Agricultural Department.

Plant Fruit Trees.

If people generally, were as fond of cultivating fruit, as they are of eating it, what a plentiful supply of this healthful luxury we should have, and how much better it would be for the interests of all. We frequently gaze with amazement upon farms, than which none could be better adapted to the cultivation of nearly every kind of tree fruit, but upon which such a thing as a fruit tree is as great a rarity as snow in harvest. We fail to understand how it is possible that people can be so indifferent to their own comfort, and their own interests. If the setting out of a hundred or two choice peach, pear, apple, plum and cherry trees involved an outlay of as many hundred dollars, we could then understand why there are so many farms, almost devoid of fruit of any kind, but when such is not the case,—when fifty dollars would clear the entire expense, leaving out of the question the cost of planting, which is trifling, we confess to utter amazement, and not unfrequently to a feeling of indignation. The farmer who does not cultivate as much fruit, as is sufficient for the largest possible wants of his family, is little less than a barbarian, for certainly he must be wanting in one of the broadest characteristics of true civilization, when he deprives not only himself, but his family, of what cannot be regarded as other than the cheapest, most wholesome, and, though it may to some seem a stretch of imagination, elevating luxuries. The cultivation of fruit exerts upon the mind an influence not unlike that of the cultivation of flowers. It is refining in its tendencies. Where there is an abundance of fruit, there is necessarily a smaller consumption of meat, and consequently less grossness of physical, as well as mental habit.

Go to work, then, farmers, and especially those of you who have hitherto neglected to plant fruit trees. Do not allow another season to pass over your heads, without being able to say that in a few years you have a reasonable prospect of a crop of fruit sufficient for your families, and for the friends who may need it.

Corn Fodder.

A falling off in milk, and the neglect to provide food for soiling, induces many to turn stock into meadows early, and before they have become thickly coated with aftermath. It is bad economy, very injurious to meadows, while the seemingly "fair feed" is swept away in a few days, and a scanty yield of milk is the result for the balance of the season. There is no crop, therefore, that pays the da ryman better one year with another, than the few acres devoted to corn fodder. Corn fodder should be fed in the stalls, as there is no waste, besides the stock thus fed are more quiet and less disposed to hang about, waiting for their feed, as they do when the fodder is given them in the open field.—Each cow in the stall gets its proper share of food, and there is no hooking or soiling of your master cows. The herd should be fed regularly at stated hours, and they soon become accustomed to the time, coming of their own accord to the stables, and during other portions of the day they will feed more in the pastures.

Corn fodder for soiling should be wetted before feeding. It is a good plan to cut in the morning and let it lay in the sun till afternoon and then feed. In this way some of the external moisture will be got rid off, and the food will be preferred by animals, and produce better results. Corn fodder is very succulent, and does not need to be farther diluted by feeding when the dew or water is adhering to it. Better reduce the water in it by wetting and partially drying.

The Product of one Weed.

A gentleman desiring to know what would be the influence of a single weed upon the agriculture of a field or garden, selected a plant of purslane (pusley or pursley as called by some), and carefully counted its number of pods. It was a large, but not the largest, sized plant from a rich spot of ground. The number of its seed pods was 4,613. He then took fourteen of the pods—seven smallones, four medium, and three of the largest—and counted the seed in them. The result gave us an average of ninety seeds to the pod. Thus in this single plant we have the enormous number of 415,170 seeds. If these were spread over a plat of ground, and should all germinate, and a man should attempt to cut them with a hoe, and should average six plants at every blow, and make thirty strokes of his hoe per minute, it would take him thirty-eight hours and twenty-three minutes to cut them out. Or, if these weeds were equally disseminated at the rate of four to the square foot, they would cover 103 acres and a third acres of ground. Again, allowing only one third of these seed to germinate, and that the product shall be only one-half as rich in seed as this plant, yet they will produce the astonishing number of 28,727,628,150 seed—enough to cover broad fields with weeds the third year from one seed. Do not these figures show the immense importance of cutting and destroying every weed before it goes to seed? There is no doubt that many other weeds are fully or more prolific than this. It has been known in wet weather to grow and mature its seed long after it had been entirely severed from the root.

Tell Tales, But Truth Tellers.

It is a grand mistake to suppose that the dumb beasts upon a farm tell no tales. When you call on neighbor C. have you never noticed how the old house dog pricks his ears and wags his tail, the instant his eye lights on his master? The owner may perhaps forget to speak to the faithful old brute, but just see how Carlo watches his opportunity and gives his master's hand a gentle push, to remind him that he expects the notice to which he has been accustomed. There is another place you call at, where the poor terrier tells another story, for no sooner does that gruff voice sound in the doorway, than the dog is off skulking into some out of the way place, and glad to be able to do that without unpleasant preliminaries. A horse knows whether his old master has hold of the reins, or whether the young one has taken the ribbons; the familiar "git" is understood and the horse moves accordingly. The idea that a horse is less affectionate than some other animals is a mistake. He is perhaps less demonstrative from the exigencies of the case, for he cannot well put his paw upon your knee or get into the carriage, but in his way, he will soon give you to understand that he appreciates, those that treat him kindly. It is bad policy to lose the affection even of a dumb beast, and to treat it with undue severity is simply barbarous and mean. At best, its life is bad enough, and there is not a truer word among all the proverbs of Solomon, that "a righteous man loveth the life of his beast." These poor creatures are no flatterers. Their evidences of attachment are the expression of outspoken sincerity. If you are wise, you will have as little to do as possible with any man whose roughness has made his dog afraid of him.

Bots in Horses.

I believe bots *can be* removed from horses without harming them in the least. First, give the horse two quarts of new milk, sweetened with one quart of molasses; second, fifteen minutes after, give the horse two quarts of strong sage tea, third, twenty minutes after giving the sage tea, give the horse three pints of currier's oil. The bots fill themselves with the milk and molasses and become lazy, the strong sage tea shrivels them up, and the currier's oil, acting as a cathartic, carries them from the stomach, when they pass away from the horse. In giving the medicine put an open bridle on the horse, take him into the barn floor, step upon a girt or scaffold, draw the horse's head gently over the beam, holding up on the bridle, when his lower jaw will drop; then insert the neck of a bottle, and pour the contents gently down the horse. *Do not gag the horse or pour the medicine into his nose.* This is a simple remedy, easily applied. I have seen it tested, and am convinced of its efficacy.—*New England Farmer.*

Trim Your Trees.

This is only to remind you of the necessity of this branch of horticulture. The *Agriculturalist* and other journals describe the proper method of pruning. If the limbs are large and you must use the ax (some prefer a saw), have it very sharp and not cut too close at first; commence on the under side of the limb, so that it does not peel the bark when falling, and then dress the wound close up to the main stem. If it is a fruit tree, a little melted grafting wax or composition brushed over the wound is very good. But I was going to say to im those locust and other trees along the roads and lanes, so that persons will not scratch their faces and tear the oil cloth on their wagons while driving along. If locust trees were kept properly trimmed they would make better timber for posts, &c. —*Lancaster Farmer.*

Destructive Fire.

ROCHESTER, Aug. 20.—A fire here to-day destroyed property valued at $15,000. Mr. Wanser, dentist, is the heaviest loser. The fire was started by burglars, who robbed Wanser's safe of $170.

Miscellaneous.

Remarkable and Tragic Suicide.

Colonel Henry McKenty, one of the early pioneers and most widely-known citizens of Minnesota, committed suicide at St. Paul recently by shooting himself through the head. He had been for some days residing with the family of Mr. C. D. Gilfillan, at No. 65 East Tenth street. Having already made one attempt at self-distruction by taking laudanum, he had been placed under medical treatment, and was anxiously watched by his wife who was apprehensive that he might again seek to put an end to his existence. While Mrs. McKenty and Mrs. Gilfillan were engaged in the kitchen, it being about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and no men about the house, an explosion was heard in Col. McKenty's room. Mrs. McKenty went up immediately and found her husband standing in the middle of the room with a revolver in his hand. There was a bullet-hole through the looking glass; and as Colonel McKenty was unhurt, it was evident that in his nervousness he had missed his aim. She asked him to give up the revolver; and after trying for some time in vain to get the weapon from him, went down stairs to try to obtain the assistance of some man. A few moments after she heard a second discharge, and flying to the room found him as before with the revolver in his hand, a bullet-hole in the wall, near the ceiling showing that he had again missed his aim.

He assured her that the pistol was now empty, and therefore that he could do himself no harm, but refused to give it up. She then went down and told their little daughter to run for Dr. Phillips, who lives on Pearl street. As she descended the stairs a third time, she heard another shot, and on entering the room found the poor man lying unconscious on the floor. He had fallen heavily against the stove, and the blood was oozing from a bullet hole in the right temple. Colonel McKenty was born in Chester County, Pa., and came to St. Paul in June, 1851. He began to deal largely in real estate, and soon became the leading operator in the State. He was strictly honest, and a man whose word was as good as his bond. The fearful crash of 1857-8 crushed his fortune to atoms, and left him destitute. During the oil-excitement in Pennsylvania, he concluded to go there and see if he could not redeem his fortunes. Borrowing a few hundred dollars, he went there in 1865, only to be pursued by the same relentless fate which had scattered his previous accumulations. After an utter failure he returned home, and in 1868, by the assistance of a few friends with whom fortune had shown more kindly, he was supplied with money and started to California. All his efforts at speculation, however, proved unsuccessful; and about six weeks ago he returned to this city, and has since been seeking employment. He seemed while he was laboring under great mental depression, which culminated at last in self-destruction, as above related.

Shocking Tragedy.

At half past 12 o'clock on Monday morning a terrible tragedy occured at the Lake View House, at the corner of Seneca and Summit streets, on the bank of the lake. Philip Gilmartin, proprietor of the house, shot and instantly killed his son, Thomas Gilmartin, while the latter was attempting to enter the house. The circumstances, as related by the father, who is a gray-haired old man, sixty-three years of age, are as follows: He retired with his wife, at the usual hour, and the lights were extinguished. Thomas was not then in the house, but this was nothing uncommon for him, as he was in the habit of being out about the city at all hours of the night. At the time mentioned, Mr. Gilmartin and his wife were awakened by the rattling of a window sash, and were soon convinced that some person was attempting to enter. Being old people, and having a sum of money in the house, they were naturally suspicious of burglars. The noise was at a window on north side of the house, opening into a room adjoining their sleeping apartment. Mr. Gilmartin had in his room an old Harper's Ferry musket, shortened to the length of a carbine, which he kept loaded for an emergency of this kind. Taking this in his hand, he proceeded to the window. Discerning in the dim light the form of a man just in the act of clambering upon the sill, the flower half of the sash having been removed, he first challenged the intruder with: "Who's there?" but he did not receive any reply. Feeling satisfied that he was a burglar, Mr. Gilmartin immediately raised his gun and fired. The man fell upon the outside without a cry or moan. The report aroused the other inmates of the house and some of the neighbors, and for a few minutes a scene of the wildest excitement prevailed. Upon going to the spot the man was found where he fell, in the expiring agonies of death. The horror and amazement of the aged father and the other members of the family, when they recognized the face of Thomas Gilmartin, can be but faintly imagined. A physician was immediately sent for, and the still breathing man was taken into the house. The physician soon arrived, but nothing could be done, and he died within a few minutes. After being shot he neither spoke nor gave any sign of consciousness. The ball, which was a large one, entered the right eye and passed entirely through the head, emerging at the back side. The head, torn and mangled, presented a shocking spectacle. The police were immediately notified of the affair, and Sergeant Kinney with several men repaired to the house. Mr. Gilmartin was taken into custody without resistance and confined in a cell at the Central Station, until an official investigation of the affair can be had. He is known as an innocent, inoffensive old gentleman. He was almost overcome with grief at the terrible deed he had unwittingly committed: The gun was taken to the stationhouse to be shown at the investigation. The coroner will hold an inquest this morning, when some further light may be thrown upon the matter. As the case appears there is not the slightest evidence of any criminality upon the part of Mr. Gilmartin, and he will probably be discharged. The deceased was 29 years of age and was a notoriously bad character.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Return of a Confederate Prisoner to Arkansas.

The following is from the Little Rock (Ark.) *Gazette* of July 25:

The Jacksonport *Herald* and Batesville *Times* have lengthy accounts of the capture and imprisonment, for six years, of Mr. H. H. Lee, a cousin of General R. E. Lee, and formerly a citizen of Madison, in this State. In November, 1862, he was arrested in Memphis, on a charge of speculating in Confederate money, put in the Irving Block for one night, and then shipped for Camp Douglas, in Illinois. Having failed to officer refused to receive him because there was no law forbidding speculation in money of any kind. The lieutenant having him in charge then started with him to Rock Island, accompanied by seven guards. They went to Milwaukie, Wisconsin, and were going to put Lee in jail for safe keeping until they could have a spree. About this time Lee and one of his guards, who accompanied him, escaped, but were soon recaptured. Mr. Lee was then imprisoned in Milwaukee jail, and kept in close confinement for two and a half years without a trial. At the end of that time he was taken out and sentenced (without a trial) to four years imprisonment in the State prison, at Madison, Wisconsin. During these four years he was not allowed to write to his friends, or read a book or newspaper of any kind, but was effectively excluded from the world. During this time his health was good. The time for release came. He went to Cincinnati, where he heard that his wife was dead, and he could hear nothing of his child.—From there he went to Memphis, where he was received by his friends as one risen from the dead, and learned the joyful news that his wife and child, the latter a grown young lady, were both living, and at Batesville. The telegraph was used in announcing to his wife his safety, and stating that he would meet her at Jacksonport on the 13th. Says the Herald: "They met, and such a meeting as it was never occurred within our knowledge. The joy of the wife at the sight of her restored husband was too great, and soon after swoon followed in rapid succession." From here they went to Batesville, their future home, where we leave them, trusting that a long and happy life may be vouchsafed to the happy family, and trusting that this is the last Confederate prisoner."

A Sad Romance—The Wife of a Day—Love in Death.

Some three years ago a young German, whose family had immigrated to this country came from Philadelphia to pursue his studies for the Presbyterian ministry, at Princeton College. His health was feeble, and it was thought best for him to spend his vacations as much in the open air as possible. He accordingly hired himself to a farmer, in Bucks county, Pa., and spent the summer in outdoor occupation of a light character.

A few days ago, when the Pacific railroad had just been completed, and the public were still talking of the last spike with the golden head, a young lady purchased in Philadelphia one of the very first through tickets for San Francisco. She was the fair daughter of a Quaker farmer who lived near where the young German student had been employed during his vacation. They had met, loved and engaged to be married. But his health had grown worse, and his family had sent for him to come back to California. Letters from him to the Bucks county farm house told only of still further decline. The young girl pined under her trouble. At last, one Saturday, came a telegram asking her to come to him at once. Her betrothed was sinking fast. On Tuesday she was on her way. The road of iron that spans the continent was safely traversed, and she reached San Francisco.

The rest of the story is briefly told. The newspapers of Eastern Pennsylvania, a month ago, announced under the head of "Married," the wedding, in San Francisco, June 24th, of a gentleman of that city to a lady of Bucks county, Pa. Following it, under the head of "Died," San Francisco, June 25th, was the name of the husband. The wedding had been by a death bed. The Quaker girl was the bride of a day.

Grant and Colfax Losing Popularity in the West.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* says:

A prominent Republican politician of Indiana, who arrived here last evening, gives it as his opinion that the Democrats will be successful at the local elections in that State this fall. The dissatisfaction with the administration is very great, and has been brought about by the character of Grant's appointments, his lack of a decided foreign policy and the extravagance of the Congressional traveling committees. Colfax, this gentleman says, has lost whatever popularity he had in Indiana, and a strong party of politicians is being organized to oppose his aspirations to the Presidency.—The Republicans have lost all confidence in Grant, and are bitterly regretting his election. The gentleman who brings this report was a delegate to the Chicago Convention and the most prominent manipulator for the nomination of Colfax.

Butler's Opinion of Grant.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Gazette* relates the following current anecdotes:

When Ben Butler heard of Grant's complicity with Senter and Walker and Dent and Hamilton, to get up a "Grant party" at the South, he wrote here that the General was ambitious of another term—and should be watched! When (very recently) it turned out that the President threw away this chance at the command of such a pigmy as Boutwell, and threw up his military cap for Stokes and Alcorn and Wells and Davis, Butler, shrewdly enough, wrote emphatically that he was a "d——d fool, and needed no watching any longer."—Grant has irretrievably split his party at the South, and although he is now under the leading strings of Chandler, of Norfolk, who wants to come to the Senate from Virginia, and will doubtless illegally turn out of the Legislature of that State the very men he did more than any one else to elect, still the real mischief is irremediable. The whole South is gone!

Another anecdote of General Butler: At the time of the famous "Yerger compromise," the "General" was in town—(I mean in this city). Addressing a fellow-Radical, he said: "I don't blame Grant for this, he doesn't see his agreement substantially surrenders the question of jurisdiction, and places the Supreme Court beyond Congressional legislation. He has agreed to suspend judgment until the Court decides! Cases will arise of which he knows nothing of the hearing. In surrendering what he has (so far as he can do so), he has disrupted the Republican party. I don't blame him for this, however, (as I have said), he knows no more of law or statesmanship than Boutwell himself. But he should have known better than to have appointed a ninnyhammer to the Attorney Generalship—one of the most important posts in the American or any other Government."

Bearing in mind these observations, the following purport of what Butler said after the news had reached him that *Gen. Grant had ordered the Marshal of New York to resist with military force the sacred writ of habeas corpus*, will be better understood: "I have given his Excellency credit for all the negative virtues, and have excused his action in the brief career as Best I could; but in this matter, sir, I can find but one excuse, sir—*he must have been half seas over, sir!* There were so many ways to avoid this direct issue besides making the Government the laughing-stock of Tipperpot will fix it. He is a lawyer. The man can be strung up without putting the country by the ears! *Let them employ Bingham!!*"

Letter from Judge Dent.

A correspondent of the Jackson (Miss.) *Clarion* has furnished the following extracts of a letter from Mr. Louis Dent, the prospective nominee of the National Republicans, and, adds the *Clarion*, the accepted candidate of the people of Mississippi for Governor:—

I am gratified at the election in Virginia and earnestly hope for Mississippi a like happy result. It is upon this basis that we may hope for a speedy restoration of good government in the South, with her discordant elements reconciled and her true men of all parties re-united. On this basis of the election there is the commencement of a new era in the politics of the country, and it is gratifying that so many good and wise men are laying hold of it as the panacea for all our political ills.

The time has arrived for breaking boldly away from the prejudices and precedents of the past. The policy adopted in Virginia is the dawn of a better feeling. It will change the whole surface of Southern politics, and transmute what has been under the reconstruction acts an element of discord into a resource of reconciliation. The question of negro suffrage pending the fifteenth amendment becomes fixed and irrevocable, and if wisely managed the measure may soon cease to be the means of more nearly adjusting the balance of power between the North and the South. The great agricultural and commercial interests of Mississippi, in which my whole soul is enlisted—their resuscitation and development—are yet to constitute no small share of the political topics of the future of our State; and in view of this fact, together with the earnest appeals which have come from so many sources no less respected than patriotic, I have consented to become a candidate for the office of Governor. I am not without distrust of my fitness for so distinguished and responsable a position, but am cheered by the assurance that if elected I shall have the hearty and earnest co operation of wise and patriotic men of all parties in establishing good government, harmonizing her every interest, and restoring the State once more to her proper relations to the Federal Union. I have the honor to be, your friend sincerely.

LOUIS DENT.

The Drought in Virginia.

The Lynchburg *Virginian* of Saturday has most distressing accounts of the effect of the prevailing drought from all parts of the State. The *Virginian* adds:

"Vegetation is literally burning up. The grass has almost disappeared in some sections, while the corn has become so shriveled, twisted and stunted, that even copious rains from this time forth could not save it. It some parts of the State there has not been a good rain for nearly ten weeks, and during all this time we have not had in this vicinity more than two or three brief showers. Under the most favorable circumstances now, if it should be seasonable all through the remainder of the season, and early frosts should not set in to blight what remains of late corn, there will not be more than the third of an average crop of corn in the State. In many sections there will be none at all, and much suffering will be the result of this failure. Had we not been favored with an abundant crop of wheat, the situation of our planters would have been distressing indeed; and, as it is, many of them will find it hard work to pay taxes and provide for their households.

"In the above, we have spoken only of the corn crop, and have said nothing about that other great staple, tobacco. With many of our planters this is the main dependence to bring them in ready money.—The wheat crop has been so precarious in this section for years past that the planters have ceased to sow it, and it is a matter for sincere regret with many that they did not sow a larger breadth of soil last fall, which would have enabled them, in view of the favorable yield of wheat, to bridge over the trouble that will be occasioned by the short crop of corn and tobacco. The growing crop of tobacco gives very little promise of a fair yield, and even if it should under the influence of genial showers—much too long delayed—take a fresh start and recover partially from the effects of the drouth, it will be so late in maturing as to subject it to he hazard of frost in the fall, thereby creating the necessity for cutting it before it is ripened. There is reasonable ground to apprehend that the crop will be short and of inferior quality, that will bring only short prices. Upon the whole, therefore, the farmers and planters in much the larger portion of Virginia will not be likely to realize a year of good results.

Narrow Escape from a Shocking Death.

On Friday last, a German named Miller, lately arrived in Baltimore, came near losing his life, in that city in a singular manner. He was alone in his room, in an upper story, unloading a huge iron-bound chest about the size of a small ark, and twice as large as a three story Saratoga trunk. When he had nearly completed the work, and while leaning over to pick some article at the bottom of the chest, Miller lost his balance and fell in. His heels struck the lid and brought it down, making him a fast prisoner by means of the spring lock attached. The old fashioned strength of the chest and fastenings resisted the prisoner's most vigorous efforts to break his bonds, and his half stifled cries could not be heard by the other inmates of the house, who were all down stairs. The agony of the moment was intense, as may be well imagined, considering the narrow confines of such a prison and the remoteness of all help. Fortunately, the window of the room was open, and the suppressed cries of suffering were heard by a lady in an adjoining yard, who instituted inquiries, and these led to an investigation, in which the searchers were directed to the trunk by the moans of the imprisoned man. There was no time for delay. An axe was speedily brought to bear upon the trunk and the lid forced open. The poor man was found to be almost exhausted, but was soon revived by the fresh air and proper applications, though it will be some days before he is completely over the terrible fright the accident has given him.

A Diamond Ring Found Through a Dream.

A few nights ago, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, a lady, while taking a walk, lost a valuable diamond ring from her finger in some unaccountable way.—Diligent and extensive search was made, without any clew to the ring, and the lady gave it up as gone "for good and all." Before daylight the following morning the lady was surprised by the calls of her nurse a small negro girl. On being admitted to her mistress, the girl, who had not heard of the ring being lost, said she had just had a dream, in which she was apprised when, where, and how the jewel had been lost, and that, if allowed, she felt sure she could find it. She then described the place and manner in which the ring disappeared, and begged her mistress to go with her and test the dream. This strange circumstance was made known to the household, but all treated it with the utmost incredulity. It was afterward concluded to humor the girl, however, and she and several white members of the family proceeded to the designated spot, more than a hundred yards from the house. Here the dreamer told her mistress that, as directed in her dream, she must drop another ring, it would roll as a guide to the missing one. A plain ring was handed the girl, she let it fall, and sure enough it rolled and stopped within two inches of the lost diamond ring, which had got into a crevice between two bricks of the pavement. It may be imagined that the ring-hunters were somewhat astounded at the miracle. There is not the least fiction about this curious dream and its result.

WASHINGTON MORALS.

A Rival of Brigham Young.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* is making some rich developments of the carryings on of members of Congress and other government officials. The following, in reference to the "Chief of a Bureau," is about a fair sample of the morals of the Grant Administration. He writes:

A gust of wind will sometimes make queer revelations. It will lift a vail, and show you a hideously marked face, or a skirt, and exhibit a deformed limb. Sweeping through the forest it will lift an autumn leaf from the earth, and disclose under it a nest of horrible, noxious vermin. It has been shown that it will uncover as curious moral deformities. One day there came a whiffing breeze around the corner of a Government department, not far from the Interior, sweeping in behind the massive colonades, and carried a letter lying on the table of a female clerk through the open window.

The lady clerk had read the letter, and had gone hastily indignant from the room to consult the gentlemanly chief of the bureau upon its contents. The letter was written by a sister clerk in an adjoining room, who had just made the startling discovery that the person to whom it was addressed was a rival in an unlawful intimacy with the chief of the bureau. The letter, in its turn, had just maddened the receiver by a similarly surprising development. Meanwhile a news-boy—the *gamin* of the Washington streets—had caught the fluttering letter out of the window, and returned it to the room from which it came. It was received there into the general possession of the lady occupants of the room. Another of them catching its contents was shocked by a doubly exasperating surprise, but prudently withheld the letter from further observation.

The owner, returning, accused her of theft; and under mutual recriminations, there transpired the trinity of secrets. The breeze had discovered *three mistresses, in a single department, to its chief.*

Regulating Liquor Traffic in Sweden.

The sale of spirituous liquors in Gothenburg, Sweden, after a variety of experiments by the authorities, is carried on according to the following method: A reform society of gentlemen of high social standing has obtained entire control of the traffic in spirits in the city, under an agreement to apply the profits of the business above expenses for the benefit of the poor. The society, it is reported, has reduced the number of licensed houses to less than forty, one third of the former number, and has bound the proprietors to sell only at fixed prices, giving a profit of only one and a half per cent., with obligations to keep a supply of all harmless drinks, including beer, at whatever profits they could command, thus making it the interest of the venders to sell these drinks instead of liquors. The effect, it is asserted, has been an almost entire cessation of drunkenness.

Rosecrans' Little Game.

We have to go to a Western paper to learn that General Rosecrans' little game in declining the nomination for Governor of Ohio was founded upon an intention to proceed to New York, and, if possible, form a grand company for the purpose of constructing a railroad from the city of Mexico to Acapulco, on the Pacific coast. That is a splendid scheme, and if Rosecrans succeeds in carrying it out he is likely to find himself better off than if he were elected Governor of Ohio ten times over. But Rosey talks too much his vanity will not permit him to keep a secret no matter how good a thing he has in hand. And it would not be surprising if this new project of a railroad from the city of Mexico to the Pacific coast were to result in more profit to other hands than those of the original adventurer.

Chinese Laborers for South Carolina.

Information has been received in Washington to the effect that a number of planters in South Carolina have entered into contract with an immigration agent for several hundred Chinese laborers, the first ship load being expected to arrive about the first of January next. One successful rice planter has contracted for 250, and others for 10, 20, 50, &c. No payment is to be made until the Chinese arrive and commence work on the plantations. There seems to be a great demand for them by planters throughout the South.

Weaving.

A complete revolution in weaving is prophesied from the introduction of a method by which the woof is carried through the chain by means of a needle at a right angle. A variety in the pattern, both in shade and markings, can be attained in this way of which the old process was wholly incapable. This new process is adapted to fabrics of any kind, and can be used both for weaving by hand and with power looms.

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THE WHITE POLAR BEAR'S HEAD has become very popular among the people. It is pronounced genuine, and can still be seen in

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There is also on hand to be seen, and will be made up to order, Single and Double

SILVER AND GOLD MOUNTED HARNESS

FINE RUBBER MOUNTED HARNESS,

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Of Every Description.

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LADIES' & GENTS' TRAVELLING TRUNKS

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FINE ENGLISH & FRENCH MOROCCO GILT

AMERICAN SATCHELS,

In all the Different Colors and Varieties

HORSE AND MULE COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.

☞ The undersigned has the Sole Agency to sell the RUBBER LINED HORSE COLLAR. Warranted not to gall shoulders if property fitted; and in many cases will heal up sore shoulders while in use.

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We ask the attention of purchasers to our usually large stock of goods carefully selected and manufactured to our own order for the

FOR THE NEW YEAR!

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nov25 tfw47

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Yard on Penn'a R. R., Cor. Prince and Walnut streets, Lancaster, Pa.

Have now on hand and for sale a well selected stock of Family Coal from the best mines which we will sell at current market prices and guarantee satisfaction. Also, a full stock of well seasoned Lumber, of all kinds at Reduced Prices.

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N. B.—Located in the very heart of the wholesale business, this is one of the most conveniently located Hotels for Merchants Business men and others visiting the city.

j12 6mdaw

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO THE HEIRS AND LEGAL representatives of Davis Gyger, late of Strasburg township, Lancaster County, Pa.—You are hereby notified that by virtue of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Lancaster county to me directed, I will hold an inquest to divide, part or value the Real Estate of Davis Gyger dec'd, on Thursday the 16th day of September, 1869, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, when and where you may attend if you see proper.

J. F. FREY,

Sheriff's Office, Sheriff.

Lancaster, Aug. 16, 1869. } aug. 18-3t-3tw.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH LYNCH, LATE of Fulton township, deceased.—Letters Testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto, are requested to make immediate settlement, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned, residing in said township.

J. CALVIN LYNCH,

ANNIE E. MORRIS,

au 18 6tw* 31 Executors.

ESTATE OF THEODORE O. HRYDER, late of Lancaster city, deceased.—Letters of Administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate settlement, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent to make known the same to either of the undersigned without delay.

CHARLES H. KRYDER, Adm'r.

121 North Third street, Philadelphia.

WM. A. WILSON, Attorney,

53 East King street, Lancaster.

au 18 6tw 33

ESTATE OF HENRY FURLOW, LATE of East Cocalico township, dec'd.—Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto, are requested to make immediate settlement, and those having claims of demands against the same, will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned.

BENJAMIN SECHLER,

Cumru Twp., Berks county.

HENRY HARTMAN,

East Cocalico Twp., Lancaster county,

july 21-6tw*-29 Administrators.

ASSIGNED ESTATE OF CHARLES Sharpless and wife of Sadsbury township, Lancaster county.—Charles Sharpless and wife of Sadsbury township, having by deed of voluntary assignment, dated July 6th 1869, assigned and transferred all their estate and effects to the undersigned, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Charles Sharpless, he therefore gives notice to all persons indebted to said assignor, to make payment to the undersigned without delay, and those having claims to present them to

WILLIAM A. MORTON, Assignee,

jy. 14. 6tw. Lancaster City.

BANKRUPT NOTICE.

In the District Court of the United States for the East-ern District of Penn'a. } In Bankruptcy.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, ss:

At Lancaster, the 9th day of AUGUST, 1869.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: The undersigned gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of the estate of M. Gillespie Son, of East Lampeter township, in the County of Lancaster and State of Pennsylvania, within said district, who has been adjudged Bankrupt upon the petition of Creditors, by the District Court of said district.

D. G. ESHLEMAN, Assignee,

36 North Duke street,

au11-3tw32 Lancaster, Pa.

BANKRUPTCY NOTICE.

In the District Court of the United States, for the East-ern District of Penn'a. } In Bankruptcy.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, ss:

At Lancaster, the 9th day of AUGUST, 1869:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of the estate of Samuel M. Brus, of Leacock township, in the county of Lancaster and State of Pennsylvania, within said district, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt upon the petition of creditors by the District Court of said district.

D. G. ESHLEMAN, Assignee,

au 11 3tw No. 36 North Duke street, Lancaster.

Miscellaneous.

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DEAFNESS, CATARRH.—A lady who has suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh was cured by a simple remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompts her to send the receipt, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address

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