4

THE MAIDEN SLEEPS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

The maiden sleeps—why moors ye in this wise,
Ye parents? Let her rest.
The little face that 'mid the flowers lies
Speaks to your aching breast:
"My lot is light; oh, wherefore weep?
I lay me down in peace, and sleep."
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—wearied from play, to rest,
Tired out with happiness.
The doll the little arms had lently pressed,
The pretty Sunday dress,
Her story-book remembered not—
All, all her treasures now forgot—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—her life was peaceful made,
And light her earthly lot;
A little stream that through the flowers strayed,
With love and music fraught;
No bitter grief the child's heart pained;
Soon was the short fight fought and gained—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—how blest she slumbered in
Her tender Savior's arm;
That spotless heart, unsotled, unstained by sin,
No earthly fear could harm;
A conscience pure, a sinless breast,
This is a couch the head to rest—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—earth's pain, earth's strife no more
May break that sweet repose;
Know'st, mother, then, what might have been in store
For her, of bitter woes?
She feels no more the tempest's beat,
Feels not the summer's sultry heat—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—only one short calm night,
That peaceful sleep will last;
And, oh, how bright the morn that greets her sight
When that brief night is past!
He who by His resistless will
Soothed Jairus, lives and comforts still—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—and now the last kiss press
Upon the lips so still—
The Father help thee in thy sore distress,
O mother! 'tis his will.
Now, as they bear her to her rest,
Sing ye the hymns she loved the best—
The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—now, shepherd, take her home,
Thine for eternity;
Ye glorious stars, bend down from heaven's dome,
Watch o'er her tenderly;
O wind, howl not so loud and shrill
Over this little flower-decked hill—
The maiden sleeps.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

A NEST OF TIGERS.

[Youth's Companion.]

To suppose that the famous Bengal tiger is confined in its range to Bengal and the jungles of Hindoostan would be a great mistake. The tiger is found north of the Himalayas as well as south of them.

Throughout the whole vast plateau of Mongolia tigers abound, and are even to be met with in Siberia; and, indeed, the range of the tiger in Asia may be well compared with that of the panther in North America.

As we journeyed across the broad and seemingly endless Steppes, between the salt seas of Lobnor and Gachnor, which lie to the west of the Gobian desert, traces of tigers were seen every day.

It is here, I fancy, that the tiger attains its fullest size and fierceness; since over all this mighty tract the wild boar ranges in bristling troops, and the tigers prey upon them at will.

Remains of their bloody feasts were often stumbled upon, where the crushed and gory reeds gave evidence of a hard struggle.

Yet during a ride of six days we did not see one of these royal beasts. No doubt they were asleep in their lairs, after their nocturnal prowlings; and it was rather by chance than otherwise that we finally did make their acquaintance.

Late one afternoon we had attempted the passage of one of the rivers, nameless even on our best maps, which give their waters to these great inland seas of middle Asia.

It was a wide channel, and the ford was attended with so much difficulty and delay that dusk had fallen on the plains ere we were all across.

The east bank was low and rush-grown. To reach a more comfortable place to camp, we rode forward for two versts or over, and, as the night closed in, came to a halt in an open space, surrounded by thickets.

The tired horses were tethered, and a bright fire of dry cane stalks was immediately kindled, over which our supper was prepared.

Our faithful Cossacks then spread the *voilocks* (coarse blankets) on heaps of reeds, and we lay down under cover of our "shed" tent, to talk, to listen to the sounds from out the vast solitudes around us, and go to sleep when sleep came.

An hour had passed.

The stars were burning with that steady, ruddy glow which I have never seen in other lands, when, suddenly, on the damp, still air, there broke an awful outcry, entirely too near to be disregarded.

The Cossacks, who were asleep, started up with barbaric anathemas, and my companions rose, with one accord, on elbow.

The uproar burst out afresh.

Ferocious growls of a wonderfully fierce intonation were blent with wild, piercing cries, and a sound of struggling and grappling, with a perceptible thump and jar of the ground.

"Shaitan is loose!" exclaimed Raed, feeling for his revolver.

"It's a fight!" said Wash. "Tigers and boars!"

There was little doubt of it.

Seemingly, the struggle was not fifty rods distant.

"The brutes may come this way," Raed remarked.

Our guns were hastily looked to.

A terrible battle was going on—one of those savage struggles of which we had here and there seen the marks among the reeds.

And now, from all over the plains, far and near, we could hear the hoarse barks of scores of boars who had been roused by the outcry.

Then came the noise of rushing feet beating the earth in reckless, headlong career.

"They're coming to the rescue!" Wade remarked.

In a few seconds the wild squealing ceased; but there had arisen a mighty chorus of angry barks and gruntings, and a troop of horses at full gallop would hardly have made the ground rumble more heavily.

Above this angry din could be heard, from moment to moment, loud, wrathful growls.

"I would give a hundred dollars to see the tussle!" exclaimed Wash. "I wonder how the tiger will fare against them all?"

But it was too dark for us to venture forth.

We rekindled our fire and posted two of the Kirghis as sentinels, with strict instructions to keep a sharp outlook for tigers.

After a time the sounds of commotion gradually died away; but none of us closed our eyes till midnight was far passed.

There was no second alarm, however, until about an hour before daybreak, when our horses suddenly began to snort and plunge in wild panic.

This awoke us, and awoke also the two sentinel Kirghis, who had slothfully fallen asleep at their posts. They fired their guns, and at the same moment we heard a low growl.

One of the two Cossacks declared that he had seen the glare of two fiery eyeballs.

Blazing cane fagots were thrown in the direction of the sound, and several shots were fired.

The tiger—if it was one—took himself off; but there was no more sleep for us that night.

"We've camped in a nest of tigers," Raed conjectured.

As soon as it had grown fairly light, we began to look around us; and, while coffee was being prepared, Raed and myself—followed at a short distance by Wade and Wash—set off to reconnoiter the scene of the preceding night's outcry.

After going a considerable distance—farther than would have been supposed from the sounds of the struggle—we came to an open plat, where, for several acres in extent, the grass and rushes were trodden down and the earth full of the prints of boars' hoofs.

While examining the traces of the fight, Wash, who was at some distance to the left, called us.

We went to him, and he pointed to the ground, covered with footprints and gore, where the struggle had taken place. The mark of a great foot armed with claws told the story plain enough. A boar had been killed and then carried away.

We found a crimson trail along the flattened rushes. This entered a thicket of high canes and jungle grass, matted and tangled to an almost impenetrable mass.

A hole like the mouth of a cave led into the thicket under the overhanging reeds.

This entrance was about as large as a hogshead sawed in halves in the middle. About it were buzzing large black flies, such as are often seen at the lairs of wild beasts.

Freshly gnawed bones lay around, and there were marks of blood, where the victor had set down the prey to rest, perhaps.

Instinctively we drew back.

"That's the brute's den!" whispered Wade.

"And I don't care to crawl into it," replied Raed.

No doubt the tiger was inside; possibly a tigress and her whelps.

How to get at the brutes without their first getting at us was a difficult matter to arrange; and lest they should take advantage of our rather unguarded approach, we stole away on tiptoe, and went back to camp.

The Cossacks proposed setting fire to the jungle.

There was a slight breeze from the northeast, and, after making a hasty breakfast, we mounted, and, taking a wide circuit, rode around to the north side of the jungle, which contained, as we supposed, the tiger's nest.

The high grass and canes were suggestively dry. We supposed, however, that the fire would not spread against the wind.

Rifles were looked to, and then taking up a position some two hundred yards from the jungle, we sent the Cossacks forward to fire the grass.

If the tigers bounded out of their lair we expected to be able to pick them off at our ease with our breech-loading rifles.

The Cossacks set fire to the grass and rode back to us.

In a few seconds there was a great blaze and smoke, which soon spread on all sides.

We exultantly watched it as it enveloped the jungle with mighty sheets of flame, and heard what we took to be the roars of the frightened tigers, but immediately had to look to our own safety, for the fire rushed back upon us, and volumes of stifling smoke flew over our heads.

The flames caused a current of wind toward us; we had started a prodigious conflagration.

"Out of this!" cried Wash.

"Ride for it!" shouted Raed.

And we did ride for it.

For a couple of versts we had to spur our animals to keep ahead of the fire; and for eight or ten versts more a gallop had to be kept up.

It was a serious race for us, but at a distance, no doubt, the conflagration was a grand spectacle.

Above the roar of the fire we heard at times the alarmed cries of wild animals, mingled with the hoarse bark of the boars, and the screams of birds.

Off to the southward the fire raged during that whole day, and even after night we could see a bright glow along the horizon.

A STORY is told of an accident on the New London railroad: An intoxicated Irishman was sitting on the track when an engine tossed him down an embankment. The conductor backed his train to pick up the dead body; the victim was found alive, however, only somewhat bruised, and taken to Norwich. Here the conductor kindly offered to send the man to his home, a few miles away, in a hack; but he insisted on his ability to walk, and refused to be sent home. The conductor pressed the matter, when the Milesian, who had stood the battering of the cowcatcher so well, bristled up with, "Go away wid yer kerridge: I'll go home by myself, and if I've done any damage to yerould engine, bedad, I'll pay it on the spot."

Now it is said that the secret of the "Keeley motor" is not the vapor of water mechanically produced, but the expansive force of solidified or liquified carbonic acid gas, one of the very few gases capable, with our present means and knowledge, of being condensed into ether form. Its evaporation, when solidified into flaky white stuff, like snow, is so rapid that Faraday, who first reduced it, was enabled to freeze a lump of ice in a red-hot kettle by means of it, and frequently did it in illustrating his admirable scientific lectures. There must be great power in such an agent, but, as before hinted, we shall believe in the motor when we see it.

It is found that silicating the walls of hospitals averts infection.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

HOW TO CAN CHERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, AND RASPBERRIES.—Select fresh fruit, and that which is not dead ripe, but just in a condition to be the most palatable. Take the best glass jars with tightly sealing covers. Fill the cans full of fruit, and put them into a deep kettle or pan of cold water, first putting a grating of wire into the botton of it to prevent the cans from touching it. A handful of hay or straw will do as well. Place over a slow fire at first, for if the heat is too great at the commencement the glass will expend too quickly. Let them come to the boiling point, and meanwhile you can prepare a syrup of white sugar, taking half a pound of the best lump sugar to every quart can of fruit. As the fruit in the cans shrinks, add more to them. Boil the sugar with just enough water to dissolve it, and skim it thoroughly, then fill up each jar with the boiling syrup, and after cooking them from fifteen to twenty minutes, seal up tightly, taking a towel dipped in cold water to handle the boiling hot cans. Keep the cans in the coolest place in the house, but not in a damp cellar, and look at them in about a week after they are put away to see if the covers are tightly sealed and no bubbles of air are discernible in the fruit. If they are air-tight they will keep for years. It is not a good practice to cook the fruit with the sugar before putting into cans, as it takes away the natural flavor in a great degree.

POTATO PONE.—Potato Pone is a veritable Southern dish. It is rich and palatable, but not wholesome for weak stomachs. If you are not aware that you have one (which is proof enough that you have a good one,) eat Potato Pone. Our *Home Journal* gives several recipes for making it, as follows:

1. Take twelve to fifteen nice sweet potatoes (yams always preferred), boil them until well done; then peel, mash with pestle or rolling-pin, and rub through a seive to get out all strings or tough fibers; now add sugar to make it very rich, ground cloves, nutmeg and sweet milk enough to make it the consistency of custard; you can then pour the mixture in a buttered pan, and bake.

2. Take one gallon of grated potato, (yams are best,) add four eggs, one pound of butter, one pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one pint of flour, and sweeten to suit the taste; some potatoes being sweeter than others, requires less sugar. To season, take equal quantities cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg and spice. Bake till thoroughly done.

3. To two quarts of nicely grated potatoes, add one teacupful of sugar, two spoonful of fresh butter or lard, salt to suit the taste, two tablespoonfuls of ground alspice, two eggs, one pint of sweet milk. Bake in a slow oven until done.

EXPERIMENTS IN DEEP AND SHALLOW SETTING OF MILK.—Much discussion has been had from time to time in regard to the results to be obtained in setting milk deep or shallow, and although the question is not fully settled between the advocates of the two systems, it would appear that the bulk of testimony favors the latter system as to quantity while as to quality, the deep setting gives the best results.

In Mr. Farband's experiments it took on the first trial, with milk set deep, in pails, twenty-seven pounds of milk for one of butter; and shallow in pans, twenty-five pounds of milk for one pound of butter. In the second trial twenty-five pounds thirteen ounces of milk set in pails gave one pound of butter, while in pans only twenty-four pounds ten ounces were required. In the third experiment it took twenty-seven pounds thirteen ounces of milk set in pails and twenty-five pounds two ounces of milk in pans respectively to make a pound of butter. The milk was set in the pails to the depth of from seven to twelve inches and that in the pans from two to two and one-half inches and cream skimmed in from thirty-six to forty-eight hours. Franklin Hooker, of Vermont, tried the experiment by first mixing the milk thoroughly together and then setting one-half in pails and the other half in pans. The milk stood forty-eight hours before skimming and the result was that it took twenty-seven pounds fourteen ounces of milk set in pails for one pound of butter from twenty-two pounds one ounce of milk.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE—HOW IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AVERTED.—The marvel is that the grasshopper plague does not sweep over the whole region, when we read of the wanton destruction of birds. An item in a Chicago paper lately stated that ten thousand quails and prairie chicken were fed to swine in a single day in that city. It goes on to say that in the country west of Chicago quails, ruffed grouse, and prairie chickens are destroyed by the millions, irrespective of law or season. Tons of birds snared and shot out of season are boiled down and fed to swine. On one day there stood on the corner of two streets a wagon containing one hundred and eighty dozen of prairie chickens, while on the near sidewalks were piled thirty-seven boxes, containing five hundred and sixty dozen of quails, decomposing, and condemned by the health officer as only fit for swine. They are trapped, shot, and snared and sent to the market, where they find a ready sale down to the middle of March, and yet this indiscriminate slaughter continues. The young birds and setting hens are alike captured and sent to Chicago and other cities on commission, and destined to be fed to swine. The birds must soon disappear before such reckless slaughter. Yes, the birds have disappeared, almost entirely, from many Western localities, and grasshoppers and other noxious insects have multiplied and swarmed forth to spread famine and desolation. The providentially arraigned balance between birds and insects has been destroyed by ruthless bird killers, and the cry of desolation and famine rings out over the land. Such is the retribution for the violation of the equipoise of nature, and destroying the divine harmony of nature's work.

The foregoing from the Hartford *Courant* is worth consideration. All violations of natural laws are visited by the natural penalities. Here is something like a wanton violation. Thousands and thousands of birds are shot for the mere pleasure of exercising skill and in directing the leaden missiles. Trapping, the other means of destruction, takes other thousands, and the result is that grasshoppers and other crop-destroying insects increase without the natural check which these birds clearly are. When this lesson is fully learned we shall hear less of the destruction of crops, because the counterpoise will be left to perform its proper function. It does not take long for a thousand birds to destroy a million of grasshoppers. Will our Western friends consider this matter?

Household Helps.

TOMATO OMELET.—Select one quart of fine, ripe tomatoes, pour over them boiling water to remove the skin; chop them finely, put them in a saucepan, without any water; add two onions, chopped fine; cover closely, and let them simmer slowly an hour, then add a little salt and cayenne, with a large spoonful of bread crumbs; cover lightly. Beat five eggs to a stiff froth; have ready a heated pan, with a small piece of butter, stir in the eggs, brown it, and serve the moment it is done.

FISH RECHAUFFE.—After cod, skate, turbot, soles, or any white fish has been dressed, pick it into small bits, add to a pound of fish a half a pint of good cream, a tablespoonful each of mustard, anchovy essence, ketchup, harvey sauce, a little flour, salt, pepper, and butter, heat it in a saucepan, and turn it in a dish to be served in, strew bread crumbs and butter over it, and brown it with a salamander; or you may take two pounds of cod fish and melt a quarter of a pound of butter in a half pint of milk or cream, a little flour and salt, heat thoroughly and then serve.

FORCED EGGS FOR SALAD.—Pound and press through the back of a hair-sieve the flesh of three very fine, or of four moderate sized, anchovies, freed from the bone and skin. Boil six fresh eggs for twelve minutes, and when they are perfectly cold, halve them lengthwise, take out the yelks, pound them to a paste with a third of their volume of fresh butter, then add the anchovies, a quarter teaspoonful of mace, and as much cayenne as will season the mixture well; beat these together thoroughly, and fill the whites of the eggs neatly with them. A morsel of garlic, not larger than a pea, perfectly blended with the other ingredients, greatly improves this preparation.

Useful Information.

IT is said that half a cranberry, bound on a corn, will soon kill it.

WATER window plants with tepid water, and the leaves often.

IF you don't want milk to sour during a thunder storm, kindle a fire in the dairy, even in hot weather, the purpose being to drive out moisture.

To keep seeds from the depredations of mice, mix some pieces of camphor gum with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury.

AN excellent stamping ink that dries rapidly and is free from grease may be cheaply prepared, according to Muller, by dissolving one part of crystallized—so-called—red analine violet in thirty parts of alcohol, and adding thirty parts of glycerine to the solution. This colored liquid is poured upon the cushion and rubbed with a brush.

PLATES of polished slate are recommended as a substitute for box-wood engraving. It is declared that such engraved plates will furnish one hundred thousand impressions without loss of detail; and that they will not warp and are not effected by either oil or water. There is one drawback, however; they are readily scratched, an objection from which wood is free.

The Sense of Humor in Brutes.

A London gentleman writes to *Nature*: In the recently published edition of the "Descent of Man" there is some additional matter concerning the sense of humor in brutes, and as the following illustrative cases fell under my own observation, I think it worth while to publish them as supplementary to those adduced by Mr. Darwin:

Several years ago I used to watch carefully the young orang-outang at the Zoological Gardens, and I am quite sure that she manifested a sense of the ludicrous. One example will suffice. Her feeding-tin was of a somewhat peculiar shape; and when it was empty she used sometimes to invert it upon her head. The tin then presented a comical resemblance to a bonnet, and as its wearer would generally favor the spectators with a broad grin at the time of putting it on, she never failed to raise a laugh from them. Her success in this respect was evidently attended with no small gratification on her part.

I once had a Skye terrier, which, like all of his kind, was very intelligent. When in good humor he had several tricks, which I know to have been self-taught, and the sole object of which was evidently to excite laughter. For instance, while lying upon one side and violently grinning, he would hold one leg in his mouth. Under such circumstances nothing pleased him so much as having his joke duly appreciated, while if no notice was taken of him he would become sulky. On the other hand nothing displeased him so much as being laughed at when he did not intend to be ridiculous. Mr. Darwin says: "Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at." There can be little or no doubt that this is true of monkeys; but I never knew of a really good case among dogs, save this one, and have the signs of dislike were unequivocal. To give one instance: He used to be very fond of catching flies upon the window-panes, and if ridiculed when unsuccessful, was evidently much annoyed. On one occasion, in order to see what he would do, I purposely laughed immoderately every time he failed. It so happened that he did so several times in succession—partly, I believe, in consequence of my laughing—and eventually he became so distressed that he positively pretended to catch the fly, going through all the appropriate actions with his lips and tongue, and afterward rubbing the ground with his neck as if to kill the victim; he then looked up at me with a triumphant air of success. So well was the whole process simulated, that I should have been quite deceived, had I not seen that the fly was still upon the window. Accordingly I drew his attention to this fact, as well as to the absence of anything upon the floor; and when he saw that his hypocrisy had been detected, he slunk away under some furniture, evidently very much ashamed of himself.

EVERY man has in his mind at times the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet, in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character; perhaps one is so satisfied with himself that he never wishes to be wiser, better and more holy.

Fidelity of the Dog.

There is no conquest made by man over the brute creation more complete and useful than that of the dog. His swiftness, strength and scent have made him a powerful ally for man against all other animals, and have contributed, in no small degree, to the establishment of society. His fidelity and attachment to his master, are without a parallel in any other animal. He assumes his master's manners; knows and defends his property; and remains true and faithful until death. This he does, not from constraint or want, but sorely from the purest gratitude and truest friendship.

As an instance of the dog's attachment and fidelity to his master, it is related that, in the time of Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal in one of the departments of the north of France condemned to death an ancient and respectable magistrate, on suspicion of his being guilty of a conspiracy. Immediately after the decree was passed, he was committed to prison, and he saw his family dispersed by a system of terror. Some had taken flight; others, themselves arrested, were carried into distant jails; his domestics were dismissed; his house was buried in the solitude of the seals; his friends either abandoned him or concealed themselves; everything in the world was lost to him except his dog. This faithful animal had been refused admittance into prison. He had returned to his master's house, and found it shut. He took refuge with a neighbor, who received him, but it must be added that this man received him trembling, in secret and dreading lest his humanity for an animal should conduct him to the scaffold. Every day, at the same hour, the dog left the house and went to the door of the prison. He was refused admittance; but he constantly passed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity at length gained upon the porter, and he was one day allowed to enter. The dog saw his master. It was difficult to separate them, but the jailer carried him away, and the dog returned to his retreat. He came back the next morning, and every day; and once each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked at him, licked his hand again, and went away of himself.

When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd and the guard, he penetrated into the hall, and crouched himself at the feet of the unhappy man whom he was about to lose for ever. They conducted him to the prison, and the dog for that time did not visit the door. The fatal hour arrives; the prison opens; the unfortunate man passes out—it is the dog that receives him at the threshold. He clings upon his hand. Alas! that hand will never be spread upon thy caressing head!

He follows him; the ax falls; the master dies; but the tenderness of the dog cannot cease. The body is carried away; he walks by its side; the earth receives it; he lays himself upon the grave. There he passes the first night, the next day, and the second night.

The neighbor, in the meantime, unhappy at not seeing him, risks himself searching for the dog; guesses, by the extent of his fidelity, the asylum he has chosen; finds him; caresses him, brings him back, and gives him food. An hour afterward the dog escaped, and regained his favorite place.

Three months passed away; each morning he came to seek his food, and then returned to the grave of his master; but each day he was more sad, more meagre, more languishing, and it was plain that he was gradually reaching his end. They endeavored, by chaining him up, to wean him; but you cannot triumph over nature! He broke or bit through his bonds; escaping, returned to the grave, and never quitted it more.

It was in vain they endeavored to bring him back. They carried him food, but he ate no longer! For four-and-twenty hours he was seen employing his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the remains of the man he had so much loved. Passion gave him strength, and he gradually approached the body; his labor of affection then vehemently increased; his efforts became convulsive—he shrieked in his struggles; his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his last gasp as if he knew that he had found his master.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON has shown himself a plucky youth. A correspondent of the London *Globe* gives this account of an act of his: A few days ago Dr. Russell Reynolds was being driven in a four-wheeled cab from Charlton Station, near Blackheath. The horse became restive and ran away, and the position of affairs was critical, for not far off there was a precipitous unprotected bank. Over this the animal would certainly have plunged had not its progress been stopped by the young Prince, who, happening to be close by, sprang forward, seized the horse by the head and pulled him up. The Prince, who was dragged along the muddy road for a considerable distance, was not recognized by the gentleman whose life he had thus gallantly saved at the risk of losing his own, and when asked for his name replied—without, however, giving it—that he was very glad to have been of some service, and that doubtless they would meet again.

THROUGH all the ages of study and investigation which have marked the path of scientific discovery, one especially alluring object has tempted the inquiries and speculations of philosophers. It is what the wizards and witches of olden time, the jugglers of India, soothsayers of Arabia, Magi of Egypt, necromancers of Turkey and the Orient, and alchemists of civilized Europe have sought, but sought in vain—a *crystable non-poisonous Elixir*, which, by cleansing the blood, removing from the system all impurities, strengthening the nerves, the muscles, and the brain, and vitalizing every fiber of the system, should bid defiance to the corroding hand of disease.

DR. Walker, of California, discovered an herb, the properties of which, if they do not entirely fulfill all the conditions above mentioned, have at least proved themselves efficacious in all of them; this herb Doctor Walker has made an ingredient in this famous VINEGAR BITTERS, which can be obtained of any wholesale Druggist throughout the country. 14

"WILL you have a small piece of the light meat or a small piece of the dark?" asked Bob's uncle, as he carved the turkey at dinner. "I will take a large piece of both," answered Bob.

MARRIED ladies, under all circumstances, will find *Parsons' Purgative Pills* safe; and, in small doses, a mild cathartic. They cause no griping pains or cramp.

"PLEASE admit my friend, Mr. W. S. Grady, to my hanging, to-day, at 1 o'clock," was a note sent to the Sheriff by the negro hung at Atlanta, Georgia, the other day.

WE cheerfully call the attention of our readers to the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Phila.,) who confidently ask a trial. The soap will tell its own story. We advise you to try it.

A FACT worth remembering—Five cents worth of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*, given to a horse twice a week, will save double that amount in grain, and the horse will be fatter, sleeker, and every way worth more money than though he did not have them.

Avoid Consumption. Guard against its first approach. The timely use of TUTT'S EXPECTORANT will prove a sure preventive. Very pleasant.

Asthma and Catarrh. See D. Lansell's adv't.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA WOOL.

Wool is quiet, supply increasing, and prices steady. Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia fleece, triple extra and slaty, [illegible]; extra, [illegible]; medium, [illegible]; coarse, [illegible]. New York, Michigan, Indiana, and Western fleece, fine, [illegible]; medium, [illegible]; coarse, [illegible]; combing washed, [illegible]; combing unwashed, [illegible]; fine unwashed, [illegible]; coarse and medium unwashed, [illegible]; tub-washed, [illegible]; extra and merino pulled, [illegible]; No. 1 super and pulled, [illegible].

NEW YORK.

Cotton	13½	13¾
Flour	4 50	5 25
Wheat	1 15	1 18
Rye	70	1 08
Barley	1 20	
Corn	79	82
Oats	66	72
Mess Pork	20 75	20 50
Lard	14 00	
Cattle	9	14
Sheep	4½	5½
Lambs	6	10
Hogs	7½	9½

ST. LOUIS

Flour	3 75	5 50
Wheat	97½	1 10½
Corn	69	71
Oats	36	40
Pork—Mess	20 50	
Lard	13½	16
Hogs	4 50	7 00
Cattle	2 15	6 12½

TOLEDO.

Wheat	1 15	1 20½
Corn	72½	74
Oats	38	40

INDIANAPOLIS.

Flour	5 00	6 00
Wheat	1 18	1 25
Corn	65	69
Oats	37	38
Rye	1 05	
Shoulders	6	
Clear rib sides	11½	
Hams	13½	15½
Lard	13½	14½

CHICAGO.

Wheat	98	1 00½
Corn—No 2 mixed	67½	
Oats	34½	36½
Barley	1 22	1 23
Rye—No 2	93	
Pork	19 35	
Lard	13 00	13 05
Cattle	4 75	6 75
Hogs	4 75	7 20
Sheep	3 00	4 10

DETROIT.

Flour	5 75	6 00
Wheat	1 21½	1 27½
Corn	67	70
Oats	30	30

CLEVELAND.

Flour	5 00	7 50
Wheat	1 19	1 21
Corn	68	72
Oats	30	33
Petroleum—110 Test	9½	
Ohio State Test	10½	

CINCINNATI.

Flour	4 00	7 00
Wheat	1 24	1 35
Corn	67	71
Oats	36	38
Rye	98	1 05
Malt	1 35	1 60
Pork—Mess	20 00	
Lard	12½	14½
Hogs	6 75	7 25
Cattle	2 25	6 50
Sheep	3 25	4 50
Lambs	4 00	6 00

PITTSBURG.

Wheat	1 26	1 28
Corn	75	79
Cattle	3 50	7 50
Hogs	7 00	7 40
Sheep	4 00	5 00
Petroleum—Crude, per bbl.	1 25	
Refined, per gal	11½	

LOUISVILLE.

Cotton	14	
Flour	4 50	7 00
Wheat	1 00	1 15
Corn	71	74
Oats	58	64
Rye	1 00	
Pork	20 00	20 50
Lard—Prime steam	14½	15

BUFFALO.

Wheat	1 12	1 14
Corn	73	75
Oats	61	
Sheep	4 45	5 02½
Hogs	7½	8½
Cattle	3	7 50

BALTIMORE

Flour	4 37½	5 62½
Wheat	1 22	1 33
Corn	82	87½
Oats	70	68
Rye	93	1 00
Mess Pork	21 00	
Lard	14½	
Cattle	3 50	7 25
Sheep	5 25	5 50
Lambs	2 00	4 00
Hogs	9 30	10 25
Petroleum	16½	17

MEMPHIS.

Flour	3 10	7 50
Wheat	1 20	
Corn	60	63
Oats	51	53
Apples	1 00	2 50
Cotton	14½	

SILVER TIPPED SHOES — Among the fine arts not lost in the art of chipping making holes in the toes of boots and shoes. Time takes about ten days. SILVER TIPS are an excellent remedy never known to fail.

Durability and Pliability are both combined in the CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and Shoes, one trial will convince you, will not rip or leak. All bear the Patent Stamp. CABLE SCREW WIRE

Cards. 25 with your name printed on them for 15c. W. W. ADAMS, Medina, O.

WANTED AGENTS. Samples and Outfit free. Better than Gold. A. COULTER & CO., Chicago.

$200 a month to agents everywhere. Address EXCELSIOR M'F'G CO., Buchanan, Mich.

$10 to $25 per day. Send for Chromo Catalogue. O. H. BOTTOM'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

EVERY FAMILY WANTS IT. Money in it. Sold by Agents. ALEX. S. LOVELL, Erie, Pa.

SHORT HAND without teacher in 30 months. Price $1 with Postage free. J. G. HESTER, Publisher, care postmaster, Washington, D. C.

THE WEEKLY SUN. 8 pages, 56 broad columns, from now to New Years, post paid, 60 cts. Address THE SUN, N. Y.

BAVARIAN Rheumatic Vapor, new in America. Method mailed free. Cures all kinds of rheumatism. D. SCHILD, 20 Providence st., Cin'ti, O.

$3 SAMPLE Free and Rot Pay to Male and Female Agents. Address THE UNION FUR CO., Newark, N. J.

CATARRH. A simple, cheap and effective remedy. Healing begins at once. Send 2c. stp. for prescription. Address Dispensary, Ionia, Mich.

WANTED AGENTS Everywhere for the Centennial History. 600 pages. $40 engravings, selling well. Address H. O. HOUGHTON & CO., 13 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass.

3 Pounds of Butter from 1 Quart of Milk Can be made anywhere by any cow. No churning required. Receipt sent for 25 cents. Address F. O. Box 1740, Philadelphia, Pa.

FLORIDA! The Florida Agriculturist. Weekly. $2 a year. Send for specimen. Descriptive Florida Pamphlet free. Agents wanted everywhere. Address Agt. Agriculturist, Jacksonville, Fla. Say where you saw this.

THIS Paper is printed with Ink made by G. H. Ranz & Co., 59 Dearborn Street, Chicago, and for sale by them in large or small quantities.

AIKEN'S NEWSPAPER UNION, 140 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Chester, Pa. Opens Sept. 7th. Location healthful, grounds ample, buildings commodious. Good Boarding, the Classics and English thoroughly taught. For circulars apply to Col. THEO. HYATT, Pres.

SOMETHING for you. Sells at sight. One agent cleared $1000 in one month. We have work and money for all, men or women, boys or girls, whole or spare time. Send stamp for Oil Chromos. Address FRANK GLEN, Box 3183, Boston, Mass.

SAMARITAN NERVINE is a sure cure for Epilepsy Fits, Convulsions and Spasms. Has been used in hundreds and never failed in a single case. Its use among the worst gives evidence of cure. Address DR. S. A. RICHARDS, Box 781, St. Joseph, Mo.

"PSYCHOMANCY, or Soul Charming." [illegible]

CLARK'S BOOK KEEPING Self-instructing. A very useful book. Price $1.00, post-paid. Send for circular. W. S. CLARK & CO., 141 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

$10 to $500 invested in Wall Street often made to fortune. A 72 page book, containing valuable information, and a copy of the WALL STREET REVIEW Sent Free. HEYMAN & CO., Bankers & Brokers, 72 Broadway, N. Y.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. [illegible]

10 DOLLARS PER DAY AGENTS WANTED to sell THE IMPROVED HOME SHUTTLE Sewing Machine. Address Johnson, Clark & Co., Boston, Mass., New York City, Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.

FELT CARPETINGS 25 cents per yard. FELT CEILING for rooms, 40 feet square of Plaster. FELT ROOFING and SIDING. For Circular and Sample, Address C. J. Fay, Camden, New Jersey.

WANTED AGENTS FOR THE best-selling Prize Package in the world. Household Sewing Machine, Gold Pen, Pen Holder, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, and a Pound of Jewelry. Sample package, with elegant prize, post-paid, 25 cents. Great success. BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.

Agents Wanted for A Rare Book. SUCCESS IN BUSINESS. HOW TO MAKE MONEY. Selling very fast. Send for Circulars. P. W. Ziegler & Co., 701 S. Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

DOUBLE YOUR TRADE! Druggists, Grocers and Dealers—Pure China and Japan Teas, in sealed packages, sent to any part of half a dozen states—Grocers' prices. Send for circular. THE WHITE TEA COMPANY, 201 Fulton Street, N. Y. P. O. Box 4500.

PEOPLE WILL HAVE OUR GOODS. Send 25 cents and we will send by mail, prepaid, our Large Fifty-cent Package of Vegetable Seeds, which will convince you of the value of our Seeds. Large wholesale and retail price list free. Address NATIONAL AGENTS' EMPORIUM, Boston, Mass.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. SOLDIERS and citizens furnished with legs of the best quality, on Government or private account. Circulars free to all. Address CHAS. M. EVANS, Manufacturer, 702 West Fourth Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO, and S. W. Cor. 4th and Market Sts., LOUISVILLE, KY.

OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY. WESTERVILLE OHIO. FOR BOTH SEXES. [illegible]

ELASTIC TRUSS. This Truss is warranted to hold any rupture, with perfect ease and security, and has been pronounced by the Adopted Physicians to be the best invention of the kind yet offered to the public, retaining the rupture under the hardest exercise or most violent exertion, and strongly recommended by Eminent Surgeons. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Circulars sent free. Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, N. Y. City.

OPIUM Morphine Habit and Intemperance. Specially cured by DR. BECK'S only known and sure Remedy. NO CHARGE for treatment until cured. Call on or address Dr. J. C. BECK, 112 John St., Cincinnati, O.

D. LANSELL'S NEW ASTHMA AND CATARRH REMEDY. Having struggled twenty years between life and death with Asthma, I experimented for my own benefit, and have discovered a wonderful remedy and cure for this and kindred diseases. Warranted to relieve instantly in the patient can lie down and sleep comfortably. Drug clerks are supplied with sample packages for free distribution. Call and get one, or address D. LANSELL, Lake Crystal, Ohio. Sold by