BILLY FISHER.

His Remarkable Experiences on the Plains and His Meeting With Horace Greeley.

"There is the most noted man among us," said a prominent member of the Utah delegation, drawing a reporter's attention to a small, full-faced man with a pair of square shoulders and a form as straight as an arrow. "That is Billy Fisher, of Oxford, and he has seen some tight places, where hair-raising was as common as bees in a bottle."

Being introduced to Mr. Fisher, the reporter asked him for a little information about himself.

"Billy" showed his modesty by making an excuse to get away, but the reporter held on, and finally Mr. Fisher said:

"In 1854 I left Kansas City whacking bulls across the plains. Not long after I reached Salt Lake City and engaged as mail agent between Salt Lake and California. The mail in those days left twice a month from each end of the line. Later I ran from Ruby Valley to Reese River, a distance of one hundred and eighty-five miles. The mail was strapped on a pack mule's back, and you can guess that we didn't make railroad time. I had not been running the mules very long when Miller, Russell & Co. got the stage contract, and the pack mule system was abolished. Then I kept a station at Gravely Ford on Humboldt River, where a white man's face was not seen once in a month. We used to cook our meat in a pang-going-go-pang-goo-runy-kotob-enim-me-me-me-me."

"A what?"

Billy smiled as he explained to his hearer that he meant a stove, and had merely used the Indian name for it.

"My Indian name was Tosowich, which, when interpreted, means White Knife, given to me on account of a very fine ivory-handled knife that I carried in those days. There I met the famous chief Paraguiuump, the fellow who, with his band of Piute warriors, massacred General Ormsby and a company of United States soldiers in the year 1857. After the pack mule was abandoned, we had the stage-line, which ran tri-weekly. People thought that no quicker means would ever be accomplished than the stage line. Horace Greeley passed over the line about that time, and I remember cooking his meat on the pang——"

"Never mind the stove," suggested the reporter, and Bill continued:

"Old Horace was loved very dearly by Western people, and when he reached Placerville, Cal., the people tore his coat off him and ripped it into shreds, keeping them as souvenirs. Mr. Greeley was accompanied by Ben Holladay, the greatest stage man the West has ever known. A few years later the stage-coach was neglected as a mail-carrier, and the pony express was established. I was the first man," said Mr. Fisher, modestly, "selected to make a trip. It was from Rugby Valley, Nevada, to Butte Station, then called 'Robber's Roost.' I made my first ride, a distance of forty-five miles, with only two horses, in three hours and ten minutes. Six months later the 'Go-shoot' Indians took to the war-path, killing thirty of our riders, station-keepers and water-haulers. I was then making a ride, carrying the mail from Ruby to Salt Lake, a distance of three hundred miles. The Indians, jubilant over their victories, seemed to forget that I would be along, and camped for the night. They did not notice me until I had passed, then they mounted and took after me. It was a race for life, pony against pony. For five hours we kept going, they firing at me with rifles and arrows. Fortunately their aim was poor and my pony proved the best of the lot, and soon I left them far behind. I reached Salt Lake City in safety, mail and all, having made the trip in thirty-two hours, using seventeen horses. I didn't get a wink of sleep during that time. The horse that saved my life was called Bucking Billy. On him I made seventy-five miles in six hours. My escape was miraculous. When I dismounted my saddle was riddled with bullets, but my horse and myself were not touched.

"The pony express lasted eighteen months, then came the telegraph. At one time four of us were snowed up in the mountains with no means of obtaining food, when Providence sent us a stray wolf, which Ralph Lezier killed, and we all partook of a hearty meal. Poor Ralph, he is dead now, having fell a victim to the knife of the Piutes, and his scalp adorns some wigwam to-day. One of the most touching scenes and acts of heroism of Western life has never been made public. It happened in this way: John Applegate was stationed at Dry Creek with several others, when they were attacked by Indians. All were killed except Applegate, who was wounded. Silas McCandles and Lafayette Ball, two former riders of the line, were camped a few miles away. They heard the firing and ran to the assistance of their fellow men. They were horrified at the scene. Applegate was too badly wounded to move, and begged the boys to run for their lives. The Indians returned and outnumbered the gallant boys twenty to one. They refused to run, and John took his pistol and blew out his brains so that the boys could save themselves. I was at Deep Creek at the time, two hundred and five miles away. The news of the death of my friends reached me and I made the run in twenty-five hours, using three horses. Two companies of cavalry were dispatched under Lieutenants Ward and Perkins, and the marauding Indians were wiped out of existence."

Mr. Fisher is now fifty years of age, but can mount a broncho as actively as ever. He is at present engaged in merchandizing and cattle raising and has a pretty home among the valleys and dales of Utah.—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE TERROR.

How He Was Humbled to the Dust by a Woman.

A burly form—a thick neck—face covered with bristles—hands covered with hair—a voice like the bellow of a bull—a natural swagger *to* his gait—eyes like a mad dog's—mouth no cleaner than a hog's—a blustering, roaring, malicious brute!

Such was the Terror.

A mile away from the little town he halted his horse and braced his courage with half a pint of whisky. It was a fluid which would kill a dog; he smacked his lips over it. He pulled out his revolvers and saw that they were loaded and in order. He drew his bowie-knife from his sheath and tried the keen edge.

He was going to capture the town and run it.

The [illegible]-necked human brute, this sw[illegible], drunken, boasting, fighting b[illegible] used to intimidate, overawe, [illegible] and kill. The people had [illegible]rn; he would show himself [illegible] them had never heard of [illegible]ON him; he would see that they remembered his name and the date of his visit.

In the town men were at work on the streets—in shops. Women sat in their doors or passed to and fro. From the open windows of the school-house came the voices of the children as lessons were recited. It was an hour of peace.

"Yi! Yi! Yi! Shoot! Crack! Bang!"

The Terror had struck the town. In five minutes he had captured it. Two men lay dead in front of the store—another at the door of the blacksmith shop—two more were groaning with grievous wounds.

"Whoop! wangh! Come out, ye skulks! I'm the only and original Terror! Hundreds imitate me—no one equals my style! Who owns this bloody town? Whar hev yer fightin' men hid way? Whoop! Heven't ye got a woman in this town who kin aim a gun? Waugh! ye set of babies!"

There *was* a woman. Her husband was the first man shot, and her eyes were upon him as he fell. She did not scream out nor faint away. Her face turned whiter than chalk—she gasped for breath two or three times, and then her teeth shut hard. The sewing fell from her hand, and she rose up, walked into the bed-room, and was back in a moment with a rifle. Kneeling down at the window she pushed the barrel over the sill, aimed straight at the Terror's head, and pulled the trigger.

"Whoop! Waugh! They call me the Terror! Come out and see me and shake——"

He threw up his arms as the rifle cracked, and lurched out of the saddle to the ground, the bullet raking his skull. Three or four men ran to him at once, and finding that he was wounded and stunned they tied him stout and fast.

"Say, men," he called, as his senses came back, "what does this mean! Come, untie me! I was only in fun, you know. I'm the best-hearted fellow in the world: wouldn't harm a chicken."

"You must die!"

It was the voice of the woman who had fired the shot, and she still held the rifle in her hands. Twenty feet away was the lifeless body of her husband. She did not even look at it.

"You don't mean it gasped the Terror. You wouldn't murder me for my little joke!"

"Get a rope!"

The voice of the woman had the ring of steel in it, and her eyes had such a stony, merciless look that men retreated a step. A rope was brought.

"For God's sake! don't murder me!" whined the Terror. "Oh! you won't—you can't—you don't dare to! I'm sorry I took your town—won't never do such a thing again! Say! you may have my horse and shooters!"

The woman made a noose with her own hands.

"Throw the free end over that limb!" she commanded.

"Oh! have mercy! I'm an innocent man! This woman is crazy—keep her away!"

With her own hands she placed the noose over his head, and then stepped back and said:

"Every one take hold!"

"Oh! you mustn't! I'm a bad man! I want time to repent! I can't die this—"

"Pull him up!"

Twenty strong arms walked away with the rope, and the Terror was pulled ten feet from the ground. He kicked—struggled—whirled 'round and 'round and died the death of a dog.

Not until all was over did the woman's stony gaze leave his face. When the body hung limp and lifeless she turned away, walked over to that of her husband, and sinking down beside it she mourned and wept and could not be comforted. She was a woman again.

Half a mile below the town is a head-board beside the highway. On it is engraved:

> "THE TERROR."
>
> "Humbled to the Dust by a Woman."

And you have the story just as they told it to me.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOLLIES OF DRESS.

A Glance at the Fashions of the Last Century.

The people who long for a sensible style of dress may justly complain that the fashions of the present day do not satisfy their ideals. They may, however, cultivate a reasonable amount of gratitude for the blessings they really enjoy in that direction, by casting a backward glance at the fashions of the last century. Says Mary Frampton, whose journal furnishes one of the mirrors by which we may study by-gone manners and customs:

In 1780 everybody wore powder and pomatum, and a large triangular thing called a cushion, to which the hair was frizzed up, with three or four enormous curls on each side.

The higher the pyramid of hair, gauze and feathers was carried, the more fashionable it was thought to be, and such was the labor employed in rearing the fabric, that night-caps were made in proportion to it, and covered over the hair, immense black pins, powder, pomatum, and all ready for the next day. Twenty-four pins was by no means an unusual number to wear to bed.

The perfection of figure, according to the fashion of the time, lay in the smallness of the circumference into which one's unfortunate waist could be compressed, and many a poor girl hurt her health very materially by trying to rival the reigning beauty of that day, the Duchess of Ruthland, who was said to squeeze herself to the size of an orange and a half.

In 1791, says the same writer, all the gentlemen wore queues, or tails, of considerable length and thickness near the head, dwindling by degrees toward the extremity, the whole well plastered and powdered; they wore, also, great curls, frizzed, powdered and pomatumed, at the ears.

Ladies wore their hair flowing down their backs, and high in front, with much pomatum and powder, put on with different kinds of puffs. This powder was applied at a distance, that every hair might be frosted with it. One pound and sometimes two of powder were often put into the hair, or wasted in the room, in one dressing.—*Youth's Companion.*

—The mountain town of Plymouth, Vt., has long yielded gold along its creeks, many thousands of dollars' worth having been quietly washed out. For some years a mining company operated upon the mother ledge, and, though it owed nobody when it ceased operations, the name of gold-seeker has come to be synonymous with swindler among the country folk. Another mining company has now set up works in the town, and is boring into prejudice as well as quartz.—*Rutland Herald*

A WONDERFUL GROWTH.

Some Carefully-Compiled Statistics of General Interest Relative to the Rapid Increase in Population and Wealth of the More Northern Portions of the Great Northwest.

The late reports from the Executive officials of the great States and Territories of the Northwest show a surprising growth in population and wealth. This important region comprises the rich agricultural and grazing States and Territories of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

MINNESOTA.

The returns from the Minnesota census taken in May, 1885, show a population in the State of 1,117,798. In 1880 it was 780,773. The assessed valuation of property in Minnesota is $401,028,587; in 1880 it was $258,055,543; increase, $142,973,044.

The cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, the largest and most important business metropolis of the State, and in fact of the entire Northwest, show an unprecedented growth. They are situated so near each other that their corporate limits now join, and form a great commercial center. They are about equal in size, and their combined population by the census of May, 1885, was 240,597; in 1880 it was 88,060, increase, 152,537. The capacity of the flouring mills is 30,000 barrels of flour a day. Wheat received last year, 32,438,222 bushels; elevator capacity, 8,500,000 bushels; cut of lumber, 300,724,379 feet; new buildings erected, 4,848; real estate sales, $29,435,880.

Duluth and Superior, at the head of Lake Superior, separated only by the Bay of St. Louis, form an important commercial metropolis. Their population is upwards of 20,000, and next to Chicago they are the greatest shipping points for wheat in the West, having an elevator capacity of 8,000,000 bushels.

DAKOTA.

Dakota shows a remarkable growth in population, and by the development of only a small portion of its great agricultural resources shows a large increase in the number of farms, products of the soil and live stock. The returns of the Territorial census taken in June, 1885, and the report of Governor Pierce to the Secretary of the Interior for 1885, compared with the census of 1880, show the growth of the Territory:

	1880.	*1885.*
Population	135,180	415,664
Wheat, bushels	2,830,289	38,166,413
Corn, "	2,000,864	7,800,502
Oats, "	2,217,132	22,970,098
Barley, "	277,424	2,170,059
Potatoes, "	664,086	3,868,860
Flax, "	.....	2,282,788
Hay, tons	308,036	1,527,978
Acreage of the cereals	450,492	3,397,388
Farms, No. of	17,456	82,017
" valuation	$22,401,084	$156,767,918
Farm implements, val.	2,390,091	13,867,687
Live stock, valuation	6,463,274	40,528,897
Farm products, val.	5,648,814	36,808,131
Horses and mules, No.	44,373	214,627
Cattle, No.	144,139	796,158
Sheep, No.	.....	252,184
Hogs, No.	.....	334,228
Wool, pounds	.....	882,689
Butter, "	2,000,955	10,804,260

The census returns of Dakota show a larger per cent. of growth in the number of inhabitants, farms and manufactures in the northern half of the Territory than in the southern half, viz.:

NORTH DAKOTA.

	1880.	*1885.*	*Per Cent. Increase.*
Inhabitants, No.	37,443	153,149	309
Farms, No.	4,021	32,911	718
Manufactures, No.	45	612	1260
SOUTH DAKOTA.			
Inhabitants, No.	97,734	262,515	168
Farms, No.	13,414	49,656	270
Manufactures, No.	206	442	114

MONTANA.

The report of Hon. S. T. Hauser, Governor of Montana, to the Secretary of the Interior, October, 1885, estimates the present population of the Territory at 110,000; the population in 1880 was 39,157; increase, 70,843. The report estimates the value of the silver, gold, copper and lead exports at $20,250,000; beef cattle, 75,000 head, valued at $4,500,000; and of wool, 6,000,000 pounds, valued at $1,400,000. The number of cattle now in the Territory is placed at 900,000 head; sheep, 1,200,000 head, and horses, 120,000 head.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Washington Territory has experienced a rapid growth, since the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad has made accessible its rich agricultural districts. The population has increased from 75,120 in 1880 to 175,000 in 1885. The Territory is free from debt with $47,901.81 in the treasury, and the assessed valuation of property in 1884 was $51,008,484.

GOVERNMENT LANDS.

The reports from the United States General Land Office for 1883, 1884 and 1885 give the aggregate amount of Government lands entered in the entire United States for that period at 54,076,432 acres, of which 29,330,351 acres, or 55 per cent. of the acreage, was taken up by settlers in the six Northwest States and Territories, viz:

In Minnesota	3,826,802 acres.
" Dakota	17,946,294 "
" Montana	2,180,757 "
" Idaho	787,033 "
" Washington	2,496,653 "
" Oregon	1,892,812 "
Total	29,330,351 acres.

This large quantity of Government lands entered in addition to the lands sold by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company indicates a large movement of settlers to this region of country.

Public lands remaining undisposed of in these States and Territories:

In Minnesota	20,638,789 acres.
" Dakota	51,608,902 "
" Montana	83,763,741 "
" Idaho	50,169,999 "
" Washington	33,121,596 "
" Oregon	45,079,934 "
Total	284,322,961 acres.

One of the chief factors contributing more largely than any other to the rapid settlement in this region was the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad through these important States and Territories. Its construction was made possible by the liberal grant of lands made for that purpose by the general Government. The line was opened for through traffic about two years ago, and considering the progress already made in developing the rich agricultural, grazing, timber, mineral and other native resources of the broad belt of country which it traverses, it is safe to predict that at no distant day this region of the West will count its inhabitants by millions, and the amount of wealth its people will realize can scarcely be estimated.

—The local papers at Rawlins, Wy. T., describes a sensation that occurred there very coolly. It says: "Last Friday another homicide happened. That makes seven so far this week. Four-Ace Lyons and Devil-Lake Charlie engaged in a little game of draw. Charlie dealt and Four-Ace stood pat and bet fifty dollars. Charlie stood, and raised fifty dollars. Foor-Ace called. Charlie had four aces and a king and Four-Ace had four kings and an ace. Each accused the other of working miracles, and they instantly agreed to settle it by another game of draw. They drew revolvers. Both died."

HOME AND FARM.

—"Wigglers" and other vermin in cisterns may be destroyed by keeping minnows therein.

—Experience, says a writer in *Home and Farm*, might convince every self-observer that few other luxuries can be enjoyed with as much impunity as fresh ripe fruit.

—Beef Tea: Cut lean beef into small pieces, and put into a jar, covering closely. Set the jar in a kettle of cold water, bring gradually to a boil, and continue until all the juice is extracted from the meat. This will require several hours. Season to taste.—*Cottage Hearth.*

—This "cake will keep for a week if not eaten." One pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of butter creamed with it, ten ounces of flour mixed with the butter and sugar, one grated nutmeg or the grated rind of a lemon; then add eight eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately. Bake in a moderate oven one hour and a half.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Try this old recipe for apple fritters. One quart of milk, three well-beaten eggs and enough flour to make a batter. Core and pare twelve large apples, mince finely and mix with the batter. Have a pan of boiling lard and drop the batter into the lard with a table-spoon, frying in the same manner as doughnuts. Serve hot, and eat with any acid sauce.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

—The farmer who has any desire to economize should never forget that commercial fertilizers are to be resorted to only when the home supply fails to furnish enough; and also that because he is able at all times to get in the market whatever amount of fertilizers he may desire, it does not justify him in permitting anything to be wasted on the farm that can be made to take the place of the fertilizers he can buy.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—Among the new inventions for kitchen use is a cake cooler, a wire mat which is lifted up on several small feet, and which allows the air to pass all around the cake and keep it from growing "soggy" while cooling. A sink-cleaner is a blade of rubber set in a handle, and serves most usefully to scrape out the sides of the sink. A small, hard brush for scrubbing vegetables that are to be boiled in their skins is useful.—*Boston Globe.*

—The following is said to be the method followed by hatters in smoothing silk hats which have been roughened by rain. Sponge the hat all over, or in parts, as it may need, with a nice, rather fine, medium-sized sponge, wrung out of cold or warm water, following the nap, of course. Leave it in an ordinary temperature out of dust for twelve hours to dry. Then brush as ordinarily with a nice hat brush, and wipe round with an old silk handkerchief, and the sorriest-looking old hat (not dented) will come out again as fresh as new.—*N. Y. Mail.*

HEALTH AND DRESS.

Some Wholesome Hints in Regard to the Healthful Adjustment of Garments.

As every properly constructed building must have a good foundation, so should the superstructure of a woman's dress be erected upon well-fitting undergarments. To attain this, the time-honored "chemise" must be abolished, and its place supplied with garments that fit closely, but easily, the figure. They should be all supported from the shoulders, either by being made in a "combination suit," as vest and drawers all in one garment are called; or, if the drawers are separate, they should be supported by a strap fastened to the waistband in front, and about four inches above the band be divided into two straps passing over each shoulder and buttoning to the waistband in the back. Over this should be worn a garment, for which no adequate name has yet been invented, although some call it a "chemiloon." It is a muslin bodice, made by the wearer's basque pattern, to insure a good fit. About four inches below the waist is sewed on a short, narrow skirt, and the joining of these is covered by a narrow bias fold, in which seven or eight buttons are sewed at regular distances apart in which to button all the petticoats, which must be regulated in length, and put on to a narrow yoke. The basque may extend an inch or two below the bias fold, under the skirt, making a space on which buttons may be sewed, on which to button the muslin drawers, unless a second waist is preferred for this special purpose. This chemiloon may have very short, well-fitting sleeves, and be cut square in the neck, and made as pretty as its owner pleases. By its use, those who desire may dispense with corsets. The stockings should be suspended also from this waist by garters that button on to it with clasps to hold up the stockings. Every dress skirt, too, with its heavy drapings and plaitings, should be supported by the shoulders, by means of suspenders.

Other general rules for beauty in dress are now, we think, so generally understood as hardly to need repetition. That a very stout person looks best in dark, close-fitting dresses, with flat trimming, while a very slender figure can wear puffed or gathered plastrons, and bouffant drapery; and that a tall person should not wear perpendicular trimmings, nor a short person horizontal ones.

True economy demands that good materials should be used, especially for out-door wear, and it is best, also, to buy as few dresses as possible each season, as they soon grow old-fashioned, and it will involve expense and trouble to have them remodeled. Those who have but few dresses are wise when they have these few inconspicuous in color or make, so that they will not be remembered. A black silk will pass unrecognized as an old friend, oftener than any other, and since they are now lower priced than ever before within the memory of women, they are within the reach of those even of moderate means. Handsome petticoats may be made out of old silk or cloth dresses that have served their term of usefulness as dresses.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Potatoes in Winter.

The annual loss to the farmers in the Northwest in consequence of their potatoes being frosted amounts to a good deal of money. The frost in most of our winters is liable to penetrate into our cellars and root houses. The only safe way to winter potatoes in this cold climate is to store them beyond the reach of the extreme frost. There is not much danger of having our pits and cellars too warm; neither is there danger of our potatoes heating or sprouting during the long winter months. Most of the potatoes raised are stored in the cellars of the dwelling houses, in consequence of the imperfect [illegible] the houses, the cold is liable [illegible] to the cellars. Every farmer should see that his house is [illegible] up.—*The Household.*

CONCERNING BEES.

Their Special Knowledge of District or Land Marks.

Mr. G. J. Romanes describes an interesting series of observations on a subject thus defined in the introductory paragraph: "In connection with Sir John Lubbock's paper at the British Association, in which this subject is treated, it is perhaps worth while to describe some experiments which I made last year. The question to be answered is whether bees find their way home merely by their knowledge of landmarks or by means of some mysterious faculty usually termed a sense of direction. The ordinary impression appears to have been that they do so in virtue of some such sense, and are therefore independent of any special knowledge of the district in which they may be suddenly liberated; and, as Sir John Lubbock observes, this impression was corroborated by the experiments of M. Fabre. The conclusions drawn from these experiments, however, appeared to me, as they appeared to Sir John, unwarranted by the facts, and therefore, like him, I repeat them with certain variations. In the result I satisfied myself that the bees depend entirely upon their special knowledge district or landmarks, and it is because my experiments thus fully corroborate those which were made by Sir John that it now occurs to me to publish them."—*Current.*

"SPOOPENDYKE."

His Experience as Publisher of a North Dakota Journal.

Stanley Huntley, better known as "Spoopendyke," had about eight dollars in cash when he took the Bismarck (Dakota) *Tribune* off the hands of its owner, and put his own name over the editorial column as the *Tribune's* proprietor. At the end of the first week of his regime the printers came for their accustomed pay, and he tried to give them the accustomed "stand-off." They refused to wait, though, and the result was that Huntley had to go out into the streets of Bismarck and lasso a partner. He found a man who had enough money to pay off the printers, and he gave him a half interest in the concern, but that was all the money the partner had. In a few days the paper for next week's issue arrived by express C. O. D., and the *Tribune* publishers were duly notified of the fact. They hadn't the wherewithal to meet the bill, so they put up a job. Huntley went down to the express office, engaged the agent in charge in pleasant conversation and a sked him out to have a cigar. The agent accepted, and while he was taking his cigar at a neighboring bar, Huntley's partner went to the house and carried off the package of papers. At the end of that week the printers made their usual insatiate demand for pay, and as Huntley didn't have it himself and didn't know where it could be had, he left the *Tribune* to his partner, who has since made it pay.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Moose as a Racer.

It is said that a domesticated moose belonging to a half-breed in Maine is a valuable assistant about the farm, and that it is capable, when hitched to a sled and driven upon the ice, of beating any horse that can be produced against it. At an exhibition of moose racing in this city some years ago the moose were very disappointing to those who went to see them, and to the gentleman who had brought them on in the trust that they wouldrove a money-making attraction when offered to the public at popular adm ission prices. They were quite slow and lumbersome, in very painful contrariety to the general belief that had been entertained of them, and horses of common breed and dubious rapidity were fleet in comparison. Very smooth ice might make a difference, but a harnessed moose running against a good horse on a track of earth would seem a thing that was anchored.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Three Quotations.

When a man is hanging, cut him down, then go through his pockets.—*Texas Post.*

When a man is coughing give him Red Star Cough Cure.—*Baltimore News.*

When you want to conquer pain, use St. Jacobs Oil.—*Philadelphia News.*

—*Engineering* describes, under the name of "mystery gold," an alloy resembling in appearance, weight, and in withstanding the jeweler's test of strong acids. Its analysis is given as follows: Silver, 2.48; platinum, 32.02; copper, by difference, 65.50. Strong boiling in nitric acid, even when an article made of it is left in it for some time, has apparently no effect upon the alloy which is coming extensively into use.

—Robert Burns, in writing a poem, was always careful to use words that the most uneducated person could readily understand. Here is one of Robert's choicest stanzas:

> "O mickle yeuks the keckie doup,
> An' a unsickcer girns the graith,
> For wae and wae! the crowdies loup
> O'er jouk an hallan, braw and baith.
> Where ance the coggie hirpled fair,
> An' blithesome poortith toomed the loof,
> There's nae a burnie gladet rare
> But blaws in ilka jinking goof!"

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, December 21, 1885.

CATTLE—Native Steers	$3 90	@	6 00
COTTON—Middling	....	@	9¾
FLOUR—Good to Choice	3 80	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@	94
CORN—No. 2	49⅝	@	50
OATS—Western Mixed	34⅝	@	37
PORK—Standard Mess	9 87½	@	10 37½
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	....	@	8¾
BEEVES—Good to Prime	4 00	@	4 50
Fair to Medium	4 75	@	4 90
HOGS—Common to Select	3 40	@	3 85
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 00	@	3 00
FLOUR—XXX to Choice	3 15	@	3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	93	@	93¾
No. 3 " "	90	@	91
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	32¾
OATS—No. 2	27½	@	27¾
RYE—No. 2	58½	@	59
TOBACCO—Lugs	3 00	@	8 50
Leaf—Medium	6 00	@	8 00
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 50	@	13 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	23	@	25
EGGS—Fresh	....	@	17
PORK—New Mess	10 00	@	10 12½
BACON—Clear Rib	5⅝	@	5¾
LARD—Prime Steam	5⅞	@	6
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping	3 30	@	5 40
HOGS—Good to Choice	3 70	@	3 95
SHEEP—Good to Choice	2 25	@	4 40
FLOUR—Winter	4 50	@	5 00
Patents	4 75	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	83⅞	@	84½
No. 2 Red	....	@	87
CORN—No. 2	....	@	39½
OATS—No. 2	28⅜	@	28¾
PORK—New Mess	9 85	@	9 90
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 10	@	4 90
HOGS—Sales at	3 15	@	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2	70½	@	71¾
CORN—No. 2	....	@	26⅜
OATS—No. 2	....	@	27
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grades	4 40	@	5 50
CORN—White	....	@	44
OATS—Choice Western	37	@	37½
HAY—Choice	17 00	@	18 00
PORK—Mess	....	@	9 87½
BACON—Clear Rib	5⅞	@	6
COTTON—Middling	9	@	9¾
LOUISVILLE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@	93
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	37
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	31½	@	32
PORK—Mess	....	@	10 00
BACON—Clear Rib	5½	@	5¾
COTTON—Middling	....	@	9

Is Every Body Drunk?

Among the many stories Lincoln used to relate was the following: Trudging along a lonely road one morning on my way to the county seat, Judge —— overtook me with his wagon and invited me to a seat.

We had not gone far before the wagon began to wobble. Said I: "Judge, I think your coachman has taken a drop too much."

Putting his head out of the window, the judge shouted: "Why, you infernal scoundel, you are drunk!"

Turning round with great gravity, the coachman said: "Be dad! but that's the firs' rightful s'cision your Honor's giv'n 'n twel' mont!"

If people knew the facts they would be surprised to learn how many people reel in the streets who never "drink a drop." They are the victims of sleeplessness, of drowsy days, of apoplectic tendencies, whose blood is set on fire by uric acid. Some day they will reel no more—they will drop dead, just because they haven't the moral courage to defy useless professional attendance, and by use of the wonderful Warner's safe cure neutralize the uric acid in the system and thus get rid of the "drunkenness in the blood."—*The American Rural Home.*

DEPTH AND HEIGHT.

The Comparative Insignificance of the Earth's Surface Inequalities.

If it be remembered that the greatest depth of the ocean is only about five miles, and that the height of the highest mountain is likewise about five miles above the level of the sea, while the globe itself has a diameter of eight thousand miles, the comparative insignificance of all the surface inequalities of the earth is at once forced on our attention. A circle sixty-six feet in diameter having on its surface a depression of one inch, or a globe one foot in diameter with a groove on its surface one-sixteenth of an inch in depth, would represent on a true scale the greatest inequality, of mountain height and ocean depth, on the surface of the earth. Misconceptions often arise, and erroneous conclusions are frequently arrived at when these proportions are not rigidly borne in mind. But, unimportant as these surface features may appear when viewed with reference to the diameter of the earth, or to the superficial area of an ocean several thousand miles in extent, still to the geologist and physical geographer the elevations and depressions, foldings and dislocations, vertical and lateral, which form these inequalities are truly gigantic, immense, profound; and the more do they appear to be the result of changes taking place in a very definite and orderly manner in the course of the earth's developmental history.—*Nature.*

"The Proper Study of Mankind is Man," says the illustrious Pope. If he had included woman in the list, he would have been nearer the truth, if not so poetical. Dr. R. V. Pierce has made them both a life study, especially woman, and the peculiar derangements to which her delicate system is liable. Many women in the land who are acquainted with Dr. Pierce only through his "Favorite Prescription," bless him with all their hearts, for he has brought them the panacea for all those chronic ailments peculiar to their sex; such as leucorrhœa, prolapsus and other displacements, ulceration, "internal fever," bloating, tendency to internal cancer, and other ailments. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

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Young Men, Read This.

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A-mew-sing entertainment—Cat concerts.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

Blowing Up Hell Gate

has been a laborious and costly work, but the end justifies the effort. Obstruction in any important channel means disaster. Obstructions in the organs of the human body bring inevitable disease. They must be cleared away, or physical wreck will follow. Keep the liver in order, and the pure blood courses through the body, conveying health, strength and life; let it become disordered and the channels are clogged with impurities, which result in disease and death. No other medicine equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" for acting upon the liver and purifying the blood.

Brigham Young acquired the title of General from having been called "Briggy, dear," so often by his numerous wives.—*N. Y. Independent.*

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Striking a natty dude—Clubbing a dandy.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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