THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND AGAIN.

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF WILLIAM H. ENGLISH.

THE VALUE PLACED UPON THE DEAD CHILD OF AN EMPLOYE—"YOU SET TOO HIGH A PRICE ON YOUR D——D YOUNG ONE."

Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial.

INDIANAPOLIS, August 16.—I undertook to write the record of the Hon. Wm. H. English, and the first chapter has already been furnished to the readers of the *Commercial*. All his record, as it has been and will be published, is but that of the courts in a city where he has lived twenty years, and where he has accumulated a fortune of millions. I began back ten years ago, when a suit was brought by John Smith against the Citizens' Street Railway Company, of which Wm. H. English was president and the controlling owner.

"John Smith, drayman, 76 Fayette street, deposeth and saith that he came to Indianapolis nearly fifteen years ago as an employe of the Street Railroad Company; that he was engaged as car starter at the stables of the company, and was a faithful and efficient hand, and had charge of the stables at night and in the early morning; that William H. English, the president of the company, did bring from Scott county, Indiana, his former home, a large number of inexperienced men and boys, who were employed as drivers at low wages, and that one of these drivers, while running his team along Illinois street, at the corner of Georgia, ran over and killed my little girl Ellen, aged 11 years, she living but 4 minutes. After the funeral, said William H. English came to me and wanted to know what I was going to do about the matter, saying he supposed the company would have to pay me something, and proposed that the sum should be left to Father Bessonies, the Catholic priest, of this city. To this I agreed, and, after investigating all the circumstances the Father gave us his decision, one thousand dollars and funeral expenses. This sum Mr. English then refused to pay, and proposed to leave the award to arbitrators. To this I agreed, when the same sum was agreed upon, and this, too, he refused to pay. Acting under advice, as I am not educated, I gave the case to the law firm of Porter, Harrison & Fishback, telling them I had no ready money, but they might have half for their fee. The case came to trial in 1870, but before the trial, the same day, Mr. English took a change of venue.

"The case was set for Danville, November 1, 1870, and Mr. Porter was present, and I had my witnesses, whom I had to pay their wages and expenses day by day. Mr. English was there, and made another affidavit, getting a postponement on account of the absence of some of his witnesses. My lawyers then told me that the game was to wear me out, as I was a poor man, having left the company and bought a horse and dray; and that, in order to prevent any trick, I had better get a lawyer there to watch the case, and I got the Hon. L. M. Campbell. When the case came up again, I was there with my witnesses, among them being John Buser, the policeman who saw the accident, and, by swearing to something, Mr. English got it stayed off again.

"Before it came up the third time I was sitting on my dray at the corner of Pennsylvania and Washington streets, by Fletcher & Sharpe's bank, when Mr. English came along and said: 'Here, Smith, we ought to settle this matter and not be lawing about it; you can't afford it.'

"I told him he had never done as he agreed to, and the Court would have to decide.

"He then said: 'I'll settle with you if you come down street,' when I again said the lawyers would 'tend to the matter.

"At that he became quite excited, and said: 'Damn the Irish! This country would have been better off without them,' and added: 'Look here once more; I will settle with you, but not for a thousand dollars. You set too high a price on your damned young one, and I can bring witnesses to prove in any court that she never made you a dollar.'

"I told him that if I was a poor man my child was as good as his, and jumped off my dray to hit him, and the crowd interfered.

"Mr. English then went to my wife, when I was away at work, and said my lawyers had advised a compromise, and that he had concluded to pay $1,000, provided she would take $250 in street car tickets, and that he would pay the costs of the suit. She agreed to that, and signed a release, but I never signed it, because I was not satisfied with such a settlement, and of the way I had been treated. The whole expense to me was over $1,000, caused by the postponement, and I had to sell a little house to pay my witnesses and expenses, aside from attorney's fees. I used to work on the Hudson River Railroad, and lived in Westchester county. A. G. Wheeler was roadmaster and Daniel Carpenter walking boss. I own my property in Fayette street, have two drays, and have all the work I can do.

his
JOHN X SMITH.
mark.

"Attest: W. D. Sapp."

The record shows that the suit was filed May 8, 1870, and on Order Book 29 of the Marion Civil Circuit Court is the decree giving change of venue on petition of defendant and payment of costs. In Fee Book No. 21 it appears that William C. Smock, County Clerk, received from defendant $200, leaving a balance of 50 cents, and that the balance of the costs, amounting to $12.65, is yet unpaid.

In the office of Porter, who is now associated with his son, I found the old record regarding the final settlement of the case. It is in the handwriting of Gen. Ben. Harrison, the "mark" of John Smith is witnessed by Russell B. Harrison, the well-known appointee of the United States Mint, and the sequel of the fight of the poor man's friend as against an uneducated Irishman is thus tersely told:

"This case is compromised as follows: $600 cash, $250 in car tickets, and note of the company indorsed by William H. English for $150 for six months. We have retained $200 in car tickets for our fee; $50 to pay Campbell's fee, and have paid to John Smith $550 cash; the note for $150 and $50 in car tickets are left by John in our safe.

his
"JOHN X SMITH.
mark.

"Witness:
R. B. Harrison."

It may be added that the note was duly collected for Smith's benefit, the full amount and $50 in car tickets being turned over to him. In company with Mr. E. C. Howlett, the grain dealer, I called at Father Bessonies's residence, on Maryland avenue, and he indorsed Mr. Smith's character in high terms as a man of truth. He said he was a member of the temperance society, and what he said could be relied upon, though so far as he was individually concerned he did not wish to make any written statements that might be dragged into politics. Father Bessonies, however, remembered perfectly the death of the little girl, and the manner in which a change of venue was taken, together with attendant circumstances.

Ball Room Gymnastics.

At Long Branch this season some of the waltzing is of the new kind, in which the dancers slide three times one way as fast and as far as their legs will let them, and then three times the opposite way. A souple divided against itself cannot etand that sort of capering. The partner must slide, sway and whirl exactly in unison, or trouble comes. Take one recent instance for an illustration: The young man was brawny and demonstrative. He was up in the new waltz and eager for it. The young lady was tall, stately and sedate! She could not waltz in the new way, and deemed it an improperly agile and athletic diversion. The old style was plenty lively enough for her. But there was no such understanding between the two when they stood up together to dance. The new waltz begins without premonitions, scooting off suddenly sideways, like a tremendously accelerated crab. Such was the initial movement of this young gentleman. Encircling the young lady firmly with his muscular right arm, and gripping her right hand with his left, he measured off about half the width of the parlor with three vigorous flings of his long legs. It was a complete surprise to his partner. She was carried off of her feet at first. Then her slippers beat a quick tatoo on the floor in her struggle to regain equilibrium, and she hugged her partner desperately. The sweet smile on her face gave place to an expression of annoyance, and that to terror. As for the young gentleman, he thought it was thus far all right. Away he went three jumps in the opposite direction. She accompanied him, and in a dreadful manner. Her nose bored itself into his shoulder, her hair caught in a button of his coat, and was torn from its fastenings; a boquet at her waist flew into many more pieces than it had flowers, and her Louis Quinze slippers scraped violently along the floor. She frantically clasped her hands back of the young man's neck, and sank into his arms an utter wreck.

A Badger's Defense Against Dogs.

Mr. Charles Gonter and son were shooting ten miles west of the city when they saw upon the banks of a stream a badger. Two dogs accompanied the hunters, and upon receiving the proper encouragement began an attack upon the animal. The fight was a lively and interesting one, and though a shot could have easily settled the contest, the hunters preferred to look on and enjoy the struggle, and leave the fate of the badger to be settled by the dogs. For ten minutes the dogs howled and barked, and would occasionally jump on the enemy, inserting their teeth in its back, receiving a slight wound in return and then retreat a few feet away. A false movement would then be indulged in by the dogs, as though they intended to pounce upon their victim and kill him without further parley. The badger soon understood their false attacks, and when he paid no attention to one of them the succeeding one was sure to result in a struggle, in which every time the dogs were driven away with an extra wound or two, until finally, all worn out and covered with blood, they gave up the fight. A large bulldog, owned by a neighbor, heard the noise of the other two and came bounding upon the scene, fresh and in good trim and eager for the fray. The badger was about tired out, and it was but a short time after the arrival of the third dog before he was lying dead, having fought bravely to the end, leaving gory marks upon the third antagonist. The badger is full grown, and probably weighs thirty pounds. His fur is of grayish color, and he is altogether a very pretty animal. He was looked upon as a great curiosity from the fact that no badger was ever discovered in this part of Missouri, and the question is, where did he come from?—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Animals in Japan.

Some interesting details as to the treatment of animals in Japan appear in the report of the French society for the protection of animals. The Japanese perfectly adore the fox, probably because they recognize in Master Reynard a subtlety even superior to their own. The subjects of the Mikado are not acquainted with the fox-hound or fox-terrier, or they would regard animals of those breeds with still higher adoration, as being able by steadfast purpose and intelligence to circumvent the cunning of the fox. The other species of the brute creation, besides, meet with such attention from the people generally that human beings and beasts live absolutely a vie de famille together. Horses and oxen are provided with list foot coverings to prevent injury to the roofs, and are never made to travel faster than at a walking pace, while on the other hand, men have to drag carriages and go at the "double."

Deer and wild boars are also regarded with the greatest respect. Killing either is a capital offense; and the natural consequence is that stags and does, which abound in the forests, are so tame that, although practically wild they will come and eat out of a man's hand. Dogs and cats are treated as members of the family in which they are guests; and the Japanese look with horror at the barbarous customs of their Chinese neighbors, who like dogs very much indeed, but prefer them in pies.

Bad Work of Lightning.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., August 25.—A furious storm with thunder and lightning prevailed here to-day. Several buildings were struck by lightning but no great damage was done. General Oliver's powder mill at Laurel Run was struck and 1,000 pounds of powder exploded, partly destroying the mixing room. The flood caused considerable loss in the city.

It is a positively guaranteed cure for Diabetes, Gravel, Dropsy and every form of Bladder and Kidney trouble—DAY'S KIDNEY PAD.

THEN—WHAT?

What does the South want to do—what could it do—if it should get control of the Government? Some think it could get back vast sums for real or pretended losses during the war. Bills already presented make claims for many hundred millions on account of property taken or destoyed by Union forces. Is that all? These claims are enough, if allowed, to bankrupt any Government, as has been duly shown. What a Democratic Congress would do with them, having a President to sign its bills, we know from the names of members who offer such bills. But is that all?

Suppose General Hancock elected; what next? A little bill to increase the number of Judges of the Supreme Court. At present the Court is overloaded with work. Instead of nine Justices, patriotic Democrats will say, let us have nineteen, so that the work can be divided more conveniently, and the Democratic decision of the people may be respected by the Judiciary. Excuses in abundance will be found. The bill will pass, and a Democratic President will sign it, and ten Bourbon Democrats will be appointed Justices of the Supreme Court. Then what?

It is not worth while to dwell upon minor matters. General Sherman can be sued for every rail torn up on his march to the sea. Gen. Sheridan for every pig confiscated to feed hungry Boys in Blue on their marches after a flying foe. But something greater is behind. The following is a sample of documents filed in many counties in the Southern States. It is copied from the official records of Chatham county, Georgia:

[Book 2,222, Page 293.]

STATE OF GEORGIA,
CHATHAM COUNTY.

Before me personally came Isaac M. Marsh, a resident of Savannah, Georgia, who, being duly sworn, deposeth and saith he was in possession and the lawful owner of the following-named slaves at the time they were emancipated and made free by the United States Government to wit:

1 woman, Sarah, age 15	1
1 woman, Ellen, age 35, and four children from 3 to 12 age	5
1 woman, Ann, age 40, and four children from 2 to 14 age	5
1 man, Charles, age about 40	1
1 woman, Ellen, his wife, age about 60	1
1 woman, Isabella, age about 18	1
1 woman, Rhino, age about 50	1
1 man, Jim, age about 60	1
Total	16

ISAAC M. MARSH. (L. S.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this July 20, 1874.
LEVI S. HART, Notary Public and ex-officio Justice of the Peace, Chatham County, Georgia.

Recorded July 20, 1874.

Isaac M. Marsh, it seems, has taken the pains to file legal proof, according to the laws of Georgia, that he was once in possession "and the lawful owner of certain slaves, in number sixteen, when "they were emancipated and made free by the United States Government." Why has he put himself to that expense and pains? Of course he never expects to get paid for emancipated slaves—so long as there is a Republican President and Supreme Court. But if there should be a Democratic President and Supreme Court? Then the little bill of Mr. Marsh, for compensation on account of "property" taken from him by act of the United States Government, would undoubtedly be presented. What would a Democratic Court have to say about it?

Democratic lawyers have constantly claimed that the Constitutional Amendments adopted when the Southern States were in duress were not lawfully or constitutionally adopted. There would be no difficulty in finding ten Democratic jurists who would decide, as Justices of the Supreme Court, that emancipation without payment for slaves set free is unconstitutional, and that no amendment prohibiting payment for slaves set free was every lawfully adopted. A Democratic Congress would then be asked to appropriate money to pay for slaves taken from Mr. Marsh and others. How can a Democrat resist the claim? Mr. Marsh is not alone in filing proof of his claim. All over the South, other such claims have been placed on record. The Northern or loyal man, who tries to search the records to ascertain how many such claims there are, will find in four-fifths of the counties of the South local officials, "elected" by fraud, and devoted to the Democratic party, who will take care that there can be no true transcript of the records made until after the Presidential election. If Mr. Marsh can get pay, every other holder of slave at that time of emancipation can get pay. There were about 4,000,000 slaves, and the estimated value was about $500 each. An expenditure greater than the entire National debt of the United States would be required to satisfy claims which a Democratic President, Supreme Court and Congress would undoubtedly allow.

Many of the former holders of slaves have deemed it is wiser not to put on record their claims for compensation until the Democratic party has gained control of the Government. Probably they are shrewder than those who have made haste to file their proof. But no one who understands the temper of the South will doubt that it is the deliberate purpose to press these claims to collection, if a favorable Court, Congress and Executive can once be secured. Perhaps the people of the Northern States are ready to double the National debt to pay for slaves emancipated by the war. If so, they can rationally vote for the election of General Hancock.—*New York Tribune.*

Judge Shot At.

A despatch from McGregor, Iowa, repeated from Austin, Minn., states that Judge Page was shot in his house Tuesday night and killed by an unknown assassin. He has for years been the principal mover in a great political, social and religious feud that has agitated Southern Minnesota. Particulars received at St. Paul show the deed was committed about 8 o'clock in the evening with a shot-gun, fired through a window, and the wounds were made in the back of Page's head and neck. The injuries are not dangerous, and he will recover. His assailant is unknown. Page is county judge of the judicial circuit.

Elixir Vitæ for Women.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., has made the discovery! Her VEGETABLE COMPOUND is a positive cure for female complaint. A line addressed to this lady will elicit all information. For sale by C. N. Boyd, Somerset, Pa.

Talmage Doing Leadville.

A Leadville dispatch to the *Republican* gives the following account of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's midnight tour of the gambling hells and dance saloons of that city: "It had been rumored about the camp that Talmage had more of an object in coming to Leadville than that of delivering a lecture. His real intention was the gathering of material for a new lecture to be delivered in New York concerning the wicked ways of the West, and for edification of Eastern bloods. Knowing his propensity for thus hunting out and showing up the gilded abodes of sin, shame and crime, and remembering the sensation created in New York by his famous exposure of the celebrated Buckingham Palace, and its fascinating wickedness, as discovered by him in a personal visit, a reporter shadowd him after the lecture was over and discoveered that the above report was true. The celebrated divine had made the acquaintance of a certain man about town, who was to act as guide and give him points upon the various places to be visited. As soon as the crowd had dispersed from the steps of the Opera House, Talmage, heavily cloked and wearing a big slouch hat, came out accompanied by his companion, and started down toward State street. The reporter, from his station in an alleyway, watched them down for some distance, and then followed slowly behind, carefully avoiding suspicion. The two strolled leisurely down State street, entering all the principal dance houses and gambling dens, staying but a few moments in any one place and apparently taking no interest in any thing that was going on. At last the pair turned into Harrison avenue, and entering a gambling hell there, remained in so long that the reporter followed them. Talmage was standing at the roulette-table as he entered, deeply absorbed in the progress of the game. A young man was losing heavily and the divine intensely studying his face. Just at this moment the door again opened, and a well-known blood walked in. He started at the sight of Talmage, whom he recognized at once; but, recovering himself strolled up to the bar. As he ordered a drink he leaned across and whispered to the barkeeper. The latter fixed his eyes upon the cloaked figure at the roulette table, but made no further sign. The news then rapidly spread, and, before the divine was aware that he had been noticed, he was the centre of all eyes. Hastily gathering his cloak about him he touced his companion's arm, and together they walked quickly out. The shadowing was getting interesting now, for the next place they entered was the Odeon dance-house After a few moments among the high-kickers of that place the two emerged, and next entered the Red Light bagnio. Here they found a frisky crowd, for, as they entered the door, one of the girls ran up to Talmage, and smoothing down his whiskers, asked him to lead the set with her. He visibly reddened as he declined. Then all the beautiful blondes crowded around him, and he had literally to tear himself away from them. He heaved a sigh of relief as they again struck the street, and as they paused before the door. His companion told him that was where Dick Dillon was shot a couple of nights before, whereupon he declined to enter. They then walked swiftly, on to the hotel. From a few words dropped unintentionally by Talmage it is known that he leaves Leadville with the idea that it is a very hard town.

A Cool Darkey.

An important case was being tried before the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia. An old colored man was on the witness-stand. The district attorney had before him a long list of convicted criminals. After glancing at it, he thus interrogated the witness—

"What is your name?'

"John Williams, sah."

"Are you the John Williams who was sent to the Albany Penitentiary for larceny?'

"No, sah—not this John."

"Are you the Jhon Williams who was convicted of arson, and sent to the Baltimore Penitentiary?"

"No, sah."

Tired of asking fruitless questions, the district attorney suddenly put a leading one.

"Have you ever been in any penitentiary?"

"Yes sah.'

All eyes now turned upon the witness. The district attorney smiled complacently, and resumed.

"How many times have you been in the penitentiary?"

"Twice, sah."

"Where?"

"In Baltimore, sah.'

"How long were you there the first time?

"About two hours, sah."

"How long the second time?" asked the attorney, rather crest-fallen.

"An hour sah. I went there to white wash a cell for a lawyer who had robbed his client."

The attorney sat down amid the laughter of the spectators.

Fighting for Principles.

What are the principles Lee and Jackson fought for? The question has instant practical importance for every Northern citizen. For Wade Hampton, who represents the Solid South with its 138 electoral votes gained mainly by fraud, publicly asserts that the Democrats of the South are contending for "the same principles for which Lee and Jackson fought for four years." These 138 electoral votes give a possibility of success, if any Northern States are of the same mind. What, then, are the principles for which Lee and Jackson fought, and for which a Northern State will vote, if it votes, with the Solid South?

The right of secession was the principle for which Lee and Jackson professedly contended. Any State, they claimed, could dissolve the Union at its pleasure. A simple resolution to secede, adopted by the temporary majority of the people or their representatives in any State, was enough to rend all ties between the people of that State and the United States. Against the doctrine of secession the loyal people of this country raised powerful armies, spent money by the thousand millions, and sacrificed the lives of two hundred thousand patroits. Are they to vote that they were wrong? Will the people of a Northern State vote that the blood and treasure of North were spent in an unholy and unjust effort? Will they mark with dishonor the graves of the brave men who died that the Nation might live.

Diamonds in the rough—Those swallowed by a thief when arrested

So He Did.

A generally good-natured citizen of Detroit, was talking with a friend, the other evening, when the conversation drifted on the subject of dogs. Instantly the generally good-natured citizen's brow darkened, and he launched forth in a strain not unlike the following.

"Dogs? Darn a dog, now, say I! I once had a dog; not a poodle or a Newfoundlahd, or a shepherd, or a pup; merely a dog. Some called him a poor dog, others called him a good game dog; and by-the-by, if memory serves me aright, the man whom I bought him of was among the latter category. His age was two years, and he had an amazing appetite for wood. He one day chewed a carpenter's plane all to splinters, and the carpenter said he was prepared to declare all over the earth, that my dog was not a fast liver—that he was a good, nice dog, and liked to live on plane food. It is nothing in point to state that the carpenter fell from a barn the same afternoon he made this remark, and that he dislocated his neck to a fatal permanency and broke his right leg in three places, besides sustaining injuries to his ribs.

"My dog was a sad and lonely animal. Many a night have I heard his plaintive moan in the back yard. I have arisen and found a whole section of gate chewed off close to the ground, leaving the smoothened picket stumps protruding eloquently above the grass. It wasn't because he was a mean dog that he did this, but simply because that was the kind of a dog he was. When he wanted to go and suck eggs with a neighbor's dog he would not jump the fence, or get over in an ordinary way; no, he would far rather, chew through a thousand feet of picket, as I before stated, and thus materially aid the family expenses by swelling the carpenter's bill to encouraging proportions.

"My wife thought a great deal of the dog, and the dog thought a great deal of her. But, since, he left us, I have been often tempted to believe that the animal cared more for her clothes-line than for herself. Else why did he chew it up, and wind his insides all up?

"He finally died. A violent death, I am happy to say was his. I had placed a pigeon coop on top of the barn, and what do you suppose that dog did? He climbed up on that barn, slid off and almost broke his neck, climbed back again, pulled the nails that held the coop, threw it over the barn, and then slipped again and fell on his head to the earth."

"That killed him then?"

"Oh, no; Lord bless you! no."

"I thought you said he died a violent death."

"So I did. After he fell from the barn roof, I took him out in the alley and shot him."

Self-Made Poverty.

I would not say a word against poverty; wherever it comes it is a bitter ill; but you will mark, as you notice carefully, that while a few are poor because of unavoidable circumstances, a very large mass of the poverty of London is the clear and sheer result of profuseness, want of forethought, idleness, and the worst of all, drunkenness. Ah! that drunkenness! that is the master evil. If drink could be got rid of we might be sure of conquering the very devil himself. The drunkenness created by the infernal liquor dens which plague-spot the whole of this huge city is appalling. No, I did not speak in haste or let slip a hasty word. Many of the drinking houses are nothing less than infernal; in some respects they are worse, for hell has its use as a divine protest against sin, but as for the gin palace there is nothing to be said in its favor. The vices of the age cause three-fourths of the poverty. If you could look at the homes to-night, the wretched homes where women will tremble at the sound of their husband's footsteps as he comes home, where little children will crouch down with fear upon their little heap of straw because the human brute, who calls himself "a man," will come reeling home from the place where he has been indulging his appetites—if you could look at such a sight and remember it will be seen ten thousand times over to-night, I think you would say, "God help us by all means to save some." Since the great axe to lay at the root of this upas tree is the Gospel of Christ, may God help us to hold that axe there, and to work constantly with it till the huge trunk of the poison tree begins to rock to and fro and we get it down, and London is safe from the wretchedness and misery which now urns been every bough.—*Spurgeon.*

Cold Air Fruit Curing.

The California Mountain Messenger reports an interesting experiment in fruit curing lately made at a Placerville foundry. About a peck of sliced apples were placed in a sieve and subjected to a cold air blast for three and a half hours in the cupola furnace of the foundry, and the fruit is reported to have been completely and beautifully cured by the treatment, remaining soft and without the slightest discoloration. The cured fruit showed none of the harsh, stiff, dryness which results from hot curing, the cold blast completely freeing the fruit from excess of moisture with no possibility of burning or shriveling it. The Messenger says: "Compared with our sun drying, it effects a great saving of expense, attention and risk. Anybody who can command or devise a strong blast of cold air, can dry fruit in a superior—we may say perfect—manner, without being dependent on the weather and waiting on the slow process of sun drying, and without the most expensive resort to fuel and the risk of overheating."

A Terrible Storm.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., August 20.—Col. Baker, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, has dispatches from Corpus Christi, Texas, which says it is reported that Brownsville, Texas, near the mouth of the Rio Grade, was nearly destroyed by the fearful storm which prevailed along the Texas coast on the 12th and 13th inst., and that many lives were lost. The telegraph wires along the coast from Indianola south were prostrated and are still down, south of Corpus Christi. The telegraph line from Brownsville up the Rio Grande was badly torn down, therefore no communication can be had with the stricken city.

After spending hundreds of dollars without relief DAY'S KIDNEY PAD cured me, are the words of thousands.

California's Dead Sea.

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, in a recent issue says: "The propeller Rocket, which will soon be placed on Mono lake, will have no trouble about floating, as the density of the water is remarkable, being just the reverse of that of Lake Tahoe, in which the body of a drowned person never returns to the surface. An exchange says that for bitterness and promiscuous meanness the waters of Mono lake surpass those of the Dead Sea. They contain so much alkali that on a windy day the lake is a regular tub of soapsuds. The writer has seen a wall of lather five feet high along the whole of that shore, against which the waves were beating. Occasionally the wind would take up a bunch of this lather as big as a bushel basket and carry it several hundred feet inland. So bouyant are the waters of the lake that quite a party of men may navigate themselves on a raft made of four or five dry cotton-wood poles. Out in the lake are islands of rock (lava-like concretions) through which streams of water boil up. The water of these springs is like that of the lake, but in on place is a large spring of fresh water. This is near the northwest corner of the lake, and at a point where there is eight or ten feet of water. It is a sort of fountain. A column of fresh water, some three feet in diameter, is projected upward with such force that it rises to a height of at least two feet above the general level of the lake in the form of a mound or knoll, and makes a rippling noise that can be heard a considerable distance. But for the fact that this fountain has a depth of eight or ten feet of water to contend against it would probably rise to a considerable height in the air."

"Was Bilious and My Nerves Were Quite Unstrung."

SHERIDAN, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1876.
DR. M. M. RENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.
DEAR SIR:—I have been out of health for three months. Was bilious, my eyes and complexion being yellow and my nerves were quite unstrung. Had lost my appetite, my mouth tasted bad, my head was stopped up and felt dull and heavy and I had lost my ambition. I have now taken one bottle of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic and feel entirely cured.
Yours truly,
N. N. WHITAKER.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well be called "The conquering hero" of the times. It is *the* medical triumph of the age. Whoever has "the blues" should take it, for it *regulates* and *restores* the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, FEVER AND AGUE, SPLEEN, ENLARGEMENT, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches and ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS and BLOOD DISORDERS; Swelled Limbs and Dropsy; Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weakness and Chronic Rheumatism, and relieves Chronic Bronchitis, and all Lung and Throat difficulties. It does these things by striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in one hour. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, Colic or Headache in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhœa, etc. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific. One bottle always cures. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

Angels.

The Rev. Mr. White, of New Hampshire, has founded a religious sect called Angelic Believers. They believe in the disposition of angels to visit earth's people, if they were only properly encouraged. His object is to restore the old sociability between human and angelic beings. In a sermon lately White said that it would not surprise him to have angels call upon him at any time, and he held himself in readiness to give them a welcome. Three boys resolved that White's faith should be rewarded. One of them borrowed three of his sister's night gowns, and got three pairs of chicken wings, which were fastened on the shoulders of the white garments. With some other fixings by way of disguise, the boys went at night to the cottage of White. They knocked and said they were angels. He examined their wings and raiment and was satisfied. They were hungry and asked for kid. White had no kid. A fatted calf would do, White had no calf, and offered them pork, at which they turned up their noses. Some cold chicken was set before them, and hard cider, and they were enjoying the repast when Mrs. White came in. She was suspicious and examined the flowing garments, on which she saw the name "Blodgett" marked. "Old man," she cried, "I've washed all three of them nightgowns afore." The White locked the door, took off the angelic robes, used up two broomsticks on the boys, and turned them out to go home like common mortals.

How to Prepare Beef Fat for Shortening.

Dripping or beef fat for use should be perfectly free from unpleasant taste or smell, and to insure this it should be well clarified. In general, the pouring of boiling water on it while hot is sufficient, then allowing it to cool, when all impurities will settle at the bottom and may be scraped off with a knife; but a surer way is to strain it through a hair sieve into a saucepan which holds about a quart of boiling water; add to this a piece of soda the size of a hazlnut bean; stand the saucepan near the fire, let its contents simmer for ten minutes, then take away to cool; when perfectly cool the dripping will stand on the top of the water a cake of pure, wholesome fat. I should mention, however, one disadvantage which arises from pouring the dripping hot from the pan into the boiling water; one loses the delicious jelly—pure essence of beef which, if the fat be poured into a basin without water settles at the bottom. This jelly is invaluable for gravies or made dishes, being, in my opinion, equal to Liebig; therefore it is far too good for consignment to the pig tub. But to gain both this and clear fat it is necessary to take a little extra trouble, which repays itself, though; this is to allow the fat to cool in its impure state first, so that the jelly may exude from it, then to melt it in boiling water, and proceed as above.

The hornet and the mule are too tender hearted to look upon suffering. They always turn the back when they strike.

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