

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Family Paper---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Science, Art, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

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PHYSICIANS.

Dr. T. W. Ross,
Physician & Surgeon.
Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON MAIN STREET.
Opposite the Wright House.
Waynesburg, Sept. 23, 1863.

DR. A. G. CROSS
WORLDLY very respectfully tender his services as a PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.
Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

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Sept. 11, 1861--17.

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Sept. 11, 1861--17.

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Sept. 11, 1861--17.

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Sept. 11, 1861--17.

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J. D. COSGRAY,
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Sept. 11, 1861--17.

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Sept. 11, 1861--17.

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Sept. 11, 1861--17.

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Sept. 11, 1861--17.

Miscellaneous.

HOW TO MILK THE COWS.

Dr Dadd, the well-known Veterinary Surgeon, writes as follows: The first process in the operation of milking, is to make the cow's acquaintance, and give her to understand that the milker approaches her with none other than friendly intentions; for if he swears, scolds, or kicks her, she is likely to prove refractory, and may possibly, give the uncouth and unfeeling milker the benefit of her heels, which, in my opinion, he is justly entitled to. Before commencing to milk the animal, she should be fed, or have some kind of fodder, in the enjoyment of the mastication of which her attention is withdrawn from the milker's operations, and the milk is not "held up," as the saying is; but is yielded freely.

The milker should not sit off at a distance, like a coward, but his left arm should come in contact with the leg of the cow, so that she cannot kick. If she makes the attempt when the milker is in close proximity with the cow's body; the former merely gets a kick instead of a blow. Before commencing to milk, the teats are to be washed with cold water, in warm weather, and warm water in winter. The object is to remove accumulated dirt, which otherwise would fall into the milk pail, to the disgust of persons who love pure milk, and hate uncleanness. Here is a chance for improvement.

The best milker is a merciful man. The udder and teats are highly organized, and very sensitive; and these facts should be taken into consideration, especially when milking a young animal, for the teats are sometimes excessively tender, and the hard tugging and squeezing which many poor sensitive creatures have to endure, at the hands of some thoughtless, hard-fisted man, are really distressing to witness. A better milker than even a merciful man, is a woman. The principal part of the milking, in private establishments in foreign countries, is done by women; and in these United States there are thousands of capable women out of employment who might be advantageously employed, in private and dairy establishments, as milkmaids. Therefore, in view of improvements in the art of milking, I advise farmers to teach their wives, daughters, and female domestics, how to strip the cows.

An indolent person--slow coach--should never be suffered to coach a cow's teats; the process, to say the least of it, is painful, therefore, the best milker is one who can abstract the milk in the quickest time. Finally, milk the cow dry. The last of the milk is the most valuable, yet Mr. Hurry-up cannot spare time to attend to this matter, consequently he loses the best of the stripplings, and actually ruins the cow as a milker.

HOW BACHELORS WERE TREATED BY THE ANCIENTS.

In antiquity, it was considered unpatriotic in a citizen to remain a bachelor all his days. By the Spartan laws, those citizens who remained bachelors after middle-age, were excluded from all offices, civil and military. At certain feasts they were exposed to public derision, and led around the market place. Although generally speaking, age was usually deeply respected at Sparta, yet this feeling was not manifested to old bachelors. "Why should I make way for you?" said a Spartan youth to a gray-headed old bachelor, "who will never have a son to do me the same honor when I am old." The Roman law pursued the same policy towards bachelors. They had to pay extra and special taxes, and under Augustus a law was enacted, by which bachelors were made incapable of acquiring legacies and devises of real estate by will, except from their near relations. In canon law bachelors are enjoined to marry, or to profess chastity in earnest by becoming monks.

VALUE OF A TITLE.

Dr. Tyler, the late President of Windsor Hill Seminary, used to say that it took him a great while to find out the worth of his title; but after a long time it proved to be just "eight cents." "I went into an apothecary store in Hartford," said the Doctor, "to purchase some medicine, on inquiring the price was told it was twenty-five cents. But while the clerk was putting it up, a gentleman of my acquaintance came in and said: 'How do you do, Dr. Tyler?' And when I threw out my quarter to pay for the medicine, the clerk handed me back eight cents. How is this?" "Oh," said the clerk, "we ask common people twenty-five cents, but ask doctors only a shilling." Then I told him I was only a D. D.,--one who preached, and not a practicing doctor; but he refused to take the money back, and so I have always been ready to testify that a D. D. might be worth a shilling."

ELOQUENT APOSTROPHE TO COLD WATER.

Col. Watt Forman exclaimed in a sneering voice, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?" "There!" answered the missionary in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless Double Spring, gushing up in two columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet like a convicted culprit. "There is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires coked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play; where God brews it; and down--down in the deep valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high on the tall mountain tops, where the native granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods, and the thunder tones crash; and away far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, 'weeeping the march of God'; there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty--gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-cream, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden vale over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glazier, dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintery world, and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose wool is the substance of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still also it is beautiful, that blessed ice water! No poisonous bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madne's and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkards' shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair! Speak out, my friends; would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol? A shout like the roaring of a tempest answered 'No!'"

Crises need never tell me again that backwoodsmen are dead to the divine voice of eloquence, for I saw at that moment the missionary held the hearts of the multitude, as it were in his hand.

A FLAG AND A CORPSE.

In a regiment at Waterloo, the ensign, a mere boy, who bore one of the colors, was shot. The enemy were advancing, in overwhelming force, the regiment was being gradually pushed back, and the color that had waved over their heads in many a dearly bought victory, seemed destined to become the prize of the foe, in whose discomfited faces it had so often proudly flaunted. At this instant a gallant sergeant rushed to the front, determined to avert the threatened calamity. The attempt appeared to be certain death, but he had only one thought--the honor of his regiment. Reaching the spot where the colors lay dabbled in mud and the blood of the bearer, he seized it with a nervous grasp and strove to tear it from the dead man's hands, but found it impossible to do so. In the moment of death, the ensign's fingers had tightened round it like a vice. The flag could not be moved. His own comrades were retreating, the French advancing--nay, were almost upon him. Without a moment's hesitation, the sergeant, by a vigorous effort, cast the corpse and the standard together across his shoulders, and thus freighted, rejoined his own ranks, friends and foe both uniting to greet the exploit with hearty cheers.

SQUIRREL SKIN SHOES.

The scarcity of leather in rebellion is compelling the "superior race" to resort to some curious shifts. The Richmond Whig says: "Squirrel skins tacked down to a board, the hair next to the board, with hickory ashes sprinkled over them for a few days, to facilitate the removal of the hair, and then placed in a strong decoction of red oak bark, will, at the end of four days, make excellent leather, far stronger, and tougher than calfskin. Four skins will make a pair of ladies shoes."

"We hear that the ladies of some of the interior counties are wearing these shoes, and find them equal in softness and superior in durability to others. The longer the skins are left in decoction of bark the better the leather. By this plan everybody may have a tanyard and make their own leather, as the skins are easily and cheaply procured, and any year holding a gallon will yield a bushel of skins."

THE DEAD ON THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE FIELD.

The arrangements are nearly completed for the removal of the remains of the Union soldiers scattered over the Gettysburg battle field to the burial grounds which is being prepared by the several States interested, for their reception and proper burial. David Wills, esq. of Gettysburg, who is the agent for the Governor of Pennsylvania, in a published card, says: "All the dead will be disinterred and the remains placed in coffins and buried, and the graves, where marked and known, will be carefully and permanently remarked in this soldiers' cemetery."

"If it is the intention of the friends of any deceased soldier to take his remains home for burial, they will confer a favor by immediately making known to me that intention. After the bodies are removed to this cemetery, it will be very desirable not to disarrange the order of the graves by any removals."

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.

There is no ro people in the world with whom eloquence is so perfect a gift as with the Irish. When Leitch Ritchie was traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of palor, squalor and raggedness. His heart smote him and he turned back. "If you are in want," said Ritchie, with some degree of peevishness, "why don't you beg?" "Shure, it's begging I am, your honor." "You didn't say a word." "Ov course not, yer honor! but see how the skin is speakin' through the holes of me trousers? and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that's startin' in me eyes. Man alive! isn't it beggin' that I am with a hundred tongues?"

THE BUBBLE BURST.

Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in his old age, wrote: "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead, my surviving child is consigned to a living tomb; my old friends, brothers, sisters, are dead all but one, and she too is dying; my last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it is sweet; but at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone by myself, it is wonderful my philosophy at times takes flight; that I rush into company, resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang, and then, sick of the world and dissatisfied with myself, shrink into solitude?" And in this state of mind he died.

HOW TO MISS HARD THUMPS.

"Whoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."--Matt. xiii: 12.

The celebrated Dr. Franklin once received a very useful lesson from the excellent Dr. Cotton Mather, which he thus relates in a letter to his son, Dr. Samuel Mather, dated Passy, 12th May, 1781: "The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying behind, and I turned toward him: when he said hastily, Stoop--stoop! I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me: You are young, and have the world before you. Stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps. This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortune brought upon people by carrying their heads too high."--Ladies' Repository.

ANECDOTE.

The late Dr. N. W. Taylor was wont to relate how, at one time, there was a member of the seminary who seemed so dull and inept that he felt compelled, out of kindness to him and regard for the church, to advise him no longer to look toward the ministry as his calling, but betake himself to some plain, honest trade. Soon after the professor heard that his unfortunate student had been preaching at a place where he himself had officiated. Meeting a member of that congregation, he asked, with a little latent amusement at the expected answer: "You had Mr. --- to preach for you last Sunday; how did you like him?" The parishioner did not recognize the person with whom he was speaking, and answered frankly: "We liked him well, and much better than we did Dr. Taylor." "Since that," said the Doctor, "I have been careful about passing adversely upon the qualifications of young men for the ministry, or predicting that they cannot find a people to be pleased and profited by them."

HOG FEEDING.

Mr. Taggart, of Wayne county, Ohio, at a meeting of the Ohio State Agricultural Society, said he was not in favor of feeding hogs long, to make them weigh large weights. He kept his in the clover field until the beginning of September; then when the corn begins to harden, cuts it up, both ear and stalk, and feeds it to them. One bushel of corn, in September, will fatten more than one and a half in December. Mr. T. recommends killing by the 15th of November, as being the most profitable time, for then there has been little expenditure of carbon, for the production of heat, when it left for another month, the cold, wintry storms make this necessary.

A COLD WINTER.

People in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, may look out for the hardest winter seen for years. There will be more cold days, the mercury will run lower, and the snow will be deeper than before or since '57, that the brook trout have commenced leaving the small creeks for deep holes as early as September, and the first season since then that muskrats have double walled their little hillock homes. These and certain other infallible signs, known to sportsmen and hunters, indicate a winter of unusual severity. It is our opinion that the river will close at least two weeks earlier than last year.--La Crosse Democrat.

TO HOUSEWIVES.

One of the best bleaching and emollient agents that can be employed in washing, either the person or the clothing, is common refined borax. It should be dissolved in hot water at the rate of half a pound to ten gallons; a great saving in soap is effected by its use. The borax should be pulverized first. It may be prepared in the form of crystals at any druggists, and can be powdered with a rolling pin or a hammer. It will not injure the most delicate fabric, and laces or other fine tissues may be washed in a solution of borax, with manifest advantage to their color and consistence.

CHILD SMOTHERED.

A child of Mr. C. V. N. Dehart, of Somerville, N. J., was smothered to death on Tuesday afternoon. The child had been put in bed by its mother to take its usual nap and a pillow placed near its head. On going to the bed an hour after, the pillow was found over its face, and the child quite dead.

JUVENILE HOMICIDE.

In Terre Haute, a few days ago, Master Callings called Master Brown a liar, and Master B. shot him dead instantly, and was immediately acquitted on the plea of juvenile homicide.

THE BEARD.

Nature has supplied the most of mankind with beards, and in very ancient times, the use of a razor upon his left side, in Greece, the first instance of shaving occurred in the reign of Alexander the Great. This warrior ordered the Macedonians to be shaved lest the beards of his soldiers should afford handles to their enemies. The sarcastic Diogenes, when he once saw some one whose chin was smooth, said: "I am afraid you think you have great ground to accuse nature for having made you a man and not a woman." In Cicero's time the genuine beard was not worn in society. But the barba (goatee) seems to have been affected by the young Roman "swells." The beard began to revive again in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. But of all the emperors who wore that ornament, none creates so much interest in posterity as the emperor Julian. His beard is the most famous beard in history. Speaking of it, he says: "I commence with my countenance. It had nothing regular, or particularly agreeable about it; and out of humor and whimsicality, and just to punish it for not being handsome, I have made it ugly by carrying this long and peeped beard." The Britons, like the ancient Gauls, allowed the hair to grow thick on the head; and, although they shaved their beards close on the chin, wore immense tangled moustaches, which sometimes reached to their breasts. It may be presumed that the northern nations left the symbolic force of these appendages; we have a well-known passage in Tacitus about the Catti, who, he says, made a general custom of what, among other German people was an affair of private daring--the letting the "crimen barbae" grow till they had killed an enemy. The Normans, when they conquered England, were well shaven, on the back of the head as on the face; but the Saxons wore full beards. In Edward II's reign, beards were worn apparently by persons in years, great officers of State, and knights templars, but not generally. Sir John Mandeville, the traveler, who died A. D. 1372, was called Sir John with the Beard (presumably from its size). In Edward III's time--the hey-day of chivalry, of feudal ornament, of love-poetry, of heraldry--long beard and fine moustache were in honorable estimation. In Edward II's reign, the fashion continued. The beard was "worked," and in all knightly effigies the moustache is long and drooping on each side of the mouth. A sober and well governed gentleman of Elizabeth's time, regulated his beard as he did his dress, mind, manners or conduct. It was an index of his status or profession; an emblem of his feelings and tastes--a symbol to be respected like his coat of arms. The Reformer, John Knox, cherished a large and profuse one, obviously from its patriarchal character, from the honor shown it in the Jewish days, from whose sentiment he drew his inspiration. The scholar, such as George Buchanan, wore it--sometimes as one who followed Knox and Calvin. The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the civil wars of England; and the same rigor which the Puritan exercised on the head he exercised on his chin, and trimmed his beard as closely as he trimmed his locks. The Vandyeke beard is the typical one of this period. Peaked beards and moustaches were popular among the cavaliers; and were at least pretty generally worn. Beards went out of fashion for more than two hundred years, among the Anglo-Saxons of Europe and America; but they have been revived again, and are now cultivated and defended upon scientific considerations. The moustache is approved because it is said to be a natural respirator; a defense to the lungs against the inhalation of dust, and the beard is detested as a protection for the throat against cold. It has been recommended that all preachers who are subject to throat diseases should allow their beards to grow. Travelers in sandy regions, millers, bakers and all mechanics should allow the beard free play. A Great Curiosity. On Saturday last, as one of the masons at West Harrisburg Market House was dressing one of the stones of which the building is being constructed, upon chipping off a block, he found a large petrified rattlesnake in the inside. The snake is in a most wonderful state of preservation. The scales are perfect. The backbone is clearly defined, and it is one of the most interesting specimens of petrification probably ever discovered. The gentlemanly superintendent of the work, Mr. Chas. Swartz, Esq., has possession of the reptile at present. A woman in New York killed her neighbor's boy by rubbing red pepper in his nose, eyes and mouth. The neighbor had slapped her.

AN INCIDENT IN THE PITT STREET MASSAORE.

Among the wounded lying in the Thirteenth Ward Station House on the morning of the shooting, was James Stephens, a child only eight years of age, who was shot in the right arm. He lay quite patiently on his left side, and moaned when his arm was touched. Our reporter seeing him so helpless asked where his parents lived, and having obtained the necessary information set out to look for them, and was successful after about an hour's search. The father is a stout able man, and bears the mark of a bullet wound over the right eye, which he received while in the Navy. He could scarcely believe that his child was shot, and remarked that the soldiers "must have meant mischief or they would not have fired so low as to hit a child like that." He also stated that he had two other boys, one of whom was twelve years old and the other two. On entering the Station House he went to his child, who brightened up and cried, "Oh! daddy, daddy, come and kiss me, and bring me home to mammy, till I kiss her before I die." The scene was truly heart rending, but the worst had to come. "Jimmy, my darlin'," said the poor man, "did you see Billy?" (a brother, aged 12). "Yes, daddy," replied the child, "he was shot in the nose." "And where is he?" "I don't know, daddy."

Here the man looking at the countenances around him, perceived that there was not a dry eye in the place, and that all viewed him with compassion, and turned as pale lead and cried "Merciful God, have they shot both my children? O, can any one tell me where my boy is. Here some one said there was a boy lying dead below, and suggested for him to go down and see whether it might not be his. He went, and in less than two minutes a shriek so unearthly came from below as to startle every one; the poor fellow was soon seen to come up stairs like a maniac. In the pale bleeding corpse below, he recognized his eldest boy, whom but a moment before he was speaking of with all the pride of a parent, and there side by side, the wounded and the dead, the two little brothers were carried on a door home to their mother whose heart is broken.--N. Y. Sun.

ON A STRIKE.

The journeyman coopers are on a strike. So are the poor sewing girls. Those engaged in the umbrella business have memorialized their employers for higher wages. At present six to eight cents for each umbrella is all they receive.

THE WOOL-GROWERS OF ILLINOIS.

The wool-growers of Illinois have formed a "Wool-Growers' Association," and adopted resolutions recommending a common organization throughout the United States to protect themselves from combinations of speculators and monopolists.

THE CORN CROP OF WISCONSIN.

The corn crop of Wisconsin is not as much injured as was at first supposed. The wheat crop of the Northwest is immense. Seven hundred and thirty-two thousand bushels of wheat alone were reaped at Milwaukee during the past week.

A WOMAN IN NEW YORK.

A woman in New York killed her neighbor's boy by rubbing red pepper in his nose, eyes and mouth. The neighbor had slapped her.