FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Recipes.

CUP CAKE.—Four eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one of butter, one-half cupful of sweet milk, three of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of yeast powder.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One cupful of butter, three of sugar, five eggs, the whites beaten to a stiff froth; four and one-half cupfuls of flour, one cocoanut grated, a piece reserved for the frosting; one and one-half teaspoonfuls of yeast powder; flavor to suit the taste.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—Two cupfuls of powdered sugar, one cupful of butter, the whites of six eggs, three-fourths of a cupful of sweet milk, three-fourths of a cupful of corn starch, two cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed in the flour; flavor to suit the taste.

PICCOLMINI CAKE.—Stir to cream one cupful of butter, three cupfuls of sugar, and the whites of five eggs; then stir gradually into the mixture the yolks of five eggs, four cupfuls of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, and one cupful of milk. Flavor to the taste.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Cut ripe tomatoes in thin slices, and put them in a tin vessel, with salt between each layer; boil moderately half an hour; strain through a hair sieve, and to every gallon of the liquor add three roots of horseradish, an onion sliced, with cloves, grated nutmeg, an ounce of black pepper, a red pepper pod, and an ounce of allspice; boil well, and add a pint of vinegar to the gallon; it is then ready for bottling.

LEOPARD CAKE.—For the dark part take one cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of brown sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, yolks of seven eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of black pepper, five cupfuls of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of yeast powder; for the light part, two cupfuls of white sugar, one cupful of butter; two-thirds of a cupful of milk, whites of seven eggs, three cupfuls of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of yeast powder.

Weights and Measures.

To measure corn in the crib, two cubic feet of sound, dry corn in the ear will make a bushel of shelled corn.

To find the quantity of shelled corn in a crib, measure the length, breadth, and height of the crib, inside the rail; multiply them together, and divide by two; the result is the number of bushels of shelled corn in the crib.

To find the number of bushels of apples or potatoes in a bin, multiply the length breadth and thickness together, and this product by eight, pointing off one figure in the product for decimal.

To estimate the amount of hay in a mow—Five hundred cubic feet of ordinary clover and timothy hay, packed under ordinary circumstances, and settled three or four months, will make a ton.

Clear clover is much lighter, and requires nearly seven hundred cubic feet. Red top is lighter still; and timothy cut ripe is heavier than when in blossom. Of course much depends upon the quality and packing of the hay. The government standard requires a cube of seven and one-half feet for a ton; this gives about 400 cubic feet.

To find the number of pounds of hay in a stack, multiplying the area of the base by one-third the perpendicular height, gives the cubic feet. This rule applies to a perfect cone, tapering gradually to a point; for irregular figures, no rule can be given.

To find the contents of a barrel, add double the square of the bung diameter to the square of the head diameter, and multiply by the diameter of the head of the cask. Divide this by 1,077 for ale gallons of 282 cubic inches; or by 882 for wine gallons of 231 cubic inches.

Medical Notes.

HOW TO GAIN FLESH.—Drink a goblet of good rich milk every night before retiring. This will cover the scrawniest of bones.

LOZENGES FOR BAD BREATH.—Gum catechu, one ounce; white sugar, two ounces; orris powder, half an ounce. Mix them into a paste with mucilage, and add a drop of neroli. One or two may be sucked at pleasure.

PIMPLES.—Take a teaspoonful of oat meal and cook in three tablespoonfuls of water half an hour, then strain through a thin cloth, and apply with a soft sponge three times a day for two or three months. This should be washed off as soon as thoroughly dry. It will cure pimples on the face, unless caused by a diseased stomach.

TO WHITEN TEETH.—For whitening the teeth there is nothing superior to wood charcoal very finely powdered. Take a few shavings of castile soap, and dissolve in spirits with the aid of heat. Use this solution to make with the charcoal a very stiff paste, adding a little syrup or honey to sweeten it, and scent to suit.

SORE THROAT, HEADACHE, COLD FEET, ETC.—If those who are subject to sore throats and the like, were to bathe the neck with cold water in the morning and use the flesh brush at night, it would more than compensate them for the time and trouble. There are many who suffer from headache and cold feet. If they would plunge their feet in cold water every morning and use the flesh brush every night it would relieve them both.

Questions and Answers.

How about ground bone for cows?

Ground bone fed in small quantities, with salt, occasionally, is beneficial to cows. They need a greater amount of phosphate than is afforded in grasses. By timely feeding of bone flour with the weekly feed of salt abortion can be prevented. Bones are also valuable as feed for fowls. The trouble of crushing or powdering them is amply paid for in eggs and juicy meat for the table.

Can hickory trees be successfully transplanted?

Yes, provided it is done with care when they are young. Hickories usually bear fruit in fourteen years from planting.

What is peanut oil used for?

Peanut oil was introduced in the South during the war in absence of olive oil for household purposes. It has become popular both on account of its good qualities and its cheapness. It retains its purity and flavor for a long time, and is less susceptible to the effect of light than olive oil. The oil is extracted by pressure from the nut only; the refuse is given as feed to cows or used as a fertilizer.

Which are considered the best beef and which the best butter breeds?

An experienced cattle breeder of Tennessee thus classifies the different breeds of cattle as to relative merits: The Jersey, the butter breed; the Devon, a beef or fancy breed; the short-horn and Hereford, the beef producing breeds; Ayrshire and Holstein, the milk and cheese producing breeds.

Hollow Horn.

This supposed disease is nothing more or less than hollow stomach, empty stomach, ill-treatment of some kind. The following are among the most frequent causes: Allowing cattle to stand outdoors in frost, snow, mud and rain; and, if housed, allowing them to stand in a dirty, leaky house or shed. Of all the ill-treatment to cattle, the latter is the worst. For illustration: I can take either horse or cow and confine in a narrow place, direct a continual dropping of water on its head and it will be either crazy or dead in forty-eight hours. This being the case, is it any wonder that the poor animal's brains would become inflamed? This contracts the usual amount of blood from the horns, thus making them feel cold and appear empty.

Taking It Back.

A shepherd, writing from Livingston county, N. Y., informed the farmers' club that his course with a ewe that disowned its lamb is shutting them in a dark pen together, always providing a hiding place for the lamb. He has by this means often induced a coarse woolen sheep to own and raise a young lamb, when she has lost her own, after it was several weeks old.

Moth-Eaten.

I had a beautiful garment,
And I laid it by with care;
I folded it close with lavender leaves
In a napkin fine and fair;
"It is far too costly a robe," I said,
"For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on;
It lay by itself under clasp and key
In the perfumed dusk alone,
Its wonderful broidery hidden
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And clad in soberest raiment
I bore them company;
I knew that I owned a beautiful robe,
Though its splendors none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphaned sought my care;
I gave them the tenderest pity,
But had nothing besides to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast-day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself with the luster
Of its shifting colors fine;
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out from the dust I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the searching light of day.
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty
Must seek for the use that seals
To the grace of a constant blessing
The beauty that use reveals,
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

A NIGHT LODGER.

When I was in my twelfth year, papa and mamma made up their minds to take a pleasure trip to the "Far West." This was something unusual; they seldom left home. Well, they went, and my two sisters, two brothers and myself had a gay time "housekeeping."

One day, all except myself and our servant girl were invited to a dinner party. I confess I dreaded to have them go.

"Kate, we will bring you any amount of candy."

"Now, pet, you know you and Sally can stay here just as well as not."

"Don't be a baby, Kitty"—were the words directed to me.

Finally I resignedly bade them "get out of my sight."

Sally and I were good friends; she told me stories and sang songs till I began to think it was quite a fine thing to be left at home.

Tired of staying in the house, I sauntered down the front walk, and amused myself by indulging in a forbidden pleasure—swinging on the gate.

Looking down the road, I spied a man coming along. I flew to the house, and, satisfied that he was coming in, I ran to Sally. Seizing her dress with both hands, I exclaimed:

"Oh, Sally! there is a dreadful looking man coming in."

Sally picked up the poker and walked to the door, while I, imitating her example, snatched a stick of wood. Suddenly Sally cried:

"You little goose, it is Bill McCarty!"

Sure enough, it was Sally's beau. Her mother was very sick, and McCarty was sent to bring Sally home immediately.

Here was a dilemma. Sally didn't want to leave me, and unless she started home then, she might not see her mother alive. It was nearly time for the rest of the folks to come home, so I managed to raise courage enough to say I was willing to remain alone.

In a few minutes Sally was off, and I was left in possession of our great house, which never seemed so large to me before. I tried to read, but it was impossible; all the murder stories I had ever heard came to my mind.

I remembered that none of our doors could be locked. Papa, who had a few strange ideas, declared locks were a nuisance. I felt that I was doomed.

I went out to the yard, and, to my dismay, discovered that the sky was overcast and a storm near at hand. I could see the rain coming; faster and faster it came; it was soon at the house. Oh, how it did rain!

On each side of our yard was a brook, pretty and peaceful in pleasant weather, but a very little rain transformed them both into raging torrents.

As I stood at the window I saw first one bridge, and then the other, swept off. I knew now that I must stay alone all night; it would be impossible for my brothers and sisters to get home.

Travelers, or, as Sally called them, "trampers," often stopped at our house over night, as there was no public house near. To my horror, I now saw one of them coming across the fields. Should I hide? No, that was not to be thought of. Without stopping to knock, the great rough man walked in.

"Can I stay here all night?"

I dared not refuse him, so, as firmly as I could, answered:

"Yes."

He seemed surprised at seeing no one but myself, and questioned me much. I told him my brother was up stairs writing; that we two were alone. That was the first thing that entered my head to tell him. Such a villainous countenance that man had!

His hair was cut close to his head, leaving his huge ears in bold relief. Wicked looking eyes, and a brutal mouth, completed his general expression of ferocity.

Bedtime came, and I directed the man to a room up stairs in the servants' department, not the "up stairs" where I had said my brother was.

Now that there was real danger, I was calm and reasonable. I fastened the door that led up stairs with my embroidery scissors, which happened to be in my pocket, so as to guard against surprise, and hurriedly collecting our silverware, carried it to mamma's room and hid it in the bed. No one would have supposed the bed had been disturbed.

I was elated at my ingenuity.

I then hunted up what jewels the girls possessed, and placing them, with what money I could find, in a box, I tied them in my pocket. After doing this, I stole down stairs and removed my scissors from the door. These scissors were counted among my most valuable treasures. I had had them many years, and had no intention of losing them now.

I expected the man would only wait ill he thought I and my fictitious brother was asleep, and would then search the house for valuables, and finish by killing me.

Only one plan for escape that I originated seemed feasible. I determined to wait till I heard my lodger in the rooms below, and then wrap myself in papa's shawl, and jump out of the window. I was not kept long in suspense; the peculiar squeak of the sitting-room door warned me that it was time to act. Quietly I raised the window, and just as the steps approached the stairs, I jumped to the ground. Fortunately, there was a bed of lilies directly beneath the window, and they softened my fall.

That there was danger of breaking my neck I had not thought. I was determined to escape.

It was as dark as Egypt, the rain was pouring down in torrents, but this was nothing in comparison with the horror within the house.

Half a mile back of our house lived a friend of papa's—Mr. Vincent. I resolved to go there. I ran along, stumbling against fences and falling into ditches, thinking I never knew such a long half mile.

Finally I reached the house, and managed to tell my story. Several young men happened to have been delayed there by the storm, and, headed by Henry Vincent, a young man of some twenty-two years, they prepared to capture my visitor.

I was too excited to remain at Mr. Vincent's. I declared I would go back home. They all tried to persuade me not to do this except Henry Vincent, who said "such a little heroine should do as she pleased." With my hand tightly clasped in Henry's, we started.

When we came within sight of our house, we saw a light flitting from room to room, and a few words of boisterous song floated to us on the breeze. Silently my friends surrounded the house, guarding every avenue of escape. Henry and I (I would not let him leave me for a moment) entered the house. We found the vagabond searching papa's desk.

He had found several hundred dollars that I had not seen, when preparing for flight. He started to run when he saw us, but finding men and revolvers on all sides, he was obliged to surrender.

He was safely bound, and then questioned. It appeared he was a noted thief who had long baffled the police.

He said when he learned the house was occupied only by two individuals he was much elated. He did not intend to proceed to acts of violence, unless my brother and I troubled him too much. When he found the house deserted, he concluded I had not told him the truth—that I was alone. Not finding me, he supposed I had hid, and he would not hunt for me.

Lifting me into his lap, Henry Vincent called me the "bravest little woman he ever knew." All the others praised and flattered me, till I began to think men were greater talkers than women. All that night we staid there, but before morning I was "raving like a madman." Three long weeks I remained unconscious.

When I became sensible, anxious faces were bending over me. Papa, mamma, and all the folks were at my bedside.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

In a moment that dreadful day came to my remembrance.

"Oh, I know," said I, with a shudder.

It was a long, long time before I regained my strength.

Every person petted and praised me. I was the heroine of the neighborhood. Henry Vincent never tired of descanting upon my bravery, and devoted himself to me in a manner that would have been very aggravating to his lady friends had I been a few years older.

My "lodger" was sent to prison to meditate for some years.

The Decay of Burglary.

That the "hard times" have seriously affected that large and enterprising class of our fellow citizens, the burglars, says the New York *Times*, there is abundant evidence. A marked change is plainly perceptible in the manner in which they do their work. Formerly the burglar was usually an artist in his profession, and showed a conscientious thoroughness and nicety in its practice. He effected his entrance into a house in a dexterous and workmanlike manner, leaving no broken glass or smashed panels to accuse him of clumsy incompetence. He knew what articles of value to select, and how to avoid disturbing the inmates of the house by rude and inconsiderate noises. In no circumstances would he be guilty of wanton and ungentlemanly destruction of property. If he found himself insulted with plated spoons, and mocked by oroide jewelry, he never showed his resentment by twisting the former and stamping on the latter. If he thus failed to meet with any adequate reward for his midnight toil, he simply withdrew quietly and inoffensively, and contented himself with pitying the selfish parsimony with which householders, rolling in plated teaspoons, ignored the hard working burglar, and left him to suffer in silence the pangs of disappointed hope.

To this praiseworthy burglar of former days has succeeded the rude pretender to burglary, who cannot undertake the simplest job without showing his incompetence and vulgarity. He breaks into suburban houses by the primitive process of kicking out the cellar windows, and scratches the matches with which he lights his lantern on the spotless parlor walls. His first idea is to rob the refrigerator and make a hearty meal, careless of the annoyance which he thus inflicts upon the thrifty housewife, and of the disgrace which he brings upon his art by subordinating it to sensual gratification. After supper he makes an exploration of the house, soiling the carpets with tobacco juice, and breaking the locks of desks and drawers. If he finds nothing that is worth stealing, he expresses his brutal anger by cutting the pictures, scratching the piano, and breaking the clock. Before he departs he usually manages to fall over enough furniture to awaken the proprietor, and to thus promote that want of harmony in the domestic circle which inevitably occurs when a husband hesitates to accept his wife's advice to go down stairs armed only with his night shirt and capture a burglar. The contrast between this ruffianly housebreaker and the skillful and accomplished burglar is painfully forced upon our attention whenever we read the police reports, and thinking men naturally ask themselves what has been the cause of this sad deterioration which apparently involves the whole profession.

Good Living and Dyspepsia.

Good living is said to cause dyspepsia; but the most healthy people we have ever known have been among those who lived well—who ate freely several times a day of the most nutritious food. By some it is said that tobacco, snuff, tea, coffee, butter, and even bread cause this complaint; but whoever will make inquiries on this subject throughout the community will find that this is seldom true. In fact dyspepsia prevails, according to my experience, altogether the most among the temperate and careful—among those who are careful as regards what they eat and drink, and the labor they put upon the stomach, but exceedingly careless how much labor they put upon that most delicate organ, the brain. Such people often eat nothing but by the advice of the doctor, or some treatise on dyspepsia, or by weight; nor drink anything that is not certainly harmless; they chew every mouthful until they are confident, on mature reflection, that it cannot hurt the stomach. Why, then, are they dyspeptics? Because, with all their carefulness, they pay no attention to the excitement of the brain. They continue to write two or three sermons or essays every week, besides reading a volume or two, with magazines, reviews, newspapers, etc., and attending to much other business calculated to excite the mind. It is not strange that such persons have nervous and stomachic affections. The constant excitement of the brain sends an excess of blood to the head, and therefore other organs are weakened, and morbid sensibility is produced, which renders the stomach liable to derangement from very slight causes.

The Mountain Meadow Massacre.

It has been a disputed question whether Brigham Young was privy to the Mountain Meadow massacre, a horrible butchery by Mormons and Indians, of men, women and children belonging to an immigrant train bound for California in 1857. From the evidence produced by the prosecution at Beaver, Utah, in the trial of John D. Lee, the leader of the murderers, it would seem that Young was not responsible in any way for the atrocious act, but that, on the contrary, when informed of Lee's design, he sent a messenger to the latter with instructions to spare the immigrants and let them go in peace. The messenger rode day and night, but the massacre had taken place forty-eight hours before he reached Mountain Meadow. But this evidence, though it shows that Brigham Young endeavored to prevent the murders, also proves that he knew who the murderers were, and yet he never took any measures whatever to bring them to justice. The proof against Lee seems to be conclusive.

BUTTER.—"Marseilles butter" is a substance produced at a large stearine candle manufactory at Marseilles, from which several tons are sent out every week. It is most artistically prepared, looks very nice, and keeps well; but it will not go down at Marseilles, and another market for it is being sought.

Those who come to you to talk about others are the ones who go to others to talk about you.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Difficulties the Marksmen Must Overcome—Elevation and Wind Allowance—Effects of Atmospheric Resistance on the Projectiles.

Notwithstanding the popular interest in the rifle contest at Creedmoor, very few general readers, says the New York *Herald*, have any correct idea of the *technique* of rifle shooting and the marvelous perfection to which it has been brought. Of course the ordinary observer forms some estimate of the difficulty of hitting the small black speck on the target which is called the bull's eye and is amazed to see the marksmen putting bullet after bullet into it with a precision which approaches the miraculous. He measures the first by reference to the great distance of the marksman from the target and the size of object aimed at, and the other he regards as wonderful because of the skill displayed in the face of the difficulties already named. Beyond this he forms no opinion of the marksmanship and contents himself with applauding the results as deserving of great praise.

Take a man of the steadiest nerve and the keenest eyesight, but possessing no knowledge of the laws governing the flight of projectiles, and put in his hands the most perfect rifle that can be manufactured; then place him before the target at say five hundred yards, and the chances are that in nine shots out of ten he will fail to hit the target at all, not to say the bull's eye. This is because there is a knowledge necessary to good marksmanship, which is entirely independent of mere good aiming and clear vision. He would probably content himself with lying down and steadily directing his rifle at the bull's-eye without any regard to the operation of the forces acting on a ball during its flight, and would expect that it should follow a direct line to the object aimed at.

But in this he would be entirely at fault, and his eye would not be greeted by the marker's disk at the butts, showing that the shot was "on." A puff of dust from the ground a considerable distance in front of the target would inform him that his bullet fell short of its mark. On inquiry as to the cause of his failure he would receive from those who knew all about it the following information:

When a bullet leaves the muzzle of a rifle in its flight toward the target three forces act upon it and influence its movement until it is checked by striking a resisting object. The first is the force of propulsion, imparted in the gun by the energy of the expanding gas, generated by the explosion of the charge. This force receives direction from the barrel of the gun, and if no other force acted on the ball it would travel on an exact line in continuation of that of the axis of the barrel. The second force is that of gravity, which tends to draw the bullet downward toward the earth with a constantly increasing velocity. Consequently, instead of following a straight course coincident with the axis of the barrel it falls continuously from that line during its flight. The third force is that represented by the resistance of the air, which tends to retard the bullet in its progress toward the target and acts in proportion to the square of the velocity of the bullet and to the density of the atmosphere itself. Thus, instead of traversing along the direct or the shortest line to the object, it follows a course which is theoretically parabolic, but actually, and by reason of the atmospheric resistance, a modification of that curve.

In order, therefore, to insure the flight of the bullet over the full distance between the rifle and the target it is necessary to elevate the direction of the barrel, so that the projectile will be raised during its flight a sufficient height over the plane in which are located the point of departure and the object sought to be hit to compensate for the loss by gravitation.

To regulate the angle, a tangent scale is fitted to the breech of the gun, and to this scale is attached the movable rear sight with which, with the vertically immovable muzzle sight, the line of sight or aim is determined. The scale is divided into degrees, minutes and seconds, the latter subdivision being obtained by means of a vernier scale attached for the purpose. The fine division of the tangent scale is necessary in order to regulate the changes in elevation required for variations of range and the resistance of the atmosphere. In the former case, let it be supposed that a marksman hits the bull's-eye at an eight hundred yards range, with a certain elevation of the rear sight on the tangent scale. If he desires to hit it again at 850 yards he must increase the elevation, and decrease it for a distance of 775 yards. Thus the utmost accuracy can only be attained by a fine adjustment of the sights.

The influence of the wind on the flight of a bullet is very great, and, when the wind is variable, is constantly changing. On a perfectly calm day at Creedmoor the line of sight is in the same vertical plane as the line of fire; that is, the marksman adjusts his muzzle sight to correspond exactly in relation to the breech sight with the axis of the rifle barrel. He shoots "dead on," as it is termed, making no allowance for the force of the wind. If, however, a wind is blowing in the same direction as the line of sight that is toward the target, the elevation of the breech sight must be lowered in proportion to the force of the wind, because the moving air current has a tendency to lift the ball, not actually, but relatively, by delaying the fall due to gravity within the period of flight. On the other hand, if the wind blows toward the marksman the elevation must be raised to compensate for the increased resistance created by the wind to the progress of the bullet, which is in addition to the normal resistance of the air at rest.

When the wind blows across the line of fire it causes the bullet to drift in the same direction as the wind blows, and while it may not necessitate an alteration of elevation it compels the rifleman to move the muzzle sight so many points over on the barrel with the wind, so that the line of fire will diverge from the line of sight, and thus compensate for the drift of the bullet.

An oblique wind, with or against the ball, creates a further complication of the sighting. The former compels a reduction of the elevation and an allowance for wind, while the latter necessitates an increase of elevation as well as a wind allowance. The wind is supposed to be blowing across the range from right to left, consequently if the marksman aimed "dead on" the bull's-eye his bullet would strike the target away in the left or possibly might not touch it at all. But he makes the proper allowance for the wind and moves his muzzle sight to the left side of the barrel, and with this arrangement of the sights he aims directly at the bull's eye. Of course it will be at once seen that the barrel is directly on a line toward a point to the right of the bull's-eye and the bullet flies in that direction, but is drifted during its progress toward the left and into the center of the target.

The accuracy of the shooting therefore entirely depends on the good judgment of the rifleman, and the contest at Creedmoor was won by the American team because its members were perfectly familiar with the relative forces governing the flight of the bullets. The match was continued on the second day under strictly different conditions of weather from those of the first; and it was in forming a correct estimate of the character of the changes that our team had the advantage over the other contestants. The marvelous shooting of Johnson at 1,000 yards when compared with the indifferent marksmanship of some of the other riflemen, shows that mere steadiness of nerve and clear vision will not compensate for a deficient acquaintance with the value of the forces in operation on the flying bullet.

THE REASON.—A wealthy Bostonian died recently and left all his property to his wife on condition that she married again within eighteen months. A friend of his who knew of his purpose previous to his death said to him: "I should think you would dislike the idea of another man enjoying your money." "He would not be likely to enjoy it much under the circumstances," was the reply.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The Indian commission have at last prevailed upon the Spotted Tail agency chiefs to sign the new treaty.....The New York Greenback party held a convention at Albany, which was attended by six hundred delegates, and nominated a full State ticket, headed by Richard M. Griffin for governor.....Congressional nominations: New Jersey, second district, Hezekiah Smith, Dem; Pennsylvania, sixth, Washington Townsend, Rep.; New Jersey third, Miles Ross, Dem.....After seven heats in the 2 24 race, at Boston, Cornee won in 2 25, 2.25½ 2.24½..... Rear Admiral Rennock was buried at Norfolk, Va., with naval honors. An immense concourse of friends attended the funeral..... Terrible suffering is reported among the inhabitants of Puerto Principe, Cuba. Four thousand rations are issued to the poor twice a week..... A correspondent of the London *Times* writes that seven hundred Christians were massacred by the Turks in Erzeroum.....The Chinese government has recently made considerable concessions to foreign nations regarding trade, and has opened several new ports..... At the Louisville races Grit won the mile race for beaten horses in 1.46, 1.45, 1.50½. The Galt House stakes, two miles, was won by Harry Hill in 3.41½, 3.42½.....Another hurricane has swept over the West Indies, doing considerable damage at Martinique.

Terence Welsh and Patrick Donohue were instantly killed and two men seriously wounded by the falling of a rock in a tunnel in which they were at work in Baltimore county, Md. ....Congressional nominations: Connecticut, third district, John T. Wait, Rep.; fourth, Dr. Robert Hubbard, Dem.; New Jersey, sixth, Wm. Baxter, Dem.; Kentucky, fourth, J. Proctor Knott, Dem.....Internal Revenue Commissioner Raum has instructed the district attorneys throughout the country to bring suits against all persons who have not paid the whole of their income tax...The Cherokee Indians and other civilized Indians in Indian Territory protest against the proposed settlement of the Sioux Indians on their reservations, and claim that the government will violate its treaty in so doing.....Wm. M. (Boss) Tweed has been taken on board the United States warship Franklin, from Vigo, and is now on his way home. His companion was released by the authorities.....General Braxton Bragg, of the late Confederate army, dropped dead in the street at Galveston, Tex., from heart disease..... Servia rejects the conditions of peace proposed by the great powers, and hostilities have begun again..... A bronze statue of Wm. H. Seward was unveiled in Madison square, New York, Wm. M. Evarts making the oration. It was presented to the city by admirers of Mr. Seward..... On the Louisville racecourse Harper's horse Ten Broeck ran four miles against time in 7.15¾—beating the fastest time on record (Fellowcraft's, at Saratoga, 7.19¾) by three and one-half seconds. The miles were made in 1.52¾, 1.45¼, 1.46¼, 1.50¾.

Congressional nominations: New Jersey, sixth district, Thos. B. Peddie, Rep.; Massachusetts, ninth, George Verry, Dem; Connecticut, second, Stephen W. Kellogg, Rep.; Pennsylvania, twentieth, L. A. Mackey, Dem. .... There were 260,000 people present on the Exhibition grounds on Pennsylvania's day, 257,296 of whom were paying visitors.. A fire in Kingston, Ont., destroyed three dwellings and a storehouse which contained $16,000 worth of raw hides..... Don Carlos is reported to have informed the French authorities that he would not again enter Spain at the expense of another civil war.....In the free-to all race at Fleetwood park, near New York, Goldsmith Maid defeated Judge Fullerton in three straight heats in 2.21¼, 2.21½, 2.24.

The Hudson river steamer Dean Richmond ran down a brick-laden schooner near Barrytown and the vessel immediately sunk with all sails standing. The crew were saved..... Congressional nominations: New York, twenty-first district, T. H. Matterson, Dem.; Maryland, third, Alex. H. Hobbs, Rep.; Massachusetts, eighth, W. W. Warren, Dem..... The post-office authorities at Washington will soon discontinue the practice of returning dead letters to the writers thereof, in consequence of the reduction of help..... The American ship Ellen Dyer, laden with refined petroleum, was burned at sea, the crew escaping in the boats and being subsequently picked up by a passing vessel....The imports into the United States durin August amounted to $35,814,-864 against $44,191,673 for the same month last year. The exports were $43,286,074, against $35,699,437 in 1875..... Rev. A. B. Pfennell, an Episcopal missionary at the Cheyenne agency, was shot dead by some unknown assassin. As he had no enemies it is thought he was mistaken for some one else. .....A small boat containing five young men was capsized on the Delaware river, off Gloucester, and Henry A. Paul and Andrew Dugan were drowned..... The Cuban tobacco crop is poor and small.....The Wilmington (N. C.) *Daily Journal*, the oldest paper in the State, has suspended for want of funds.....The people of Ecuador, South America, in cooperation with the army, have overturned the presidency of Mr. Barrero and placed Gen. Ventimilla in the chair.....A three-story building in Springfield, Mass., fell during business hours from overloading the upper floors, and buried seven men in the ruins, four of whom were killed, namely: George N. Walker, of J. Walker & Co., Sheridan and Kessler, two of the firm's employees, and Erskine Pease, who was buying goods at the time. There were forty tons of tobacco on the upper floor and forty-four tons of flour on the second..... A terrible scene occurred at the hanging of Abraham Wertheimer, at Coschocton, Ohio, the fall not breaking his neck or choking him and necessitating a second springing of the trap, the unfortunate victim meanwhile crying and groaning piteously.

By cutting holes through two walls, burglars gained entrance to Horton's jewelry store, New York, and robbed it of $18,000 worth of treasures—taking everything in the store except the contents of one safe and some plated ware.....Gen. Babcock and Mr. Somerville, on trial in Washington for complicity in the safe burglary, were acquitted.....Mr. O'Connor Power, M. P., of England, has arrived as the bearer of a series of resolutions, passed in Dublin on the fourth of July last, congratulating President Grant upon the centennial of American independence. Sixty thousand people were present at the meeting. The address, which was then adopted by acclamation, is handsomely engrossed on parchment in old English letter with illuminated border and initial letters.....Julius Blank, a blind musician, of New York, shot and killed his wife and three-year-old daughter and then committed suicide..... The American consuls at Porto Rico report that the recent hurricane destroyed a great many residences and other buildings; and that some of the crops were ruined.....Hon. Joseph Warren, editor of the Buffalo *Courier*, and president of the Associated Press, died of congestion of the lungs..... James Lick, the California philanthropist, is dead..... An outward-bound steamer ran down a small schooner in Halifax (N. S.) harbor and two brothers named Smith were drowned. One of them, Obed, pulled as bow oar in the Halifax crew at Philadelphia. .....By the swamping of a ferryboat in Yongal harbor, Ireland, fourteen persons were drowned.

A fierce fight of twelve hours is reported between the Turks and Servians, in which thousands of lives were lost. Which army derived the most advantage is unknown, as both claim a complete victory.....At the Jerome park races, near New York, Rhadamanthus won the three-quarter of a mile purse over six competitors in 1 20¼. Brother to Bassett won the two-mile race in 3.47¾. The mile dash for two-year-olds brought out nine horses; Leonard winning the race by a neck in 1.50¼. The mile and one-quarter handicap drew out eleven contestants, of which Virginius proved the victor in 2.17¼.... During the year ending June 30th, 1876, 169,-986 immigrants arrived in this country—being far below the previous years.....Hon. B. W. Harris was renominated for Congress by the Republicans of the second district of Massachusetts....The sophomore class of Williams College, at Williamsport, Mass., was suspended by the president for rushing the freshmen. .....The square bounded by Josephine, Lorent, White and Jackson streets, New Orleans, has been burned.

The new servant girl, on the first morning after her arrival, ingeniously asks: "And does girls that live out have to make their own beds, mum?"

The Demon of Drink.

The following is an extract from one of the lectures of J. J. Talbott, who died lately at Elkhart, Ind., from the effects of a drunken debauch:

But now the struggle is over, I can survey the field and measure the losses. I had position high and holy. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office and sent me forth churchless and Godless, a very hissing and byword among men. Afterward I had business large and lucrative, and my voice in all large courts was heard pleading for justice, mercy and the right. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had moneys ample for all necessities, but they took wings and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers; the fire went out on the holiest of altars, and leading me through its portals, despair walked forth with her, and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children, beautiful, to me at least, as a dream of the morning, and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart that no matter where it might wander, ever it came back to them on the bright wings of a father's undying love. His destroyer took their hands in his and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember, and to know her was to love. * * * For thirteen years we walked the rugged path of life together, rejoicing in its sunshine and sorrowing in its shade. This infernal monster couldn't spare me even this. I had a mother who for long, long years had not left her chair, a victim of suffering and disease, and her choicest delight was in reflection that the lesson which she had taught at her knee had taken root in the heart of her youngest born, and that he was useful to his fellows and an honor to her who bore him. But the thunderbolt reached even there, and there it did its most cruel work. Other days may cure all but this. Ah! me; never a word of reproach from her lips; only a tender caress; only a shadow of a great and unspoken grief gathering over the dear old face; only a trembling hand laid more lovingly on my head; only a closer clinging to the cross; only a piteous appeal to Heaven if her cup at last were not full. And while her boy raved in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest.

And thus I stand: a clergyman without a cure; a barrister without brief or business; a father without a child; a husband without a wife; a son without a parent; a man with scarcely a friend; a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.

The Way to Serve Relations.

The following plan ought to be adopted another year by country people having city kindred. It is furnished the Kingston *Freeman* as worthy of public consideration: A gentleman living up the railroad, having been pestered by his relations from the city coming to visit him every summer, told his wife last spring that there must be a change in things. If she had to work herself half to death during the hot weather she might as well get paid for it, so he meant to advertise for boarders. The good wife acquiesced, and the result is they have filled their house with boarders at $7 a week, and the host of relatives have to go somewhere else to board. "Why," said the gentleman, "my wife don't have to work half so hard. These boarders are not near so particular about having costly food as our relations, and they actually help around the house just as though it was fun for them. Catch any of our company doing that. Not a bit of it. They are always in the way, wanting continual waiting on, and never did a thing to help my wife—not even in washing dishes. We will make this summer nearly $400, and it will be clear money! for our relations would have eaten just as much as these boarders, besides making more work, without ever contributing a cent.

What they Promised.

A letter from S. E. Denny, of the Canadian mounted police, was received at military headquarters, and is the first official information sent this government of the proposed alliance between the Sioux and Blackfeet for warfare on American whites and on the Crow Indians. Denny was sent to investigate affairs and to diplomatize among the savages, which he appears to have done successfully. He visited the Blackfeet nation and was cordially received, and learned from them that the Sioux had made advances to them for the purpose of getting them to join them in fighting the Crow Indians and also Americans. The Sioux promised a portion of the spoils and also a number of white women whom they had captured.

They promised that after the American whites were exterminated they would go across the border and massacre the Canadian whites. The Blackfeet having refused these propositions the Sioux threatened to come across and punish them. Mr. Denny promised to aid the Blackfeets in case they were attacked under these circumstances, which pleased them so well that they made profuse demonstrations and assertions of eternal friendship for the whites and threw themselves on the kindness and protection of the Canadians, saying they realized that in time they would be deprived of forage and provisions by the encroachments of the whites.

After the Robbers.

Speaking of the Minnesota bank robbers, a local paper says: It may look ridiculous for a thousand men to hunt down six outlaws, one or two of whom are wounded; but the woods afford splendid opportunity for ambuscade. The people of the section where the robbers have been discovered are ignorant, superstitious Bohemians, who could readily be made the obedient tools of the outlaws, who scruple at nothing. Every foot of the ground must be gone over, and there will be shooting done before the robbers are captured. The course of the desperadoes in the main has been due southwest, following the belt of timber which is unbroken from Northfield to the State line, and everywhere dense, they have once doubled on their track, and in the flight of fifty hours or more had not proceeded more than thirty-five miles from Northfield, the place where the robbery was committed, when last seen.

Infusion of Blood.

A poor factory operative had his leg recently amputated in the Manchester (Eng.) infirmary. The loss of blood was so great that his case was given up as hopeless. He was all but dead, when the surgeon stated that nothing but an infusion of blood could save his life. One of the students (a Mr. Irvine) volunteered to be bled, and twenty-five ounces of blood were taken from him at his own most serious risk and transfused into the dying man. The patient is now on a fair way to convalescence.

In the forty years that the Merchant's Gargling Oil has been before the public, thousands of patent medicines have been ushered into the market and retired, while this old remedy has held on its way, increasing in popularity with each succeeding year. Merchant's Gargling Oil is known familiarly the whole length and breadth of the land, and the name of the secretary, Mr. John Hodge, of Lockport, has a fame as wide as the medicine he dispenses. We have no data as to the number of bottles sent out from the manufactory last year, but the quantity must have been enormous. The company distribute two millions of almanacs and domestic recipe books annually, and when it is remembered that these are given away, some idea of the extent of the advertising enterprise may be formed. A medicine that will stand the test of forty years, as the Merchant's Gargling Oil has done, needs no special indorsement at this late day.—*Buffalo Courier.*

At our request Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage,) a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap to try. Send at once.

Chapped hands, face, pimples, ringworm, saltrheum, and other cutaneous affections cured and rough skin made soft and smooth, by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP. Be careful to get only that made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, as there are many imitations made with common tar, all of which are worthless.—*Com.*

HALF HANGED.—About half a century ago an old man was hanged in Scotland for complicity in murder. The rope broke and he fell violently to the ground. His first words, when he rec