A Human Tiger.

Among the notorious desperadoes of Covington, Ohio, is one Lee Crane, or Creane, a man who has been guilty of several deeds of blood, and who until recently has been hiding from the arm of the law. One afternoon his beastly nature became inflamed, and he started out for blood—to run a Malayan "muck."

There is a brickyard situated on the street occupied by the Kentucky Central railroad. Crane was drunk, and was raging like one possessed in a low den. This house looks upon the brickyard. Lee Crane was pursued by his brother Will, who lives near by, into this place, the brother wishing to get his own pistol back, Lee having recently taken it from his house. Lee's only response to the demand for the surrender of the pistol was a shot from it directed at his brother. Will Crane did not wait for a second bullet, but got out of range as speedily as possible. Lee Crane's tiger thirst for blood was aroused, and he started out with blind rage to satiate it. The first object he saw on leaving the Connolly house was a poor old laborer named Henry Hageman, who had just freshened the fires in the kilns, and was stooping down in the act of putting a live coal in his pipe. Crane took deliberate and unerring aim at him, and Hageman fell, pierced through the groin.

Crane continued on his way, and met an acquaintance named Frank Dresman, who was passing from his house to the brickyard. Dresman, having heard the pistol, and perceiving Crane's disordered apperance, inquired what the matter was, when a bullet flew past his head. Dresman stood astounded for a second, and could not believe that it was anything more than an eccentric piece of fun at first, but the continued presence of the pistol trained on him persuaded him that his life was sought, and he ran toward the other end of the brickyard, pursued by Crane. The devilish murderer sought a rest for his weapon to steady his hand, and aimed at Dresman's retreating form from a pile of wood, the pistol snapping twice, but luckily failing to go off.

The two men had at this time got as far as the west end of the yard. Here were Henry Dresman and Ben Hageman, the latter a nephew of the man previously wounded. They were engaged in conversation, when their attention was drawn to the chase by the noise made, and one of them called on Crane to stop. He replied by a shot at them. The three men poured a rain of bricks upon the human beast, and one of them struck him on the breast. Crane's ammunition was now exhausted, and the men whose lives he had sought now had the advantage. He turned and ran, the three men in hot pursuit. In his flight he threw down or lost the pistol, which was picked up by Bill Crane's wife, who, it is charged, used it to intimidate the pursuers of her brother-in-law, and actually did deter one man who had joined in the pursuit.

The hunters overtook the fleeing murderer, and would have made short work of him with clubs and stones, aided by the crowd, now swelled by a large number of Germans, hot for instant revenge. But they were persuaded to desist by the clerk in charge of the lumber company's office.

Henry Hageman and Benjamin Dresman took the prisoner in charge, forced him to a street car, and got him aboard after a severe struggle. At the court house, they found an officer in charge, and with his assistance the prisoner was lodged in jail.

A Lively Skirmish.

While the steamer Far West was taking troops up the Powder river, the Indians stood on both banks, and with oaths dared Col. Moore with his troops to leave the boat and land. A few shells were fired from a twelve-pounder, which scattered the Indians, and they disappeared from the south bank. Dave Campbell, pilot of the Far West, with two Ree scouts, then landed and went to reconnoiter. They soon found that the Indians were endeavoring to cut them off from the boat, and, turning their horses' heads, they started as fast as possible for the steamer. Seven Sioux had circled so as to intercept them, and it became a race for dear life. The horse of one of the scouts fell behind, and was soon shot. The scout started on foot, but it was no use. The same Sioux who had killed his horse soon reached him and put a bullet through his lungs. Dave Campbell heard the shot, and looking behind saw the wounded scout lying on the ground. He said to the other scout that they must go back and get that man. Although it was as much as their lives were worth, they turned, and as they did so, they saw the Sioux dismounting from his pony. Dave fired, and the Sioux fell, his scalping knife in his hand. Dave and the Ree then scalped the Sioux, and started with the wounded man for the Far West. During all this time Col. Moore, although with three companies of troops, sent no one to the relief of the three men. Finally Grant Marsh, captain of the Far West, called for fifteen volunteers. Fifteen soldiers immediately offered their services, but Col. Moore ordered them not to leave the boat. However, eight of them, contrary to orders, went with Captain Marsh and brought in Campbell and the two scouts.

Revenue Receipts.

The statement prepared at the United States Treasury department shows the receipts from specific sources of revenue for the year ending with the thirtieth of June, namely:

Total from spirits taxed at seventy and ninety cents per gallon, $51,390,458 44.

Total from special taxes on rectifiers, wholesale and retail liquor dealers, manufacturers of stills and still worms, and stamps of various kinds, $5,035,802.41, an aggregate of $56,426,260.85, or $4,359,615.55 more than the receipts last year.

From tobacco of all kinds, together with special taxes, $39,795,275.43, or $2,491,835.53 more than the receipts of last year.

From fermented liquors, including the special tax, $9,571,280.66, an increase of $431,146 over the receipts of last year.

From banks and bankers' deposits and circulation, $4,006,698.03.

From adhesive stamps, $6,518,487.51.

From penalties, $409,282.87.

From articles and occupations formerly taxed but now exempt, $509,340.13, making a total of $117,236,625.48, or $6,691,471.25 more than the receipts last year.

An Anchor.—An American backwoods minister having alluded to an anchor in his discourse, described its use in the following lucid manner: An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and when a storm arises they take it on shore and fasten it to a tree, and that holds the ship till the storm blows over.

The Cost of Summering in Europe and in America.

It has frequently been asserted that a family can spend the summer at a less expense in Europe than in one of our American watering places, but we have nowhere seen the exact data given on which to make the comparison. A friend, who has had much experience in the matter, has kindly furnished the requisite information, and we lay it before our readers.

The season during which it is a luxury to be away from this city, says the New York *Sun*, is usually from the twentieth of June to the twentieth of September. Some persons, indeed, leave earlier and come back later, but the three months embraced between the dates specified are almost always regarded by those who can afford it as the shortest period to which their absence can be restricted. The great heats, such as that through which we recently passed, begin toward the last of June, recur at intervals during July and August, and do not finally cease till after the September equinox. We may therefore consider the summer as of three months' duration.

With the modern facilities of steamships and railroads, a great deal may be very pleasantly done in these three months in the way of European travel and sightseeing. Deducting ten days for the voyage over and as many for the return, leaves two months and ten days to be spent on land. This is long enough for a leisurely and comfortable trip through Great britain, Germany, Switzerland and France, or, in the case of old travelers, for a sojourn at any spot which may strike the fancy. The cost of such a tour for say a husband and wife, four children and one servant, will be, reckoning in gold:

Passage over and back, four statercoms in steamer	$1,000
Traveling and hotels, two weeks in England and Scotland	600
Traveling three weeks from England to Switzerland, by way of the Rhine, and the Tyrol	750
Two weeks in Switzerland	500
Fares to Paris, and two weeks there	800
To Liverpool, by way of London, one week	350
Total	$4,000
Add for premium on gold	500
Total cost of thirteen weeks	$4,500

This is an average of $340 per week, or, excluding the ocean passages and their cost, say $1,150, of $335 per week. The figures are not estimated, but taken from the note book of an actual traveler. They allow for first-class railway fares, and the best hotels at all stopping places, and, in the large cities, for a private sitting-room. They include all fees to servants, the family washing, and the expenses of sight seeing.

Thirteen weeks at the watering places in this country, taking Saratoga and Newport as standards, would cost the same family:

Board at $227.50 per week	$2,957.50
Extra for private parlor, $70 per week	910.00
Washing, $250; fees to servants, $100; wines and extras, $200	550.00
Railway fares and carriage hire	390.00
Total for the thirteen weeks	$4,807.50

The Present and Future of Belgrade.

A correspondent of the London *Telegraph* gives the following: Belgrade is a pleasant, homely little capital, of indifferent morals, as I am informed, but unusual charity. No one is rich, and very, very few so poor as to beg. I have seen, indeed, but two beggars in three days, and those were deformed. Living is so cheap that sixpence a day will support a man comfortably. There is no aristocracy, and the prince dwells very close to his subjects. They speak of him familiarly, as of a friend, elected by themselves to honor. He has a palace, an unpretentious building of considerable size, but no court, for there are no courtiers nor officials of rank.

People don't cheer when their handsome princess drives by with her bodyguard of cavalry, but they salute and smile. The Servians, simply and charmingly democratic, have no loyalty toward their reigning house. Like the inhabitants of the moon, according to the French report, they expect their prince to be a worker, and on that condition they are contented to obey him. His duty, above all things, is to forward the grand idea, and to raise Servia among the peoples. He has still much to do in both cases, but much has been done.

Perhaps the money spent in building and decorating the theater might have been laid out to more advantage in paving the town anew or in lighting it. For its streets, wide enough, are about as comfortable to walk over as a road newly macadamized; and its lamps, very few and far between, are filled with petroleum. There is not a railway in the country, as every one knows. But the Servians are anxious to learn, and they do their best.

The future importance of this country is very great. With the Save on one side, opening into the Adriatic, and the Danube on the other, with mines of iron, silver, lead and copper profitably working even now—at least before the war—Belgrade should take an important place among cities.

The Servian General.

Gen. Fadeyeff, who is to succeed Gen. Tchernayeff as commander of the Servian forces, acquired distinction in the Caucasian wars. He rose rapidly in the Russian service, and was subsequently known as an ardent friend of the Sclavic race. The Russian government having changed its policy in regard to Austria, Gen. Fadeyeff's writings fell into disfavor, and he was allowed to retire from the army with full pay. He may be expected to do all that is possible to retrieve the Servian disasters.

Well Armed.

As an instance of the completeness of the equipment of the Indians who are now fighting the troops, the case of the chief killed by Buffalo Bill, or Cody (who with other scouts is with General Merritt), was particularly mentioned. From him as he lay dead on the field, was taken, first, a Winchester repeating rifle of the latest and most improved pattern, with a full supply of ammunition for it; second, the newest style of Smith & Wesson navy revolver, with ammunition; a Colt's old style navy revolver, with ammunition; a heavy knife, shield, and spear.

A New Office.

The Boston *Journal* says: There is talk in Washington of passing a bill conferring upon President Grant on his retirement the office of permanent president of the Smithsonian Institution, with a salary of $10,000 or $12,000 per annum. The principal object of this measure is apparent from the reported fact that the President will retire from his present office a comparatively poor man. The scheme is attributed to General Banks, and it is said that it meets with much favor.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Household Recipes.

Sore Throat, Headache, Cold Feet, Etc.—If those who are subject to sore throats and the like, were to bathe the neck in cold water in the morning, and use the flesh brush at night, they would find a benefit which would more than compensate them for their time and trouble. There are many who suffer from headache and cold feet. If they would plunge their feet in cold water every morning, and use the flesh brush every night it would relieve them both.

Godfrey's Cordial.—1. Infuse nine ounces of sassafras, one ounce of caraway, coriander and aniseeds, in six pints of water; simmer till reduced to four pints; add six pounds of treacle, or coarse sugar, and boil for a few minutes. When cold, add three ounces of tincture of opium or laudanum. 2. Dissolve half an ounce of opium and one drachm of oil of sassafras in two ounces of spirits of wine; mix four pounds of treacle with one gallon of boiling water, and, when cold, mix both solutions.

A Good Cake for Children.—Mix a quarter of a pound of butter, or good, fresh dripping, into two pounds of flour; add half a pound of pounded sugar, one pound of currants, well washed and dried, a quarter of an ounce of pudding spice or allspice, and mix all thoroughly. Make warm a pint of new milk, but do not let it get hot; stir into it three teaspoonfuls of good yeast, and with this make up your dough lightly, and knead it well. Line your cake tins with buttered paper, and put it in the dough. Let it remain in a warm place to rise for an hour and a quarter or more, if necessary, and then bake in a well heated oven. This quantity will make two moderate sized cakes. Thus divided, they will take from an hour and a half to two hours' baking. Let the paper inside your tins be about six inches higher than the top of the tin itself.

Hog Cholera.

In reply to several inquiries made of late for cures and preventives for hog cholera, a number of recipes have been obtained by the American farmers' club from various sections of the country:

A pork dealer of Tennessee recommended giving the hog, for cholera, a tablespoonful of soda in meal until relieved.

An Illinois correspondent sent the following as a sure cure: Four ounces of ground ginger, two ounces black antimony, two ounces flower of sulphur, two ounces pulverized niter, and four ounces sulphate of iron; mix well, and give according to the size of the house; say give to a large hog a full teaspoonful three times per day, an even teaspoonful same number of times to a medium sized animal, and so on down. To prevent the disease the same mixture can be given once a day for one week every three months.

Soft soap was urged as a cure by one farmer who has tried it with good effect. He feeds it in their slop, or, when one is very bad, makes some soap thin with water, and pours it down with a tin cup by holding the hog on its back. He also advised that mustard should be sown in every pasture into which hogs are turned, as they should be fed in summer on feed which contains less carbon on account of producing less heat, and mustard is one of the best things for this reason: In winter they require a good deal of carbon, hence their liking for and their need of sulphur. The concluding advice was: Keep the hogs clean, protect them from filthy sleeping places and reeking beds of manure. When the cholera appears remove the sick entirely from the well ones; and freely use some active disinfectant; watch closely the well ones, using some one of the many preventives that are, from time to time, recommended.

Medical Department.

Offensive Breath.—A good disinfectant for offensive breath when arising from a foul stomach is a small half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-third of a tumblerful of water taken in the morning.

Things to be Remembered.—Clothing worn during the day should not be worn at night. Clothing, when taken off, should be thoroughly aired. Otherwise effete matters remain in it. Sleep is the best restorer of the nervous system. Never eat or drink anything between meals.

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

Headache.—This very common disorder proceeds from various causes, and according to these it must be treated. Most frequently it is not a disorder of itself, but symptomatic of indigestion, excess of bile, nervousness, etc. Removing the cause cures the headache; thus, mild aperients are often serviceable. If of a nervous character, tonics are useful, such as gentian, bark, hops, camphor, etc. Headache may besides arise from over oppression of the blood vessels of the head, fullness of blood, etc. The best advice is to keep the head cool and the feet warm, to have recourse to aperient medicines often, and if obstinate or long continued, blood letting by the lance in the arm, or cupping between the shoulders, assisted by blister behind the ears, is sure to give relief. Nervous headaches are often cured by stimulants, such as snuff, smelling salts, aromatic vinegar, etc., and as often by rest and quiet, by twenty or thirty drops of laudanum taken in a little water, and by avoiding light.

The Prospects of Trade.

The Boston *Advertiser* prints a letter written by a well known jobber in the Western trade in answer to the question, from a discontented stockholder: "What is the matter with our cotton mills?" which concludes as follows: As far as I have canvassed my views with the most intelligent merchants, a hopeful feeling exists that a general effort will be put forth to make the fall trade a large and profitable one; that manufacturers and commission houses must make a profit or stop their looms; that jobbers need a profitable business to continue in the trade; that retailers need it to keep open the regular channels for reasonable prices to consumers; that the entire people need it, as no branch of trade can suffer for any length of time without affecting injuriously other branches. With good health among the people, and good crops generally, a proper economy in all things, the future looks brighter than for many years past, and it only needs now a concentrated, intelligent action on the part of those who have the power in the East, to have a healthy demand for all the goods made or making, and send in exchange the untold wealth of the fields and pastures of the West.

Emma Abbott and M. Gounod.

"Can I see M. Gounod?" The questioner was Emma Abbott, who, unaccompanied, and without a letter of introduction, rung the bell of M. Gounod's residence, in London. The servant handed her a card with blanks to be filled up, on which was printed "your name," "residence," "by whom introduced," etc. Miss Abbott handed the card back to the servant.

"I don't want to sign that. I want to see M. Gounod."

A sharp voice came from the head of the stairs. It proceeded from Mme. Weldon, M. Gounod's self-constituted guardian. "What do you want?"

Miss Abbott ran up the stairs. "I want to see M. Gounod and sing to him. I am an American girl."

"You cannot sing, child," said Mme. Weldon, "and you cannot see M. Gounod."

"Oh! I can. I can sing the Jewel Song in 'Faust.' Won't you please hear me?"

"I say, child," repeated Mme. Weldon, severely, "you cannot sing; there is only one person living who can sing that song."

"Oh!" said Miss Abbott, "you mean Patti."

"Patti?" (with a shrug). "Patti is nothing but a music box—she can' sing."

"Then you mean Nilsson?"

"Nilsson? No! Her voice is worn out long ago!"

"Who can it be, then?" and Miss Abbott's eyes expressed her curiosity.

"It is myself—Mme. Weldon."

"Oh, Mrs. Weldon, won't you please sing it for me? I would so like to hear you."

Mme. Weldon led the way to the piano. She sung, and Miss Abbott applauded.

"Now, Mrs. Weldon, you shall hear me sing." And, suiting the action to the word, Miss Abbott begun the Jewel Song. She had proceeded but a few bars when Mme. Weldon tried to stop her. "There, there, child, stop; you cannot sing." Suddenly a voice from the top of the next flight of stairs called: "Weldon! Weldon! who have you got there?" Before Mme. Weldon could reply, Miss Abbott shot past her and up the stairs. "Oh, M. Gounod, it is I, Emma Abbott, an American girl, and I want to sing for you!"

"She cannot sing, M. Gounod, and I want her to go away."

"She shall not go away," replied M. Gounod, "and she shall sing."

He then seated himself at the piano and begun the accompaniment. He played it as Miss Abbott had never heard it played. She began the song; Mme. Weldon again tried to stop her, but Gounod forbade her interrupting. He said: "Miss Abbott should not leave the house till she had sung the song." He again commenced the accompaniment and told Miss Abbott to sing. Uttering an inward prayer, she obeyed. It was a favorite opera and she threw into the song all her power and feeling. When she concluded her eyes were full of tears. Gounod rose from the piano and took her by both hands. He said: "Miss Abbott, you have sung my song better than I ever heard it sung!" He then took from a drawer an elegantly bound copy of "Faust." "My child," said he, "I want you to accept this from me." Seating himself at his table, he took a pen and wrote in the frontispiece:

TO MISS EMMA ABBOTT,
FROM CHARLES GOUNOD.

In token of Miss Abbott's singing for him this day, the Jewel Song from "Faust" better than he has ever heard it sung.

Charles Gounod.

A Brave Old Soldier.

The Raleigh (N. C.) *Sentinel* tells the following humorous story: He was quite an old man, and had quite a bad limp, and remarked as he touched his hat: "All I want is money enough to go to Savannah. I feel that I have not got long to live, and I want to be buried in that nice, cool graveyard outside of Savannah."

The appeal didn't open a single wallet. He was talking to three men who had found a shady spot under a grocery awning, and he seemed a little disappointed. Pulling a new string, he remarked: "Gentlemen, won't you do something for an old soldier?" "Were you a soldier in the last war?" asked one of the group. "I was," was the prompt reply. "What branch of the service?" "The heavy artillery." "Where were you stationed?"

"Well," slowly replied the stranger, as if he hadn't expected such a question, "we were sometimes here and sometimes there. The fact was, our artillery was so heavy that we generally kept it on a hill. The Confederate government didn't seem to expect that us three or four men were going to drag a big cannon all over the country and whip the Yankees to boot. Yes, was wounded in the left leg."

"In what action?" was asked.

"I never knew what they named it; my business was to get up and hump and knock thunder out of a whole Union regiment at once, and you just bet I didn't have any time to fool around and ask what they were going to name the battle. I went into the war to fight, and didn't I just throw myself, though."

"Did you throw yourself under a wagon?" quietly asked one of the three.

"Sometimes I did and sometimes I didn't. They used to let me fight any way to win. I've fit from under a wagon and from the top of a tree, and the boys used to call me the wildcat."

"They must have seen you 'clawing' to the rear," suggested another of the trio.

"Very likely, gentlemen. Sometimes I could fight better at the rear, and I went back. Then I'd change and fight on the flank, and then I'd advance and mow 'em down in front."

"Where were you wounded?"

"In the leg—just about here. The surgeon said three or four bullets hit me at once."

"Be honest, now, old man, and tell us if you didn't get that leg hurt in a mill or around machinery."

"Great God! do you doubt my word?" gasped the man, starting back.

"We do!" they replied, in chorus. He closely scanned each face, and was indulging in gestures to show how he deplored such conduct toward one who had fought bravely, when one of the men said:

"Come now, speak the truth, and we'll raise you thirty cents."

The old man turned to go, halted, hesitated, and said: "I suppose, gentlemen, that I fell off a building in Atlanta and hurt my leg, but it happened so durned close after a battle that I could never really tell whether the fall or the fight hurt me most. Now, please pass in your ten centses."

At Rocky Point, near Newport, R. I., they serve up daily during the season 200 bushels of clams in the shell, 150 to 200 gallons of opened clams, a ton of bluefish, 500 loaves of bread and three tubs of butter.

MAKING SIOUX WARRIORS.

How the Gentle Savage Rears his Boy Papoose.

The chin-chel-la, or papoose, when born, is taken by the mother to the nearest running stream, immersed and well washed in the cold water. On her return to the lodge the proud mother is presented by her husband with a mare pony for his heir; the fatted dog is killed, coffee boiled, bangs cooked, and the birth feast prepared. The happy father invites all his male relatives and friends. The tom-tom, with the medicine rattle, make the music; the guests chant a lively melody, and dance until the feast is served; the pipe is passed around, and when all are helped the father proposes a toast to his wife. Each guest congratulates the parents, and then altogether say: "We are all friends," and drink the health of the little stranger. After the feasting the dance is renewed, and at intervals the warriors will count their coups, the number of horses stolen, etc., and present their gift to the parents for their child. Anything from a dog to a horse will satisfy the purpose. The medicine man winds up the feast by shaking the rattle, demoniac yells, contortions of his body and shooting off his gun to drive the evil spirits away, receives a pony in fee for his services, and all retire. The initial services are over, and the papoose starts in life a debtor to his tribe, as each article, animal or other gift presented him must be returned in kind sooner or later in his life. So you will see that Indian gifts are actually time loans, and must be paid by the receiver, or be considered a bankrupt and dishonored man.

The child is wrapped in skins and put in a kind of elkskin coffin, and laced around with a lariat, as they say, to keep his limbs straight. His mother slings him on her back, starts to the timber after wood, pickets her ponies, gets her meals and attends to all her duties.

Papoose after being weaned is promoted from his coffin cage and decked out in a blue cloth shirt, ornamented with elk teeth and Iroquois shells. It reaches to his hips and has no sleeves. Attired thus his wardrobe is complete. In this condition he roots around the lodge, makes mud images and swaps graybacks for fleas with the puppies.

His next advance is to (Oxchilla) boyhood, about the age of four. The blue shirt is discarded, he receives a strap and a narrow piece of cloth to make a breech-clout, his scalp lock is plaited, has a bone sling and long reed sticks, which are thrown like a spear; then he is dangerous. When his mother goes for wood she puts an old mare in the travois and strans Oxchilla to the sucking colt. He has his first equestrian experience. His little big Indian heart beats as he thinks he will soon be able to join the older boys in their racing, shooting and mock fights.

One of his ponies is rigged up with ribbons, beaded saddle and silvered bridle. He is put astride and his pony led to the lodge of the medicine man, who takes him from his pony, placing him on a buffalo robe, puts a block of wood behind his ear, and with a sharp knife cuts a slit in the upper rim and bell part of each ear. Some of these little boys nerve themselves for the trial and never murmur during the operation. Bring in another horse and the medicine man's heart feels good. He will cry out and sing the praises of the boy through camp for a month. The bigger the fee the longer and louder the praises. Oxchilla is now given a blanket and moccasins to add to his breech-clout; also, a knife to make his bow and arrows, and becomes a bird hunter. On killing his first bird he is allowed to wear a little downy feather, and join the boys in their games. In wrestling they do not trip, slap nor bite, but before clinching will jump up and kick at each other backwards like a horse.

Their national game is shinny, which they play with a ball made out of antelope's hair, covered with buckskin. In choosing sides three squaws are rated against two bucks to make it equal. Favorite sports with the boys are playing dare, shooting at a mark, throwing sticks at a rolling ring on the ground. The one first succeeding in piercing it wins the stakes. They are inveterate sports, and will wager anything they can beg, borrow or steal.

Oxchilla, being a good horseman now, and persimmons on birds, is allowed to go with his father on the hunt. If he succeeds in killing a deer, the downey feather is removed, and a little horn put in its place on the scalp lock. He assists in the herd, bringing the ponies to water, and finding good grazing for them. His next ambition is to kill a buffalo. On succeeding he changes the horn for a small tail, feels some pumpkins, and crows over the other boys.

On acquiring each of the different marks of distinction I have described, being the occasion of great joy to Oxchilla, he is required to give something away, said gift being a payment of some article he received at his birth feast. At the age of twelve he joins the first war party, acting as supernumerary, holding the extra horses, etc., for the others. In going to war, the Indians walk long distances, or ride their pack horses, leading the war ponies, and never put a saddle on them until ready for the charge; therefore they are fresh, and equal to all emergencies.

A Plum Pudding Story.

The following story was told of a Yankee captain and his mate: Whenever there was a plum pudding made by the captain's orders all of the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands as if merely examining the china, he said: "This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next himself. "Is it possible?" said the mate, taking up the dish. "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling," and as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, the mate laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

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

The latter day college student does not mind so much a failure to receive his diploma, but feels deeply disgraced to go home without a boating medal.

Answers to Correspondents.

In answer to "Alphabetical," in your last issue, for a remedy for consumption in its first stages, I can recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," if taken according to directions, for it has been thoroughly tried in my family, and the results were glorious. "Alphabetical" must not expect one bottle to do the work—my wife took three bottles before she could discover any change, but after the third bottle every dose seemed to strengthen the lungs, and now she is well and hearty. If "Alphabetical" will write to me I will get witnesses to the above. Henry H. M. Patton.

Lawrence, Marion Co., Ind.

—*Cincinnati Times*, Feb. 4, 1875.

Brooklyn, N. Y., August 16.

Gentlemen—It is with feelings of gratitude that I place before you a simple statement of my sufferings and cure from the use of the Peruvian Syrup. I am forty years of age, and my occupation is that of a map engraver. About fifteen years ago I was attacked with what I suppose was a disease of the spine. I could not walk erect, owing to a great weakness which I experienced at the small of my back. My digestion became impaired, and by degrees my whole system became deranged. I suffered in this way for seven years, and then placed myself in the hands of eminent physicians. They treated me with mercury and many other strong remedies, but I grew worse instead of better.

In the spring of 1857, there appeared upon my back and side two large abscesses, and at this time I was also suffering from a very bad fistula; my whole system became utterly prostrated, when I was advised to try the Peruvian Syrup. I commenced using it, and at once experienced great relief. I have taken three bottles of it, and every trace of my former complaints have left me. My system has regained its strength, my appetite has returned, and I feel myself completely renewed in age and vigor. In a word, my health is now perfect, and I can truly say that I was never able to do more work, and with greater ease to myself, than at this time.

Yours respectfully, James P. Cox.

Lucky is the baby whose mamma uses Glenn's Sulphur Soap, with which to wash the little innocent. No prickly heat, or other rash, can annoy the infant cuticle with which this cooling and purifying anti-scorbutic comes in daily contact.

Gray heads daily grow black or brown. Cause—Hill's Hair Dye.

At this season of the year cramps and pains in the stomach and bowels, dysentery, diarrhea, etc., are quite common, and should be checked at once. *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* is the best article that can be used in all such cases, and should be kept in every family. Used internally.

Great harm and discomfort is caused by the use of purgatives which gripe and rack the system. *Parsons' Purgative Pills* are free from all impure matter, and are mild and health-giving in their operation.

Many who are suffering from the effects of the warm weather and are debilitated, are advised by physicians to take moderate amounts of whisky two or three times during the day. In a little while those who adopt this advice frequently increase the number of "drinks," and in time become confirmed inebriates. A beverage which will not create thirst for intoxicating liquors, and which is intended especially for the benefit of debilitated persons, whether at home or abroad, is Dr. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic. Containing the juices of many medicinal herbs, this preparation does not create an appetite for the intoxicating cup. The nourishing and life-supporting properties of many valuable natural productions contained in it and well known to medical men have a most strengthening influence. A single bottle of the Tonic will demonstrate its valuable qualities. For debility arising from sickness, over exertion or from any cause whatever, a wineglassful of Sea Weed Tonic taken after meals will strengthen the stomach and create an appetite for wholesome food. To all who are about leaving their homes, we desire to say that the excellent effects of Dr. Schenck's seasonable remedies, Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, are particularly evident when taken by those who are injuriously affected by a change of water and diet. No person should leave home without taking a supply of these safeguards along. For sale by all Druggists.

The Markets.

NEW YORK

Beef Cattle—Prime to Extra Bullocks	09 @	10¾
Common to Good Texans	05¾ @	07¾
Milch Cows	35 00 @	70 00
Hogs—Live	— @	—
Dressed	07¼ @	08¾
Sheep	04½ @	05¾
Lambs	06 @	07¾
Cotton—Middling	12½ @	12¾
Flour—Extra Western	5 15 @	6 75
State Extra	5 85 @	6 35
Wheat—Red Western	1 10 @	1 10
No. 2 Spring	1 03 @	1 10
Rye—State	65 @	75
Barley—State	— @	—
Barley—Malt	90 @	1 20
Oats—Mixed Western	35 @	40
Corn—Mixed Western	55 @	57
Hay, per cwt	80 @	90
Straw, per cwt	45 @	90
Hops....75's—10 @17 .....olds	04 @	06
Pork—Mess	19 61 @	20 75
Lard	11¾ @	11¾
Fish—Mackerel, No. 1, new	14 00 @	18 00
No. 3, new	8 00 @	9 50
Dry Cod, per cwt	5 00 @	5 50
Herring, Scaled, per box	20 @	21
Petroleum—Crude	09¾ @	09¾ Refined, 17¾
Wool—California Fleece	14 @	25
Texas "	14 @	25
Australian "	— @	—
Butter—State	20 @	30
Western Dairy	26 @	27
Western Yellow	18 @	22
Western Ordinary	12 @	15
Cheese—State Factory	05 @	09¾
State Skimmed	03 @	05
Western	05 @	08¾
Eggs—State	18 @	20

BUFFALO.

Flour	6 00 @	9 00
Wheat—No. 1 Spring	1 18 @	1 18
Corn—Mixed	51 @	51
Oats	35 @	35
Rye	70 @	70
Barley	— @	—

PHILADELPHIA.

Beef Cattle—Extra	04 @	06¼
Sheep	04¾ @	05¾
Hogs—Dressed	09½ @	09¾
Flour—Pennsylvania Extra	5 87½ @	8 25
Wheat—Western Red	1 16 @	1 17
Rye	6 @	60
Corn—Yellow	54 @	60
Mixed	5 ¾ @	57
Oats—Mixed	40 @	40
Petroleum—Crude	13½ @13¾	Refined, 17¾

WATERTOWN, MASS.

Beef Cattle—Poor to Choice	4 75 @	7 6½
Sheep	50 @	8 50
Lambs	8 00 @	10 0

$2 OUTFIT FREE. Best Chance Yet. Write at Once. COLLINS & CO., 2 Clinton Place, N.Y.

20 a Week Salary guaranteed to male & female. Send stamp for circulars. F. M. Bodine, Indianap's, Ind.

Profitable. Pleasant work; hundreds now employed; hundreds more wanted. M. N. LOVELL, Erie, Pa.

6 VERY desirable NEW ARTICLES for Agents. Mfr'd by J. G. CAPEWELL & Co., Cheshire, Conn.

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$5 to $20 a day at home. Samples worth $1 sent free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

Best Scissors Sharpener in the World, sent post-paid for 25c. Button Hook and Screw Driver attached. Agents Wanted. F. W. STOLL, 67 Wickliffe St., Newark, N. J.

TEAS—Agents Wanted in this county—Best plan ever offered—Exclusive territory given—Apply at once to the Great American Republic Tea Co., 81 Barclay St., N.Y.

$3 WATCHES. A Great Sensation. Sample Watch and Outfit free to Agents. Better than Gold. Address A. COULTER & CO., Chicago.

$125 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid for salesmen. No peddlers wanted. Address, MONITOR MANUF'G Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents Wanted.—Twenty fine Mounted Chromos for $1. 2 samples by mail, post-paid, 25c. CONTINENTAL CHROMO CO., 37 Nassau Street, New York.

$350 A Month.—Agents wanted. 36 best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Add'ss JAY BRIGGS & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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AGENTS If you want the best selling article in the world and a solid gold patent lever watch, free of cost, write at once to J. BRIDE & CO., 765 Broadway, N. Y.

FRUIT and Jelly Press! Families should have one. Sent free for making jelly, wine, lard, etc. Address, with stamp, Am. F. & J. P. Co., 298 E. Pearl St., Cinti., O. Ag'ts wanted to sell.

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$250 A MONTH — Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM HABIT CURED AT HOME. No publicity. Time short. Terms moderate. 1,000 testimonials. Describe case. Dr. F. E. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

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ERADICATES ALL LOCAL SKIN DISEASES; PERMANENTLY BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMEDIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, HEALS SORES AND INJURIES OF THE CUTICLE, AND IS A RELIABLE DISINFECTANT.

This popular and inexpensive remedy accomplishes the SAME RESULTS AS COSTLY SULPHUR BATHS, since it PERMANENTLY REMOVES ERUPTIONS and IRRITATIONS of the Skin.

COMPLEXIONAL BLEMISHES are always obviated by its use, and it renders the cuticle wondrously fair and smooth.

SORES, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SCALDS, Burns and Cuts are SPEEDILY HEALED by it, and it prevents and remedies Gout and Rheumatism.

IT REMOVES DANDRUFF, strengthens the roots of the Hair, and preserves its youthful color. As a DISINFECTANT of Clothing and Linen used in the sick room, and as a PROTECTION against CONTAGIOUS DISEASES it is unequaled.

Physicians emphatically endorse it.

PRICES, 25 AND 50 CENTS PER CAKE, PER BOX, (3 CAKES,) 60c and $1.20.

N. B. There is economy in buying the large cakes.

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"Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," Black or Brown, 50c.

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ASTHMA. The only sure remedy. Trial package free. L. SHEPHERD, Cleveland, O.

WANTED.—AGENTS to canvass for the authentic and complete *Life of Gen. Hayes*, our next President, by Col. R. H. Conwell. Now is the opportunity. The people are ready for it. Address, B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

YOUR own likeness in oil colors, to show our work, painted on our canvas, free, from a photograph or tin-type, free with the *Home Journal*, $2.50 a year. Sample of our work and paper, terms to agents, etc., 10 cts. L. T. LUBER, Mill Village, Erie county, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Chester, Penn., Reopens September 13. Thor