Farm, Garden and Household.

Hard Soap.

A recipe for hard soap, which is excellent and economical: Nearly every family accummulates through the winter drippings from beef and mutton. These can be utilized for the grease by boiling in water, allowing it to cool, then removing from the water and boiling till all the water is expelled. Of course the whiter the grease the nicer the soap. Take six pounds sal soda, six pounds grease, three and a half pounds new stone lime, four gallons soft water, half pound borax. Put soda, lime and water into an iron boiler, boil till all is dissolved. When well settled pour off the clear lye, wash out the kettle and pour in the lye, grease and borax, boil till it comes to soap, pour into a tub to cool, and when hard cut into bars and put on boards to dry. This is very nice for washing white flannels and calico.

Purifying Rancid Butter.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives a recipe in that paper for restoring rancid butter to its original flavor. We do not believe it can be done. Undoubtedly the rancidity may be removed, but the original flavor, if it was a good one, cannot be restored to it after it is destroyed, any more than life can be restored to a dead body. But here is the recipe: "To one quart of water, add fifty-five drops of the liquor of chloride of lime; then wash thoroughly in this mixture five pounds of rancid butter. It must remain in the mixture two hours. Then wash twice in pure water, and once in sweet milk; add salt. This preparation of lime contains nothing injurious." Chloride of lime has nearly as disagreeable an odor as rancid butter, besides being much more powerful.

Transplanting Beets.

Make a hole in the ground two or three inches deep, fill it with water (if cold all the better), put the beet into it as far as you wish it to go, then fill in with dirt, pressing it firmly around the plant. That is all; so much and no more. This method might be too expensive and slow where the plants were started in a hot bed; but where they are sowed in the bed in which they are to grow, there is no way so good. They can be transplanted in this manner in a clear, hot, sunshiny day, with no loss. A garden trowel is the best tool to use in transplanting.

A Vigorous Lie.

There is going the rounds of the papers a statement that "by rooting a limb of a peach, and then cutting it from the body of the tree, thus making the sap run backward, the fruit will be stoneless." It states it will take about three years to root the branches. It takes about three years, too, for this story, and the like of it, to go the rounds. It has been circulating for at least a century, and the fact that there is no truth in it does not in the least affect its vitality.

Transplanting Beets.

Beets may be transplanted successfully. The proper time to transplant is when the root is an inch or more in diameter. The tap root should be cut off and the leaves at the top. This will insure growth. The leaves, if left upon the root, would draw all the moisture from it, and the plant would die. When the leaves are cut off half an inch above the crown the evaporation cannot take place, and the growth of root and new leaves are simultaneous.

Bret Harte Loses $10,000.

The recent announcement of the suspension of the *Lakeside Monthly* brings to mind the earnest desire of Chicago that Bret Harte, after he had left San Francisco, and was en route to the East, should become the editor of that magazine. The leading citizens of the Northwestern metropolis prepared an elaborate entertainment in honor of the Californian author, and bade thereto some of the most prominent people in town. The hour for dinner was fixed for eight o'clock. All the guests assembled except Harte. Fifteen minutes passed, half an hour, three-quarters, and still no Harte. A feeling of uneasiness and awkwardness spread through the company; everybody wondering and some asking, "Where is he?" "What has become of him?" Nine o'clock came, and the host, surrendering all hope of his special guest, invited his friends to the luxurious board.

Under Harte's plate had been deposited a check, payable to his order, for $10,000, designed as an inducement for him to remain in the Garden City and undertake the conduct of the *Lakeside*. Not only did the humorist not appear on that occasion, he never even gave any reason for his absence, nor has he done so to this day. Many reasons have been given for his failure to keep the engagement, though none of them are known to be true.

One thing, however, may be depended on, if Harte had been aware that a check for that amount had been awaiting him he would, unquestionably, have been present. He has never been in a condition, financial or temperamental, to decline the offer of money, and he must regret exceedingly, if conscious of what he missed, that he stayed away from an entertainment promising a result so pecuniary.

The check was canceled and the gentlemen who had made up the amount were just so much better off in consequence of Bret's caprice.

There is something droll in the idea of the brilliant racounteur depriving himself of $10,000 when he might have had it without the asking. He has the reputation of being so perpetually embarrassed for lack of money that his remembrance of that circumstance should henceforth teach him the value of punctuality.—*Letter to the Boston Times.*

NO HARD TIMES.—A gentleman writing from San Francisco says: "California has never been in such a state of prosperity as at the present time. The harvest promises to be the largest ever gathered in the State, and mining operations of all kinds are giving vast amounts of gold, silver, lead and quicksilver. The fruit crop is equally abundant. The markets are full of cherries and strawberries and the grape crop is equally promising.

DEPARTING MAMMOTHS. — Naturalists bewail the apparent fact that the elephant, like the whale, is being driven into extinction by the persecution of mankind. In India the hunters have pursued him so far inland that he is scarcely more common now in the habitable part of that country than is the red deer in England; and in Burmah and Ceylon only has the huge and docile animal a refuge from extermination.

A fatal epizootic among ducks is something to be dead-duck-ted from farmer's profits in Pennsylvania.

GYPSY LIFE IN AMERICA.

The Story of Londo and His Wandering Band.

Away off here in the romantic Welsh mountains, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Conestoga, about 125 miles west of New York, says the New York *Sun*, your correspondent has been spending the day with a gypsy band. The company is the largest that ever visited this section. Mira, the daughter of the chief, is said to be the fairest child of the forest in America, and Londo, her father, one of the most intelligent of the family of Hernes, the leader of the north of England tribes. They are, comparatively speaking, rich, and their sorceresses and fortune tellers the most accomplished on the continent.

I had a desire to know all about this singular, strolling, vagabond, real gypsy life in America, to learn the habits, customs, rights, and religious ideas of these tawny skinned people of the woods, and I told "Londo," the chief of the tribe, what I desired. After he had placed a camp stool at my service he excused himself to make a horse trade, and he sent his daughter, Mira, to answer whatever questions the visitor might ask. She is a beautiful girl. Not tall, nor coarse-featured as her mother, but medium in height, compactly built, round, broad shoulders, full chest, very regular features, very black hair, black, dazzling eyes, and a soft, pure olive skin. When she smiled she showed a pretty set of teeth, and when she spoke she did so modestly and shyly. This was the fifteen year old daughter of the captain. She was born in the woods of Yorkshire, England, and never slept a night in a house. She was dressed in a pretty colored calico gown. A sash of scarlet flannel was about her waist, and a string of pretty little shells formed a necklace for her. A large, beautiful topaz in heavy setting ornamented her left forefinger, while several smaller gold rings were on her right hand. She had bracelets, and carried a money pouch made of snake skin at her left side. Her slippers were of red morroco, and her dress did not come down near as far as those of city young misses do. She said that her father was very busy, and that if she could furnish the required information she would be very happy to do so. I asked her about fortune telling.

She smiled and said, "Perhaps you think that is about all the women folks know, or at least that is the subject they are best informed on." Her English was very good, and her judgment in this instance still better. She continued: "Well, mother is the very best fortune teller in America to-day; at least we think so. Her mother was the queen of the tribe in which she was born, and mother gained all her knowledge from that source."

At this the mother came from one of the tents near by and approached. She was a tall, handsome woman, about fifty years of age. Her gown was as colored as the wild flowers she had daintly woven in her dark, coarse hair. She surveyed her visitor, then looked inquiringly at the daughter, and then spoke: "There is much to be learned and much to be forgotten in this busy, busy, weary life." Her name, she said, was Deborah Herne, and she was born in Spain. Her English was only tolerable. She wore a bone ring on the third finger of her left hand. Under the ring was a dried lizard's tail that had been wound round the ring when it was yet pliable. I asked her why she wore them. Her reply was, "The only person in this life I shall ever tell will be little Mira," and she clasped the beautiful gypsy girl in her arms, and kissed her over and over again. These gypsies have a blind love for their children. Then the mother went away and commenced playing with and tossing around four little ragged baby boys and girls that were playing in a pile of hay and straw on the ground. Mira smiled and said, "Yes, mother frequently assures me that she will tell me all she knows some time or other. She was told a great deal by grandmother on her death bed. Probably I shall never know mother's secrets until she comes to die. Well, I hope I may never know, and then she will always be with us. We have five women folks in our camp who tell fortunes. Four of them are only ordinary folks who deal with cards. They get twenty-five and fifty cents from females, and one dollar from the men. The reason women are charged less is, they can't afford it, for it is almost impossible for a wife to smuggle a dollar from her husband, whereas fifty cents or a quarter is not so difficult. All the money made on fortune telling is put in the general treasury. It passes through father's hands, and then I get it."

Mira then reached back, caught hold of her snake-skin satchel, and opened it. Several hundred dollars thrown in loosely were shown. "I'm father's treasurer, and I pay out money when he says I shall. But I do hate to part with it when they lose on horse racing bets. If I could break papa from that bad habit, I should consider it a splendid victory."

Londo then appeared and sat down. He had finished business for the time, and he handed his daughter a roll of money and told her she might go to her tent. The gypsy captain was a fine-looking, well-shaped man, standing fully six feet, and weighing 230 pounds. He said his band consisted of himself, wife, only daughter, four men and their wives, and seventeen children, twenty-eight in all. They were all related, and were of pure Herne blood. They came from England six years ago, and since then have been leading a wandering life in the woods North and South. In the winter they are in the woods of Florida and Alabama, and during summer they are North. Pennsylvania is a favorite State. The gypsy continued: "We do more business in Pennsylvania than anywhere else. The women here, generally speaking, seem to have more trouble than many others, hence the fortune-telling business is brisker. Everybody around here is ready to trade horses any time, and there is always some money to be made by the person knowing the most about a horse. Sometimes we have as high as thirty horses in hand, ranging in value from $100 to $500. We have dogs, hogs, four large tents, and one small one. The women folks are all married to our men, and my daughter Mira is the only one not wedded.

She is fifteen years of age, and a very smart girl, considering that she never went to school in her life. None of us can read or write; but we don't mind that. You see we do cash business and don't need to keep books. We don't need to write letters. Newspapers have no charm for us. Our little world is here, and all that is going on in it we know. What the white people do we don't mind as long as they let us alone. We have our laws and the whites have theirs. We are all one family. Moneys received from whatever source are given to the treasurer. The men meet and decide what is to be done with it. I then make the investments. The golden rule is what we go by. Every man's wife is his property and shall be respected as such. We have no domestic troubles. Occasionally we are blamed for stealing and maranding, but there is no truth in it. We worship God in our own way, and believe that He will care for us in the end. We live in tents in the woods that we may be always together and be our own bosses. We hate to be governed by laws, and hence prefer to be free by living in the woods. Our boys grow up to be the most expert horse traders in the land. We put them to work very early. First they learn to lead a horse to water, then to feed him, then to ride, then to clean, and then to harness him. Following this, they are taught all the points about a horse, and when they reach manhood they are perfectly informed in the business. The girls are taught fortune telling little by little. Few ever become perfect. My wife, Deborah, received her gifts from her mother, who was a queen in her father's tribe. Mira will be equally fortunate some time."

In his own way Londo then told the story of the gypsy tribe. What he knew his father had told him. He had received it from his grandfather. In this way it had been handed down from father to son. He said their people were to be found in Asia, Europe, and America. Among the German population they are known as *Ziguener*, or, as is more commonly pronounced in this section, "Zig-i-ner," which literally means wandering thieves from *Zieh Gauner*. They represent themselves as being lineal descendants of the original tribe of Christian penitents who in the early history of the world were driven out of Egypt by the Saracens. Tradition has it that these banished people had their ears pierced, from which depended a ring of silver; their hair then, as now, was black and crispy, and their women tall, erect, and fiery, and were sorceresses and fortune tellers. They scattered over Europe, increased and multiplied, came over to America, so that now there may be a half million scattered over the world. A greater part lead their strolling lives in Europe, pictures of which we get from "Guy Mannering," "Trovatore," "Leah, the Forsaken," and "Deborah." The true gypsy language is the same that is spoken entirely in Hindostan. They are remarkable for their yellow, brown or rather olive skins, their jet black hair and eyes, and the extreme whiteness of their teeth. Many of the gypsy girls in Spain are considered beauties. Mira has Castilian features. They are noted for the symmetry of their limbs. They have much elasticity and quickness, and their looks indicate levity and carelessness. The men are horse traders and horse doctors, and tinkers willing to mend all kinds of utensils. They are passionately fond of lively music, and many times they engage in dancing.

The gypsy chief blew a shrill whistle and a little tawney skinned fellow came hopping to where we sat. Londo gave orders for music, and a gypsy man came out with a guitar. Mira shortly followed, and immediately commenced dancing a wild, weird, fantastic fandango to the sweet notes of the guitar. Then the children in the distance organized a party of their own and in a few moments the whole camp was transformed into a ball room, with mosses for a floor and the emerald archway of foliage above for a ceiling. The beautiful girl was the idol of the entire band. She was lithe as a cat, and her dancing was graceful and interesting. The visitors contributed a purse for the man of music, and the dancers were applauded. The gypsy daughter then sang a beautiful Spanish song and chorus, and accompanied herself on the guitar. She sings and plays without notes, but the sound, though crude and unfinished, is very pleasing and melodious. Then she danced and sang and played all at the same time, swinging round and round until the very woods echoed back the pleasant strains. And when she had finished her father kissed her and allowed her to remain with us.

In answer to questions the chief gave the following additional information. They have no old people with them; they have all been laid to rest under the moss in the valley and wood. Gypsies bury their dead in the woods they die in. They have the profoundest respect and regard for the memory of their departed friends. It is this feeling that keeps them from doing wrong. They swear by their dead friends, and call upon them to witness any verbal contract or agreement or declaration they may choose to make.

The men folks use a great deal of tobacco. Mira smoked cigarettes, and she offered her father's visitor a daintily twisted paper cigar, which proved to be very fragrant. They have no form of religion. They argue that the Supreme Being knows exactly what they want, and if He sees fit He will give it to them. They silently thank Him for all they receive. Marriages are formed in the rudest manner. The young gypsy lover marries a lass when they are from fifteen to sixteen years of age. None but gypsies intermarry. If a husband becomes tired of his wife he can cast her off if he chooses, but this is very seldom done. Their affection for children is so strong that wives' and husbands' love are sure to follow. The leading gypsy tribes in existence are the Stanleys, Lovells, Coopers, Smiths, and the Hernes. The real gypsies in this country are from the Herne and Lovell families. There are about 300 real gypsies in the United States.

A Practical Joke.

A letter from Dubuque, Iowa, mentions the arrival of a stranger from the country in that town a few days ago, and describes the result of his innocent inquiry for direction to the Marshal's office. He was directed to that officer's headquarters, and told that if he did not find the gentleman in to step into the next room, and he would see a rope; to pull that, and the Marshal would respond. He followed instructions to the letter, and, not finding the officer in his office, the citizens were soon alarmed by the clamorous ringing of the fire-bell. Engine and hose turned out as quickly as possible, and posted to headquarters to ascertain where the fire was located, and found the stranger there. The firemen demanded where the fire was, and, on his answering he knew of no fire but wanted to see the Marshal, one of the firemen was so irate that he pitched into the stranger and gave him a sound thrashing. The stranger at once proceeded to a Justice's office to take out a warrant for the assault, but was informed that if he did the fireman would bring suit for giving the false alarm, which is liable to a $50 fine; so he decided not to sue, and when last heard from was looking for the man who told him how to find the Marshal.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

A band of Carlists made an attack upon Belimunt, Spain, and the garrison, to avoid the burning of the place, surrendered. The insurgents made a demand upon the authorities for $6,000, and took off several persons, saying that they would hold them as hostages for the payment of the money. They were followed by a force of Republican troops, who overtook them and killed 20 of their number.....The rain-storms which visited the neighborhood of Quebec wrought very serious damage in several parishes of the County of Beauce, particularly those of St. Joseph and St. Frederick. In some places the direction of the water-courses has been changed, buildings and bridges have been swept away, farms have been inundated and covered with sand and gravel, and travel in many places is seriously impeded.....The relations between Turkey and Persia are not friendly. It seems that the Persian Government has refused to compel the return to Turkish territory of a tribe numbering 2,000 families which had been subject to the Porte, but escaped across the Persian frontier, and that a number of Turks have been seized and maltreated by a band of Persian pilgrims. The Turkish Government threatens to force Persia to give up the persons who have abused its subjects, and to surrender the revolting tribe. Unless an accommodation is speedily effected the relations of the two countries will become critical.....Details of the church calamity at Syracuse state the total number killed at 13; injured 100.....The Iowa Anti-Monopoly Convention nominated a State ticket and adopted resolutions against a License law and in favor of a specie basis.....The Hon. W. M. Evarts delivered a eulogy on the late Chief-Justice Chase before the Alumni of Dartmouth College..... A desperate fight between union and non-union longshoremen took place in New Orleans.....The Spanish radicals are said to be disposed to create a consulate for the term of five years, which they will confer upon Marshal Serrano..... Captain Werner has been sentenced to arrest for his conduct when in command of a German man-of-war at Cartagena during the intransigente insurrection.....The sale of the Prince Imperial's cartes de visite has been prohibited in France.

Caravans arriving from Central Asia bring reports that Yakoob Bey is arming against Russia. It is believed he is prompted to this by agents of Great Britain. There is also a possibility of a collision between Russia and China..... James Gleason, wife, and child were burned to death in their house at Everett, Mich.....Two men went to the house of Mr. McCormick, Collector of Customs at San Diego, Cal., bound and gagged him, and procured the combination of the Custom-house safe. One remained on guard over the Collector, while the other went to the Custom-house, opened the safe, and took therefrom $3,000. The men were disguised, and escaped with the plunder .....Men digging a well at Rochester, Minn., found a log of wood about one foot in diameter fifty-five feet below the surface. The bark was still on the log, and the wood was a species of dark-colored pine.....The murderer, Edward Hartzell, who shot and killed Dr. Conrad, cut his throat in Canfield jail with a knife that had been handed in with his supper. The next morning he tore his shirt into strips, and hung himself in his cell, but was cut down in time to save his life.....Great excitement was caused at Fort Wayne by a further reduction of the working time in the Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad shops to five hours per day. At the reduced rate wipers, day laborers, &c., will receive about fifty-six cents per day. Some apprehensions of serious trouble are felt..... Gov. Groome has signed the death warrant of Ernest Smith, convicted of rape in Talbot county, Maryland, and of Charles H. Jones, convicted of murder in Baltimore, both colored, fixing the day for the execution of each on the 7th day of August next.....The Massachusetts Legislature refused to pass the License bill over the Governor's veto by a vote of 110 to 93.

Land Leeches.

A traveler in Assam, Mr. T. T. Cooper, describes as follows the land leeches which abound in the forests of that country: "In length they are about an inch, while their thickness does not exceed that of an ordinary sewing needle. Their mode of progression is very curious. Fixing one extremity, by means of its bell-shaped sucker, firmly on a leaf or on the ground, the leech curves itself into an arch, and the other end is then advanced till the creature resembles a loop, again to expand into an arch, but the movement is quicker than words can describe; the rapidity with which they get over the ground is quite startling. As they occasionally rear themselves perpendicularly and sway about from side to side, taking a survey round them in quest of prey, the observer cannot fail to conceive a dread of the bloodthirsty little creatures. I could never resist watching them whenever I took a seat. At first they would hold themselves erect, then suddenly, as though they had just discovered my whereabouts, they would throw themselves forward, and with quick, eager strides, make toward me. Another kind of leech found in Assam is the hair leech, so called from its great length and extreme tenuity. It lies in wait in the grass, and as animals feed enters their nostrils and fixes itself firmly in the interior, where it takes up permanent quarters, causing the poor beasts great irritation. It does not appear to attack human beings."

The Assam land leech is not so formidable a pest, however, as the horse leech of Ceylon. According to Sir Emerson Tennent, the Ceylon land leech is about an inch in length, and as fine as a common knitting needle, but capable of distention to the thickness of a quill, and a length of nearly two inches. It can insinuate itself through the meshes of the finest stocking. It is always ready to assail a passing traveler or quadruped. The coffee planters are obliged to wear "leech gaiters" of closely woven cloth for protection. "On every twig and grass blade," says Wood, "the land leeches sit, stretching out their long bodies toward the coming prey, and hastening after the traveler with direful speed. Instinctively they make for the unprotected parts. They crawl rapidly up his clothes, they insinuate themselves into his neck, his coat sleeves, and his boots; and wherever a patch of bare skin can be found, there a small colony of leeches is sure to hang."

GUANO.—According to the Panama *Star and Herald*, the investigations by Dr. Raimondi of the guano deposits recently discovered on the main-land of Peru have shown them to be of even a better quality than those of the Chincha Islands; and as the estimate of the amount is at least 8,000,000 tons, there is little fear of the speedy exhaustion of the resources of that enterprising republic. The common guano is now worth fourteen pounds sterling per ton in foreign markets, and this new deposit will probably bring two or three pounds more.

The "Court of Death"—Starting the fire with kerosene.

The women of Salt Lake City have petitioned for a Prohibitory law. If a wife and six children may be made wretched by a drunken husband, how much greater must be the aggregate sufferings of six wives and sixty children, all belonging to one reckless reveler?

Diseases of the Blood.

By R. V. Pierce, M. D of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose Rash or Erysipelas, Ringworms, Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Eruptions, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Rough Skin, Scurf, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Tumors, Old Sores and Swellings.

"The blood is the life." This is as true as a mathematical or any other scientific proposition, and one that should influence every physician. From the blood we derive our strength and mental capabilities. When this source is corrupted the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. From our blood our systems are built up and kept in repair. The strength of our constitutions and our powers of endurance and the withstanding of disease-producing agencies with impunity, depend largely upon the condition in which our blood is kept. If it holds in suspension or solution vile festering poisons, all organic functions are weakened thereby. Settling upon vital and important organs—as the brain, lung, liver and kidneys—the effect of these poisons in the blood is, many times, most disastrous. Hence, it behooves every one to keep the blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and the more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year. When you purify your blood to cure Salt Rheum or any Erysipelas humor, you not only cure those diseases, but you put your system in such an improved condition that you are not so liable to any other disease. No matter what the external or exciting cause may be, the real or direct cause of a large proportion of all chronic or lingering diseases is bad blood. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon bad blood, a few of which I have enumerated at the the head of this article, are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this fluid and excrete from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each minutely. For instance, medical authorities describe about fifty varieties of skin disease, but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment, it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again, I might go on and describe various kinds of Scrofulous Sores, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Ulcers of varying appearance; but as all these various-appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by uniform means, I deem such a course necessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will all return to us.

The Liver is the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system. Set this great "house-keeper" of our health at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose my Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor, (except Cancer) from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch or eruption. Great, eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence.

Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents. The system being put under their influence for a few weeks, the skin becomes clear, smooth, soft and velvety, and, being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory.

The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. The cure of all these diseases, however, is with the use of these most potent agents *only a matter of time.*

I do not wish to place my Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor do I so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that I acknowledge it will not cure; but what I do claim is this, that there is but one form of *blood* disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. I do not recommend my discovery for that disease, yet I know it to be the most searching blood cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable or mineral. Blood medicines that are advertised to cure Cancer should be looked upon with suspicion. They never can do it.

Most medicines which are advertised as blood purifiers and liver medicines contain either mercury, in some form or potassium, and iodine variously combined. All of these agents have a strong tendency to break down the blood corpuscles, and debilitate and otherwise permanently injure the human system, and should, therefore, be discarded.

My Golden Medical Discovery, on the other hand, being composed of fluid extracts of native plants, barks and roots, will in no case produce injury, its effects being strengthening and curative only. Sarsaparilla, which used to enjoy quite a reputation as a blood purifier, *is a remedy of thirty years ago*, and may well give place, as it is doing, to the more positive and valuable vegetable alteratives which later medical investigation and discovery have brought to light.

Both Discovery and Pellets are sold by all first-class druggists in all parts of the world.

DOCTORS COULDN'T HELP HIM.

John A. Wilson, Esq., Meigsville, Morgan Co., O., writes: "When I was 12 or 15 years of age, I took what is called King's Evil or Scrofula, and by constant doctoring, it would heal in one place and break out in another. It also broke out in my left ear. I sent ten miles for the first bottle of your Discovery, which did me more good than all other medicines I ever used. I am 28 years old, and doctored with five doctors; not one of them helped me so much as one bottle of your Discovery. I am well and able to do a good day's work."

SALT RHEUM AND ERUPTIONS CURED.

Mrs. A. W. Williams, Claverack, Columbia Co., N. Y., writes: "I had been afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form for a great many years, until I bought your Golden Medical Discovery and took two bottles and a half, and was entirely cured. From my shoulder to my hands, I was entirely covered with eruptions, also on face and body. I was also afflicted with Rheumatism, so that I walked only with great difficulty, and that is entirely cured."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE CURED.

J. M. Robinson, West Grove Station, Iowa, July 14, 1872, writes: "My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors at an expense of $125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation."

July 16, 1873, he writes thus: "My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your great Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed, and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles and is still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood-purifier and strength restorer."

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS

can be shown at the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., expressing the gratitude of those who have been cured by the Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, of all forms of Blood Diseases affecting the Skin, Throat and Bones.—*Com*

Iron in the blood supplied by PERUVIAN SYRUP.—*Com.*

Ye Old Mexican Mustang Liniment, has produced more cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, scalds, burns, salt rheum, sore nipples, swelling, lameness, chapped hands, poisonous bites, stings, bruises, &c., &c., on men, women and children; and sprains, strains, galls, stiff joints, inflammation, &c., in beasts, than all other liniments put together. It will do what is promised or ye money refunded.

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Sheep	.04	a .05¾
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Flour—Extra Western	5.65	a 6.30
State Extra	5.80	a 6.40
Wheat—Red Western	1.35	a 1.38
No. 2 Spring	1.40	a 1.41¾
Rye	1.12	a 1.12
Barley—Malt	1.80	a 2.00
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Lard	.11¾a	.11¾
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Butter—State	.29	a .30¾
Ohio Fancy	.18	a .19
" Yellow	.16	a .17
Western Ordinary	.14	a .15
Pennsylvania fine	.28	a .29
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Ohio	.13	a .13
Eggs—State	.18	a .19½

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Wheat	1.45	a 1.70
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Barley—State	1.65	a 1.90
Oats—State	.59	a .59

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Beef Cattle	4.50	a 6.87½
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Hogs—Live	5.00	a 6.00
Flour	6.50	a 9.00
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	1.32	a 1.32
Corn	.70	a .70
Oats	.53	a .54
Rye	1.10	a 1.10
Barley	1.80	a 2.00
Lard	.07¾a	.10¾

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Cotton—Low Middlings	.16½a	.16¾
Flour—Extra	6.25	a 6.75
Wheat	1.30	a 1.60
Corn—Yellow	.80	a .80
Oats	.58	a .70

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Flour—Penn. Extra	6.62½	7.00
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Corn—Yellow	.82	a .82
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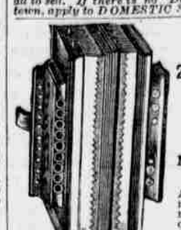

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