb, and the hero of his little first base in many a hot contested game. She the fair drughter of the banker who had wagered the entire assets of the bank and the deposits of many a poor man on the return game between the Moth Eradicators and the home club on the following day. Our hero's answer came hot and quick: "Then," cried he, "to-morrow's setting sun will shine upon the beggar daughter of a ruined man. It rests with me to throw the game on which your proud father's wealth is staked. You have to-night settled your own fate. So be it. Good-night;" and turning himself seven times round on his heel, at the same time boring a large hole in the hall carpet, Mose Fitz Allen was gone.

CHAPTER III.

Prominent among the immense crowd assembled on the grounds is the pale face of Amelia Bangs. The Moth Eradicators are at the bat on the last half of the ninth inning, with two men out and one man on the third, and the score stands 53 to 53. "Will that man get in?" is the breathless question which pervades the scene. Mose Fitz Allen, standing on the first base, mutter: "Now for revenge! Now do I give the thing away! Ah!" and his face was distorted with passion like a mud ball dried in the sun. "Two strikes!" yells the umpire. The batter must hit it next time. He does hit it, and a fly mounts and descends beautifully to Mose. "Take it, Mose," goes out from the throat of Banker Bangs and hundreds of his friends. "Not if Mose is thoroughly acquainted with himself," is his low response, and the ball passes through his hands and the man on third goes home. Score, 54 to 53.

CHAPTER IV.

Two months later finds Amelia Bangs taking in plain sewing, her father the janitor of the oil exchange, and Mose, though somewhat troubled in mind, still takes his beer.

Hidden Treasure.

Gold hunters who still dream of finding the treasure of Capt. Kidd should read the story that comes from Indiana and be encouraged. In the little town of Eminence, about twenty-five miles southwest of Indianopolis, two Indians called at a farmer's house early in the evening and asked the way to a certain tree. Proper directions were given and the Indians departed. Never having seen his callers before, the farmer was curious to know their object, and went to the tree by a short road and hid himself in the bushes near by. Soon the Indians came, lantern in hand. They dug a hole in the ground on one side of the tree—they seemed to know the very place to dig—and to the blank amazement of the farmer found a copper chest two feet square, opened it by the light of the lantern, and took out several bags of gold which they at once poured into a strong sack provided for the purpose. Astounded at the sight, the farmer jumped from his hiding place toward the men, but in an instant the light went out, all was darkness, and the Indians disappeared through the bushes. He estimates that $10,000 were found in the chest, and it is believed the treasure was secreted there many years ago by some ancestor of the Indians in his flight before the enemy.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Mr. Ruskin, in a recent number of *Fors Clavigera*, gives his young lady readers some sensible advice respecting dress. Among other suggestions, he says: "Your walking dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of the Englishwomen, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, as it is the fashion to be scavengers."

AT A JAPANESE INN.

Children Deprived of Vision that they May Become Acceptable Shampooers.

The Kama Kura correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* writes as follows: We entered the village, which was once a city containing over a million inhabitants, and put up at a native hotel kept in native style. Again obeying the custom of undressing the feet, we passed many guests sitting upon mats and making their chopsticks fly in a way that would make a Yankee envious even in a railroad eating house. Up stairs we went, and were shown into a room whose walls consisted merely of paper, partitioning one room from the other, but which were scrupulously clean. Ordering supper and some native wine, we were quickly served by a rather good looking maid.

While awaiting the result of our order we were served with "tidbid" pastry and with some sack-ee, also a bowl containing live coals, together with pipes; after which, giving us time for a smoke, the courses began with fish, not cooked enough for our taste, then eggs, chicken, sweet potatoes, rice, and tea. No bread was served us, nor butter, but as the tea was remarkably fine, and the eggs, though small, were duly seasoned with rock salt, we made a good meal, rendered awkward by lack of experience in using the chopsticks, which were pencil shaped and used by holding or pressing the food between the ends, the guests meanwhile peeping through the partitions and giggling at our frantic efforts to eat gracefully.

While eating supper the governor of the place sent a constable to obtain our names and residence, that we might be under police protection, we being the first white men that ever spent a night in the place. Supper being over, we took a short walk through the town, and as there were many pilgrims in the place who had never seen a Caucasian before, we were the "observed of all observers," especially our friend, an Englishman, who is six feet two inches in his stocking feet, making him a giant among them.

Going back to the hotel, our friend asked us if we wished a bath and shampoo; answering in the affirmative, he gave the order, and hearing a long, low and somewhat sad whistle, which we had heard both by day and by night in Yokohama—and which, though it had excited our curiosity, we had failed to inquire the reason of—he went into the street and brought in a blind man, who he said was to do the shampooing. The bath being ready, we went down stairs and were shown into a room, whose wet floor proved it to be in constant use.

After finishing our bath we donned our gowns and returned to our room, where the "blind man" took us in charge. Commencing with our feet, he knuckled us all over, prying in between every joint and muscle of our back and limbs, excepting the region of the chest, and which, after he was through, made us feel as limber as an acrobat. These shampooers, it is said, are made blind in their childhood, that they may ply their vocation without injuring the susceptibilities of any one. The sun rose unclouded on the following morning, and after a breakfast served on the floor, similar in quality to the supper of the evening before, we paid our bill, which amounted to $1.75—this for both of us.

The Man in the Moon.

Plutarch's dialogue on "The Visage that is seen in the Moon's Disk," says *Popular Science Monthly*, has ever been regarded as containing the sum and substance of all man's notions and knowledge of our satellite down to the period when it was written. The very title is provocative of mirth to us, the children of the modern time. The visage in the moon! Nowadays it only suggests to the poet and the artist satirical ideas; in olden times it was the starting point of profound meditations, which are held not to be unworthy of being attributed to the most famous philosophers and mathematicians of the day. The author first, in all earnestness, demonstrates the absurdity of the opinion which asserts the figure appearing in the moon to be nothing else than an optical illusion arising from the visual sense being dazzled by the brightness of the moon's disk. Next we have a lengthy refutation of another opinion, which says that the visage in the moon is the reflection of our ocean. Among other reasons given to show the erroneousness of this opinion is this, that there is only one ocean, and that, if the visage in the moon were a reflection of it, then the ocean must be made up of parts separated from one another by isthmuses and continents. The third opinion combated by Plutarch is to the effect that the moon is a mixture of air and a mild kind of fire; as sometimes during a perfect calm the surface of a body of water becomes ruffled—a thing itself to be demonstrated—so, too, does the air assume a blackish color; thus is explained the appearance as of a human face in the moon. The hypothesis of the Stoics, who affirmed the moon to be a globe of fire, on the surface of which rests the atmosphere, is rejected on the ground that in that case the moon would need some matter whereon to rest, and from which it might derive fuel for its fire. We are informed that, according to Pindar, the earth is popped up all round by pillars with bases of adamant, whereas, according to the Stoics, she has no need of supports, being situate in the center of the universe toward which all things tend. This last reason is declared to be untenable, because the earth, whose surface is so broken with elevations and depressions, must then be considered as spherical, and that would imply the existence of antipodes clambering up and down the earth's sides like lizards.

Owning a Home.

The strength of the American republic is the universal desire to own a home. It is molding all the people, native and foreign born, into one homogeneous mass. The ownership of a home is something of which neither the Irish nor the German laborer have, in their own country, any conception; but here it is the goal of their hopes and desires. Education comes next; it is a something the need of which is not felt until the adornments of home are thought of. This desire to own the roof under which one sleeps is distinctively an American characteristic, and seems by nature adapted to the growth which is raising us in importance in the scale of nations. It is the link which connects the man with the government; it adds to his interest in the making and execution of the laws, and identifies him with the usages and customs of the people. It is this element which gives the people of Switzerland their unity and power, and the lack of it causes nine-tenths of the unrest in Ireland. No feeling is stronger than the attachments of home, and no nation whose people possess this as a common sentiment can lose its liberties.

Grasshoppers in the Northwest.

A correspondent at Brainerd, Minn., writing in regard to the damage done by the grasshoppers along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad, says: In the immediate vicinity of Wadena crops are remarkably fine, having suffered no injury from either grasshoppers or climatic causes. Wheat will run over twenty bushels to the acre, other crops in proportion. The southern half of Otter Tail county will give an average of from ten to twelve bushels, about half a crop. Want of rain there in the early part of the season damaged the crops fully as much as the hoppers. The northern part of the county will give well up to from sixteen to eighteen bushels of wheat to the acre. The southeast corner of Becker county will give a full crop, the remainder of the county from one-half to three-fourths. Some of the best informed men in the county are estimating the average loss to the county at from fifteen to twenty-five per cent., leaving the county from fifteen to seventeen bushels to the acre. Clay county will lose but little; twenty per cent. of an average crop is a large estimate of its loss. The Red river valley, in Dakota, will not lose an average of two bushels per acre, which from fields that will range from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre is no loss to speak of. As a rule, farmers are prone to overestimate supposed damage to crops from any cause. They generally turn out better than expected, and I am inclined to think it will be so this year. In localities where the hoppers worked they cleared some fields entire, but this is an exception; a few only will not pay to harvest. Oat and barley fields suffered the most. Immediately on the line of the road, the fields in the vicinity of Lake Park were hurt the most, some few small lots being completely taken, the majority, however, having half a crop yet left. Mr. Canfield is the heaviest loser, yet he will, without doubt, harvest from 5,000 to 6,000 bushels, perhaps more. I met him lately, and he is not discouraged, but proposes to fight it out, although admitting that the loss is a serious thing for him. Mr. Englebronner will get half a crop from his 1,600 acres, that is, some 15,000 bushels. Mr. Von Vasengen will also get from 7,000 to 8,000 bushels from his 700 acres. Mr. Tenney should realize fully 15,000 bushels from the 1,000 acres he has in wheat; his losses, if any, however, will be more the result of late sowing than from grasshoppers. From the Cass and Cherry lands, Dalrymple will probably get from the 1,280 acres some 23,000 bushels, an average of eighteen to the acre, his foreman putting it at twenty. Mosher, Dunlop, Morris, and others in that locality, will do equally as well. Richland county, particularly in its southern part, loses a portion of its general average on account of dry weather in the early summer. There was no injury from the grasshoppers. Traill county will give its usual average, over twenty bushels to the acre. Notwithstanding the visitation of the pests, Red river valley will sustain its reputation this year, and results will enable us, by comparison with other localities, to keep our flags flying high over the whole Northern Pacific country. With all losses our surplus crop will be greater by fully fifty per cent. than that of last year. On the line of the Southern Pacific and Pacific, and from that road to the southern line of the State, the crops will be but about one-half of the general average. With us it will run from eighty to eighty-five per cent.

The Sioux Indians.

Moncure D. Conway, is his Paris correspondence to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writes as follows: At the Chatelet the dramatic version of "Round the World in Eighty Days" is running on to its five hundredth representation, and I found the theater still very full. There is one scene which, since the piece began, has turned to irony—that in which three white tourists conquer and exterminate a picturesque and well armed troup of Sioux. There are about thirty savages to the three whites, and the red men are all killed. The scene was received with silence, except when the Sioux chief delivered a harangue concerning the wrongs which his race had endured, and his eloquence elicited a round of applause. It is doubtful whether the Sioux side of the battle that followed would not have been represented somewhat differently if the piece had been mounted since the recent tidings from America. To me it brought back a once pleasant, now painful, remembrance of a dinner table conversation with General Custer at St. Paul, in February last, when he was on his way to the frontier. I asked his beautiful young wife whether she did not feel apprehensive or nervous at going so far beyond the borders of civilization. She replied, cheerfully: "Not in the least," and seemed to look forward with almost girlish delight and expectation to the new scenes amid which she was about to reside. But her husband looked grave as he listened to her answer. The tragedy which has since occurred has awakened a deep and widespread interest in France as well as England.

It has been for some time a prevalent belief among the geographical and anthropological savans of both London and Paris that the white Americans have underrated the difficulties of their Indian problem. The hostile Indians are said to be only a few hundred thousand in number, but even so many are declared by some good judges to be too numerous for extermination, when their ferocity exceeds their love of life, and when they are intrenched in wild regions difficult of access.

A Glance at Montenegro.

An English lady has been looking about Montenegro, and her reports are not flattering to the insurgents. Her sympathies are with them and against the Turks, but the pictures she draws of the people and their savage manners are not fascinating. They are heroic, no doubt, and full of patriotism, but one can hardly call them interesting, or care to have them for intimate associates. She found the women in Montenegro in an utterly degraded condition, only two of them able to read and write. These were the wives of the prince and of the president of the Senate, and even they have to do the household cooking and to wait at the table. The women in general do all the hard work in the fields as well as in the house, and the men touch none of the burdens even with their fingers. She saw women staggering under heavy loads while the men walked beside them without thought of pity or of help. The Montenegrin warrior was evidently "a fancy article that ought not to be expected to do anything save fight in war and saunter about in his splendor in time of peace." The women, though poor and half starved, have a great love for finery. They go about in rags, but keep their caps covered with silver chains and coins. Some of them have ornaments that a duchess might envy.

Oriental Manners.

Mr. Edward King writes: The Orientals at the Exhibition are a perpetual source of amusement. Their mild and pleasant ways, even when they are engaged in disputes, seem very funny to the Western Caucasian. Their profuse gestures and their picturesque costumes have now become so common that even the visitors from the country do not long stare at them. But their manners of thought are ever new fountains of delight for our people who come into contact with them. Their ideas of our civilization are so totally different from our own, and often so much less favorable, that we can hardly fail from time to time to be shocked, but in general their curious views of things provoke only a smile.

The Cypriote Greek who brought me my coffee one evening at the Turkish cafe answered, when I asked him how he liked America: "Ho! Merika good a place to make a money, not place to live!" Then drawing a long breath, he added: "Breathe, not live," by which remark I suppose he meant to express the idea that mere existence was not life, and that the only life worth having was the sensuous, favored one of his own delicious climate. An American friend related to me his experience in studying the character of a very well bred Turk, who lives in the same hotel with him.

This Turk, who is beginning to speak a little English, is an affable, amiable, round faced, well dressed gentleman, who does not seem capable of harming a fly. But the other day my friend seeing the account in the morning paper of the terrible massacre in Bulgaria, read them aloud to the Turk, expecting from him some deprecatory remarks. None came; the Turk smiled sweetly as he heard the thrilling accounts of children impaled upon bayonets, women strangled, and men hanged, and, rubbing his hands, he said: "Much good, kill more, stop war soon." Then, suiting the action to the word, he went through the motions of tossing a child on a bayonet, and burst into laughter, saying: "Much good, that make them much afraid." After which he went on tranquilly eating his breakfast, as if his sentiments were quite natural and justifiable.

A Chinese Elopement.

Chinese elopements are well managed. None but the lazy deserve the fair; there is neither ladder nor trellis to be scaled; and the old gentleman is easily persuaded that whatever is, is right. There was Ho, the laziest wight of Hangchow, who lived by odd jobs, and never could get regular employment. One night, while he was drinking tea in a wayside inn, he boasted that he would never do another day's work unless he could find a rich employer with pretty daughters. An old screw named Tsiang, who overheard the remark, was so enraged by it that he engaged all the laborers who were present except Ho, and refused to give him even a night's lodging. Poor Ho went to sleep in Tsiang's back yard, and very mournful was he. Suddenly a great bundle of clothes was thrown out of a window. Thinking there were thieves in the house, and not being in a mood to protect the farmer's household, he put the bundle on his back and trudged down the road with it. Soon he heard steps behind him. The infuriated farmer! Not so. It was only a pretty girl. She joined him and walked by his side without saying a word or looking up at him. On they went through the dark night, mile after mile, and just as the day was breaking they reached the village inn. Then she looked at him and shrieked. It was not the young cousin who had wooed her to pack up her clothes and meet him at midnight. It was only poor lazy Ho. "Well, well," she said; "there is no help for it. We must get married as soon as possible." Married they were; the old gentleman behaved nicely; dowry, $300,000.

Women in the Servian War.

Women play a prominent part in the Turco-Servian war, says a correspondent of a London paper. A number of Russian ladies have manifested their sympathy for the Servian cause by deeds as well as words. "A few nights ago," he writes, "I returned from Semlin with a middle aged lady, who was chaperoned by a young boy, her son, and the Russian consul himself. I ultimately ascertained that the lady in question was Mme. Tichatoff, the wife of a Muscovite official, who was merely the forerunner of a whole colony of her friends, all belonging to the best society, accustomed to luxury and refinement, who are, nevertheless, resolved to face the horrors of the battlefield. One must have lived for some time in Servia, and traveled in the interior of the country, to form an idea of the privations and hardships which await these brave nurses. Mosquitoes abound, fevers are everywhere prevalent, food is of the worst description and the water hardly drinkable. To devote oneself in such circumstances to tend the wounded is to accomplish a pious and touching work of abnegation. From other quarters it is stated that the St. Petersburg and Moscow societies are sending officers, surgeons, and Sisters of Mercy to Servia, and, most important of all, Gen. Tchernayeff received an address signed by all the officers of a certain Russian regiment."

Pimples on the face, rough skin, chapped hands, saltrheum and all cutaneous affections cured, the skin made soft and smooth, by the use of JUNIPER TAR SOAP. That made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, is the only kind that can be relied on, as there are many imitations, made from common tar, which are worthless.—*Com.*

How He Told It.

A Chinaman went into a dry goods store in Denver, and looked around with those oblong eyes, cut the wrong way of the leather. "What do you want, John?" said an affable gentleman. "Me no see him," replied John. "Well, what is it like, John?" For a moment the celestial transported himself in a brown study. He thought very hard, and then that saddle colored countenance lit up like the business end of a lightning bug, and he replied: "Puttee up in windley. Fly come in he no come in, catchee on outside alle same." And shortly John went away as happy as a basket of chips, with two yards of green gauze.

The most astonishing cure of chronic diarrhea we ever heard of is that of Wm. Clark, Frankfort Mills, Waldo Co., 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 indorse the *Sheridan Cavalry Condition Powders*, and have give the proprietors liberty to use their names in recommending them. *

The new and elegant steamships of the State Line, from New York to Ireland and Scotland, are taking passengers at very low rates. See advertising columns. *

See advertisement of James' Bitters. *

A Case of Thirty Years' Standing.

EAST AURORA, N. Y., May 22, 1872.

Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Sons:

Gentlemen—I was troubled with dyspepsia for thirty years, and tried several medicines advertised for the cure of this distressing complaint without deriving any benefit from them. About a year ago I commenced taking the Peruvian Syrup, and after using altogether twelve bottles I find myself entirely cured. I consider my case one of the worst I ever heard of, and I take great pleasure in recommending the Peruvian Syrup to all dyspeptics, believing that it will be sure to cure them.

Yours respectfully, J. T. BOWEN.

Sold by all druggists. *

Miss: A word in your ear: The next fine afternoon that you saunter out, buy a box of GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP. That admirable purifier will remove every one of those pimples which detract so much from your beauty. Depot, Crittenton's, No. 7 Sixth avenue, N. Y. There is youth in every bottle of Hill's Hair Dye. *

The Markets.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle—Prime to Extra Bullocks	08	@	10¾
Common to Good Texans	08¼	@	08¾
Milch Cows	40 00	@	$71 00
Hogs—Live	01¾	@	03¾
Dressed	08	@	08¾
Sheep	04	@	05¾
Lambs	06	@	07
Cotton—Middling	11⅞	@	12
Flour—Extra Western	5 15	@	6 85
State Extra	5 15	@	6 40
Wheat—Red Western	91	@	1 00
No. 2 Spring	98	@	1 [illegible]
Rye—State	80	@	80
Barley—State	90	@	92½
Barley Malt	80½	@	1 30
Oats—Mixed Western	34	@	40
Corn—Mixed Western	75	@	77½
Hay, per cwt	80	@	95
Straw, per cwt	43	@	75
Hops, 1872—10 (2)	04	@	05
Pork—Mess	16 70	@	16 70
Lard	10⅝	@	10⅝
Fish—Mackerel, No. 1, new	15 00	@	17 00
" No. 2, new	7 00	@	8 00
Dry Cod, per cwt	5 00	@	5 50
Herring, Scaled, per box	20	@	22
Petroleum—Crude	14½	@	5 Refined, 26
Wool—California Fleece	14	@	25
Texas "	14	@	25
Australian "	35	@	41
Butter—State	26	@	33
Western Dairy	16	@	30
Western Yellow	22	@	23
Western Ordinary	13	@	18
Cheese—State Factory	06	@	10
State Skimmed	03	@	05
Western	03	@	08
Eggs—State	20	@	21

BUFFALO.

Flour	5 75	@	9 00
Wheat—No. 1 Spring	1 22	@	1 23
Corn—Mixed	49½	@	49¾
Oats	33	@	33
Rye	70	@	71
Barley	—	@	—

PHILADELPHIA.

Beef Cattle—Extra	08	@	09
Sheep	05¼	@	05¾
Hogs—Dressed	09	@	09¾
Flour—Pennsylvania Extra	5 62½	@	8 25
Wheat—Western Red	80	@	1 16
Rye	60	@	60
Corn—Yellow	87	@	88
Mixed	55½	@	55½
Oats—Mixed	30	@	32
Petroleum—Crude	17½	@	18 Refined, 26

WATERTOWN, MASS.

Beef Cattle—Poor to Choice	5 00	@	7 75
Sheep	1 50	@	8 50
Lambs	6 00	@	6 75

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Correspondence *invited.*

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