

His Ducky Bride.

A case that savors somewhat of romance is being prosecuted by parties that live in the rural and secluded locality on the borders of Moose Lake. To give a clear statement of the case it would seem better, perhaps, to strike in so far as possible and as far as the facts will permit. It seems that a wealthy family by the name of Mead, who live at Sing Sing, on the Hudson, have for several years back made it a practice to spend a portion of the summer months at Moose Lake, boarding with the family of an Indian guide by the name of Elijah Camp, whose humble cot rests in a quiet and romantic spot on the borders of the lake. Camp has a beautiful daughter by the name of Emma. The breezes from the balsams and the fir, the crystal waters and pure air, together with the cooling shades and golden sunshine in the forest, have developed the Indian girl, Emma, into a luxuriant womanhood. Now the wealthy family spoken of who have paid their annual visit to Moose Lake is none other than that of Robert Mead. Mead has a treasured son by the name of Gabriel, whose physical proportions and clever ways had always filled the father's heart with pride till, alas, he fell in love with the Indian girl, Emma, and early last spring, ere the snows of winter had commenced to lessen on the forest hills surrounding the Moose Lake, young Gabriel made the beautiful Emma his lawful and loving Indian bride. Father Mead, when he learned the truth of his dear son's proceedings, was greatly incensed. A stigma and an insult had been heaped upon the fair fame of the aristocratic and wealthy household. The poor pure Indian bride must be got rid of. Gabriel must and shall desert her. The social position and pride of the Meads demand this, he said, and I must at once visit the scene of this outrageous affair and fix up a plan to change these fearful circumstances, and save the disgraceful consequences of ever seeing a poor Indian girl brought under my palatial roof. Again, alas! Too true it is. The sequel is out. Gabriel deserted his poor Indian bride. Five months ago he took her to his arms, a beautiful, loving bride, and to-day she wanders along the banks of Moose Lake with a broken heart and blasted hopes. But listen! Elijah and his deserted child have recently been twice at Sandy Hill, and General Charles Hughes has the case in hand and already has opened the legal battery on the Meads, and anybody that knows the General can guess about how the matter will end. Emma may lose Gabriel, but Gabriel will wish before the General gets through with him that he had stuck to Emma.—*Glenn Falls (N. Y.) Times.*

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

Probably the most surprised man in the city yesterday was Mr. Joseph Willen, of No. 120 North Pine street, who, through mistaken identity, pronounced his wife, Mrs. Willenia Willen, dead. Mrs. Willen had intended to go to Bay Ridge on Monday, but after leaving home met some friends who persuaded her to accompany them to Tivoli. Her husband learned of this, and was waiting at the Light Street wharf for the last boat in order to meet her. She, however, came up on an earlier trip, and getting off at Henderson's wharf proceeded to her home. Mr. Willen waited all night at Light Street for the Cockade City, which came no further than Henderson's wharf, and upon learning of the accident hastily drove to Henderson's wharf. He inquired for his wife, but no one knew her, though he was told that there was a dead body in the baggage-room which answered the description he gave. He viewed the body. In every way it resembled Mrs. Willen, and with tearful eyes he pronounced it to be that of his wife. He ordered an undertaker to remove the body, and went home completely broken down. Upon entering the house he told his sister that his wife was dead, and seemed every much affected. "Your wife isn't dead," said the lady; "she is in her room." Mr. Willen refused to believe his wife living until she was called down stairs, and his feelings can better be imagined than described. The news that Mrs. Willen had been drowned had spread far and wide, her name having been printed among the list of persons lost, and all during the afternoon many friends called to offer their sympathy only to be assured that she lived. So numerous did these visitors become that the lady finally took a seat at the front window, and spoke to them as they came up to the door to condole with what they thought the bereaved family.—*Holliston Daily.*

The Story of an Elopement.

Talking of elopements, Paris society is greatly exercised at the present moment on account of the elopement of a Northern Prince with a young and beautiful Italian Contessa, under the age of sixteen, whose father is an officer of high rank, and whose duties take him a great deal away from home. The fugitives left Florence at night and proceeded to Paris, where they took up their quarters at one of the best hotels in the Champs Elysee, and were soon surrounded by an army of milliners, jewelers and the rest of their crew. However, as soon as the hotel bill was presented the Prince was unable to meet it, and as in addition to this, he had lost heavily at the tables, he had recourse to the device of ordering some very costly jewels from an unsuspecting tradesman, which he sold on the same day for about one-half their price. This happened to come to the ears of the jeweler, who at once communicated with the police, and as complaints had reached them from other quarters, his highness was at once arrested. The Commissary, who went to the hotel for this purpose, was met there by a colleague in plain clothes sent from the Italian Embassy, together with the mother of the fair Contessa, who had followed her erring daughter all the way from Italy. To be released after a few hours' detention, the mother of the girl having, it is rumored, paid all the claim against him in order to avoid the scandal which a public expose might entail.—*London Life.*

The First Woman in Camp.

June 30 was a day of jollification at Carbonate, Col., being the advent of the first wagon, the first woman, and the bottom of the cistern. Spiced plums are delicious. To eight pounds of plums allow four of sugar, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one small cup of vinegar. Cook until they are as thick as jelly.—*Exchange.*

In removing hay from the field, says an Eastern exchange, that portion known as rakings should be allowed to remain, for two reasons—one is that it will not pay for gathering it up; the other, that it does pay, and twice over, in being scattered over the field and acting as a mulch to the exposed roots of the stubble.

A Pennsylvania farmer says that his system of "fence farming" is to farm all middle fences out. As the New York law for the protection of farmers' fields and hockets against stock depredations is wanting in Pennsylvania, road fences have still to be maintained; but it is a great saving to dispense with the interior fencing.

The fruit-grower who rubs off the "suckers" or little sprouts which have started on the limbs of fruit trees will save himself a good deal of work next winter or spring. A simple brushing of the hand over a limb will often remove scores of these sprouts now, which would need the use of knife or saw at the end of the year.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Stewed Mushrooms: Slice the mushrooms into halves. Steep ten minutes in a little butter seasoned with pepper and salt and a very little water. Drain the mushrooms into a pie dish; break enough eggs to cover them with the top; pepper, salt and scatter bits of butter over them. Stew with bread crumbs and bake until the eggs are set. Serve in the dish.—*Boston Transcript.*

Great care should be taken in seedling with clover to leave no gaps, for such will inevitably be covered with weeds, a worse than useless waste of ground. It is a good plan to top the seed a trifle and then sow crosswise, to make sure that all is evenly distributed. A peck per acre, sown four quarts each way, gives a good stand.—*Chicago Times.*

As early as the time of Alexander II. of Scotland a man who let weeds go to seed on a farm was declared to be the king's enemy. In Denmark farmers are compelled to destroy all weeds on their premises. In France a man may prosecute his neighbor for damages who permits weeds to go to seed which may endanger neighboring lands. Baked Turnips: Pare and cook until nearly tender in salted boiling water; drain and lay in a baking dish and pour over them a sauce made as follows: Two large tablespoonfuls of butter and two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour stirred together in a skillet; when thoroughly heated and mixed add a teaspoonful of milk, stirring it in gradually with a little pepper and salt. Add little bits of broken butter over the tops of the turnips. When you have poured on the same bake in a brick oven twenty minutes.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Advance in Agriculture. But few readers or farmers are aware of the advance in agriculture in the past fifty years, or within the recollection of many of the older citizens. Fifty years ago the only means of cutting the grain harvest was the hand sickle, and of cutting the hay the hand scythe. The grain was thrashed with a flail, and the hay raked with a hand rake. Grain was cleaned by letting it fall and the wind blowing out the chaff, or by making wind with a sheet—those who lived in those days recollect it without explanation. Flows were mostly wood, the coulters, shire and bar only being iron. The moldboard was wood exclusively. At that day farming was conducted by muscular power. There were no agricultural newspapers to stir up the mind to advance and improve. Nor was the absence of improved agricultural implements the only hindrance to prosperous husbandry. There was virtually no attention paid to the improvement of stock. The cattle, horses, hogs or sheep were a mixture brought together from different counties. There was no more attention paid to better stock than there is now in the improvement of the human race. Nor was there any particular care at which steers or hogs could be prepared for market. They grew slowly and fattened indifferently, and had to be kept and fed until they could be sold. They were small and commanded a less price. Fruits of all kinds were far inferior to the present. Nearly all of the orchards of apple, pear or peach were of the natural fruit. If grafting was known it was practiced by but few. The varieties of grafted fruit even in the best orchards or nurseries were but few. In the smaller fruits the same was the case. None but the wild strawberry were cultivated. However, they did not have such large ones as the present. Nor were there any rich, luscious and highly flavored, or our appetite was better than now. There were no improved raspberries or strawberries. Nor has the advance been solely in stock and fruits, but in vegetables there has been a wonderful change for the better. Potatoes, squashes, tomatoes, beans, peas, melons, and all other classes of garden vegetables have been so improved that if the kind which were raised fifty years ago were offered in the market now they could not be sold at any price. It seems almost incredible that the world in all the past ages previous to fifty years ago made so little efforts at improving anything intended for human food, or the implements for producing them. When the writer first performed labor on the farm, there was a continual strain on the physical powers of the farmer. And in the house, whether on the farm or in town, the females of the family (and mainly the wife) had to card, spin, weave and make the clothing with which to keep the whole family warm or respectable. And there are needed improvements yet to be made, and great inventions to be accomplished. There are laurels to be won, and riches to be accumulated in the future, by those who will by mental and moral energy solve the great problems of the world's further advancement.—*Iowa Register.*

HOME AND FARM.

The Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph says it is a help to keeping cisterns pure to have the supply-pipe run to the bottom of the cistern.

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A Dog's Breakfast.

"To be treated like a dog" is generally considered not an enviable fate. Yet how many hard-working, industrious persons would gladly be subjected to such treatment as that experienced by a dog whose wrongs recently formed the subject of an action in the Bolton County Court. The animal was designated as a "running dog," and a beer-house-keeper sued a blancher for £2 5s. for its keep during a period of five weeks. It was not denied by the defendant that the plaintiff had kept the dog; but he alleged that it had been "ruined," because it had not been supplied while under the plaintiff's charge with cooked beefsteaks. On the other hand it was urged that the dog had not been denied its beefsteaks, and, moreover, that in other respects it had been boarded comfortably. The dog, according to the evidence of the plaintiff's wife, was regularly supplied with "toast and eggs for its breakfast and beefsteaks for the remainder of the day." Judgment was ultimately given in favor of the plaintiff for the sum of £1 2s. 6d., and assuming that the dog really had toast and eggs for its breakfast and beefsteaks for its luncheon and dinner, there was not much ground for complaint as to its fare. Perhaps, however, the eggs were hard boiled and the beefsteaks not so tender as could be wished, and, if so, this goes far to account for the "ruination" not only of the dog, but also of its digestion.—*St. James Gazette.*

Peanut Flour.

No doubt ere long "peanut flour" will be an important product of the South. The crop of the country has averaged \$3,000,000. Virginia is set down this year for 2,100,000 bushels, Tennessee for 250,000, and North Carolina at 135,000 bushels, these being the chief States engaged in their cultivation, and those in which it was first introduced from Africa. In Virginia they are called "peanuts," in North Carolina "ground-peas," in Tennessee "goobers," and in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi "peanuts." The Virginians are beginning to turn the peanut into flour, and say it makes a peculiarly palatable "biscuit." In Georgia there is a custom, now growing old, of grinding or pounding the shelled peanuts and turning them into pastry, which has some resemblance, both in looks and taste, to that made of cocoon, but the peanut pastry is more oily and richer, and, we think, healthier and better every way. If, as some people believe, Africa sent a curse to America in slavery, she certainly conferred upon her a blessing in the universally popular peanut, which grows so well throughout the Southern regions that we shall soon be able to cut off the now large importation altogether.—*Savannah (Ga.) Telegram.*

Why He Quit.

Last year the old man Hastings settled down in a village on the other side of the Hudson to enjoy old age and lend money at twelve per cent. but he has closed his business so far as lending goes. He lent \$350 at twelve per cent. per annum for four months, and when the note fell due and the man came to pay it Hastings was alone in the house. He called up all his knowledge of arithmetic, got out a shingle and a lead pencil, and, after figuring away for half an hour without any satisfaction, he called out to a man who was passing in a buggy: "Hey, you! How do you figure twelve per cent. interest?" "I take twenty dollars off the capital," shouted the man, as he drove on. The old man figured away on the new theory, and by-and-by he wiped the sweat off his brow, and said: "See here, Smith, this comes out right. You've had my money four months at twelve per cent., and yet I seem to owe you about four dollars. Here—take your old note and give me \$350, and we'll call it square, and if I lend any more money around here I'll bargain for a calf for a hog for the interest and drive the blamed brute home in advance."—*Wall Street News.*

French women are employed in the harvest fields of New Hampshire as reapers. They are required to do the same work as men, get the same wages, two dollars a day, and their work is fully as satisfactory, if not more so.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Long Branch belle recently wore four different costumes before dinner. She had evidently lost her appetite and been advised by a physician to take exercise.—*N. Y. News.*

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 13, 1883.	
CATTLE—Exports.....	\$5 50 @ 6 40
COTTON—Middling.....	60 @ 6 15
FLAOR—Good to choice.....	4 50 @ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1 21 @ 1 22
CORN—No. 3.....	1 15 @ 1 17
OATS—Western Mixed.....	38 @ 41
PORK—New Mess.....	15 00 @ 15 25
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling.....	60 @ 6 15
BEEVES—Export.....	6 00 @ 6 15
FLAOR—Good to choice.....	4 50 @ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 2.....	1 21 @ 1 22
CORN—No. 3.....	1 15 @ 1 17
OATS—Western Mixed.....	38 @ 41
PORK—New Mess.....	15 00 @ 15 25
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Exports.....	5 50 @ 6 15
FLAOR—Good to choice.....	4 50 @ 5 00
SHEEP—Wool.....	4 00 @ 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2.....	1 21 @ 1 22
CORN—No. 3.....	1 15 @ 1 17
OATS—Western Mixed.....	38 @ 41
PORK—New Mess.....	15 00 @ 15 25
KANSAS CITY.	
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	4 45 @ 5 40
FLAOR—Native Steers.....	4 25 @ 5 05
WHEAT—No. 2.....	90 @ 90 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.....	38 @ 39
OATS—No. 2.....	29 @ 30 1/2
NEW ORLEANS.	
FLAOR—High Grades.....	5 25 @ 5 50
CORN—White.....	62 @ 64
WHEAT—No. 2.....	61 @ 65
HAY—Choice.....	17 00 @ 18 00
PORK—Mess.....	13 50 @ 14 00
BACON—Clear Rib.....	8 1/2 @ 9
COTTON—Middling.....	60 @ 6 1/2

Cow in the Pasture.

Murphy heard cows in his orchard the other night, and slipping out the back way appeared suddenly near the front steps and yelled, "He-ah Tige! He-ah Tige! He-ah!" Just then a figure rushed past, cleared two fences and vanished in the gloom. "Take 'im! take 'im!" screamed the old man, but his daughter Miranda, who had unaccountably appeared on the scene, secured the dog by the collar and refused to let go. "What ye doin'," yelled the old man, "don't ye know them cows has been in here three or four times?" "Oh, pa!" was the answer, "but this was only a calf." The old man was pacified, but Adolphus, who was standing out in the road awaiting developments, wasn't, and Miranda will never understand the coldness that has sprung up between them.—*Peek's Sun.*

A daughter of the late King Ceto-way lives in Providence, R. I., and makes a living by letting lodgings and doing washing and ironing.

\$50 REWARD will be paid for any case of chills that CHILLAXINE will not cure. Try it.

A LAUGHING "stock"—The collar of our great granddaddy.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

"Their Occupation Gone." R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I was attacked with congestion of the lungs, soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and general giving way of the whole system. Failing to find relief in remedies prescribed, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery." It effected my entire cure. Your medicines have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a trial, nine-tenths of the doctors would, like Othello, find their occupation gone. Yours truly, L. B. McMILLAN, M. D., Breesport, N. Y.

An American artist has succeeded in drawing a breath as natural as life.

HAY-FEVER. After trying in vain for eleven years to cure my Hay-Fever, I purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, which entirely relieved me. R. W. HARRIS, Letter Carrier, Newark, N. J.

A MAN who breaks his word—The sufferer.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

For twenty years I was a sufferer during the summer months with Hay-Fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and was cured before it was used. CHARLOTTE PARKER, Waverly, N. Y. Price 50c.

A LITTLE knoll-edge is a dangerous thing in turning a sharp corner with a heavy load.

Could Hardly Stand on Her Feet. R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I must tell you what your medicine has done for me. Before taking your "Favorite Prescription" I could hardly stand on my feet, but, by following your advice, I am perfectly cured. The "Favorite Prescription" is a wonderful medicine for debilitated and nervous females. I can not express how thankful I am to you for your advice. Yours truly, MRS. CORNELIA ALLISON, Peosta, Ia.

"Come in out of dat hot sun, you Lafayette! De fust ting you know you'll be burnt as brack as de nigger de next day!"

Startling Debility, both Nervous and General, Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power, Impaired Memory, Despondency, Weak Back, and kindred affections, are common results of youthful follies and pernicious practices. Means of unfeeling and perfect cure are suggested in large illustrated treatise, sent for three letter postage stamps. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"What did you say your friend is, Tammy?" "A taxidermist." "What's that?" "Why, he's a sort of animal upholsterer."—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

INVENTOR'S HAND-BOOK—FREE—Just out. How great fortunes have been made. History of inventions; valuable to all who read and think. Order by postal card. N. W. Fitzgerald, Solicitor, Washington, D. C.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

A STIRRING motion—Emotion. The keynote to success.—*Modern Age.*

WOULD not be without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it. Price 25c.

SAFE BLOWING—The challenges of American duellists.—*Norristown Herald.*

Wells' "Rough on Corns," 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffener, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

Is a mushroom city built with toads' tools. Wipe's Axle Grease never gums.

It afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaacs Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Save your animals much suffering from accidents, cuts and open sores, by using Stewart's Healing Powder.

Stinging, Irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Pain-B." \$1.

WHAT kind of blasting-powder is used to explode an idea?

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats" clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches bed-bugs, etc.

WATER is the boss summer drink, but don't give it away to the milkman.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

SPARTA, TENN.—Dr. W. B. Cummings says: "I am strongly convinced of the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters and recommend them."

Is a Jailer known by the company he keeps?—*Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler.*

LEWISVILLE, IND.—Rev. J. S. Cain says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for nervous prostration and found it entirely satisfactory."

TO FIND a man's standing in society—get the size of his bank account.

A FULL feeling after meals, dyspepsia, heart-burn and general ill-health, relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Purifies the skin. Use instead of unwholesome cosmetics. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats," 15c.

ALL recommend Wise's Axle Grease.

Mischievous Malaria.

To say that malaria is mischievous is to put it very mildly. It is all that and more. It is cunning, deceitful, treacherous, sly, and underhanded. It does its work in the dark, and in such a sly way that much of the mischief is done before it is discovered. It saps the foundations of a healthy system. It robs the blood of its vitality, demoralizes the liver, confounds the stomach, and makes the victim wish he were in his grave. It is said to see people sit down in their misery, content to be the victims of mischievous malaria, and thinking that nothing can be done for them. The power of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS over the mischiefs of malaria has been so amply proved that there is no reason why anybody who can procure a bottle of this Prince of Tonics shall suffer. Great is the power of malaria, and great are its disastrous effects. But greater far is the beneficent influence of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. The preparation of iron in this favorite family remedy can be taken without ruining the teeth or producing constipation and headache.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power, purifying the blood, and restoring the physical functions regular and active, keeps the system in good working order, and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia, and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure and permanent cure. It also removes all malarial fevers, biliousness, and all other ailments from the system. For sale by all druggists and Dealers generally.

HOSTETTERS' BITTERS

5-TON JONES

From Leaven, Read, Hastings, West, TARE BEAM, etc., etc. See full particulars on the wrapper. Sold in bottles, 50c. and 1.00. All sizes as low as possible. For full particulars, send for circular. JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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Young Men. With TELEGRAPHY here and Circulars free. VALENTINE'S, Jamaica, W. I.

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\$60 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and particulars on application. Address H. H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

OPIMUM and WHISKY HABITS cured. Particulars sent free. H. M. WOODRUFF, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. (Costly outfit free.) Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing is possible. For entire Family Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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