The Morning Street.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

Alone I walk the morning street,
Fill'd with the silence vague and sweet;
All seems as strange, as still, as dead
As if unnumber'd years had fled,
Letting the noisy Babel lie
Breathless and dumb against the sky;
The light wind walks with me alone
Where the hot day flame-like was blown,
Where the wheels roar'd, the dust was beat;
The dew is in the morning street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour
Along this mighty corridor
While the moon shines?—the hurrying crowd
Whose footsteps make the city loud—
The myriad faces—hearts that beat
No more in the deserted street?
Those footsteps in their dreaming maze
Cross thresholds of forgotten days;
Those faces brighten from the years
In rising suns long set in tears;
Those hearts—far in the past they beat,
Unheard within the morning street.

A city of the world's prime gray,
Lost in some desert far from Time,
Where noiseless ages, gliding through,
Have only sifted sand and dew—
Yet a mysterious hand of man
Lying on all the haunted plan,
The passions of the human heart
Quickening the marble breast of Art—
Were not more strange to one who first
Upon its ghostly silence burst
Than this vast quiet, where the tide
Of life upheav'd on either side,
Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
With human waves the morning street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood
Breaks through the charmed solitude;
This silent stone, to music won,
Shall murmur to the rising sun;
The busy place in dust and heat,
Shall rush with wheels and swarm with feet;
The Arachne-threads of purpose stream
Unseen within the morning gleam;
The life shall move, the death be plain;
The bridal throng, the funeral train,
Together face to face shall meet
And pass within the morning street.

SMALL EXPECTATIONS.

It is generally supposed by our family, and those who know us well, that my Uncle Buncle would "leave me something" at his demise. In fact, I thought so myself. Our reasons for this belief being these:

First. When I was a little girl, though he took no notice whatever of other little girls, he always patted me on the head when we met, and said: "Ha, ha! here you are, Hetty."

Secondly. When I was a big girl, and went to school, he always chucked me under the chin on holiday occasions, and inquired: "Well, what are they teaching you, Hetty?"

Thirdly. When I had grown to be a woman, he established the following form of greeting as a permanent thing: "H'm! how do you do?"

Fourthly. He never took notice of any one else in so many words, but merely nodded to all other mortals.

Fifthly. When I was married, he presented me with an antediluvian tortoise shell comb, once the property of the late Mrs. Buncle, and of a preposterous fashion, said to have been in vogue at a remote date, the back half a foot high, and elaborately carved. As he disapproved of weddings generally, and never before had been known to give the bride anything but a scolding, this was really something to build upon—though, by the way, I offended him sorely by refusing to wear the horrible thing to the altar upon my wedding day.

Now of course I did not wish Uncle Buncle to die, nor could I have done so had I been certain that, on his decease I should have become a millionaire; still we know that all flesh is mortal, and Uncle Buncle was like the rest of the world in this respect; and when he did depart, it would be a comfort to be the means of presenting Charlie with six thousand pounds.

When we moved to our charming little cottage at Barley Hill, I decided that when Uncle Buncle visited us, I would make him so comfortable that the matter would be quite settled. And, in fact, the spare room was furnished with an eye to his peculiar tastes, and a large amount of pepper was laid in with which to season his favorite dishes. However, Uncle Buncle declined our invitations persistently; and, having kept our spare room empty for him a long while, we at last informed the rest of our friends who had promised to visit us that we were anxious for their company.

We certainly were. Nothing could have pleased us better than that they should have arrived in a body on one day. But, alas! Barley Hill Cottage had a few disadvantages; among them the fact that there were but four rooms and a bath room—with which, by the way, we had had such an indescribable amount of trouble, on account of our faulty plumbing, that we wished that modern convenience was not in our possession.

Consequently, when one day we had the pleasure of greeting the Misses Jones, the Misses Brown and their mamma, Cousin Clarissa and Mrs. Twit's Miranda Jane, aged nine, we were puzzled. However, necessity is the mother of invention. We apologized to the Misses Brown and their mamma for putting them all three together into the spare room. We resigned ours without a murmur to the Misses Jones. We begged Cousin Clarissa to excuse us for giving her the sofa bedstead in the parlor, and made a couch with three chairs and a bolster for Miranda Jane in a cornor cupboard. Then Charlie improvised a bed over the bath; and after draping the machinery with curtains, and making up a valance for the side of the bath, I really felt quite proud of our handiwork. And we had fairly began to enjoy ourselves among our friends, when late one warm afternoon some one rapped at the door, and I was greeted with, "H'm! and how do you do?"

It was Uncle Buncle, and he had come to stay.

"Delighted," I gasped.

"Charmed to see you, sir," said Charlie.

Then we exchanged glances, and each mutely asked the other, "Where shall we put him?"

Echo answered, "Where?"

"So glad you've come," I said again.

Uncle Buncle answered, "Thanks." He had seized upon this one fashionable variation with advidity, because it seemed to do away with the personal politeness involved in the words, "Thank you."

"Thanks. Like to go to my room at once—wash my hands."

His room—he must be taken somewhere; not to the spare bedroom, for there Mrs. Jones and daughter were dressing for dinner; nor to ours, for there the Misses Brown were crimping their tresses. So perforce I led him to the bath-room, and there left him to sacrifice to the graces.

"Remarkable bedstead that of yours," he said, when he returned to us. 'Some new patent, I suppose. Very ricketty, generally, those new patents. Old fashioned things much the best--much. However, curtains all very well—like old times. Ah, everything dreadfully changed—dreadfully!"

To which we, the guilty parties, answered only by blushes.

That night Uncle Buncle slept upon our couch, and we sat up in the kitchen. We bore it very well for a while; but finally, maddened with want of sleep, Charlie, supporting his aching head, inquired of me in a plaintive whine, "Why didn't you kick the old brute out, Hetty?"

"Don't, dear," I pleaded. "I know it's very uncomfortable; but still, though he is rough and unpleasant, think of the six thousand pounds!"

"Nonsense!" said Charlie. "He'll outlive us; look at his constitution. A crusty old curmudgeon, without a civil word for any one."

"My dear," I remonstrated, "don't speak so loud. Of course we are suffering on these hard chairs, but think of the beds of down six thousand pounds will buy! Don't be angry. I think I shall wear the comb while uncle stays."

"The what?" asked Charlie.

"The comb he gave me," I said.

"You shan't put the hideous thing on your head," said Charlie.

"Six thon—" I began.

"Six thousand racks and thumbscrews! You may enjoy sitting up all night on a kitchen chair for an old fellow who may, or may not, choose to leave you something when he dies," said Charlie; "I don't. He asked me not to smoke this evening, too!"

And I never felt so sorry for any one as I did for that poor fellow, with his hair all tossed about, his eyelids heavy with sleep, his feet on one chair, and his head against the side of the mantelpiece; but, in spite of all, I resolved that Uncle Buncle should stay as long as he chose—yes, stay, though we slept in the coal cellar, or did not sleep at all; for think of my joy when, some time in our life—some time when it was, perhaps, most wanted—I should fly into Charlie's arms, and say to him: "My dear, you are worth six thousand pounds; and I have won it for you by never allowing myself to be put out by Uncle Buncle!"

The next morning I wore my gigantic comb. The Misses Jones giggled, and Miss Brown laughed outright. No matter; Uncle Buncle's good-will was worth more than anything else. I bore their smiles like a martyr, and only fretted because, after all, my uncle did not look perfectly satisfied. On the contrary, although he had a habit of scowling, I had never seen him scowl so much as he did that morning. He sneered at the milk, and scoffed at the butter, pooh-poohed the rolls and described to us, with his mouth full, breakfasts which he had eaten elsewhere, which were what breakfasts ought to be; and, ever and anon, he cast towards my unhappy self a glance of inexplicable disapproval.

However, he stayed with us through the week, growing more ill-tempered as time passed on. I shall never forget that week—the weary nights during which we tried to take naps on chairs, or reposed on the kitchen table—the humilation and self-contempt I suffered when I permitted myself to be scolded Charlie to be snubbed, and our guests to be sneered at by Uncle Buncle—the persistency with which I wore that awful comb—the things I said that I did not mean—the manner in which I abused myself, slaved myself, and suppressed myself. I shut up the house at nine to please Uncle Buncle. I locked up the piano for the same reason. I did it all, not for love of him, or respect for him, but because of his six thousand pounds.

Dear Charlie, who worked so hard, and was so kind to me, and so tender of me, might some day have reason to rejoice that he had married poor little me.

At last, one evening, Uncle Buncle said, as he took his bedroom candle: "Shall go to town to-morrow, Air here don't agree with me;" and vanished without so much as a nod.

"Charlie," I said, as I accommodated myself to circumstances on the kitchen dresser, with my waterproof cloak around me and rag bag under my head; "try to bear up this one night longer. After all, it is worth it."

"Mark my words," said Charlie, from the window sill, with his big great overcoat for a pillow; "mark my words, Hetty, you'll never get anything but rudeness from that old fellow."

"And mark my words, Charlie," I said; "this will happen. After we've struggled on, perhaps to middle age, and begin to feel as though we should always be poor, one day—you know he's seventy now—Uncle Buncle will leave this world for a better."

"I don't know," said Charlie, doubt, fully.

"And we," I went on, "will be sorry. But nevertheless——"

"No humbug, Hetty," said Charlie.

"I shall be sorry," I said; "but nevertheless we'll not grieve bitterly, of course."

"Of course not," said Charlie.

"And we'll sit talking over the news, when some one will inquire for you; and being shown in, will prove to be Uncle Buncle's lawyer, who will say: "Sir, it is my duty to inform you that my lamented client, Mr. Buncle, prior to his decease, signed a will which leaves all his fortune to your wife, his niece."

There I paused.

"What is that?" cried Charlie.

"Oh, what is it?" I echoed.

"Help!" screamed Uncle Buncle's voice. "Fire! Murder! Help! help!"

"Oh! Police!" screamed Mrs. Jones.

"Somebody! somebody!" cried Mrs. Brown.

"Cousin Charlie!" screamed Cousin Clarissa from the sofa, "your poor Uncle Buncle is being murdered!"

"Ow! ow! Oo-o-w! cried Miranda Jane from the store-room.

And above it all we heard a sound as of many waters.

"What is it, love?" I asked. "What can have happened?"

"That confounded pipe has burst again," said Charlie, "and Uncle Buncle is drowning in the bath-room!"

In a moment I comprehended all. The Barley Hillites were proud of having a good provision of water from Barley river throughout the town. But the arrangements for the supply had not been of the first order, and the consequences was that every house had been flooded in turn, that the main street had been inundated twice, and the reservoir burst as often. At this unfortunate moment, when Uncle Buncle reposed in the deceitful arms of the bath, without an idea of his danger, the pipe above his head had given way, and the flood of water poured itself out upon him. The door was locked inside. We heard him sputtering and swearing. In our agitation, we could do nothing but pound upon the panels and implore him to come out.

At last he appeared wrapped in a drenched dressing gown, scowling, stamping, howling, half mad with rage, and shivering with cold, snatched a lamp from my hand, and dived into the room again. We heard the bed go flop into the water; we heard the pillows follow it. Our deception was discovered.

"By George!" yelled Uncle Buncle in the voice of a sea captain in a storm—"by George! they've put me to sleep in the bath!"

From that time until he stepped into the train next morning, he vouchsafed us no other word. And from that time we never saw or heard from him again. When he died, however, we were unexpectedly summoned to the reading of his will, as being parties mentioned therein. We went. The will left the bulk of the property to a hospital; and we were mentioned thus:

"And I desire it to be known by all interested, that this will, which I, being in my right mind, have signed and attested, makes null and void a former one in which I had made my niece, Mrs. Hetty Hope, born Hopkins, my sole heiress. The reasons for her disinheritance being these: Firstly, she did for a week's time disrespectfully, ungratefully, indecently, and by infamous deception, cause me to sleep in a bath, to the great detriment of my health and nervous system; and secondly, she proved her extravagance by wearing on ordinary occasions, and while occupied at household work, a certain tortoise shell comb which I presented to her, and which the late Mrs. Buncle, a pattern woman in every respect, never wore save at weddings and funerals. In consequence, I bequeath to the same Mrs. Hetty Hope, born Hopkins, only the expression of my indignation."

"Blood Rain."

The cause of red, or blood rain, is due to the presence of earthly substances which have been carried up by winds, mingled with and borne along by the clouds and currents of air, and fall with the rain when condensation reaches the point when the moisture is precipitated. Many of these occurrences are on record. In the fall of 1846 such a rain fell in the south of France, which upon analysis, showed seventy-three organic formations that were peculiar to South America, proving that the coloring matter of the rain must have come from this continent, and been carried across the Atlantic. These showers are not uncommon. An extensive one is reported in 1862, extending from Paris to Newfoundland; another in 1863, and a very remarkable one March 10, 1869. They are more common in Europe than in this country, and much of the coloring matter comes from the desert of Sahara.

The Heroism of Washington.

A careful study of the history of Valley Forge cannot be too earnestly recommended to all who would fully comprehend the greatness of the character of Washington. At no other period of the war does it seem so purely heroic, and at no other time does the patriot cause appear to have been in equal danger of ruin. To this day it seems a miracle that the little army was kept together at all. He gave forty-five years to the service of his country, but in what year of them all did he do so much to save and to establish it? Superior to evil fortune, stronger than the elements, and wiser than all the delegated wisdom of the colonies, hardly knowing in whom he might confide or what professed friend might prove a virulent foe, his military genius undervalued and maligned by men who were unworthy to hold his stirrup, he seems never to have lost either his equanimity or his hope. Contrast Washington at Valley Forge, his naked little band shivering around him, with Napoleon selfishly flying from the wreck of the most magnificent army which ever trod the plains of Europe. We feel, as we contemplate the spectacle, that Washington was "all in all to the cause." Any other man might have destroyed it by presumptuous ambition, by an overestimate of his own ability, or, on the other hand, by a natural incapacity to manage the peculiar resources confided to him. It may be truly said that no historical character has so grown in the estimation of mankind. There are other revolutionary personages who are still remembered freshly, in whom we see faults and even weaknesses. From these, Washington was not utterly free, for he was human; but can another be found who erred so seldom, who discovered and repaired his error so promptly, who was so wise and yet so simple, who was so utterly incapable of submitting to defeat while even a desperate chance of success remained, or who did the work which his hands found to do, despite innumerable obstructions and difficulties, so persistently and so thoroughly?—*New York Tribune.*

A Confidence Trick.

On Sunday evening, says a late number of a St. Louis paper, a well-dressed young man called in a West End Methodist church, and asked one of the deacons if he knew who had the collection money of the morning service.

The deacon informed the young man that the money contributed that morning to the service of the Lord was at his residence; and he added the inquiry: "May I ask the reason of your question?"

"Certainly," the courteous young man answered; "I attended the ministration of the Gospel this morning at this church, and, desiring to aid the cause, I dropped my humble mite into the plate. I thought it was a silver piece of currency, but I find now that it was a piece of Canadian money which I value highly as a pocket piece."

The worthy deacon recollected that a piece of Canadian money was found among the coins, and he told the young man that there would be no trouble in getting it. But at present the whole collection of money was at his house. However, when he went home he would pick out the particular coin and bring it down town to his place of business the next morning. The young man said to save trouble he would call at the deacon's house on Monday morning. This was agreed to, and the deacon's address was given to the stranger. This wicked young man then went straight to the deacon's house and made the bold statement that he had been sent for the morning's collection to take it back to church, in order that Deacon —— might pick out a certain valued coin which an old gentleman had inadvertently dropped in. The ladies of the household believed the young man, and had they known where the money-bag was kept they would have handed it to him in all confidence; but fortunately they did not know. The deacon's partner in business, who lived in the house, was asked whether he knew where it was kept. He did, but he possessed to much worldly wisdom to be taken in by the young man's story and good-looking face. There were about sixty dollars in the collection.

Spiders and Moths in California.

Did it ever occur to anybody, inquires the Stockton *Independent*, that California has a decided superfluity of spiders, not to mention other disagreeable insects? And they are the most indefatigable creatures on the face of the earth. From morning till night, and from one year's end to another, they go on spinning their intricate webs in every nook and corner, on every tree, shrub and leaf, festooning the fences, enshrouding the barns, covering the houses, with their net work. Occasionally you will see a tree that stands in some sheltered spot where the spiders are undisturbed by the winds or by human intruders, and there you will find the work of these omnipresent insects in its completest form. It would seem that the fairies had thrown around it an enchanted gossamer mantle. From top to bottom it is one intricate network. The imprisoned, smothered leaves seem to be struggling to get out of the remorseless grasp of their liliputian captors.

After the spiders comes the California dust, the inevitable dust of summer, lodging thickly in every cobweb, and making the poor, struggling trees look as though mourning in sackcloth and ashes for their friends, the long-delaying raindrops, that seem never to come.

The work of the dust and the spiders gives the California vegetation in summer an air of uninviting desolation. Even the fairest orchards are thus clothed. We know of no characteristic of California more disagreeable than her superabundance of spiders. And what a country for moths! Eastern housekeepers who come here unwarned, too often take their best clothes from trunks and closets riddled and ruined by moths.

The climate that is so conducive to the growth of marvelous fruits, vegetables, grasses, and cereals, is likewise favorable to the existence of the most disagreeable insects. These are some of our drawbacks, to seldomed mentioned, perhaps.

Burning Diamonds.

In the year 1694 it was discovered by actual experiment, at Florence, that a diamond would burn. Cosmo III. had one fixed in the focus of a burning glass, and, after some exposure to th rays of the sun, it cracked, corruscated, and finally disappeared like a ghost, leaving no traces behind. Experiments of this kind were costly. They were long in yielding any scientific results. It was only a sovereign prince who could afford to see his jewels vanish like the gifts of a fairy godmother. Another potentate, the Emperor Francis I., tried a number of valuable diamonds in the heat of a smelting-furnace, and may have felt some gratification in finding they had disappeared. This was in 1750, and about twenty years later a magnificent diamond was burned in France. A jeweler named Le Blanc denied the possibility of burning diamonds, and suspected some unfair play on the part of Macquer, the chemist who conducted the operation. He had often, he asserted, exposed diamonds to great heat with the sole result of increasing their brilliancy. Mr. Streeter has done the same, with success But Le Blanc only knew half of what Mr. Streeter knows, and when the chemists demanded that he should enclose some diamonds in coal in a crucible, he rashly assented, and in three hours they had all disappeared. Then another jeweler, Maillard by name, who seems to have had a suspicion of the scientific truth, put three diamonds into an earthern bowl pipe, packed in powdered charcoal, and exposed them without injury to intense heat. Lavoisier, who was present, proved in 1776 that by shutting out the air the diamond was preserved in a furnace, but that the admission of oxygen, with which the carbon combines, allows the diamond to burn like a piece of coal.

Apple Griddle Cakes.—Take mellow sour apples, greenings are the best; chop the same as for mince pies; make a rich batter, with rather more eggs than usual; put in all the apple it will bear and hold together in baking.

NECROLOGY.

Prominent Persons Who Have Died in 1877.

JANUARY—3. Gen. J. J. Abercrombie, U. S. army; Roslyn, L. I.; 73....4. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt; New York; 83....3. Rev. Alexis Caswell, President of Brown University; Providence, R. I.; 78....15. Ethar Shepley, ex-Chief Justice of Maine and ex-United States Senator; Portland, Me.; 87....17. Rear Admiral Joseph Smith, U. S. navy; Washington; 86....26. Daniel Haines, formerly Governor and Judge of Supreme Court of New Jersey; Hamburg, N. J.; 73....28. Signor Blitz, magician; Philadelphia; 66.

FEBRUARY.—4. N. T. Changarnier, senior General of the French army; Paris; 70....6. Col. John O'Mahoney, Irish patriot and exile; New York; 60. Rear Admiral James Alden, U. S. navy; San Francisco; 68....8. Rear Admiral Charles Wilkes, U. S. navy; Washington; 76....10. Rear Admiral Theodorus Bailey, U. S. navy; Washington; 72....11. Sir Wm. Fergusson, eminent English surgeon; London; 69....18. Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis, U. S. navy; Annapolis, Md.; 70....20. Rear Admiral Louis M. Goldsborough, United States navy; Washington; 71....21. Maj. Gen. Amos B. Eaton, U. S. army; New Haven, Ct.; 71....25. Gen A. Von Steinwehr, U. S. volunteers; Buffalo, N. Y....27. Ex-Gov. Joseph Johnson, of Virginia; 92.

MARCH—2. Joel T. Hart, American sculptor; Florence, Italy; 67....3. George Odger, representative of the workingmen of England....6. F. J. Moses, Chief Justice of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C....7. Matilda Heron, actress; New York; 46....8. Gen. John F. Benjamin, U. S. volunteers, former M. C. from Missouri; Washington; 60....10. Baroness Rothschild; Europe. ....12. Mme. Octovia Walton Le Vert, authoress; Augusta, Ga....18 Emory Washburne, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, Cambridge, Mass.; 77....25. Walter Bagehot, English political and financial writer; England.

APRIL—3. Capt. Frederick Lahrbush, military adventurer; New York; 111. Amos Morse, former U. S. Senator from Maryland; 82....10. Commodore Joseph D. Marvin, U. S. navy; Yokahama, Japan....11. Ross Winans, millionaire and mechanician; Baltimore, Md.; 80....22. Gen. William E. Lathrop, Commander of the Grand Commandery of the United States, Rochester, N. Y.; 83....29. Rev. William G. Brownlow, former Governor of Tennessee; Knoxville, Tenn.; 72.

MAY—9. Commodore Benjamin J. Totten, U. S. navy; New Bedford, Mass.; 71....14. Charles H. Bryan, ex-Judge supreme court of California; Carson, Nev. H. H. Emmons, Judge U. S. court; Detroit, Mich....17. Edmund Quincy, author; Dedham, Mass.; 70....19. Edward Kent, ex-Governor of Maine; Bangor, Me.; 75....23. Wm. H. C. Hosmer, poet; Avon, N. Y.; 63....29. John Lothrop Motley, historian; Dorsetshire, Eng.; 63. Fletcher Harper, publisher; New York; 71.

JUNE—4. Sophia Frederica Matilda, Queen of Holland; 59....7. Edwin White, historical painter; Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; 60....13. Ludwig III. Grand Duke of Hesse; Darmstadt, Germany; 71....14. Gen. Fredrick Henningsen, filibuster and author; Washington; 62....15. Lady Sterling Maxwell, authoress; London, England; 70....17. Geo. T. Davis, former M. C. from Massachusetts; Portland, Me. Daniel D. Pratt, former Congressman from Indiana; Logansport, Ind.; 64....18. John S. C. Abbott, historian; New Haven, Ct.; 71....22. Commodore John R. Goldsborough, U. S. navy; Philadelphia; 69....24. Robert Dale Owen, author, socialist and ex-Congressman from Indiana; Lake George, N. Y.; 73.

JULY—1. Robinson Palmer, first Senator from Maine; Perry, Me.; 91....2. Samuel D. Evans, former M. C. from Texas; Washington; 68....7. Cardinal Angelis; Rome, Italy; 85....20. Thomas Placide, actor; Tom's river, N. J.; 70....27. Joseph H. Tuthill, former M. C. from New York; Ellenville, N. Y.; 63....29. Hon. George Ward Hunt, First Lord of the English Admirality; Hamburg, Germany; 62....30. Commodore J. W. Swift, U. S. navy; Geneva, N. Y....31. Samuel Warren, English novelist; London; 70.

AUGUST—3. Gen. Charles Frederick Von Steinmetz; Landek, Silesia; 81....11. M. Blanc, European gambler, worth $17,000,000; Paris....16. Rev. Asa Dodge Smith, President of Dartmouth College; Hanover, N. H.; 72. Raleigh Daniel, Attorney General of Virginia; Richmond, Va.; 72....18. M. Villiaume, French historian, France....27. Cardinal Bizarri; Italy; 75. James Ware, ex-Justice Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Salem, Mass....28. Ben De Bar, actor and manager; St. Louis; 64....29. Brigham Young, Mormon prophet; Salt Lake City; Utah; 76....30. Wilson Shannon, ex-Governor of Ohio and Kansas; Lawrence, Kan.; 75. Raphael Semmes, commander of Confederate cruiser Alabama; Point Clear, Ala.; 68.

SEPTEMBER—1. Edward L. Davenport, tragedian; Canton, Pa.; 61....3. Louis Adolphe Thiers, ex-President of France; St. Germain, France; 80....Jas. C. Hopkins, ex-Judge of U. S. Court; Madison, Wis....20. Louis V. Bogy, U.S. Senator from Missouri; St. Louis; 64. ....23. Urbain Joseph Le Verrier, French astronomer; Paris; 66....26. Commodore James M. Frailey, U. S. navy; Philadelphia: 67.

OCTOBER—3. Mlle. Teresa Titiens, prima donna; London; 43. Archbishop James Roosevelt Bayley, Roman Catholic primate of the United States; Newark, N. J; 63....7. Edward Granville Eliot, former Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; London; 79....George L. Fox, pantomimist; Cambridge, Mass; 52....Edwin Adams, actor; Philadelphia; 44....29. Gen. N. B. Forrest, Confederate army; Memphis, Tenn.

NOVEMBER—1. Oliver Morton, U.S. Senator from Indiana; Indianapolis, Ind.; 54. Field Marshal Wrangel, of the Prussian army; Berlin, Ger.; 93....7. Amelia, Queen Dowager of Saxony; Dresden, Saxony; 75....17. Geo. S. Bangs, former Superintendent of Railway Mail Service; Washington, 52; Paul Boudet, former Senator and Minister of France; Paris; 77....24. Moses H. Grinnell, ex-Congressman from New York; New York; 64....30. Commodore Charles H. B. Caldwell, U. S. navy; Waltham, Mass.; 56.

DECEMBER—7. Benjamin Huger, Confederate Major General; Charleston, S.C.; 71....12. George W. Rawson, Justice of Supreme Court of New York; Lyons, N. Y....15. Lord Henry Percy, General in the English army; London; 60....17. Gen. D'Aurelle de Paladines, French army; Paris; 73....18. Charles Clarke, ex-Governor of Mississippi and Confederate General; Mississippi; 67.

Sin Chun's Dog.

Sin Chun nourished in his household a dog to which he was much attached. One day as Sin Chun was sleeping heavily in a thicket the governor of the province, who was out on a hunting expedition, chanced to pass and ordered the grass of the thicket to be fired in order to frighten from it whatever game it might hide. The dog tugged at Sin Chun's clothing, but could not arouse him; then running to a stream hard by plunged into it, and returning to where his master lay rolled himself over and over, wetting the grass. This performance he repeated several times, till he had so saturated the ground that his master was safe from the flames; then, exhausted and cruelly burned he laid down by his master's side and died. Sin Chun, awakening, was not slow to comprehend the danger to which he had been exposed and the means by which it had been averted. With many tears he carried home the body of the dog, wrapped it in a costly shroud and placed it in a handsome tomb, which the governor caused to be called ever afterward "The Tomb of the Faithful Dog."

A well-known professional, not renowned for politeness, saw an Irish artisan waiting in his hall. "Hello, you fellow, do you want me?" "No, yer honner, I am waiting for a gentleman!"

In Minnesota there is an extensive manufactory of Limburger cheese which uses the milk of 120 cows.

A HUMORIST'S LECTURE.

What the Burlington "Hawk-Eye" Editor Knows of Mustaches.

Mr. R. J. Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawk-Eye*, appeared quite at home in the pulpit of the Hanson Place Methodist Church, Brooklyn, says a New York paper. His lecture on "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache" was received with apparent delight. He followed the history of the average boy, whom, to personify, he called Tom, through the trials of childhood and youth, describing minutely his efforts at a mustache. Tom is unfortunate enough to suffer from his mother's tonsorial arts. She gnaws around his terrified locks with shears that have cut miles and miles of calico, snuffed innumerable candles, trimmed lamp wicks, opened oyster cans, pried up carpet-tacks, cleaned and trimmed the family nails, and many and many a time have done their level best to cut stove-pipe. She perseveres until from the effects of this ever-recurring season for cropping his locks Tom becomes an object of terror in the neighborhood. Finally, impelled by fate, he sits down in a barber's chair, and musters courage to call for "a shave," when an Esau darkens the door and he has his hair cut again. The barber finds the boy's closely cut head a very old pasturage for his ordinary apparatus, so he holds Tom's hair in his teeth and files it, then burnishes it, and finally parts it with a straight-edge and scratch-all. Long before this epoch in Tom's history he has cast longing eyes on the ancestral shaving machine at home. It is not necessary to follow the process by which he obtains possession of the paternal razor, but it is scarce in his keeping before the blade buckles on him. "First blood" is claimed and allowed for the steel. He manages to nick it, but consols himself with the thought that his "father will never notice it." He soaks it with water at 950 degrees Farenheit and slaps it against his cheek, as he has seen his ather do—and swears as he had never heard his father swear. A series of grimaces contort the upper lip into proper shape to receive the razor. All at once Tom, perceiving the embarrassing nearness of the nose, falls to speculating why a man's upper lip is so situated that he himself cannot get at it except by standing on his head.

After a long and exciting "tilt," Tom's upper lip suggested a free fight in a straw-cutter. In time Tom gets his mustache to that stage where it can be felt—is felt, soft felt. His sister suggests that he shave it with a spoonful of cream and the family cat, and at this raillery he smiles, but with a smile that looks as though it had come up there to weep at the bareness of the landscape. The mustache is very short in the middle and very—no longer at the ends. Meanwhile he falls in love with somebody, which causes a necktie epidemic, in which he tries to find colors that will match his mustache or Laura's dress. He brushes his mustache to make it stand out, and waxes it to make it lie down; he prays for it and swears at it, and resorts to "magic dyes," that are "warranted not to stain or injure the skin." The first application blackens his lip so much that the room gets darker—but each individual hair is unstained and untainted. Rigged out in boots too short at both ends he formulates nice speeches on his way to see Laura. He passes from the weather to philosophy, poetry and to—business, all in imagination. But as he nears the door he feels his ideas breaking up like an early spring. His thoughts—each, every, all and several, on all subjects that he ever knew about or ever hoped to learn of—vanished. His record that night as he leaves her home convinces him that he is not a very brilliant, original, conversational success. His pillow that night contains more sleeplessness than the mosquito that sat up all night to sample a martyr's blood. He hates everybody, and though he may live to be as old as an army overcoat he will never again feel the same degree of ecstatic wretchedness and heavenly forlornness as he feels that night.

Mr. Burdette saw Tom safely taken up, "if not taken in," by Laura, triumphantly interview "pa" and "ma;" described the altercation between these two about Tom, until "the debate closed and they went into executive session;" told how he demurely put together much "disjointed stove-pipe, both ends of each piece of which was bigger than any of the other ends in the lot," and finally left him and Laura with another Tom, so irrepressible that the sire has to hire a brass band to keep from being lonesome when his hopeful scion is out.

Grange Statistics.

The following figures show the number of Granges in existence in each State at the last annual report, the number of paid-up members reported, and the number of new Granges organized since the beginning of the Grange year:

State.	*Granges.*	*Members.*	*New Granges.*
Alabama	340	11,200	3
Arkansas	321	11,344	1
California	173	9,665	10
Connecticut	13	328	..
Delaware	25	960	.
Florida	94	2,984	3
Georgia	277	10,161	2
Illinois	646	12,639	7
Indiana	1,145	48,959	1
Iowa	1,018	32,019	..
Kansas	874	24,658	4
Kentucky	1,003	35,933	2
Louisiana	264	9,750	3
Maine	218	11,773	7
Maryland	148	9,859	3
Massachusetts	86	3,776	1
Michigan	593	29,901	5
Minnesota	295	9,330	2
Mississippi	449	20,606	..
Missouri	974	42,529	8
Nebraska	361	9,867	2
Nevada	9	214	..
New Hampshire	77	3,947	4
New Jersey	99	4,923	..
New York	320	16,184	7
North Carolina	240	7,562	5
Ohio	1,214	53,977	16
Oregon	216	8,544	1
Pennsylvania	626	28,174	20
South Carolina	232	8,440	2
Tennessee	492	19,411	6
Texas	902	38,149	11
Vermont	208	10,908	5
Virginia	479	16,041	14
West Virginia	295	9,376	8
Wisconsin	294	12,385	.
Arizona	1	20	1
Colorado	43	1,653	..
Dakota	26	697	..
Idaho	9	378	1
Montana	25	888	..
Indian Territory	8	281	..
Washington	68	1,963	..

Sorrowful Story of a Depositor.

She descended the steps of the savings bank, says the Reading (Pa.) *Eagle*, and her eyes, red and inflamed, were full of tears. The woman, about thirty-five, had been weeping in the bank, and her woe seemed to be too deeply seated to release her at once. She was asked her story. In her trembling hands she clasped a well-kept bank-book, in an envelope musty and brown. It showed a deposit of $167. Her thin lips quivered and a fresh deluge of tears came as she tried to tell of her troubles. "It was all we had in the world, sir. Days and nights Dennis and I have worked and saved, sir. Every penny we saved together, and did without clothes and things so that we might save something for us and the children when we're old. Dennis has been away these three weeks looking for work, and he brought me the news that the bank was shut up. I heard that a bank had shut, but I never dreamed it was ours. O, Lord, this is a terrible blow to us. They just told me they could give no money to me—that they had none." The poor woman could say no more. Her tears told the remainder of her story, and she wept as though her heart would break. There have been many such scenes about the Reading Savings Bank this week.

The Poetical Game.

There is an interesting game which requires all who play to answer a question, and introduce a word in rhyme. As, for example, the following: Question—"Oh where, and oh where is my little dog gone?" Word, "stove." Answer:

His little tail was broken,
His little ribs were stove;
A slip-noose for a token
Around his neck was wove;
Then in a darksome passage
They led him forth to die;
One-half was turned to sausage,
The other half to pie.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States

The Rockland County National Bank of Nyack, N. Y., has suspended payment.

The body of Herzberger, the engineer in the New York candy factory, where the recent terrible explosion took place, has been recovered from the ruins.

By an explosion in a mine near Wilkesbarre, Pa., seven persons were injured, one mortally.

Seventy-five thousand tons of Scranton coal were sold in New York at an advance on previous prices.

The trustees of the West Boston Savings Bank voted to close up the institution in the most economical manner possible.

After a trial of several days Mayor Ely withdrew the charge of inefficient and capricious enforcement of the laws, made against the police commissioners of New York.

George M. Brooks' bank of Lowville, N. Y., has suspended payments, the liabilities being placed at $60,000.

At a dinner given to General Banks in Boston Hon. Benjamin F. Butler made a speech, denounciatory of the President for not upholding Packard and Kellogg in Louisiana.

Five buildings were burned in Jamaica, Long Island, and a loss incurred of $12,000; and in Westerly, R. I., several houses were destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at $80,000.

At Boston, Mass., the arrest of George B. Bigelow, a well-known lawyer, took place on the charge of having misappropriated the sum $40,000, which was held in trust by him.

The New York Legislature met in Albany and organized, James W. Husted (Republican) being elected speaker of the assembly.

John Bonner & Co., well-known stock brokers of New York city, failed. The amount involved by their failure is about $1,000,000, and upon the heels of the financial fall of the firm came the suspension of the New York Bankers' and Brokers' Association, of which Mr. Bonner was president, and all of whose available resources he had utilized. Many bankers and brokers had left securities in the hands of the firm as collateral for loans, and these securities could not be found, as Bonner had fled from the city just before the crash.

Three more bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the New York candy manufactory.

The Pennsylvania Legislature met at Harrisburgh and organized.

One hundred failures and assignments were reported in New York in December, the aggregate liabilities of which were nearly $8,000,000.

Miss Lizzie Davis, aged nineteen was stabbed and instantly killed in her home in Ferndale, Pa., by John Haddock, aged twenty-one, who then proceeded to his house, a few doors off, and shot himself through the heart. Jealousy is believed to have led to the double tragedy.

Thomas S. Lambert, ex-president of the American Popular Life Insurance Company, of New York, recently found guilty of perjury in swearing to false statements of the company's condition, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State prison.

A fire at Salem, N. J., destroyed a number of buildings in the business part of the place, doing damage to the extent of about $40,000.

Two excise bills and a New York city charter amendment have been introduced in the New York Legislature.

At a meeting of the directors of the Bull's Head Bank, of New York, it was resolved to wind up the affairs of the institution.

Governor Conner was inaugurated at Augusta, Me., and Governor Rice at Boston, Mass.

Four of the former managers of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., have been indicted for conspiring to defraud the policy holders, as alleged in the complaint.

The Woburn Five Cent Savings Bank, of Woburn, Mass., has been enjoined from doing futher business; and the Rollinsford Savings Bank, of Salmon Falls, N. H., has given notice that it will pay up depositors as fast as possible and retire from business.

A fire in Harrisburg, Pa., destroyed the malt house of B. M. Greider & Co., causing a loss of $70,000, on which there is $55,300 insurance; and a fire in Franklin, Pa., burned down Bailey's block, causing a loss estimated at $30,000, on which there is a partial insurance.

Several vessels were wrecked and many lives were lost by a severe storm of wind and snow along the Atlantic coast in the vicinity of Cape Cod.

Western and Southern States.

The number of lives loss on Western rivers during the past year—mainly the result of the burning or explosion of steamboats—is seventy, and the pecuniary loss is set down at $5,330 000.

A convention lasting ten days was held in St. Louis by the colored school teachers of Missouri.

The German Savings Bank of Lafayette, Ind., has failed. Its liabilities are placed at $89,000 and nominal assets at $94,000.

While making New Year's calls in Cleveland, Ohio, Charles T. Boyer and C. Meitzer, clerks in a clothing store, were thrown from their buggy. Boyer was instantly killed and Meitzer was seriously wounded.

Colonel F. W. M. Holliday was inaugurated governor of Virginia with much display, this being the first occasion since colonial times that a governor of Virginia has been inaugurated with such imposing public ceremonies.

Recent Western failures: Joseph H. Helmer, of Chicago, real estate and loan broker, with about $150,000 liabilities; Jacob Bunn, of Springfield, Ill., banker, with about $800,000 liabilities, and Hickox & Spears, of San Francisco, bankers, with liabilities unknown.

Seven men were instantly killed by the explosion of two tons of nitro-glycerine that were about to be removed to a railroad car near Negaunee, Mich. The force of the explosion was so terrific that it was felt distinctly three miles away; a locomotive was thrown fifty feet into the air and landed a shapeless wreck, and of the seven men killed three were blown into a thousand fragments.

A wagon containing Mrs. Goodloe and four children was backed by a frightened team off a bridge over the Odin river, near Nashville, Tenn., and all the children were drowned.

According to dispatches from various parts of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota and Wisconsin nearly all business was suspended, owing to the extraordinary amount of mud prevailing in the localities mentioned. Every city, town and country road, lane or alley was covered with the liquid nuisance to such an extent that traffic was at a standstill, and farmers ventured out only in cases of necessity, while cattle, hogs and grain and all kinds of produce were kept from market. In Laporte, Ind., six citizens rode through the principal streets in a boat drawn by mules, the mud being nearly two feet thick and in a liquid state.

At Indianapolis Judge Gresham appointed L. A. Millbank receiver of the Anderson, Lebanon and St. Louis railroad on application of the creditors of the road.

The stockholders of the Real Estate Savings Institution of St. Louis resolved to suspend.

Carl Maas and wife, of Crawford county Iowa, locked in their three children, aged respectively one, two and a half and four years, and went to husk corn. During their absence the house caught fire and the three children were burned to death.

A loss of $15,000 was caused by the destruction by fire of six buildings in the business portion of Napoleon, Ohio. They were insured for $8,700.

An immense crowd witnessed the hanging of Jack Harris at Clinton, Tenn., for the murder of Isaac White in 1863. After his crime Harris escaped capture for over twelve years.

Several counties in Virginia were visited recently by an earthquake shock, accompanied by a roaring sound.

The legislature of Maryland organized and listened to the reading of Governor Carroll's message.

The State Savings Bank of Indianapolis, Ind., has gone into liquidation. The assets are stated to be sufficient to cover all liabilities.

From Washington.

At a cabinet meeting Mexican affairs were a subject of conversation, though the discussion was followed by no definite result.

Since the passage of the army bill, the government has paid out over thirty millions in currency, the greater part having been paid as compensation to the officers and men of the army.

The United States treasurer destroyed $1,396,512 in legal tender notes, that sum being eighty per cent. of the amount of national bank circulation issued during the past month.

During the last session of Congress the bills introduced for the erection of public buildings aggregate nearly $6,000,000, the greater part of which is for the South and West.

The New Year's day reception given by the President at the White House was attended by all the army and navy officers, foreign ambassadors and other officials, as well as many private citizens.

Upon representations of Congressmen Schleicher and Mills, of Texas, the President has ordered that a commission of three—two officers of the army and a citizen of Texas—investigate the attack on State troops at El Paso, alleged to have been made by parties from the Mexican side of the Rio Grande.

In December the public debt was reduced $71,623.15.

There was a falling off of $448,000 in the internal revenue receipts during December.

There will be a public sale soon of goods unclaimed and left over from the Centennial exhibition. The articles left behind by exhibitors are numerous, and some of them valuable.

The excess of exports over imports in the United States during the eleven months ended November 30, last, amounts to $124,000,000.

Foreign News.

The British government has consented to mediate between Russia and Turkey, but it is not deemed likely that the former will consent to open negotiations in that manner. The Czar has called for 250,000 troops to reinforce the army.

Eleven buildings were burned by a fire in St. John, N. B. The total loss is about $60,000, on which there is a partial insurance.

At the request of the Spanish government Don Carlos has been expelled from France, and ex-Queen Isabella has written a letter denouncing the expulsion and denying the accusation that she was conspiring with him against the throne of King Alfonso.

Two meetings of workmen, aggregating over 7,000 persons, were held simultaneously in London, the one for and the other against the Turks; and during their progress a fight occurred which lasted over an hour before it was stopped by the police.

General Gourko defeated the Turks at Teskesan, and they retreated to Sophia.

Polledo, Riondo & Co., of Cuba, have failed for $2,000,000 gold.

Some Old Proverbs.

An exchange says: A correspondent asks for the authorship of the old proverb, "He smiles like a basket of chips." It is traceable to a very old date in Shropshire, England, where it was used to describe an unaffected good temper. A quaint old writer quotes it with the added words that explain it: "He smiles like a basket of chips—*i. e.*, of habit and unconsciously."

A lady wishes us to give the origin of the phrase, "He cannot say 'bo (or boo) to a goose.'" There have been many attempts to trace this old proverb. One self-satisfied writer accounts for it by a verse from Burns; but the proverb is more than a century older than the poet. Another traces it to an incident related of Lord Kilmarnock and his son Lord Boyd, who were riding together when they met a poor simpleton, who it was believed had no common sense, but a great knack at rhymes. By previous concert, just as they passed him, one on either side, they each leaned toward him and cried out "Boo!" The supposed simpleton instantly replied:

"There's Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Boyd,
Of manners both are void;
Just like bulls among the kye,
They 'boo' at ilk ane that gangs bye."

It is easy to see from the story itself that this but explains the common use and not the origin of the expression, since the monosyllable that was uttered to startle the swain was already familiar to their lips.

In Dr. Johnson's earliest dictionary was an allusion to "Bo" (on the authority of Temple) as an old northern captain or freebooter, so famous in his line that his name was used to terrify the enemy in a charge, and in latter years to scare children. It is the bugaboo of the nursery. A man of little force has not sufficient energy to cry "Boo" even to a goose.

Cold Feet.

We find this in *Dr. E.B. Foote's Health Monthly*: People generally regard cold feet as a symptom of little consequence. If a person were to speak as playfully of having a bad cough as some do of having cold feet no little surprise would be manifested. Nevertheless, cold feet indicate a condition quite as threatening to the system as a sudden attack of cold and cough.

The remedy usually sought is worse than the disease. Thoughtless young women living in houses having furnaces stand over the register; the older ones sit down and put their feet over it; those having fire places and stoves draw up a chair and "toast their feet;" and there are those who resort to hot water. If any one wishes to produce a condition of chronic cold feet no better means can be used than subjecting the feet to frequent warming at registers, stoves, fire places and in warm water.

An Open Letter. It Speaks for Itself.

ROCKPORT, Mass., April 2d, 1877.

MR. EDITOR: Having read in your paper reports of the remarkable cures of catarrh, I am induced to tell "what I know about catarrh," and I fancy the "snuff," and "inhaling tube" makers (mere dollar grabbers) would be glad if they could emblazon a similar cure in the papers. For 26 years I suffered with catarrh. The nasal passages became completely closed. "Snuff," "dust," "ashes," "inhaling-tubes," and "sticks," wouldn't work, though at intervals I would sniff up the so-called catarrh snuff, until I became a valuable tester for such medicines. I gradually grew worse, and no one can know how much I suffered or what a miserable being I was. My head ached over my eyes so that I was confined to my bed for many successive days, suffering the most intense pain, which at one time lasted continuously for 168 hours. All sense of smell and taste gone, sight and hearing impaired, body shrunken and weakened, nervous system shattered, and constitution broken, and I was hawking and spitting seven-eighths of the time. I prayed for death to relieve me of my suffering. A favorable notice in your paper of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy induced me to purchase a package, and use it with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, which applies the remedy by hydrostatic pressure, the only way compatible with common sense. Well, Mr. Editor, it did not cure me in three-fourths of a second, nor in one hour or month, but in less than eight minutes I was relieved, and in three months entirely cured, and have remained so for over sixteen months. While using the Catarrh Remedy, I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify my blood and strengthen my stomach. I also kept my liver active and bowels regular by the use of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets. If my experience will induce other sufferers to seek the same means of relief, this letter will have answered its purpose.

Yours truly, S. D. REMICK.

Gleason's Publications.

Great reduction in price for 1878 of *Gleason's Pictorial* to $2 a year. Single copies five cents.

The *Home Circle* to $2 a year, single copies five cents, for sale by all newsdealers.

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The propriety of giving condition medicine to horses, cattle and sheep was discussed and admitted by many of the agricultural societies throughout the State last fall, and we believe that in every case but one they decided in favor of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders. Good judgment.

Frank Leslie, Esq., of the "Illustrated Weekly," says: "For some time past I have been using your Cocoaine, and think it far preferable to anything I have ever used for the hair."

I Never Felt Better.

Such is the verdict after taking a dose of Quirk's Irish Tea. Sold in packages at 25 cents.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.		
Beef Cattle—Native	09¾ @	09¾
Texas and Cherokee	08¾ @	09
Milch Cows	40 00 @	70 00
Hogs—Live	05 @	05¾
Dressed	05¾ @	06
Sheep	04¾ @	06
Lambs	05¾ @	06
Cotton—Middling	11¾ @	11¾
Flour—Western—Good to Choice	5 95 @	6 25
State—Good to Choice	5 50 @	8 50
Buckwheat per cwt	2 25 @	2 65
Wheat—Red Western	1 48 @	1 53
No. 2 Milwaukee	1 35 @	1 37
Rye—State	75 @	77
Barley—State	76 @	77
Barley Malt	68 @	70
Buckwheat	80 @	85
Oats—Mixed Western	40 @	42
Corn—Mixed Western	61 @	63¾
Hay, per cwt	50 @	55
Straw—per cwt	40 @	48
Hops......76's—01 @03 ......77's	11 @	13
Pork—Mess	12 50 @	12 70
Lard—City Steam	08¾ @	08¾
Fish—Mackerel, No. 1, new	18 00 @	21 00
" No. 2, new	13 00 @	14 00
Dry Cod, per cwt	5 60 @	6 00
Herring, Scaled, per box	16 @	17
Petroleum—Crude......09¾@09¾	Refined,	12¾
Wool—California Fleece	20 @	25
Texas "	30 @	33
Australian "	44 @	49
State XX	41 @	44
Butter—State	27 @	33
Western Choice	20 @	21
Western—Good to Prime	20 @	25
Western—Firkins	12 @	16
Cheese—State Factory	12 @	13
State Skimmed	10 @	11
Western	09 @	10¾
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania	23¾ @	24¾
BUFFALO.		
Flour	6 25 @	7 40
Wheat—No. 1 Milwaukee	1 33 @	1 37
Corn—Mixed	60¾ @	65
Oats	25 @	30
Rye	95 @	98
Barley	82 @	88
Barley Malt	80 @	82
PHILADELPHIA.		
Beef Cattle—Extra	06 @	06¾
Sheep	05 @	05¾
Hogs—Dressed	08¾ @	08¾
Flour—Pennsylvania Extra	7 12 @	7 25
Wheat—Red Western	1 52 @	1 53
Rye	65 @	67
Corn—Yellow	60 @	61
Mixed	60 @	61
Oats—Mixed	35 @	37
Petroleum—Crude......0¾@09¾	Refined,	18¾
Wool—Colorado	23 @	28
Texas	22 @	32
California	27 @	33
BOSTON.		
Beef Cattle	06 @	08¾
Sheep	06¾ @	07¾
Hogs	06 @	09
Flour—Wisconsin and Minnesota	7 50 @	9 00
Corn—Mixed	48 @	52¾
Oats— "	58 @	59
Wool—Ohio and Pennsylvania XX	45 @	47
California	24 @	35
BRIGHTON, MASS.		
Beef Cattle	08¾ @	08¾
Sheep	05 @	09¾
Lambs	07 @	15
Hogs	07¾ @	08
WATERTOWN, MASS.		
Beef Cattle—Poor to Choice	5 50 @	6 50
Sheep	6 75 @	7 75
Lambs	7 00 @	9 00

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The regular secretion and flow of the gastric juices, and of the bile which the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters promotes, are effects, which conduce materially to the restoration of health, when the system is disordered. Food is not digested in the dyspeptic stomach because the gastric fluid is deficient, superabundant or vitiated; the liver becomes congested and the bowels constipated because the supply of bile is inadequate or misdirected. The Bitters rectifies all this, and removes every ill consequence of non-assimilation and bilious irregularity. Futhermore, it stimulates the action of the kidneys, by which impurities are, so to speak, strained from the blood, and any tendency in the urinary organs to grow sluggish and disordered is counteracted. Whether it be used as a means of regulating gastric or bilious secretion, and relieving the overloaded bowels, or to promote complete and therefore healthful, urination, Hostetter's Bitters may be relied upon with confidence to accomplish the end in view.

DIPHTHERIA.—This awful disease is raging again this winter, and is almost sure death if neglected but for a single day. If taken in season Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will cure nine cases out of ten. No family should be without it a moment.

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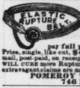

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Witness of the above, MR. GEORGE M. VAUGHAN, Medford, Mass.

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WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS,
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS,
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS,
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS,
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
FOR SORE THROAT,
FOR SORE THROAT,
FOR SORE THROAT,
FOR SORE THROAT,
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
FOR HOARSENESS AND CROUP,
FOR HOARSENESS AND CROUP,
FOR HOARSENESS AND CROUP,
FOR HOARSENESS AND CROUP,
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
FOR WHOOPING COUGH,
FOR WHOOPING COUGH,
FOR WHOOPING COUGH,
FOR WHOOPING COUGH,
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
FOR ASTHMA AND INFLUENZA,
FOR ASTHMA AND INFLUENZA,
FOR ASTHMA AND INFLUENZA,
FOR ASTHMA AND INFLUENZA,
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
FOR BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTION,
FOR BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTION,
FOR BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTION,
FOR BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTION,
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
FOR PAIN IN THE SIDE AND BREAST,
FOR PAIN IN THE SIDE AND BREAST,
FOR PAIN IN THE SIDE AND BREAST,
FOR PAIN IN THE SIDE AND BREAST,
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
FOR DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING,
FOR DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING,
FOR DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING,
FOR DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING,
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
OF WILD CHERRY
OF WILD CHERRY
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
FOR LIVER COMPLAINT,
FOR LIVER COMPLAINT,
FOR LIVER COMPLAINT,
FOR LIVER COMPLAINT,
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
OF WILD CHERRY.
FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE
FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE
FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE
FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE
THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST.
THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST.
THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST.
THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST.
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
USE WISTAR'S BALSAM
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