Thanksgiving Proclamation by the President.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

We are reminded by the changing seasons that it is time to pause in our daily avocations and offer thanks to Almighty God for the mercies and abundance of the year which is drawing to a close.

The blessings of free government continue to be vouchsafed to us; the earth has responded to the labor of the husbandman; the land has been free from pestilence; internal order is being maintained and peace with other powers has prevailed. It is fitting that, at stated periods, we should cease from our accustomed pursuits and from the turmoil of our daily lives, and unite in thankfulness for the blessings of the past and in the cultivation of kindly feelings toward each other.

Now, therefore, recognizing these considerations, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do recommend to all citizens to assemble in their respective places of worship on Thursday, the 26th day of November next, and express their thanks for the mercy and favor of the Almighty God, and laying aside all political contentions and secular occupations, to observe such day as a day of rest, thanksgiving and prayer.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington on this the 27th day of October, in the year 1874, and of the Independence of the United States the ninety-ninth.

U. S. GRANT.

By the President,
HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Remedies for Cow Diseases and Vermin.

A letter from D. Aldrich of Johnson's Creek, to the Farmers' Club, says: For bloat in cattle, soft soap and new milk, half a pint or so each, is a most sovereign remedy, the dose seldom having to be repeated. I have known it to do its work in half an hour. It is a great gas exterminator; soon causes a lively eructation. For hollow horn—some cattle doctors say there is no such disorder—bore the horn on the under side with a nail, bit, or gimlet, not for the matter to discharge, it does that at the nose, but for the purpose of injecting strong vinegar, well peppered, red or black, blood warm. It has a very cleansing tendency, and produces a lively sensation in the animal for good. Keep the hole stopped with beeswax, or something else; repeat every two or three days. Hollow horns caused by interlacing their horns—nonsense that. Many queries as to what will destroy lice on stock I see. Years ago I sent to the club, and it was published, a remedy that has been frequently tried about here, and I have never heard of it failing to effect the desired object, viz.: calomel. Apply as much as will lie on the point of a penknife on the top of the head; rub into the hair well. A second application is seldom needed, however numerous may be the vermin. On horses, cattle and dogs it has proved an effectual lice exterminator; though for dogs, I should say, from what I have heard, as I had no experience, that strychnine or paris green administered internally would be about the thing.

Education of Farmers' Boys.

How is it that we can see men who have moulded themselves on the anvil, who won't let their boys be moulded on the anvil too? As the leather-dealer pounds the leather together to make a sole, so the boy needs pounding to make him a man. If you don't you bring up a tender child, a child that won't wear well. And the same with a girl that is brought up without knowing how to work. There are misfortunes enough that fall upon the fair sex; there are adversities and sudden revolutions in affairs that more often fall like pitiless storms upon their heads than upon those of men, but of all adversities a foolish mother for a fair daughter is the most adverse; one who will not teach the child how to earn her living, who will not teach her fruitful industry. Music may be heard instead of spinning; but in some way or another work should be part of the education of every boy, and the boy who is brought up without knowing how to work is not brought up at all; he is abused. The old Jews used to say that a man not brought up to a trade is brought up to be a thief, and I am of the same opinion to a great extent. So, then, parents, if you would bring up the best crops here that your ground will allow, bring up stalwart boys that are able to work and are not ashamed of it, and bring up good stalwart girls that are able to work in the kitchen and about the house, and are not ashamed of it either.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Rotation of Crops.

The "best rotation" in one place would not be the best in another. This question of rotation in different localities is a matter for experiment. Grass, corn, wheat, and grass in many localities is excellent rotation. In others—grass, corn, roots, oats, barley, grass, is profitably adopted. In some localities where dairies are kept there should be no rotation with a view to securing good pastures and meadows—if the right kinds and proper number of varieties of grasses and clovers are sown, and the fertility of the meadows and pastures kept up by the proper topdressing with fertilizers. Where timothy grass is sown for meadow, and where it is profitable to grow pure timothy hay for meadow, the best way to keep up the crop is not always to plow it up the third year, but to sow the second year timothy seed on the sod without plowing, topdressing it with manure after sowing the seed. Because timothy "runs out" it does not follow that the soil is exhausted. It being a biennial plant, it requires reseeding every two years. This done with proper topdressing, a timothy sod can be "kept up" indefinitely.

Peck's Rules and Regulations.

Upon entering this office you are particularly requested not to use the doormat, as we wish to accumulate soil inside for a potato crop.

Please leave the door wide open, or, should you forget yourself and close it, slam it like thunder. (Winter arrangement.)

If the proprietor is engaged in conversation and it is your turn next, please lean your chair against the wall and whistle "Mulligan Guards;" if you can't whistle, sing.

Never neglect an opportunity to improve your mind. If we are temporarily absent sit on the desk, pick your teeth with the gold pen and read the letters. More may be found in the right hand drawer.

Smoking is particularly agreeable. If you are out of poor cigars we will lend you a pipe.

If you see any spittoons please expectorate on the floor, as the former are only for ornament.

Our office hours for listening to solicitors of church subscriptions are from eleven to one, for book agents one to three, advertising men all day. We attend to our own business at night.

We need about $1,000,000 more of life insurance. If you are acquainted with any agent please send him in; he hasn't been here since yesterday.

Don't hesitate to ask for a loan, the larger the better; but talk about something else half an hour beforehand—time isn't worth a cent a year to us.

Persons having no especial business with us will please call as often as their health will permit, or send doctor's certificates in case of absence.

Parties leaving date calendars will oblige us by placing them for the present in the basket under the desk, or until we can get a room with more commodious walls.

But collectors will hang statements on the file and call on Saturday at four A. M.

This store closes at three P. M. on Saturdays.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A CONFEDERATE STORY.

The Letter that Caused a Desertion.

At a recent political gathering in Tuscumbia, Ala., Gen. Cullen A. Battle related the following touching story in the course of his speech:

During the winter of 1863 64 it was my fortune to be President of one of the courts-martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the session of the court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths, I at length arrived at the court-ground at Round Oak church. Day after day it had been our duty to try the soldiers of that army, charged with violations of military law; but never had I on any previous occasion been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of "The Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper" was called—charge, desertion. A low murmur rose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators, as a young artileryman rose from the prisoners' bench, and, in response to the question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" answered, "Not guilty."

The Judge Advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed and inquired of the accused, "Who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel." Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the Judge Advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him, "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?" He replied, "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court." I said: "Perhaps you are mistaken; you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions." For the first time his manly form trembled, and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the President of the court he presented a letter, saying as he did so, "There, General, is what did it." I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles wept like little children. Soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession, I read the letter as the defense of the prisoner. It was in these words:

"MY DEAR EDWARD: I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. I called and said: 'What's the matter, Eddie?' and he said: 'Oh, mamma, I'm so hungry!' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die.

"YOUR MARY."

Turning to the prisoner, I asked: "What did you do when you received this letter?" He replied: "I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected; again I made application and it was rejected; a third time I made application, and it was rejected, and that night, as I wandered backward and forward in the camp, thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me, her angel arms embraced me; and she whispered, 'O! Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and catching her breath at every word, she said, 'Have you come without your furlough? O! Edward, go back! go back! Let me and my children go down together to the grave, but O, for heaven's sake, save the honor of our name!' And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beatific vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband's and a father's wrongs; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty, though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict—guilty. Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written:

HEADQUARTERS, A. N. V.

The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned and will report to his company.

R. E. LEE, General.

During the second battle of Cold Harbor, when shot and shell were falling "like torrents from the mountain cloud," my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy. When I reached the battery every gun but one had been dismantled, and by it stood a solitary soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me he elevated his voice above the roar of battle and said, "General, I have one shell left. Tell me have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?" I raised my hat. Once more a shell went crashing through the ranks of the enemy, and the hero sank by his gun to rise no more.

An Incident of a Massacre.

A magazine writer in a sketch of the United States a hundred years ago tells the following incident: Brandt and his band of savages penetrated into Orange county, New York, and the massacre of Minisink alarmed the Huguenot farmers in the rich valleys of the Shawangunk and the Dutch in the hill country around Goshen. As the savages pressed on into Orange county they came to a school-house which was yet filled with its children. They took the schoolmaster into the wood and killed him. They clove the skulls of several of the boys with their tomahawks; but the little girls, who stood looking on horror-struck and waiting for an instant death, were spared. A tall savage—it was Brandt—dashed a mark of black paint upon their aprons, and when the other savages saw it they left them unharmed. Swift as an inspiration the little girls resolved to save their brothers. They flung over them their aprons, and when the next Indians passed by they were spared for the mark they bore. The schoolmaster's wife hid in a ditch and escaped.

What He Wanted.

A St. Paul merchant stepped out of his place of business the other day into the warehouse to get a customer a piece of pork. When he dodged back into the store with his meat, he discovered the customer occupying an unusually awkward relation to his money-drawer, and yelled out, "I say, what are you doing around there?" The cuss kind of dug out from behind that counter, and as he assumed the proper location for a customer to occupy in another man's store—on the south side of the counter—he stammered out, "Oh, I was just—ahem!—I went around there to—ahem!—was just—I thought—I was just looking around there to—ahem!—I thought maybe little Charlie Ross was in under the counter, like!"

A REGULAR VENDETTA.

Two Families in a Quarrel for Years---Blood Shed at Every Meeting---A Strange History.

It began a score of years ago, in one of the cotton States. Taylor during a quarrel killed a man named Sutton. A pistol-shot avenged a fancied insult, and the murderer was left unpunished. The machinery of law was rude in the rough section where the brawl had occurred, and the surviving male representatives of neither the Sutton nor the Taylor families seemed to think it incumbent upon them to give the slayer up to the courts. A year or two after the murder, the Taylor family immigrated to Texas, evidently to avoid danger of future collision with the family of the murdered man. Soon afterward, the Suttons also went to Texas, and, as fate would have it, settled in an adjacent county, but each family lived in ignorance of the other's whereabouts until the close of the late war.

More than a decade had passed since the original "difficulty" between Taylor and Sutton, and one might imagine that the animosity of the injured family would have been somewhat appeased by the flight of time. But a little circumstance, which once more brought the families into collision, resulted in a vendetta which has few parallels in any country, and certainly none in the United States. A young Taylor, finding his desire for adventure stronger than his prudence, made across the county line one day, and stole a horse. The theft was discovered, and he was pursued, and fell by the rifle of a Sutton. This aroused all the angry memories of the past, and in a short time neither Taylors nor Suttons dared to leave their houses without being armed to the teeth. Open war was declared, and the citizens of the two counties in which the hostile families resided gradually took sides.

It is said that as many as twelve hundred persons were at one time so much interested in the vendetta, and so committed to one or the other side of the quarrel, that had there been a general fight, they would, without hesitation, have joined in it. If they met on country roads, or at taverns, or in the market places, the implacable feud was carried on with a more intense bitterness than that of the Montagues and Capulets; a corpse was the result of every meeting; ambushing was common; a dead Taylor lying in front of a clump of bushes, with his brains blown out, marked the vengeance of the Suttons, and a lynched Sutton, taken suddenly from his horse and hung to a tree, testified to the sleepless hate of the Taylors. At last so many people became embroiled in these occasional murders, which are said to have numbered fifty, that the condition of affairs in the two counties became intolerable. Business and agriculture were almost entirely suspended; the courts were blocked with the suits and counter-suits of the two principals in the vendetta, and both sides desperately determined to bring matters to a climax. So they took the field in warlike array.

At this juncture, it was discovered that the Suttons were more numerous than the Taylors, and that they also had a larger number of adherents. After some guerrilla warfare, the Taylors were surrounded, and, rather than become the victims of a wholesale massacre, they consented to adjourn to the county seat of the county in which they then were, and there enter into a solemn compact to cease the vendetta, and "call it square." The compact was made; the two counties were wild with excitement; travel was once more unobstructed, and some confident persons laid aside their arms.

But one month later, as a veteran Sutton was seated with a companion on the deck of a steamer at Indianola, about to start for Galveston, a young Taylor shot them both dead. He was subsequently arrested at Galveston, and when, two months ago, he was sent to Indianola for trial, he was accompanied by two militia companies, who had been ordered to protect the majesty of the law against any further pursuance of the most remarkable vendetta of modern times. The murderer now lies in prison awaiting his sentence, and, meantime, the Taylors and Suttons are once more vigorously at war.

The Long Ago.

Not long ago, while some repairs were being made in the basement of the United States Assay Office, corner of Nassau and Wall streets, New York, a vault near the corner-stone was broken open, and some matters of historic interest were revealed. A stone slab was found, with an inscription showing that the edifice was erected in 1823. Also a large glass bottle filled with various curious documents was discovered, a quart bottle of Jamaica rum, and a peck of hickory-nuts, which crumbled to dust on being poured out from the measure in which they had so long reposed. In the bottle, among sundry papers, was found Longworth's "American Almanac" for 1821, which contains much interesting reading matter. A few brief passages are devoted to "Travelers" and some brief extracts will indicate the changes fifty years have wrought:

"Mail coach for Boston, through in thirty-eight hours, via New Haven and Hartford—Starts from Nos. 1 and 5 Courtlandt street every morning at half-past 8 o'clock. Fare to New Haven, $5.

"To Washington—United States mail coach from No. 1 Courtlandt street every day at 12 o'clock; fare, $24.

"To Philadelphia—United States mail stage from No. 1 Courtlandt street, every day at 12 o'clock; arrives at Philadelphia next morning at 5 o'clock; fare, $10.50."

The "rates of postage" on single letters are thus stated in the same almanac:

"On Single Letters—For any distance not exceeding 30 miles, 6 cents; over 30 and not over 80 miles, 10 cents; over 80 and not over 150 miles, 12½ cents; over 150 and not over 400 miles, 18¾ cents; over 400, 25 cents."

A Heroine of the Commune.

The following was related to me recently of a noble woman whose name should live in history. She, together with her lover, a young surgeon, had taken care of the wounded Communists during the days and nights of their fierce fighting with the Versailles troops. Upon the entry of the latter into the city, when excitement was at its height, and when every one suspected of complicity with the Commune was shot without a question being asked, the surgeon was arrested and brought before the drum-head tribunal, in the Place du Chatelet. His life trembled for the moment in the balance, but was finally saved by the intercession of one of the judges present, who was an intimate friend of the accused. As the latter was being led from the room he met the woman whom he loved, who had helped him in the care of the wounded, and who was now accused of the same crime as he himself had been. "Good God, Marie!" are you here, too?" The woman took in the whole scene at a glance, saw the danger into which she would plunge her lover should she recognize him, and drew herself up coldly, saying, "You are mistaken, sir."—*New York Evening Post.*

Out of Egypt.

A story of the doings of the colored people of Augusta, Ga., is narrated in a newspaper of that city. In one of the churches there a new ceremony, called "Marching out of Egypt," has been introduced. About 9 o'clock P. M., solemnly chanting, the worshipers pace round and round; and those who endure until daylight are regarded as the predestinate favorites of God, with their future felicity assured. Those who break down are held to be in a parlous condition, such weakness of the flesh indicating a corresponding weakness of the spirit, Housekeepers occasionally experience great inconvenience from this muscular manifestation, especially when the cook is too much exhausted by the nocturnal agitations to prepare an early breakfast.

THE CENTENNIAL.

Prospects of the Forthcoming International Exhibition--List of Countries to be Represented--The Buildings in Process of Construction.

In conversation with ex-Gov. Bigler, a reporter learned that a vigorous effort was now being made to insure the success of the centennial exhibition. The only contest, said the ex-Governor, had been about the ceremonies that were to be observed, and about the way to raise the means to get at the proper preparations. Congress had commended the celebration to the people, and said that all the people should take part. It had, even at its last session, while declining to furnish capital, still adhered to the policy that the people must do this great thing, for it had provided for the admission and exhibition of goods free of duties, had granted additional financial facilities and invited all foreign nations to participate, and under these circumstances those who had accepted the trust granted by Congress determined to go on with the work. Without caring to inquire what might be the future inclination of Congress, said ex-Gov. Bigler, the Board of Finance deemed it proper to go before the country with a somewhat modified financial programme to raise the necessary capital for the work. The Board having discovered that a large class of people, who did not feel able to contribute the amount of a share of stock ($10), were anxious to have some identity with the work and contribute what they could, had, in order to gratify this desire, determined upon adopting a system of memorial medals under which members of the poorer class could contribute what they might see proper, from $1 upward, and be furnished with an imperishable evidence to go down to coming generations that they had some part or parcel in commemorating the first Centennial of American Independence. This, with the stock to the Centennial Board of Finance, was the financial scheme which was now being presented to the country, and the Board thought it a good one. Having secured, under the original plan laid down by Congress and by appropriations from the State of Pennsylvania and city of Philadelphia, a capital exceeding $4,000,000, the practical work for the great ceremonies had been commenced, the principal buildings had been placed under contract, and were now in process of rapid construction, and the Board were happy to state that they would all be completed in ample time. The smaller buildings were to be placed under contract in three or four weeks. The total floor space to be covered by the buildings would exceed forty acres. The art building, which is to cost $1,500,000 was to be the finest specimen of architecture in the country. More than half of the space of the buildings had already been applied for. Ex Gov. Bigler further stated that he had every assurance that all sections of the United States would be amply represented at the exhibition, and said if anything were wanting to show that it would be a great success, it was to be furnished in the fact that Germany, Belgium, France, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Spain, China, Japan, Egypt, Switzerland, Mexico, Brazil, Chili, the Argentine Confederation, Ecuador, Peru, Venezuela, the Sandwich Islands, Colombia and Hayti had accepted the invitation to attend, and it was known that England, Italy, Persia, Canada and Australia had adopted steps to take part in the exhibition. He hoped the public would look upon it as an international affair, and not alone eminently national. He expressed a strong hope that New York would take, in future, a more active interest in the exhibition, and that its citizens would subscribe something to aid in insuring its success.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Humility is the sweetest and fairest flower that groweth in the human mind.

Criticism is not religion, and by no process can it be substituted for it.

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

Prudent men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their hearts, as to their gardens.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take their own home again, rather than take a portion out of the common stock.

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning, an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarified to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief, in which the panting breast expires vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—*Jean Paul.*

The order which is everywhere discernible in nature—the order of number, form, color and time—Tyndall's philosophy does not account for, and until such conditions are accounted for the doctrine of evolution must needs be weak and unsatisfactory.

The Suicidal Mania.

Suicides in France are remarkable for showing concerted action between two persons to terminate their lives. Lately cases of this kind have been exceptionally numerous. At Boulogne a youth of eighteen fell desperately in love with his employer's daughter, who to some extent returned his passion. The report that her parents contemplated her marriage with some other young man drove her lover wild. He disappeared, and presently she, too, was missed. Three days later their remains were found on the sands, in a desolate and lonely spot. A revolver lay near by. Again, about the same date a man aged forty, accompanied by a woman of twenty-three, took lodgings in Paris. They represented themselves as following trades, but their manners, appearance and conversation convinced the landlord that they were of a superior class. Their habits were exact and very economical. Failing to appear one day, their room was burst open. They were both dead—suffocated. A paper was found stating that they cared no longer to live. Their resources were evidently exhausted. They bequeathed their clothes and a ring to pay the landlord's expenses, and the letter concluded with a touchingly expressed request that the woman's rosary and cross might be buried with her. A vast number of the suicides in France seem to spring from the agonizing apprehension felt by persons who have been in comfortable circumstances of becoming moneyless. In no country, it is said, are poor relations made more acutely to feel that they are undesirable, than in France.

A Miser.

He may be called a miser. He lives near Buffalo, and is rich. Lately he was drawn on a jury in that city, and this is how he turned the event, usually considered a misfortune, to actual profit. The pay was a dollar and a half a day for four weeks, aggregating thirty-six dollars. He found lodgings at fifteen cents a night with a poor and dirty family, the total bill being four dollars and twenty cents. He bought a tin pail for twenty cents more, and there his expenditure ended. How did he eat? Every morning he went to a free soup house, established for the feeding of newsboys and bootblacks, and had his tin pail filled. Clear profit for the month, thirty-one dollars and sixty cents. He is a self-made man.

A Salt Lake City journal relates that a citizen of that place, while digging his turnips, had his attention directed to one monstrous turnip by reason of a slight motion, observable while the turnip was lying on the ground. On cutting it open a good-sized frog tumbled out and hopped off.

A BIT OF MORMON HISTORY.

The Secret of the Terrible Mountain Meadow Massacre.

A writer in a newspaper article calls to mind that the killing of Elder Parley P. Pratt, the second elder in the Mormon church at that time (in 1856 I believe it was), near Van Buren, by Mr. H. H. McLean, of San Francisco, was the cause of the Mountain Meadow massacre. Mr. McLean, agent for the steamship company of San Francisco, had his wife stolen from him by this man, and made his seventh wife. Mr. McLean sent his two children, after this happened, to his father-in-law in New Orleans. They were a boy and a girl, and as interesting as children could be. Some time after they arrived at New Orleans the mother left Salt Lake and went and got them and started to Utah with them. The almost broken-hearted father left his business to look after his children. On arriving at New York he heard of Pratt, and tracked him to St. Louis. Then he lost all sight of him and went to New Orleans. Arriving there he heard of his wife and children in Texas with a caravan going to Utah. He went to Texas, and there he intercepted letters written in cipher to Mrs. P. P. Parker, the assumed name of his wife. Having become able to decipher the letters, he learned from them they were from Pratt, and he desired the caravan to come to the neighborhood of Fort Gibson. Mr. McLean returned to New Orleans, broken down in spirit, and knew not what to do. He resolved to go to Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee nation. He did so, and under the name of Johnson (his secret being known to the officers of the fort) he captured his wife and children, and Pratt, also. They were arrested by the United States marshal, and taken to Van Buren, before United States commissioner John B. Ogden, for trial. The charges for stealing his wife's clothing could not be sustained, and there being no crime known to the laws of the United States under which he could be held, he was released. Never shall I forget the trial, the great excitement and popular desire for vengeance on Pratt. When Mr. McLean appeared in court and read the papers in cipher, written by the old serpent, and stated the history of his so happy family being broken up, the people desired to lynch Pratt, and he was put in jail to prevent it being done. McLean, himself, became so highly offended and so deeply excited that at one time he commenced drawing his pistol to kill him in the court room. Pratt was secretly discharged early the next morning, but the watchfulness of McLean found it out, and he followed him and killed him, and returned to town and gave notice of the fact. He then got some assistance of his friends, and took his children to New Orleans or San Francisco, and his wife, who had been a highly intellectual woman, was, I think, taken to an insane asylum. Of Mr. McLean it may be said that he was a gentleman of fine education, great business habits, a kind, generous, true and trusty friend, overflowing with human kindness—indeed, there are very few like him. His act was approved and justified by all this people. Many a time has the melancholy reflection come over me that the murder of 120 persons by the Mormons was for the just death of this impostor and scoundrel.

Diastase as a Digestive Agent.

The substance here named, says Dr. Collens C. Hunt, which is believed to be new as a remedial agent, was first employed by William Elmer, M. D., of New York, who has given it a fair trial for a year or two, with most gratifying results. It not only aids in the digestion of starchy food, but seems to impart vigor to the digestive functions generally, and through this action supplies energy to the brain and nervous system. For some of the worst forms of indigestion, the use of diastase has had the effect, in particular, of producing the most tranquil and refreshing sleep, and that where, previously, satisfactory sleep had been almost unknown. This result is attributed to the digestive power of diastase more than to any other property it possesses. Diastase may be given in the form of a syrup or in lozenges. The dose is from one to two grains directly after each meal. The syrup should be used with glucose rather than with cane sugar; but any syrup has the great objection that it is required to be kept cold, or the diastase is liable to turn sour.

He Saved Her.

A very remarkable case, showing the influence of mind over matter, was illustrated at Mingaut Valley, N. Y. A peddler entered the dwelling of a citizen, and endeavored to sell some of his wares to the lady of the house. In the course of the conversation she remarked that her husband, who was in the next room, was a cripple and had not been able to move from his bed in many years. On learning this the peddler made a dastardly assault upon the lady, who struggled with him bravely, but was about to be overpowered when, by a superhuman effort the husband leaped from the bed, seized a crutch, and felled the scoundrel to the ground. Reaction immediately set in, however, and, having saved his wife's honor, he fell to the floor, dead. The peddler escaped, and great excitement prevails in the neighborhood.

Stealing.

It is very singular how often people claiming to be respectable take soap and towels by mistake from hotel bedrooms when they depart. In some of the large hotels this thoughtlessness on the part of guests has gotten to be a great annoyance and something of an expense to the proprietor. We fear that it will come to this—that soap will have to be charged and towels nailed to the washstands, and on the back of the door an appendix to the usual notice will request guests not to carry off the bedsteads by mistake!

HIS REVENGE.—His number in the Paris list of drivers was 13,022. He had seen better days, but now he drove a cab. He was sent, with others, to carry a wedding party from the church to a wedding breakfast. In his cab were placed the bridegroom and the bride. He recognized in the bridegroom a man who had once had him put in prison for debt. Once fairly on the way, he whipped up and drove away from the other cabs and landed the bride and bridegroom, badly damaged, after an hour's hard drive in a desolate rural district on the wrong road. They got home at midnight. It was an epic vengeance.

A MOTHER'S COURAGE.—A little girl, while playing on a railroad track at Hollidaysburg, Pa., got her foot so wedged in a frog that she was held fast. Her mother saw the predicament and heard an approaching train. She ran to the rescue of her child, but could not extricate the foot. The train came on, and although the engineer applied the brakes, it was clear that it could not be stopped quick enough. The mother, finding that the girl could not be less than maimed, held her as far off the track as she could while the cars went by. A foot was crushed, but a life was saved.

Exports of Musical Instruments.

Official records of Custom House returns at Washington show that the total value of musical instruments exported from the United States during the year ending June 30, 1874, was $550,327. Of this, $258,176 were for pianos and $292,151 for parlor or reed organs. Of this latter amount $163,169, or more than *one-half of the whole*, were of the cabinet organs made by the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., which bid fair to become as famous in Europe as they have long been in America. This company certainly have reason to be proud of the fact that the European demand for their organs is larger than that for all others combined.—*Boston Traveller.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The brig Lophema, from Liverpool, picked up from a raft five persons belonging to the steamship Mary, which foundered while on a voyage from Glasgow to Trinidad. It is probable that with the exception of the five persons above mentioned and the two landed at Falmouth by the steamship Horseguards, all those who were on the Mary, including the captain, are lost..... The *Times of India* announces that Col. Mowbray Thompson, the defender of Cawnpore, fails to identify the person who claimed to be Nana Sahib, though he says there is certainly a likeness. The prisoner declares he was drunk when he falsely confessed that he was Nana Sahib. He says that he was arrested by mistake in 1864, and subsequently released, and claims that he has relatives who will recognize him..... Chicago elevators contain 1,539,359 bushels of wheat, 1,025,552 bushels of corn, 366,371 bushels of oats, 48,990 bushels of rye and 121,214 bushels of barley—a grand total of 3,101,486 against 3,970,405 bushels at this time last year..... Mr. E. Colbert, of the Chicago *Tribune*, an astronomer of some repute, denies the statement that an unusual group of sun spots are at present visible. He declares as a result of his own observations with a glass of moderate power that none are visible.....The Utica (N. Y.) *Herald's* summary of the cheese business shows that 350 factories have made 439,990 boxes of cheese this year against 416,083 boxes last year, a gain of four per cent.... It is computed that there are over 13,000 polygamists in Utah.

A poor woman in New York declared on her death bed that she was kicked to death by her drunken husband.....Almost every steamer from Europe brings Mormon immigrants for Salt Lake.....Gov. Dix, of New York, has commuted the sentence of Mrs. Johnson, who was to be hanged at Mayville. She will go to Sing Sing.....Reports of distress in Nebraska and Kansas are received daily in Chicago, and the demands for help are constantly becoming more urgent. The unfortunate settlers are thus early in the season actually suffering for the lack of food, and the prospect for the winter is dismal beyond measure. It is stated that the extent of the grasshopper devastation has not been fully appreciated, and that additional territory is constantly being added to that where want is known to exist.....One man was killed and several injured by the caving in of a bank at Springfield, Mass..... Judge Snell, in Washington, sentenced to six months' imprisonment in jail, a man who set a bull-dog upon a small girl. The dog nearly tore off one ear of the girl, and shockingly lacerated the back part of her head, and stripped her of her clothing.

While Major E. A. Burke was attempting to administer a whipping to Gov. Kellogg in New Orleans, Kellogg drew his revolver and fired at his assailant, who returned the fire three or four times without effect.....The President of the United States has issued a proclamation appointing the 26th day of November as a day of public thanksgiving.....Oliver Gallien was hanged at Hartford, N. B., for the murder of Xavier Paulin.....Four squares of buildings were destroyed by fire at Greencastle, Ind. Loss, $358,000.....A fire at Plymouth, Pa., destroyed property valued at nearly $100,000. .....One hundred and thirty-six degrees of Doctor of Divinity have been conferred by colleges in the United States this year.....An insane man in East Long Meadow, Mass., named George Hall, burned his own barn, along with fifteen tons of hay belonging to a Mr. Campbell, who carried on the place. Hall says: "I set it on fire, but it made a bigger blaze than I supposed it would.".....Advices from Venezuela report that the provinces of Cora and Barcelona have risen in revolution against President Guzman Blanco. The insurgents are under the lead of Senors Polivia, Ibira, and Pulido.....Major Schofield captured 69 Noconee warriors and 2,000 ponies on Elk Creek.

Kullman, the would-be murderer of Prince Bismarck in Germany, has been sentenced to imprisonment for fourteen years, and ten years' suspension of his civil rights.....The cotton crop of the Presidency of Bombay promises the largest yield ever recorded..... The insurrection of Khokand has been suppressed.....Lieutenant-General Sheridan reports that there is every indication of the close of the Indian war before winter sets in. The Indians are fleeing from the troops, and many are surrendering unconditionally.....The Congress of the Argentine Confederation has passed a resolution declaring the public in a state of siege, and voted the money necessary to crush the insurrection, which seems to be growing very serious.....A fire broke out in the Belcher mine, Nevada, 850 feet below the surface, and the flames resembled that of a volcano.....Forest fires have been raging to a frightful extent in Ohio.....A foreman in a New York storehouse was brutally murdered by two men whom he had discharged by order of his employer.

The Quebec Legislature has been summoned to meet on December 3.....President Grant has written a congratulatory letter to the Emperor of Russia, on the marriage of the Grand Duke, in which he says: "Feeling a lively interest in all that concerns your Majesty's august family, I participate in the satisfaction afforded by this happy event, and offer to your Majesty my sincere congratulations upon the occasion, with the assurance that the newly-married Grand Duke and Princess have my best wishes for their prosperity and happiness, and so I commend your Majesty and your Majesty's royal family to the Almighty.....Sixty buildings were burned at Selinsgrove, Pa., causing a loss of $125,000. .....Pennsylvania has 125 blast furnaces, 160 rolling mills, 15 rail mills, 18 steel works, and 31 bloomeries. The iron works in all the other States are not so numerous by one-half as the Keystone State alone. In these iron works there are not half the number of men at work now that were employed six months ago.....The late typhoon was very severely felt in Shirakawa Ken, Japan. Ten thousand houses were destroyed, and more than 1,000 persons perished, some being drowned and others crushed. Thirteen places lately reclaimed from the sea were washed away..... Japan and China are still trying to avoid war, but are still urged on to it by foreign influence.....Four thousand women in Utah voted in favor of sustaining polygamy..... Gold still keeps in the neighborhood of 10½ per cent. premium in the United States monied centers.....Fifteen hundred persons are sick with typhoid fever in a Lancashire, England, country town.....Serious disasters have taken place to many grain-laden vessels on the lakes.....The United States War Department is reducing the *personnel* of the army to 25,000 men, there being about 27,000 in service. The reduction will leave one officer to every eleven men.....The first iron ever manufactured in Utah was lately shipped East. .....Four wild steers in Baltimore created considerable consternation and much painful injury to several persons; one woman who was injured died.....On the Champs Elysees an Englishman riding a beautiful horse threw his hat into a landau in which were two ladies; greatly surprised, they looked at him closely, saw his head fall, and screamed. Policeman came—and the Englishman was dead in the saddle with apoplexy.

The new Army bill introduced by the French government provides for raising a total force of 930,000 men.....After nearly a year's burning the Empire Coal Mine, near West Pittston, Pa., has been extinguished, steam being used for the purpose.....Sentence has been pronounced on the three military men accused of having murdered President Balti in prison in July, 1872. Their names are Najar, Patino and Espinozo. The first two are to draw lots which shall be executed. The third is to have fifteen years' penal servitude.....The Secretary of the United States Centennial Commissioners received a communication stating that the King of Sweden and Norway had appointed a committee to prepare for participation in the Centennial exposition.....The lost Atlantic cable has been picked up and the whole cable is being laid.....Large and destructive fires have been raging in the Dismal Swamp.....James Luke, a charcoal seller, quarreled with Mrs. Sarah Cronk and toward midnight attempted to force the door of her dwelling at Wanaque, N. J. Mrs. Cronk and her husband warned him away. He forced the door and the woman shot him dead. When arrested she said that she was enraged by his language and killed him as he entered the door.....Buffalo Bill, who has been to the Black Hills region, says the land there is rich with gold.....A. R. Bogardus, the champion wing shot of America, has challenged Ira Paine to shoot, under the following conditions: Stake, $2,500 a side; every bird killed within five feet of the trap to be scored as lost..... A large lot of Chinamen have been brought to the United States to make cigars.....James Lick and his wife were attacked on the street by George Rapp and his wife. Mrs. Lick was murdered on the spot. Mrs. Rapp and her husband then attacked Mr. Lick, the former being armed with a knife and the latter with a tinner's soldering iron, and after knocking him prostrate they placed him face downward in a small creek, and Rapp stood on him to hold his face in the water until he was strangled. They were frightened off by approaching footsteps, and Lick was picked up insensible, and died shortly after.....The Italians who went to work in some of the Pennsylvania coal mines now demand higher wages than have been paid them.

ROBBING THE DEAD.—An old soldier in Sicily gave his wife a silk dress. His wife died and was buried in the dress. Some weeks after the old soldier saw this dress on a woman in the country, and, making inquiry, was told she had purchased it from the men who had the custody of the village cemetery. He reported the case to the police, who investigated and made the discovery that a regular trade was carried on in effects taken from dead bodies. There was even a trade in hair.

Arthur Help says: "Silence is the great fellow-workman. Talking prevents doing."

EVERY READER of this paper can receive, *free*, a copy of the best *Agricultural* and *Family* newspaper in this country by addressing *Moore's Rural New-Yorker*, 78 Duane street, N. Y.—*Com.*

Can It be True?

Within the last few months a considerable number of persons have called upon Dr. Walker, the proprietor of the popular medicine known as Vinegar Bitters, and assured him that, in their belief, his preparation is an infallible antidote for rum and tobacco. The minute details which have been furnished him forbid him to doubt the accuracy of the statements. This new claim of a great remedy to the confidence of the