FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farmers' Club Notes.

I knew a farmer, not remarkable for his careful management of manures, nor in fact for thrifty farming, and he occupied a farm rather worn by previous bad management. For a few years past it has been noticed that he gets crops of wheat actually larger than his neighbors get, and the improvement attracted notice, so I called on him to ascertain what means were employed, and was informed that the improvement was due to use of plaster on his wheat in the fall, the rate of the application being about two bushels to the acre. He had taken no other steps to improve the yield of wheat, but this practice had been kept up through several years, with results as stated.

On a former occasion I recommended farmers to prepare their own phosphates, but I have seen no reasons for modifying my opinions. It is relatively cheaper to make up a considerable quantity, as I have already shown, and I therefore say it would be better for the farmers of a neighborhood to join. Ground bone may be adulterated very much without betraying by its appearance the wrong. So I say it is better as well as cheaper for farmers to prepare their own phosphates. As to how to apply them, I have only to say there is no better way than to drill the fertilizer in with the seed.

Rye for fodder makes probably the best early feed that can be obtained, but it must be cut before it gets too ripe or stock will not eat it with relish. It can be sown in the summer on rich ground, and will make considerable good feed from an acre. It is said that if it be sown then it will not head in the same season, but I never yet waited long enough to see how it would be. I do not believe that anything can be procured to take the place of corn fodder, taking all things into account. A neighbor of mine has this season grown some German millet, but it did not come up to his expectation, growing very large and coarse stalks with but few leaves. It seems very innutritious, but when it comes to be fed it may prove better than it looks. I have never yet succeeded with Hungarian grass as a soiling crop. It will not produce a quarter as much fodder as corn, nor do cattle or horses like it as well. I have grown eight tons of dry corn fodder per acre, and the total expense did not exceed $12 per acre for labor and seed. If any one has plenty of time to take care of the crop I think the best substitute that can be raised is beets. But they take a large amount of work during the early part of the season, and to be very successful there must be a great deal of hand-hoeing done in a root crop. And then there is much more trouble and risk in keeping them for winter and spring feeding. Yet an acre of beets, on good ground, well taken care of, will produce a great amount of excellent feed for cattle and hogs. I have nearly wintered store hogs on sugar beets, and kept them in good growing condition all the time.

Housekeeper Hints.

CORN BREAD.—My corn bread has been pronounced to be far lighter and nicer than any made by first scalding the meal. Into one cupful flour and three cupfuls Indian meal mix two teaspoonfuls baking powder while dry; then one teaspoonful sugar and half a teacupful of butter melted; mix with milk into a stiff batter, and bake either in small tins or a pan in a quick oven. No eggs.

QUICKLY MADE DUMPLINGS.—A pint of bread crumbs, a teaspoonful of finely chopped suet, two tablespoonfuls sugar, grated lemon peel and a little nutmeg, if liked; mix all together with two eggs, roll into balls with a little flour, and drop into boiling water. Twenty minutes will cook them. While boiling make the following sauce: One cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, one of flour, rubbed smooth with a small piece of butter, a little grated lemon peel. Boil together, and keep stirring about five minutes.

FOR LAMB POTPIE.—Take a breast of lamb, cut it in pieces two inches square, put it on the fire in the saucepan in cold water. As soon as it boils take it off and wash it in plenty of cold water. Put it on the fire again in the saucepan, cover it with water, make a bouquet of parsley, allow it to simmer for an hour and a half, then salt and pepper it to taste, and make a crust of a quart of flour, two ounces of lard, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and two of carbonate of soda; mix it up with either milk or water; roll it out and put it over with the lamb. Let it cook for twenty minutes. And there is your potpie.

TO COOK POTATOES.—Peel and cut in very thin slices a number of potatoes according to the number of persons at the meal. Lay them in water over night. In the morning put them in the collander and drain off all the water. Fifteen minutes before breakfast time put the fryingpan on the fire one-half full of any kind of dripping. A soon as it is smoking hot drop the potatoes in it a few at a time until they are all in. Keep the fryingpan in constant motion. Try them with a fork, and as soon as they are ready take them up into a collander. Season them with salt and serve. The thinner they are sliced the quicker they will cook. Sufficient dripping should be put into the pan to half fill it, so as to evaporate the steam rapidly enough, or they will in a manner boil in it. When only enough fat is used to prevent the potatoes sticking to the pan, cold boiled potatoes must be cut in slices and fried. This is called potato *saute*.

Hints for Washing Day.

Washing day will insist upon making its unwelcome appearance once a week. The linen for Monday's wash should be collected on Saturday night, sorted and put to soak in cold water, according to the various kinds. The body linen should be put into one tub, the bed and table linen into another, and the fine things separately. Plain collars, cuffs and wristbands should be strung through the buttonholes on a piece of bobbin long enough for the articles to be easily divided for rubbing, starching, etc. Colored muslins, prints and flannels must be laid aside to be washed in a different manner from the white calico or linen. Properly boiled suds are far better than soap for washing, particularly if a washing machine be employed. The suds should be prepared in the following manner: Shred into an earthenware jar the best yellow soap cut into very fine shavings, and pour boiling water to the quantity required. One pound of soap is plenty for a gallon of water. Add to this quantity half a pound of the best Scotch soda, and set the jar (covered) on a stove or at the back of the kitchen range till the soap s quite dissolved. If this be done on Saturday evening the soap will be a smooth jelly fit to use on Monday morning.

Building Yachts.

The celebrated yacht America, a vessel which won her laurels in 1851, and which our yacht builders, with all their skill, have never yet improved upon, had masts which raked heavily aft, and she drew nearly three times as much water aft as forward. Despite the speed and other advantages thus gained, a shipbuilder in Bombay has constructed the Ocean Queen in diametrically the opposite way, and claims that she beats steamers, making, with a favorable breeze, some twenty knots per hour. The masts rake, Malay style, greatly forward, where the heaviest draft of water is found. It remains for naval architects to reconcile the discrepancy if they can.—*Scientific American.*

A Severe Penalty.

Soon after the first railroad was opened in China, a daft native ran in front of a locomotive and was killed. The evidence at the inquest showed conclusively that the man had been in an excited state of mind bordering upon insanity, and that the engine driver took every conceivable precaution to avoid running over him. The British minister, however, is so anxious to impress the Chinese authorities with a proper sense of the fairness and justice of the English character that he insists upon having the engineer tried for manslaughter.

To Old Friends.

Where are they scattered now,
The old, old friends?
One made her dwelling where the maples glow,
And mighty streams through solemn forest flow,
But never from the pine crowned land of snow
A message sends.

Some meet me oft amid
Life's common ways;
And then, perchance, a word or smile declares
That warm hearts throb beneath their load of cares;
For love grows on, like wheat among the tares,
Till harvest days.

"But some are fall'n asleep;"
The words are sweet!
Oh, friends at rest beneath the blessed sod,
My feet still tread the weary road ye trod
Ere yet your loving souls went back to God!
When shall we meet?

Oh, thou divinest Friend,
When shall it be
That I may know them in their garments white?
And see them with a new and clearer sight,
Mine old familiar friends—made fair and bright,
Like unto Thee!

ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.

A GYMNAST'S ADVENTURE.

I had among my fellow students a special renown for my skill in every kind of gymnastics. Athletic exercise, in the widest sense of the term, was to me a pleasure to which I had surrendered myself, body and soul, and in consequence of which I possessed, although not tall and strong, some muscle and a high degree of confidence, while I had acquired, in perilous situations, presence of mind—all of which qualities form even now a considerable portion of my character. When at last my studies were ended, and I had obtained a situation as pastor in western Germany, I did not give up my old inclination for gymnastics, and there was considerable talk one fine day over the circumstance that the young clergyman of the church of St. Blasius had been seen hanging in his garden by his legs, and in this headlong position caressing his little son, who was crawling under him on the ground. I possessed such an article of humanity, since, on my accession to the pastorate, I had steered into the harbor of matrimony.

But my favorite diversion, when I had a few leisure hours, and the sun was not too scorching, consisted in climbing to a narrow projection on the lofty church roof, and walking about there while I smoked my cigar.

What a magnificent place this old church roof was! Quite another world than that which lay far below me—a region of rock and stone, without vegetation or water, except when it rained, and the gutters were filled, in which case this special realm presented little attraction. It was a world where I had often indulged in star gazing.

I regarded this airy region as my special province, where I reigned in solitary majesty over my subjects, consisting of daws and swallows—often very noisy and intolerable ones. It excited in me a merry, perhaps somewhat boyish feeling, as I thought what a look my superintendent would put on when he heard of my excursions in the narrow, gloomy towers, between great grinning stone heads, fat cherubs, scaly dragons and gutters of zinc, or on the pinnacles of the towers, from which was presented a wide prospect over a picturesque landscape.

Sometimes I climbed down in the broad gutter in the middle of the roof, from which nothing was to be seen above but the blue heavens and the swarming swallows, and below, the broad paved church square, on which, a hundred and twenty feet beneath, the people crept about like ants.

It was during one of these excursions that the event occurred which I will relate, and which thoroughly cured me for several months of my desire for roof climbing.

I must first inform you that, around the outside of the cathedral, just where the roof terminated, ran a smooth projecting edge, about a foot wide. Under this, considerably lower, just above the great entrance gate, was a huge stone projection, which formerly supported a colossal figure of St. Peter, holding a great iron lantern. The statue had long ago disappeared, and half of the lantern was broken off, so that what was left had the appearance of an arm chair without legs.

Standing on the stone eaves one day, above this relic of past centuries, the thought suddenly seized me that it would be an amusement of a new and original kind to swing myself down and enjoy my cigar in this fantastic arm chair.

Without hesitating a moment, I turned around, kneeled down, seized the eaves with convulsive grasp, and the next instant was dangling in midair over the abyss, more than a hundred feet from the earth.

As I looked, in this situation, under me at the defective lantern, I found that I was not directly over it—indeed, it was two feet further from the wall than I had thought.

This circumstance, however, caused me little anxiety. Giving myself a swing, by which I easily pressed one foot against the building, I sprung safely into my resting place in the broken lantern.

Here I sat a long time, smoking my cigar, drumming with my heels on the wall, and complacently enjoying the cool of the evening and the magnificent prospect.

The sun was setting before I thought of undertaking my return, which I was especially induced to do by the sight of one or two persons, who were standing below and gazing up at me.

It was not three minutes before quite a crowd of people had gathered about them to enjoy the spectacle of a man sitting in St. Peter's lantern.

"Halloo!" thought I, "it is now time to return! Some one will find out who I am, and then there will be a pretty gossip in the place." But I suddenly became aware that return was not so easy.

My seat was so constructed that I could not rise in my usual way. The sides of the lantern were of smooth iron, and so high that I could get no hold. There was nothing left me but to press my hands upon the seat behind me, raise myself so, and draw my legs after me until they could rest between my hands upon the lantern. Then I could rise to my full height, and turn around on my own axis.

This way of raising yourself every gymnast knows and practices, but every one knows, too, what an exertion of muscular strength in hands and arms is necessary in this procedure, and that any mistake would occasion a failure—perhaps, too, a fall below.

Now, there is a vast difference between a bar erected on level ground, and an iron lantern on the wall of a church a hundred feet high, from which a fall upon the rough pavement must have an absolutely fatal effect.

The more I considered my situation the less it pleased me, and there I sat and smiled feebly at the multitude below, which increased every moment, ashamed to cry for help, or make known my fear.

"Well," said I to myself, "if I sit here any longer I shall lose every favorable chance to escape. It is ludicrous to become bewildered, like a child that has gore astray in climbing, quite aside from the astonishment that the story must cause, if it comes to the ears of my parishioners and supporters. Up, then! I will close my eyes and act as if I were performing on the soft turf of my garden."

In the space of a minute I stood on my legs in the lantern, and wondered at my foolish weakness, when I observed, to my terror, that I still had the most difficult part of my undertaking to perform. Raising my hands above my head to seize the smooth stone eaves, I became aware that they were at least a foot and a half beyond my reach. In vain did I rise on my tiptoes and stretch out my arms convulsively; it seemed highly probable that I should have to spend the night in this situation.

This was truly no agreeable consideration; for the seat was only just large enough for me to sit upright in it, and if I fell asleep, which was possible, I should be precipitated headlong upon the pavement. Then they could collect my bones the next morning.

At this critical moment I was rejoiced by the appearance of the sexton on the eaves. He had missed me, and had come to seek me.

"Silbermann," I cried, interrupting his exclamations of astonishment, "I am, as you see, in a peculiar dilemma, since I cannot reach the eaves. You must help me. It is no use to bring a rope, since you would not have room to brace yourself. If you bend down, however, and reach me your hand, you can exert your entire strength, and raise me. You are a powerful man, and I am not particularly heavy."

"Oh, sir, I am sure that I cannot lift you!" he replied.

"My good man, you must!" I asserted. "I cannot indeed pass the whole night in this situation, and, moreover, I might pack up my bundle to-morrow immediately, when this stupid story became known. Do not be foolish, therefore, and give me your hand."

In reply the sexton crouched down unwillingly, and stretched out his hand, which I firmly seized with both mine by the wrist, while I swung myself out into midair. I felt one or two convulsive jerks, and was drawn up about half a foot, but then at once let down again. He could not raise me.

I looked up. Such a visage as met my gaze, may I never in my life see again! It was pale as death; the protruding eyes stared with the expression of measureless terror into the abyss beneath us, and a cold sweat stood upon his forehead. "Let go!" he cried. "Curses upon you, let go! You will break my arm! I can hold on no longer, and shall be dashed in pieces!"

He wailed like a child, at this moment of extreme peril. My hair rose—my brain reeled. I expected myself every instant to plunge below. My desperation gave me coolness, and I was surprised at the clearness and consistency with which I spoke.

"Silbermann," I said, "listen to me, and cease this unreasonable clamor. I can feel that you are gaining the counterpoise more and more every successive second. If I let go of you I shall perish; if not, we both will, and I assure you that I shall not let go, as long as I can hold on. You had better, therefore, draw me up at once."

I saw that he set his teeth together, and closed his eyes. Then followed a terrible exertion of strength, and I was kneeling upon the eaves. The sexton lay beside me in a deep swoon. I now bore him carefully through the trapdoor to the vestry, and gave him water, so that he soon recovered consciousness; but neither of us has ever forgotten that perilous adventure upon the eaves of the church roof.

As for myself, three months passed by before I again trod this almost fatal place, and you can easily imagine that I avoided St. Peter's lantern like fire.

The sexton kept the secret, assuring inquisitive questioners that an eccentric Englishman, traveling through the country, had taken his seat in the lantern, and this version of the story was currently believed.

Although the gymnastic mania was not entirely frightened out of me by this adventure, it only remained in a modified form, and I have since confined my athletic exploits to places less perilous than the scene of those moments of terror.

What War Will Do.

The leading journals of the United States figure that a general war in Europe will make business lively on this side of the water. It will increase the price of grain, as the grain growing countries of the old world will be shut out of foreign markets. The New York *Tribune* says: In many branches of manufacture the disturbance in Europe would help us, either by preventing the shipment of surplus products here, or by increasing the demand for our products abroad. The iron, woolen, and boot and shoe manufactures, with many of minor importance, will be affected in greater or lesser degree.

The surplus capital of Europe must turn more and more to seek security across the ocean, and United States bonds must advance. Other undoubted American securities will be sought, and many millions of foreign capital will find safe employment here. These investments and loans will go far to stimulate our industry.

There is reason to suppose that unsound concerns will escape loss through a general and indiscriminate advance of stocks and bonds. European investors have acquired a profound distrust of most American enterprises. They are no longer cheated by the tricks of speculators, which fix an artificial price on the stock board. Strong foreign demand for securities that are known to be of real value will only bring into clearer light the weakness of those which enjoy no confidence abroad.

If France, Germany or England engages in the struggle, financial consequences of the gravest importance may result. If France, for example, should be compelled to unlock its immense store of coin, if Germany should be forced to abandon for a time its changes in currency, if England should be threatened in India or met by a foe capable of disturbing its commerce by maritime warfare, the effects in this country might be indefinitely increased. But as matters stand, a prospect of war in Europe is a prospect of higher prices for breadstuffs and provisions, larger demand in sound American securities, lower gold, and improved business.

A Terrible Revulsion.

Who shall fathom the divine depths of a mother's love? Who can tell the workings of a woman's mind? The other day a stately dame in Chicago heard a rumor that her son, heir to her wealth, and whom she loved dearer than life itself, had gone and proposed to a beautiful and accomplished but penniless girl. Summoning the young man to her presence, she obtained the girl's address, and called upon her. "My poor son," she said, "has been so misguided as to propose for your hand in marriage (though why, I am sure, I cannot see), and I have come to say that this match cannot be allowed to be concluded. Your position is such that"—"I beg your pardon, madam," replied the young girl, in a clear, bell-like voice, "but I have rejected your son's offer." "Rejected his offer!" almost gasped the old woman. "Yes, madam," replied the beautiful girl; "I told him that I could not for a moment entertain any offer from him." "Oh, you did, did you?" rejoined the old lady, with freezing politeness and scarcasm; "oh, you did! And wasn't my son good enough for you, you impudent thing, you? I never heard the like in all my life!"

Punctuate to Suit.

The following can be used for either a friend or an enemy, according to the way you punctuate it:

"He is an old and experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found in opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Caristianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no efforts to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the Gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversity he pays great heed to the devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of reward."

Remains of fourteen victims of the recent Indian raid near Frio City, Texas, have been found. Many think that the raiders were white men in disguise.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

A firedamp explosion occurred in the Wadesville colliery, near St. Clair, Pa., and three men were terribly burned..... The accident to the Centennial train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad was one of the most serious of the kind that has taken place for a long time. The train was an immense one, having fully 1,200 passengers on board. It was two hours behind time when it reached Lehigh station, about twenty miles from Scranton, and at this point a heavy coal train ran into the passenger train, telescoping two of the cars through and through, and breaking five others. The scenes that ensued were heartrending, although by an almost miraculous circumstance the number of killed were but few. Two passengers were instantly killed and some twenty-five very badly injured—some of them so seriously that they afterward died. Every care possible was taken of the injured..... The will of the late James Lick, which devised a large amount of money to San Francisco charities, has been contested by the son, John H. Lick..... Gen. Miles had an engagement with Sitting Bull on the twenty-first and twenty-second ult., on Cedar creek, and succeeded in killing and wounding a number of his wily adversaries. Two soldiers were wounded. The Indians were forced to retreat, and Gen. Miles followed them sixty miles, when they separated into two bands, the troops following that body headed by Sitting Bull in person, which was moving in the direction of Fort Peck..... A forty-eight hours' downpour of rain in Orleans, Ind., flooded the surrounding country so that the water rose to the window tops, and gave the entire place the appearance of a lake. Great damage was done to property..... The whaling fleet recently abandoned in the Arctic ocean had on board 12,034 barrels of whale oil, 199 barrels of sperm oil, 61,100 pounds of whalebone and 43,000 pounds of ivory..... Later intelligence from the West Indies brings further accounts of damage by the recent hurricane..... A cry of fire in a Chinese theater in San Francisco started the immense audience in a panic stricken rush for the narrow exit. Many were knocked down and trampled on—the police taking out twenty dead bodies.

Since the last defeat of the Servian army, the Russian officers are leaving in numbers, refusing longer to risk their lives for such a pusillanimous people, whom they condemn in the strongest terms..... The new Dutch maritime canal, connecting Amsterdam with the German ocean, has been opened with elaborate ceremonies..... There are internal disturbances among the Japanese..... Charles W. Garrett, of Indiana, and Frederick A. Woodworth, of California, were dismissed from the Annapolis naval academy for hazing. ..... The Gloucester (Mass.) fishing schooner F. A. Smith lost three men by being washed overboard at the banks..... Two horse thieves, named William Fulton and Hundley, were lynched in Wyandotte county, Kansas, by a vigilance committee..... Four carriages, three wagons, one pair of mules, one span of horses, one set of harness and three cows, the property of Brigham Young, were sold at Salt Lake by the commissioner, to pay the award of the court in the Ann Eliza case. They brought $1,185. Further seizures of property will be made..... A conflagration in Granada, Miss., destroyed sixteen business houses..... The national debt was reduced $3,388,139 during October..... Two men were killed and a number injured by four cars being thrown from the track of the North Pennsylvania railway at Center Valley. A broken axle was the cause. ..... By the explosion of two mills of the Miami Powder Co., situated near Xenia, Ohio, one man was killed and a number wounded. Loss $15,000.

A report from Camp Stambaugh, Wyoming Territory, says a village of five hundred lodges of Shoshones was attacked on the thirtieth of October by a large Sioux war party, estimated at 1,200 lodges, at Pointed Rock, about ninety miles from Camp Stambaugh. As far as learned, only one Shoshone, named Humpy, escaped. He was the Indian who saved the life of Capt. Henry in Gen. Crook's second fight last summer..... James Weeden, Sam Collyer, "Fiddler" Neary, Richard Goodwin and John Clark, on trial at Salem, N. J., as principals or assistants in the late fatal prize fight between Weeden and Walker, were found guilty of manslaughter.... Frank Beebe, aged eighteen years, bookkeeper of the West Troy (N. Y.) bank, is a defaulter to the amount of $4,000..... Turkey has conceded to Russia's demand for a six weeks' armistice, and the necessary papers have been signed.... Much damage is reported from the interior of Cuba, on account of inundations.... H. D. Simpson's glove factory at Chatham, N. Y., was destroyed by fire. Loss heavy; insured $15,500.... The extensive barns of C. W. Pierce at Derby Line, Vt., were totally destroyed by fire, with their contents. Loss, $30,000..... A man named Jackson and his wife, while returning to the American side from the Canadian shore in a small boat, were drowned. ...By a collision between a passenger and freight train near Linden, N. J., on the Pennsylvania railroad, one man was killed and several injured.

The pugilists Weeden, Goodwin and Collyer, convicted at Salem, N. J., were sentenced to six years' imprisonment. Clark and Neary were sentenced for one year each..... Colored outlaws broke into a house near Aiken, S. C., and murdered a Mr. Hauseman and his nephew. After ransacking the premises they set fire to them..... While Wm. Payne was being transferred from Sing Sing prison to Auburn prison, he got through a car window while the train was running, and falling on his head was killed ..... A fire broke out in a stable in St. Lawrence, a small Canadian town near Montreal. The surrounding buildings were all of wood, and the wind, which at the time was blowing almost a gale, spread the fire with such rapidity that the whole eastern part of the town remaining intact from the fire of September 3 was almost immediately a mass of flames. About twenty buildings were burned..... A Kansas court has appointed two receivers of the Kansas Pacific railroad on an application from the trustees of a mortgage covering the entire road.... Wm. Wheatley, the old time actor, is dead..... The crop returns for October place the wheat yield at 245,000,000 bushels— a reduction of nearly one-sixth. The rye crop is four per cent. under that of last year.

Gen. Miles, commanding the troops on the Yellowstone, after fighting, defeating, and pursuing Sitting Bull and the confederated tribes under him, accepted the surrender of four hundred lodges of Indians belonging to the Cheyenne agency. The tribes surrendered five of their principal chiefs as hostages as guarantee of their faithful compliance with the terms of the capitulation. These bands are to go at once to the agency, where upon their arrival they will submit to the requirements of the government..... Engineer Scott and Fireman Keifer were killed by a railroad collision near Shoals, Ind..... The New York schooner Early Bird, from Santo Domingo, was abandoned at sea by her captain and part of the crew, the balance, three men, having been drowned in a fierce gale..... O'Leary, the American pedestrian, walked 502 miles in less than six days in Liverpool, England, thus beating Weston's best walk by a mile..... By the breaking of a truck of a sleeping car near Edmondson, Tenn., one passenger was killed and about twenty others more or less injured.

A Board Bill.

The Lancaster (Pa.) *Examiner* says: A Lebanon contractor had some men working for him in the rural districts. At the end of each month he usually paid their board bills and deducted it from their wages. Some time ago he received the following bill and letter from a man who had been furnishing the staff of life to one of his workmen:

souse Mounting r rote
lebinon kounte
September 9st 1876

Atix Dunigen to P——D——, esq deter to washen glose 1 months 16 sents to 53 times ead at 20 sents 10 dolers 60 sents git drunk 5 dolers.

Mister—her is A. dunigen his bort bil, it is 5 dolers charged get drunk, it is sheap he mag so mutch nusens ven he vas tide as i not hev again for dwise so mutch eny more, he preak my looken class, and trow my pigs mit a sthones and preak his pag, and mag my vife scharen det putty near wit a shot gun, and gif so mutch shounding around and kigs up te devil so as peepel pelieve my hous vas a loonctick asilem 5 dolers i have been found. ¶ Many think that the raiders were white men in disguise.

Yours P——D Esq.

Ruined by Gambling.

An incident upon which to found a moral is furnished Mr. Moody in the death of a young man in Chicago. His name was George Russell. He was of good family, it is said, and was lured away from a respectable life by the infatuation of gambling. When he came to Chicago, in 1871, he represented a New York cloth house, and sold goods to jobbers throughout the West. At his boarding house, where were half a dozen persons of his own age, the game of "vingt-un," with a twenty-five cent limit, was the principal amusement, and, so far as known, this was the first hazard in which Russell ever indulged. He liked to play, but the small limit precluding large gains, he was dissatisfied. The *entre* into regular gambling houses was easy, and thither he would go whenever he had any money. As a usual thing he left behind him all he took in, but the hope of winning his deposits back and "a big stake" in addition encouraged him to continue his visits. His "luck," however, did not change, and he never won what he anticipated. He spent so much time in gambling saloons that his employers heard of it, and discharged him. Having no source to look to for money, he turned his attention solely to gambling for a living. He had made the acquaintance of several bunko ropers, and, possessing a fair address and an abundance of effrontery, he soon found a "partner," and the two thereafter devoted themselves to fleecing strangers. Russell was successful in this line and made considerable money for the gang for whom he "steered." His share, though, was left in faro banks. When the bunko men were driven from the city he went with them, and, after wandering for a time, at length made Omaha and Ogden his headquarters alternately. For six months he worked the Union Pacific trains in company with monte players, and his part of the proceeds of the robberies was several thousand dollars. Every penny of it, however, went into the maw of his enemy, the "tiger," and he returned to Chicago "dead broke." Having no place to sleep and nothing to eat, a gambler who was a stranger to him, took him to his room and shared his bed with him and gave him a little money. Russell complained of being ill; said he "felt cold;" he went to bed and was seized with a congestive chill and died during the night. He had no friends in Chicago; at least none can be found. Half a dozen persons knew him slightly, but his only intimate acquaintances "cut" him two years ago. His roommate did not know what to do with the body. Understanding that one of the deceased's relations was a Judge Russell, of New York, he telegraphed there but got no reply. The fact of his death was mentioned to the gang who knew him better than any others, but they refused to give up a dollar to help defray the burial expenses. The result was the body was turned over to the authorities for interment in the Potter's field or transfer to a dissecting table.

A Heroine.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Giles, who died recently in London, was in early life quite a heroine. She was a native of Dantzic, and was in her seventeenth year when the city was besieged by the French. The assailants smashed everything in her father's house, and even dragged a meerschaum pipe out of his mouth, declaring that it was too good for a "pig of a Prussian." Her parents died soon after the siege, and the girl went to live with her aunt Private Giles, of Colonel Macdonald's Rocket Troop, was billeted on them, and fell in love with her. She accompanied her husband to England, and when the war broke out went with him to Belgium. At Waterloo she was posted with the baggage at the rear of the army. Toward the close of the day she went forward, mounted on a donkey, to see how "her Giles" was getting on. A limber gunner, seeing her, advised her to attach the animal to the carriage and mount up by the side of him. This she did, but, a little while after, suddenly discovered that the donkey had disappeared, and with it all her baggage. She never saw it again, and late in the evening found herself alone on the field of Waterloo, without food, and separated from her husband, who had been sent to Brussels with dispatches. A soldier gave her a blanket, in which she made a hole so as to slip it over her head, and tied it around her like a cloak. This was but a poor protection against the torrents of rain that fell during the night, and, added to the groans of the wounded, kept the forlorn Prussian girl awake till morning, when her husband returned from Brussels and found her. Mr. Giles remained in the army until his time was up, and then, with the savings he had amassed while in the service, he built a little cottage at East Wickham. He died about fifteen years ago, but his wife was spared to see the wrongs of her native town avenged on the French in 1870.

Off for Liberia.

Bishop Gilbert Haven and his colony for Liberia left New York, in presence of quite a number of people, many of whom were Methodist clergymen and personal friends of the well known Connecticut prelate, for Liberia. The colored immigrants were chiefly from South Carolinia, and of both sexes. They wore homespun clothes and appeared a hardy, healthy set of people. They seemed to be rather glad at leaving this land of liberty and equal rights, and no doubt their minds pictured a future of glowing and perennial happiness on Afric's sunny strand. Bishop Haven was in fine spirits. He spoke enthusiastically of the destiny of the colored race—of the day when, in educated numbers, they would return to their natal soil and redeem a great continent from sterility and barbarism. He dwelt fondly on the prospect he hoped to see arise of great fleets leaving the ports of America laden with intelligent and Christian negroes, carrying the torch of civilization and religion into the haunts of superstition, vice and heathenism. The immigrants were thirty in number, comprising men, women and children, the oldest being fifty-eight years and the youngest twelve months. Most of them were farmers; there was one carpenter, one laborer and one blacksmith. The bark in which the party sailed carried a large cargo of provisions of every description.

Merchant's Gargling Oil has won for itself a world-wide reputation as a liniment useful in rheumatism, sprains, bruises, burns, scalds, etc. This preparation was first manufactured in 1833, and since then has steadily grown into the favor and confidence of the people. The long term of years during which it has constantly been brought to the notice of the public, together with its immense sale, give evidence of an inherent value which cannot be doubted. An objection to its use—that of staining the skin—has been entirely removed, so that it now leaves no stain whatever. Although called "Family Oil," and prepared intentionally for human flesh, it answers as well for beasts; and will be found one of the best remedies for all purposes, where a liniment is required, that has ever been manufactured.—*The Druggist, New Lebanon, N. Y.*

We would advise those of our readers whose buildings or fences require painting, or whose roofs are in need of repairs, to send at once for pamphlet and price list of Asbestos Paints, Roofing, Roof Paint and Cement. These articles, which are of unquestioned reliability, are also the most economical of any in use for such purposes. The Centennial Exposition medal and diploma of merit have been awarded to the manufacturer, Mr. H. W. Johns, 87 Maiden Lane, New York, who within the past twenty years has built up the most extensive and successful business in this line in the world. Mr. Johns also manufactures Asbestos paper, cloth, steam pipe and boiler coverings, steam packing, sheathings, etc., which are in use in every civilized country.

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.

A RINGING MELODY.—A patriotic Servian has translated "Yankee Doodle" into his native tongue, and the air is so popular that it bids fair to become the national anthem of that struggling race. It runs as follows:

"Yenghiatovitch Dhoodalovitski camerowsk tetovwnepki
Ridingelensk onovitch pe neolowdoesk;
Stuckorelekeno fheatheromoik inter his hatovitch,
Adensk colladarovoek macharonitoveski!"

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

One More Unfortunate.

Almost every day the papers chronicle the suicide of some poor unfortunate whose mind has been enfeebled by dyspepsia, over whose earthly horizon a heavy gloom has gathered from the untold and untellable agonies of this cruel complaint. Dyspepsia is one of the most depressing diseases afflicting humanity. It is cosmopolitan in its nature—no country is exempt from its visitations; no family free from its attacks. There is a balm in Gilead; it comes in the shape of the Peruvian Syrup. For years it has been scattering its blessings abroad. There is, probably, no disease which experience has so amply proved to be remediable by the Peruvian Syrup as dyspepsia. The most inveterate forms of this disease have been completely cured by this medicine, as ample testimony of many of our first citizens proves.

Cut This Out.

The Grand Central Hotel, Broadway, New York, is, in every respect, a first-class hotel. It has few equals, no superiors. Every line of stages pass the door. It is easy walking distance to principal stores and places of amusement. The rooms are large, airy and elegantly furnished. The table and attendance all the most fastidious could desire, and last, but not least, the prices have been reduced to $.250 and $3 per day.

Physicians are Amazed,

Patients delighted, the doubtful silenced, and all who have eyes to see, or ears to hear, more than satisfied by the absolute certainty with which Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar cures coughs, colds, hoarseness and every affection of the lungs and throat, tending to consumption. For sale by all druggists. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

The Rev. Matthew Bonner, M.D., late medical missionary to China, is curing thousands of cases of dyspepsia, ladies' "morning sickness," foul breath, and all disorders of the stomach and liver, by the use of "Ching." It is the Chinese sovereign remedy for these disorders. Send $1 for a box, or a stamp for a circular, to post-office box 111, Troy, N. Y.

In consequence of the many inferior imitations, the manufacturers of the celebrated "Matchless" brand of plug tobacco have been compelled to protect themselves by a trade mark. Every plug now has the words "Matchless P. T. Co." thereon. The Pioneer Tobacco Co., 124 Water St., N.Y., are the manufacturers.

A case of chronic rheumatism of unusual severity, cured by *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*, is noticed by one of our exchanges. A large bunch came out upon the breast of the sufferer, and appeared like part of the breast bone. Used internally and externally.

The sweetest word in our language is health. At the first indication of disease use well known and approved remedies. For dyspepsia or indigestion use *Parsons' Purgative Pills*. For coughs, colds, sore or lame stomach use *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*.

Mr. W. C. Coup, manager of the N. Y. Aquarium, has had made, at great expense, a beautiful chromo of the Aquarium for persons who cannot visit it. As a picture it would be cheap at five times the price. See adv't.

Premature loss of hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle—Prime to Extra Bullocks	07¾@	10
Common to Good Texans	06¾@	07¾
Milch Cows	50 00@	75 00
Hogs—Live	05¾@	06⅞
Dressed	06¾@	07¾
Sheep	03¾@	04¾
Lambs	04¾@	05
Cotton—Middling	11¾@	11¾
Flour—Extra Western	5 25 @	6 25
State Extra	5 70 @	7 00
Wheat—Red Western	1 25 @	1 28
No. 2 Spring	1 23 @	1 25
Rye—State, 2	88 @	98
Barley—State	78 @	80
Barley—Malt	80 @	1 35
Oats—Mixed, Western	38 @	42¾
Corn—Mixed Western	55 @	60¾
Hay, per cwt	50 @	90
Straw, per cwt	80 @	85
Hops	6¾@ 15	@30	75¾	10 @	23
Pork—Mess	17 25 @	17 25
Prime	09¾@	10
Fish—Mackerel, No. 1, new	16 00 @	17 00
" No. 2, new	8 00 @	8 00
Dry Cod, per cwt	6 00 @	6 50
Herring, Scaled, per box	23 @	31
Petroleum—Crude	6 @ 6	Refined,	26
Wool—California Fleece	18 @	32
Texas "	28 @	32
Australian "	38 @	41
Butter—State	32 @	36
Western Dairy	23 @	25
Western Yellow	30 @	32
Western Ordinary	15 @	18
Cheese—State Factory	08 @	14
State Skimmed	05 @	07
Western	06 @	13
Eggs—State	28¾@	29

BUFFALO.

Flour	5 25 @	9 75
Wheat—No. 1 Spring	1 20 @	1 30
Corn—Mixed	51 @	52
Oats	28 @	29
Rye	67 @	70
Barley	75 @	70

PHILADELPHIA.

Beef Cattle—Extra	08¾@	09¾
Sheep	04¾@	05¾
Hogs—Dressed	06¾@	08¾
Flour—Pennsylvania Extra	6 00 @	6 25
Wheat—Red Western	1 30 @	1 30
Rye	67 @	68
Corn—Yellow	57 @	58
Mixed	55 @	56
Oats—Mixed	30 @	34
Petroleum—Crude	15¾@ 6	Refined,	26

A PEERLESS EXTERNAL SPECIFIC AND BEAUTIFIER OF THE SKIN.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

As a remedy for DISEASES, SORES, ABRASIONS and ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN; as a *deodoriser, disinfectant*, and means of preventing and curing Rheumatism and