THE BERBERS.

A Race That Has a Golden Age in Store For It.

If any race in North Africa has a golden age in store for it that race is the Berber or Shelluh. In numbers and physical strength it already stands first in Morocco. With the Arab element it does not mix at all. Peoples of this blood and language spread under different tribal names from Cape Spartel to Nubia and the Egyptian Soudan. They are, in a rude but energetic fashion, traders, farmers, and shepherds, and have against desperate odds gained a reputation for intelligence and industry. It is a sign, characteristic of French rule, that in Africa alone have the representatives of this most promising race, the Kabyles, declined in numbers. We say promising advisedly, because those who wish well to Morocco must live in hope. The rule of Sultan Mulai Hassan, except in coast towns subject to European influence, like Tetuan, Tangier, and Mogador, is a weak but uncontrolled despotism. Persons convicted of small offenses, or entirely innocent, crowd the prisons and remain there for life. Slavery is forbidden, but in no wise suppressed. Fiscal monopolies and taxes are decreed at will, and payment of the latter is evaded by any one who can take to the hills. The inhabitants of the Riff and Atlas live in chronic rebellion against the kaids of their provinces who act as the Sultan's taxgathers. From the southern territories of Sus and Tafilet the imperial exchequer gets little more than the spoil amassed by Government raids, often headed by the Sultan himself. The retaliatory brigandage which is provoked by such measures is perpetuated by the absence of an efficient army of police. Indeed, military service and personal serfdom are often synonymous. The worst features in the situation are the thinness of the population and the want of communication. Morocco is larger than France, but its inhabitants, once very numerous, have dwindled to about 6,000,000. It is said to possess no wheeled carraige besides the Sultan's coach at Fez. It is covered with metalliferous mountains and traversed by large rivers, mostly running westward from sources in the Atlas; but it has neither roads nor bridges. Irrigation, which now supplements to some small extent the deficient rainfall and the irregular flow of the rivers, needs an enormous development; but the natives have neither the money nor the confidence required. In circumstances like these the weakness of the Government and the poverty of the people act and react upon each other to the common ruin. The condition of the rural population is indeed one of primitive destitution, and would be intolerable but for the magnificent climate in which they live. The men tend flocks, or scratch the earth with plows of patriarchal make, and the women act as beasts of burden. The ordinary village is composed of the rudest cabins of mud, sticks, and leaves. The few manual industries of the country are starved alike by want of encouragement and want of accessible markets. Such export trade as is done at the ports, and notably at Tangier, gives no idea of the real resources of Morocco. The construction of roads and harbors and the abolition of vexatious imposts would enable other industries to share in the success which actually attends the cattle trade with Gibraltar. But neither poverty nor tyranny have entirely crushed the well conditioned natures of the population. Least of all has it prepared them for forcible annexation by a European power. Neither Arab nor Berber has anything of Egyptian servility about him. One might expect mendicancy to be rampant, but this is not the case. Beggars are thicker and more shameless at Seville, Naples or Boulogne than at Tetuan or Tangier. The character of the people, like that of the country, is calculated to excite hope as well as regret. It seems quite impossible to believe that these fine races are to live on like this forever. The transforming influence must come from Europe, and the fate of Morocco depends on the generosity and single-mindedness of the particular European nation that may exercise that influence.—*National Review.*

THE ROLLER.

Circumstances Under Which the Implement Can Be Profitably Used.

Much has been said and written about firming the soil over the seed. A well-known horticulturist, Mr. Peter Henderson, first set people to thinking about this, although a good many farmers and gardeners had been practicing it for many years without taking any pains to know why they did it. It was a custom to firm the ground with rollers after seeding, and the trampling with the feet over the rows in the market gardens was merely the substitute for the roller. Farmers may very usefully study the roller and its effects in farm practice, because, like all other things, the roller—good in its place—may be seriously misplaced and become exceedingly injurious. The roller serves three purposes, viz., to crush and fine the soil; to level the surface, and to compact the soil over the seed. But there are certain conditions under which the roller effects its purposes usefully and others under which it wholly fails and even does serious harm. What these conditions are we will attempt to discuss at the present time.

Sods of certain kinds become cloddy when turned by the plow. Clay land is especially apt to turn up in this way, and the more so when the soil is too wet or dry. But this sort of soil, being very plastic in its nature, is apt to become still more adhesive and to pack into a solid mass if it is rolled when it contains too much moisture. We have seen a clay field so misused by plowing and rolling when it was too moist as to become seriously injured, and the damage was still unrepaired at the end of ten years. This kind of land is the hardest of all to work and the farmer whose farm is of this character of soil needs to study with the utmost carefulness. There is a very narrow line indeed which bounds the limit of safety in regard to rolling such land as this, and that is reached only when the soil is so nearly dry that when it is crushed it will fall apart and can not be made adherent again. At any other time than this rolling clay soil is worse than useless. Sandy soils are also injured at times by rolling. This is when the land is at all wet, and the drier such soils are the better the roller will serve the purpose for which it is required. Indeed, excepting for the stiffest clay soil, which is the very hardest and most exacting of all to work with the roller, the drier the ground is the better it is broken and pulverized.

The surface is leveled by the roller best when it is slightly moist, but for this use the roller is most serviceable on grass lands and fall-sown fields upon which stones may have been headed by the frost, and so made to offer obstructions to the mower or reaper. The roller is the worst possible implement to smooth and level uneven hard soil, because it merely passes over the surface with all its undulations, and it can only level the surface when the ground is full of empty spaces under it, as when sod land has been plowed and the furrows have not been laid in compact position. A heavy plank drawn over the ground, either with or without a number of short teeth in its under surface and acting as a sort of scraper, is the best thing we have used for leveling the surface of a field. An Acme harrow does this work perfectly, and either this or the plank smoother should always be used for this work in preference to the roller where the surface is loose.

The compacting of the soil over the seed is the most important work that can be done by the roller. And this is necessary in all soils. But while it is necessary it must be done with care and judgment, or mischief may result. Freshly plowed soil is so loose that the surface of ground which has been plowed no more than five inches deep is raised at least three inches above its former level. This loose soil requires time and moisture to settle it back in its former place. When seed is sown in such soil it falls into the vacant spaces and may not sprout at all; or if it does, the spire and the rootlets become dry from exposure to the air and perish. It is from this cause that the great loss of seed occurs. This fault may be remedied, no doubt, by thoroughly good and sufficient harrowing; but this is one of the labors of the farm which is rarely done well or thoroughly, and so the roller is used to cover its defects. The roller presses the soil over the seed and gives the seed a good bed in which it may germinate without failure. But care must be exercised to avoid during this work when the soil is wet or in such a condition that the rollers would incrust the surface and prevent the spire of the young grain from passing through it.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

A BUCKINGHAM PALACE LEVEE.

Conditions Imposed Upon Gentlemen Who Are Presented at Court.

Gentlemen who attend royal levees at Buckingham Palace may be roughly divided into three main sections: First, there are those who have the right of immediate access to the inner room in an official or honorary capacity, and whose presence is regarded as lending a sort of additional splendor to the ceremonial; secondly, there are the persons who having already been presented at court, attend out of respect to the royal family, or for the purpose of presenting others or for some other motive best known to themselves; thirdly, there are the gentlemen who, not having appeared at court before, come for the purpose of being presented to the sovereign or to the representative of the sovereign.

The Englishman who desires to be introduced to his sovereign in accordance with state etiquette has to be proposed for the honor by one who has already gone through the some formality. His name is forwarded to the Lord Chamberlain, with a description of his occupation or the position he occupies; and it is, of course, necessary that his vocation should be of the more honorable kind.

When the name is duly passed, the candidate, if he is a civilian, has to procure his court dress. If he is of an economical turn of mind and does not propose to attend any subsequent levees, he may borrow a costume for the day, very much in the same way as he might obtain the loan of one for a fancy ball. But it should be remarked that in late years a new style of court dress has come largely into fashion, having a coat open at the front and showing the white waistcoat which is worn with it. All members of the army and navy of course wear their full-dress uniform, and members of the Government and of the diplomatic corps also wear special dresses appropriate to them.

The aspirant thus rigged out in the proper costume, repairs to the Palace and ascends the steps, which are lined by beef-eaters and a guard of honor, to an ante-room in which he will find others waiting on the same errand. As the room fills the scene becomes very gay and picturesque with the varied uniforms of the military men and the embroidered dresses of the diplomats. The arrival of the Prince of Wales—or of the Queen, if she is present—is announced by the playing of the National air by the band in the courtyard outside. Then the crowd—for it is already something of a crowd—is passed on gradually from room to room, according as there is space for its admission, until the front rank arrives at the vestibule of the throne-room, where it is formed in Indian file within a sort of barrier shutting it off from the rest of the room. Along this the candidates pass in their order into the inner room, where the Sovereign or her representative is seen seated on the throne, and surrounded by the royal Princes and the great dignitaries of the Court. Behind the throne and on each side are ranged Foreign Ambassadors, Ministers of State, the Lord Chancellor, and, in a prominent place, the Lord Chamberlain himself.

Each person as he walks past this functionary hands him a card upon which his name is written, and then passes forward to the front of the throne. As he arrives here his name is read out aloud by the Lord Chamberlain, and he makes his bow to the representative of royalty. If the Prince is already acquainted with the individual, he usually shakes hands with him; in any other case he bows. The subject passes on quickly, with an obeisance to the other Princes of the royal family, whom he passes after standing before the Prince of Wales.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The man who wants to know whether you are going away this summer, and if not, why not, is getting in his work. If you express any doubt about it he thinks it very suspicious, and is certain something must be wrong with your finances. If you say you are going, then he wonders to himself where you get the money to go on. He hates you if you go and despises you if you stay. He had hoped you couldn't afford it in the one case, and in the other has a contempt for you if you can't.—*N. O. Times.*

—The problem of the hired girl is one that will soon shake this Nation to its center. The girls begin well—such order, such style, such a getting upstairs one never saw. But in about two weeks they down the "lady of the house," and thenceforward she is a slave.—*The Patrol.*

THE FASHIONS.

Novelties in Trimmings and Bonnets—Earrings and Ribbons.

For summer weddings and church service the favorite bonnet is made of white silk, muslins, silk crepe de chine, and very often the daintiest, prettiest of capotes are found to have been made by the fair wearer herself.

The capote or cottage shape bonnet, which fits closely to the head, is the favorite form for these dressy, economical little bonnets. The crown is formed by rows of two cords running around the crown, suggesting a spinning-wheel. The top of the bonnet is shirred, or the muslin laid over in folds or puffs as pleases the wearer. A black velvet bow with innumerable small pointed ends completes the ornamentation. Muslin strings are hid under the chin in a large fluffy bow.

Among other successful novelties in bonnets is the use of ruchings or muslin pleatings originally intended for the neck and sleeves of dresses.

Take a wire capote-shaped frame, cover it with coarse white netting, line it with thin white silk. Get fine crepe lisse ruffling, place two rows, the upper one slightly over lapping the lower one, along the edge of the frame, around the entire hat. For the crown take white crepe muslin and gather it on very full in effect like a Normandie cap. Instead of permitting to stand high on the top of the crown lay it flat. Complete the unfinished edge of the lisse pleatings by a twisted, soft strip of the crepe muslin. The flat part of the bonnet, directly resting on the top of the head, has a full covering of muslin. On the left is placed a bunch of pure white rosebuds smothered in a transparent covering of the muslin crepe. White muslin strings or black velvet ones can be used.

Oriental lace, in black or white, is still worn in rows of plaitings around bonnets. All bonnets have strings of some sort. Only those bonnets which are partly hats are seen without bows to be worn under the chin. If poke bonnets are preferred the peak or gabled front has a bunch of ribbons or flowers stowed beneath.

Flowers and feathers are seen on round hats, but are not considered especially stylish this season. Scarfs of etamine, or rich combinations of color in sash ribbons, have rather superseded them. Pins of gilt and silver pierce the hat fabrics in all directions and are made to supersede all other ornamentations.

Large garden hats are seen on tennis courts, for driving, boating or excursion purposes. Rough straws for such service seem to find most favor. A pretty trimming for a black rough and ready large shade hat is to line the inside with black tulle shirred thickly on. The edge has a binding of black velvet laid on in a flat puff an inch wide. The crown is somewhat peaked and high, with light blue China crepe twisted loosely about it with two loops in front. The use of poppy red crepe produces a favorite and becoming effect for dark complexion and hair. Leghorns in black or white are lined with rows of pleated laces, whose edge near the rim is permitted to protrude in a fringed, ragged effect. White hats are seen with the crowns completely covered with loops and ends of black velvet ribbon. The lining is of white pleated lace.

One of the latest fancies in sleeves for thin dresses is to tie them to the arms in puffs with narrow white ribbons. The lower edge of the corsage is finished in a basque composed completely of flat loops of white ribbon, two inches wide, overlapping to the depth of three inches.

In jewelry the short fob chain and the simple ribbon bow worn in a buttonhole, to secure the watch from slipping, is the favorite watch attachment. Earrings are not seen on young married ladies or young girls.

Bangles with dangling coins with Arabic or Greek words cut on them, still abound on the fashionable young woman's arm.

For mourning oxydized silver ornaments are worn and are considered deep enough in color for heavy mourning.

Sash ribbons when used as belts are cut in front and the ends fastened into buckles. The sash is made into bows and ends to be placed at the back or on the left side.

Broad ribbons can be kept plain in front by the use of long gilt pins with round heads passed perpendicularly through the waist.—*N. Y. Herald.*

MATE.

Description of the National Beverage of the Paraguayans.

The word "mate," though commonly used by Europeans, and even occasionally by South Americans, to designate the drink itself, is a misnomer, its proper signification being the small, dry, oblong gourd, generally dyed black, and sometimes compelled by bandaging while yet green to assume a fantastical shape, out of which the infusion of the "yerba" itself or "Paraguayan tea" is taken. The leaves of this tea plant, if an ilex may be so denominated, are gathered amid the wide plantations of its growth on the borders of, or within the tropics of, Northern Paraguay, and having been dried by a careful and elaborate process, of which, not having myself witnessed it, I omit the description, are reduced to a coarse, light green powder. With this the gourd or mate is more than half filled, and hot or boiling water poured in upon it. Almost immediately afterward, with as little time left for standing as may be, it is presented to the drinker, who imbibes it through a silver tube, plain or ornamented, from eight to nineteen inches in length; one extremity is somewhat flattened for convenience of suction, the other expands into a bulb, or *bombilla*, pierced with small holes, which acts as a strainer to the liquid in which it is immersed. The servant who has brought it stands by waiting till the infusion has been drawn out, when he goes to refill it, and returns to present the apparatus to the next of the company in turn, and so on, till after two or three rounds a "*Basta*," "enough," or "*Gracias*," "thanks," gives the signal for its final removal. Taken by itself and unsweetened—for those who add sugar to it, or, yet worse profanation, milk, put themselves merely out of court, as incapable of appreciating its merits—this drink is of all light and refreshing tonics that I know, Arabian coffee itself hardly excepted, the pleasantest and most effective. The taste is aromatic and slightly bitter, not much unlike good Japanese tea. But rightly to esteem and enjoy it one should have earned it by a long day's ride in a subtropical sun, and drink it reposing in the cool shade, to feel fatigue pass into memory only, and vigor return with rest to every limb.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A "HOSS HOSPITAL."

A Reporter's Visit to a Curious Establishment.

"Hoss hospital? Certainly — w'y not? Hosses git sick, don't they, same as men?"

Having intrenched himself in this impregnable position the speaker, who was a Blue Island Avenue car driver, paused to fleck an adventurous blue bottle fly from the flank of his off horse. In a moment of volubility he had been betrayed into the statement to one of his passengers that there was an institution in the city for the care and cure of sick and disabled horses—a horse hospital—and the passenger had asked for further particulars.

"Why, that there hoss," the driver resumed, indicating with his brake-hand the off bay, "that there hoss was in the hospital last week—wasn't you, old Rox? Matter with him? O, he hurted himself agin a wagon, and then he fell sick 'long o' some dinged foolishness ernuther, and he—Whoa, there, —— —— ye! —— —— Dutch tarrier! Want the hull road, don't yer?"

The driver's monologue took this abrupt and irrelevant turn at the too near approach of a reckless and inopportune beer wagon, driven by a red-faced giant in a leather apron and top boots. A heated debate ensued, of which the foregoing served merely as an introduction, and, for a season of several consecutive minutes, crimination and recrimination were rife. Either of the belligerents may or may not have been in the right, but the effect on the horse hospital question was to banish that interesting subject entirely from the driver's mind. Indeed, the nearest approach he made to his former discourse was to mutter vindictively after his retreating enemy:

"Wot that man wants is a gardeen. He aint got sense enough to drive a billy-goat."

A reporter who had overheard the driver's "hoss talk" and had hoped for more interesting revelations abandoned the thankless prospect, and, leaving the car, betook himself to Western avenue in search of the hospital itself. It was not hard to find, even among the multifarious group of uniform, two-story buildings that constitute the company's extensive plant. At the door was a gray-whiskered attendant, who willingly agreed to show his visitor over the place, though deprecating the fact that there were very few patients at present on hand.

"Of all the horses in the company's use," he said, "these few are the only ones that require hospital treatment."

He pointed to a row of ordinary stalls, about twenty-five in all, each of which contained an average-looking animal comfortably chewing the end of a painless convalescence.

"Nothing serious the matter with these," the attendant continued. "Most of them have 'picked up' a nail and gone lame. That is a very common cause of lameness with our horses—the most common of all, perhaps, and it generally results in nothing more serious than a few days' rest and careful treatment. Sometimes, however, if it is allowed to go uncared for, it produces blood-poisoning, lockjaw, and death. But that doesn't happen often here; we watch too closely. It don't do to fool with a horse's hoof."

"What sort of patients do horses make?"

"The very best—docile, patient, and long-suffering—provided always that they are kindly treated. Most horses are nervous, some of them exceedingly so, but they can be humored and coaxed into doing anything reasonable.

"Those stalls are for lame horses," the speaker continued; "now here is where we put them when there is something more serious wrong with them." He pushed ajar a roller-door that opened into a large apartment with whitewashed walls and sawdust-covered floor.

The single occupant of the ward was a gawky, spike-tailed gelding which turned to regard the intruders with lazy curiosity not unmixed with displeasure at being disturbed.

"That fellow had the colic," the keeper said, "but he's all right now, and will be out again in a day or so. He hasn't got used to our diet yet."

"A new horse, then?"

"Yes, fresh from the country. All of our horses come from the country—chiefly from Wisconsin and Iowa. A dealer in the city here makes periodical trips and brings back a lot from time to time. They are then submitted to the company's buyer, who selects those that suit him."

"How much is paid for a street-car horse?"

"All the way up to $125, though there aren't many at that price."

"And how long do they last?"

"From four to six years. We break them in gradually. For the first few days we give them one trip a day and leave them in their stalls the rest of the time. We feed 'mash' food altogether, and they have to get used to that, too—being country horses. After their period of usefulness is over the company sells them, generally for about one-third what they cost. Who buys them? O, expressmen, and teamsters, and peddlers. They get a little more service out of them, but it isn't long before the Humane Society steps in and claims them for its own. After that comes death and the glue factory and a useful career is at an end."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Stopped His Paper.

Once upon a time a certain man got mad with the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold his corn at four cents below the market price. Then his property was sold for taxes, because he didn't read the Sheriff's sale. He was arrested and fined $8 for going hunting on Sunday, and he paid $30 for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised two weeks and the public had been cautioned not to negotiate for them. He then paid a big Irishman, with a foot like a forge hammer, to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid four years' subscription in advance, and had the editor sign an agreement to knock him down and rob him if he ever ordered his paper stopped again. Such is life without a newspaper.—*N. Y. Newsdealer.*

An Important Question.

For some years past Mose Schaumburg has been trying to get rid of his daughter, Rebecca, but not one of the young Israelites, owing to Mose's embarrassed financial condition, cares to lead her to the nuptial altar.

Not long since Mose's elder brother, Jacob Schaumburg, of San Antonio, came over to Austin on a visit, and one of the first things he asked was:

"For Heaven's sake, Moses, vy don't Repecca marry somepody?"

"For Heaven's sake, Schacob," replied Mose, "vy don't somepody marry dot Repecca?"—*Texas Siftings.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Paris green and plaster may be mixed in the proportion of one pound of Paris green to half a barrel of the plaster. Be sure and mix thoroughly.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Turpentine, coal oil and vinegar, equal parts, well shaken together, and rubbed on the eggs of the botfly on horses' legs, it is claimed, will kill them after about three applications.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A Massachusetts man thinks that as a rule farmers use too little seed in sowing down to grass. His formula is half a bushel of timothy, a bushel of redtop and twelve to fifteen pounds of clover to the acre.—*Boston Globe.*

—When rye is sown for its grain about one bushel of seed per acre is required. If sown as a green crop, for soiling or feeding out green to cattle, two bushels or more per acre may be used with good effect.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Pulled Fish: After any solid fish is boiled, pick it clean from the bones in small pieces, and to a pound of fish add half a pint of cream, one tablespoonful of mustard, one ounce of anchovy sauce and one and a half spoonfuls of ketchup, a little pepper, flour and butter mixed, and make it quite hot in a saucepan and serve.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—It is conceded that early maturity is the aim at the present day in breeding all classes of stock. To feed profitably for beef, it is obvious that unless a steer gains in weight with every day's feed the food is lost the day he does not gain. To turn food into meat is simply changing its form in order to derive a higher market price.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Savory Puddings (for Invalids): Put one ounce of fine rice into a pie dish with half a pint of beef tea or any kind of stock; bake until the rice is well cooked. Boil a quarter of a pint of new milk, pour it on to an egg lightly beaten, stir well together and then mix with the rice; season with salt and pepper, and bake slowly for an hour and a half in a pie dish.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—In using kerosene, says the *American Cultivator*, it has been found that a cheap grade of yellow bar soap containing rosin makes the best emulsion, four pounds of soap to one gallon of hot water being used to emulsify one gallon of kerosene. One gallon of this emulsion incorporated into forty-nine gallons of water (or relatively less quantities of each) makes an effective solution, destroying the insects both in the larval and perfect stages.

—Madras Curry: Take two large onions, shred them and put into a stew-pan with a bit of butter; brown them well, cut the meat into squares, put it into the pan in which the fried onions are and brown it also. Then add the curry powder, a little salt, a small piece of cocoanut grated and a quart of rich milk or cream. Put the lid on the pan and let it stew a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes as the meat requires.—*Exchange.*

—A correspondent in the *Country Gentleman* advocates live fence-posts in sections where wire is used for inclosures. The method advised is to set either willow or cottonwood cuttings on the line where the fence is to remain permanently soon after the wire fence is first made. "In five years these cuttings will be thrifty trees, averaging five inches through at the bottom, before the old posts decay. The wire can then be stapled to the living posts, the tops cut off five or six feet high, leaving a few small growing branches to keep them alive and growing."

WOODCHUCKS.

How the Pests Are Discouraged in the Eastern States.

The ravages of woodchucks in clover fields and garden patches are so dreaded by farmers that a country boy seldom appeals in vain for a half holiday to go woodchuck hunting. Hunting woodchucks is a sport peculiarly adapted to the tastes of a chronically tired man. All the hunter has to do is to take his station, rifle in hand, at a distance of from twelve to twenty-five rods from the woodchucks' den, lie down in the clover, with the summer wind to fan him, and read a novel, until the game comes coughing and sneezing out of his hole. Just the moment the woodchuck sits up on the heaped-up gravel before the entrance of the pit is time for the sportsman to send a bullet through him. If the first shot is a miss, the hunter doesn't bother his head about getting a second one, knowing that uncontrollable curiosity will speedily tempt the animal out again. His own curiosity is the only thing that will bring a woodchuck out of his hole. Old hunters say that pouring water in is as ineffectual as turning it into a sieve, as the woodchuck is wise enough to build a second story to his house at the bottom of the hole, perched in which he chuckles satirically, while hogsheads of water sink into the sand beneath his feet.

Hundreds of woodchucks are killed by boys and men every year in every country town in New England, but if farmers depended on their efforts alone it would be almost impossible to cultivate successfully small vegetables on any farm remote from cities. To the lazy, awkward farm dog, who is not smart enough to discriminate between the track of an otter and that of a squirrel, is due the credit of keeping in check the worst pest of Connecticut and Rhode Island farmers. It is a distinct breed of cur, self-developed, and is peculiarly interesting in that it hunts no other game but woodchucks, and hunts, as the farmers say, entirely on its own hook. The first-class Connecticut and Rhode Island woodchuck dog is as worthy of description as the flattered setter or pointer. He is usually a short-legged, shaggy-haired, medium-sized dog, and invariably good-natured, even when slaying his game. After driving the cows to water early in the morning and paying attention to a tramp or two, he sets out for the distant pasture or meadow and attends strictly to business all day. Taking his place behind a big boulder or in a clump of bushes within easy range of a promising woodchuck hole, he waits patiently until the game emerges. Very sagaciously he watches the woodchuck strolling among the nodding clover blossoms and daises until it has reached a distance that assures him that in a rush for the hole he will carrom on his prey. It is rarely that he makes a miscalculation. Having killed the woodchuck, he flings it over his shoulder, trots home, deposits it on the front porch, and sets out for another hunt. He resents all partnership by men, boys or other dogs in his sport. He is the only dog that hunts exclusively alone. It is astonishing the number of woodchucks destroyed in a season by a well-educated dog.—*Forest, Farm and Forge.*

A Campaign Secret Given Away.

In the campaign of 1884 the two candidates for Governor in a "pivotal" Western State arranged for a series of joint discussions. Both men were popular, both of fine appearance and were so well matched in mental force and as orators that the contest between them promised to be a magnificent one. For several weeks the scales balanced evenly.

But one day the brilliant Republican candidate came up ailing. He seemed overcome and spoke laboredly. The next day he was even less effective. Later he was compelled to ask his opponent for a postponement of certain appointments, which was granted. Before the campaign ended he had abandoned the field altogether.

Meantime the Democratic candidate continued his canvass, seeming to grow stronger, cheerier and more effective with each succeeding week. He was elected. One evening in December while entertaining several gentlemen he said:

"I will tell you a campaign secret—which gave me the election. With the opening of my campaign I began caring for my liver. I knew that a disordered or torpid liver meant dullness and possible sickness. I took something every day. When my opponent began failing I knew his trouble to be his liver and felt like prescribing for him, but feared if I did so he might beat me! I grew stronger as the campaign progressed, often making two speeches a day. Even my voice, to my surprise, did not fail me once. All because Warner's safe cure kept me in A 1 trim." Ex-Governor Jacob, of Kentucky, also made a campaign tour under precisely similar circumstances and says he kept up under the exhausting strain by use of the same means.—*Rochester Union.*

ECCENTRICITY in a rich man is lunacy in a poor one. False alarm—One that does not go off at the proper hour.—*Boston Post.*

Especially to Women.

"Sweet is revenge especially to women," said the gifted, but naughty, Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely, or severely, in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action it is a blessing, *especially to women* and to men, too, for when women suffer, the household is askew.

WHY did the porcupine? How much did the armadillo? What was it the rabbit? Why did the ant eater?—*Philadelphia Call.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

WE suppose they call it "the silver moon" because there are four quarters in it.—*Boston Bulletin.*

An Offensive Breath

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

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ALTHOUGH we don't see Judge Lynch he must be hanging round somewhere.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Frazer Axle Grease is the best in the world. Sold everywhere. Use it.

SOME Eastern poetess asks the conundrum: "Oh, where does beauty linger?" Our office hours are eight to six.—*Peck's Sun.*

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Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

A DERBY race—Chasing one's stiff hat, blown off on a windy day.—*Judge.*

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

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 17, 1885.

CATTLE—Native Steers	$4 85	@	6 00
COTTON—Middling	....	@	10¾
FLOUR—Good to Choice	4 75	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@	98¾
CORN—No. 2	53½	@	54
OATS—No. 2	32	@	35
PORK—New Mess	....	@	11 00
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	....	@	10
BEEVES—Good to Heavy	5 25	@	5 70
Fair to Medium	5 00	@	5 25
HOGS—Common to Select	3 40	@	4 75
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 75	@	3 60
FLOUR—XXX to Choice	3 00	@	3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	95	@	95½
No. 3	87½	@	88
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	42½	@	43¾
OATS—No. 2	24½	@	26
RYE—No. 2	55½	@	56½
TOBACCO—Lugs	3 00	@	8 50
Leaf, Medium	6 25	@	8 00
HAY—Choice Timothy	13 50	@	14 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	17	@	18
EGGS—Fresh	9	@	9½
PORK—New Mess	9 87½	@	10 00
BACON—Clear Rib	6¾	@	6¾
LARD—Prime Steam	6	@	6¼
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Exports	4 40	@	5 95
HOGS—Good to Choice	4 20	@	4 80
SHEEP—Good to Choice	2 00	@	3 50
FLOUR—Winter	3 50	@	5 00
Patents	4 75	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	85	@	85½
No. 2 Red	91	@	91½
CORN—No. 2	45½	@	46¼
OATS—No. 2	25½	@	25¾
PORK—New Mess	9 15	@	9 20
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 20	@	5 40
HOGS—Sales at	4 00	@	4 45
WHEAT—No. 2	....	@	78
CORN—No. 2	35	@	35¾
OATS—No. 2	21¼	@	22
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grades	4 25	@	5 50
CORN—White	....	@	56
OATS—Choice Western	34	@	35
HAY—Choice	18 00	@	19 00
PORK—Mess	....	@	10 25
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	6⅝
COTTON—Middling	9⅝	@	9¾
LOUISVILLE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@	95
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	48½
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	27
PORK—Mess	....	@	11 00
BACON—Clear Rib	6½	@	6¾
COTTON—Middling	....	@	10¾

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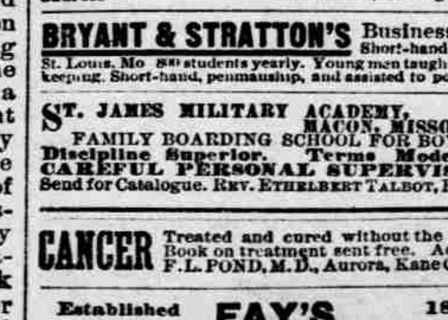
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Or CHILLS and FEVER,
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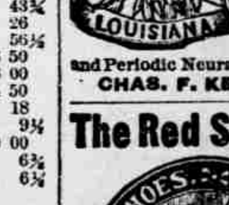
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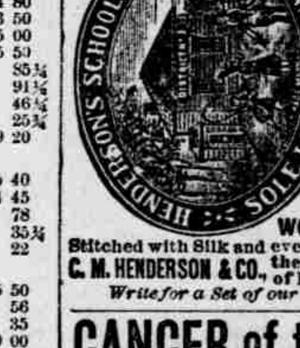
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