THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

BY JOHN E. HELMS. "It is not i —We'll Deserve it." $2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 10. MORRIS MBER 15, 1876. NUMBER 37.

PRIVATE BOARDING BY THE DAY OR WEEK AT THE

GRIGSBY HOUSE,

RUTLEDGE, TENN.

JOSEPH GRIGSBY, - - - Proprietor

THIS HOUSE IS SITU TED IN a quiet country town, and convenient to Mineral Waters of almost any grade or ad, with good dirt roads to and from the same. oard can be had at this House at $1 50 per day, 00 per week, or $15 00 per month during the ring Season. Apply to JOSEPH GRIGS Proprietor.

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MAIN STREET, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

Has now on hand a complete stock of

Family Groceries,

To which he has recently added a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Which he offers cheap for Cash.

He will pay the highest market price for all kinds of country produce.

Provisions and Eatables of every description kept on hand at all times. [je19-1y.

SAM POWEL HOUSE.

Formerly ROGERSVILLE HOUSE,

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Sam P. Powel, Pro.

Porter always in attendance at trains to carry baggage to the House free of charge.

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By Mack Fulton,

At the Virginia House,

MORRISTOWN, - - - - - TENN.

☞I solicit the public patronage, and would say that I can give satisfaction either in a clean, neat shave, hair-cut, hair-dress, clean shampoo, or an elegant whisker or moustache dye. Terms moderate.

P. J. PITTMAN,

SHOE MAKER,

Located opposite Post-office,

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SAYS ALL THE PEOPLE WOULD do well to have him make their Boots and Shoes, and do their repairing. Nov 17—1y

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF Metallic Caskets and Cases, Wood Caskets and Coffins of every Grade and price ready for use Orders by Telegraph will receive personal and prompt attention. Terms satisfactory. n40

FOR SALE!

A Fine Farm in Kansas.

A GREAT BARGAIN CAN BE secured in one of the FINEST FARMS in Southern Kansas, containing 150 acres, under cultivation, of which about 80 acres is bottom land, laying between the two rivers Marmaton and Paint. It is situated on the M. K. & T. R. R., in Bourbon county, 7 miles from Fort Scott, a thriving little city of eight or ten thousand inhabitants. A large two-story Frame Dwelling House and all necessary out houses are on the premises. This Farm cannot be surpassed either for productiveness or for Stock raising. It will be sold on most reasonable terms, or exchanged for property in East Tennessee. For further information inquire at THIS OFFICE. jly 19tf

S. P. EVANS, Prs't; W. A. HORNE, V. P.; SAM. HOUSE, Cashier.

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Savings Bank.

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Transacts a General Banking Business.

Deals in Foreign and Domestic Exchange. Sells Drafts on all the principal cities in Europe. Buys and sells Uncurrent Money, Gold and silver, Warrants and city Scrip.

Interest paid on Deposits of

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JOHN MURPHEY, President. G. T. MAGEE, Cashier.

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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Will transact a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

RECEIVE Deposits, Buy and Sell Exchange, Gold and Silver, and make collections upon the most favorable terms. may 13 tf.

Wilson, Burns & Co.,

WHOLESALE

Grocers and Commission Merchants,

30 South Howard Street, corner of Lombard,

BALTIMORE.

WE Keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Groceries, suitable for the Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce, such as Cotton, Feathers, Ginseng Beeswax, Wool, Dried Fruit, Fur Skins, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sales and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention. [mar27

$12 A DAY at home Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO, Augusta, Maine. vol0no1—1y

$5 to $20 per day at home Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine 0 1—1y

PICTURES!

THE UNDERSIGNED TAKES this method of informing the citizens of Morristown and vicinity that he has established a

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

over McCrary & Harrison's Store, where he is prepared to make all classes of PHOTOGRAPHS in the best styles, of all sizes; specimens of which will be found at his Gallery. Careful attention given to making copies and enlarging from other pictures; the finest locket pictures enlarged to life size. Photographs from nature or from other pictures colored in the best styles in oil, water colors, or crayon, at rates to suit all circumstances.

PRICES REASONABLE.

There may be work done for less, but I ask that quality be given the preference.

Respectfully,

J. G. NESSELER,

May 24, '76 tf

THE CENTRAL HOUSE.

(A new Hotel—just opened.)

Gay Street, - - Knoxville, Tenn.

J. C. FLANDERS, Proprietor.

THE CENTRAL HOUSE,

IS SITUATED A FEW STEPS, either way, from the Custom House, Post Office, Banks, Wholesale and Retail Stores, and Market. Beautiful front yard, with luxuriant shade trees. Rooms and Table, equal to the best in the city, to say the least June 3, '75.

LOOK!

BOOK AGENTS We have the best and fastest selling books selling books, and the finest and most complete family Bibles published. Our Bibles have 2000 ILLUSTRATIONS, and we give extra terms, with large premiums to good agents. For circulars, terms, &c., address ANCHOR PUBLISHING CO., F. A. Hutchinson, Prest., 520 Pine St.' St. Louis, Mo. Nov. 1—3m

WALKER & SON,

THE OLD, RELIABLE AND "PERMANENT

Barbers,

HAVE removed their shop from the old stand on Henry street to the house in the "Y," near the depot, where they will be pleased to see and wait upon all of his old customers, and as many new ones as may feel inclined to patronize him.

Picken's Celebrated

$16.00

Silver Watch,

Can be sent C. O. D., or by regular mail.

☞ Note the Address,

BRISTOL, TENN., } PICKEN, { GOODSON, VA.

February 16, 1876—1y

W. D. GAMMON,

Attorney - at - Law,

Morristown, Tenn.

Will practice in Hamblen and adjoining counties.

☞ Prompt attention given to collections.

je 14 '76—1y

A. H. PETTIBONE,

Attorney at Law,

GREENEVILLE, TENN.

Will practice in the courts of the First Judicial Circuit and the Supreme Court at Knoxville. Will also give prompt attention to the collection of all kinds of claims and debts.

FORTY YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

DR. C. McLANE'S

CELEBRATED

LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis or Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver. PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them A FAIR TRIAL.

For all Bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequaled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are never sugar coated.

Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrappers.

☞ Insist on your druggist or storekeeper giving you the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sold by all respectable druggists and country storekeepers generally.

To those wishing to give DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS a trial, we will mail post paid to any part of the United States, one box of Pills for twenty-five cents.

FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ROCK OF AG

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sang,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, careless tongue,
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee;"
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside.
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Sung them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."
Lips grown aged sung the hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice, and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest;

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide;
Nevermore from billows' roll
Wilt thou ever need to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft, gray hair;
Could the mute and stiffened lips,
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

THE BLACK HILLS.

Interesting Account of the Return of Gen. Cook's Command—A Ragged and Half Starved Lot of Veterans—Cheerless View of a Summer's Campaigning.

From the St. Paul Pioneer.

Mr. W. W. Watt, formerly a pupil at the Commercial College in this city, but now a member of the firm of Hazen, Whitehead & Watt, doing business at Crook City, in the Black Hills, has addressed a letter to Prof. C. C. Curtis, his tutor, containing much interesting information in regard to the situation in the Black Hills. The letter was written on the 20th of September, and commences with an account of the rapid settlement at the more inviting locations:

THE JOURNEY OUT.

The writer states that he left Minnesota on the 27th of April, and after a tiresome journey, arrived at Crook City on the 24th of May. The town had been located only four days, but all the surveyed lots had been taken up. All the best claims in the gulches had been entered, and prospecting could only be done in large parties. Having a few hundred dollars is his possession he returned to Bismarck by the first train, and invested in provisions—flour being then worth $30 per 100, bacon 35 cents per pound, tea $1 50 tobacco $1 50, a d sugar 35 cents. The round trip was made in twenty-five days, and upon his return flour was selling at $9 per 100. There were only one hundred persons left out of a population of seven hundred— owing to the closing of the Fort Pierre route, and the return of many miners to the States in consequence Mr. Watt held on to his purchase, however, and subsequently forming the partnership with Hazen & Whitehead, he has had no occasion to regret his speculative movement.

INDIAN MURDERS AND THE THEFTS.

The writer states that he has yet to see his first Indian since leaving Minneapolis, but he has experienced his share of scares, and viewed the victims or savage marksmanship. From an estimate made by parties at Crook City, 1,100 head of horses have been stolen from the Black Hills during the summer. The last man killed by the Indians at Crook City was Robert Lilton Provence, of Montana, while engaged in hauling hay. A party of three men were coming into Crook City (Provence in the advance) and when within three miles of town, they were attacked by four Indians. Provence was instantly killed, but the others escaped by unhitching their horses, and mounting one each, and rode back to the hay camp in safety.

A few days before that the Indians rode off a Montana herd of about 150 horses, killed a minister while on his way from Deadwood to Crook City, where he was engaged to preach.

ONE INDIAN REPULSES TWENTY-FIVE PURSUERS.

While a Crook City party were in pursuit of the Indians who had stolen the Montana herd, they came in sight of an Indian near Spearfish. He ran into small brush in a gulch, and was soon surrounded by twenty-five men. They fired about 100 shots into the Indian's hiding place and imagined they had killed him. Some of the party volunteered to go into the brush and hunt him up—a Mr. Brown, of Deadwood, taking the lead— and separating the brush in front of him with his rifle. He advanced to within ten feet of the Indian, who fired, and shot Brown through the heart. The Indian reloaded, shot the next man in front, and then gave a war whoop. The white men retreated and were forced to leave, after throwing rocks, firing shots, and trying all kinds of plans to kill or drive the redskin out of his hiding-place, it being dark and rainy. So one Indian repulsed twenty- eight white men, and worse still killed two of the party, robbed the Deadwood, New York and other attaches of the a. Mr. Watt says: "They were the hungriest lot of men I ever saw, as the whole command had been living on horse-meat straight for about ten days. There were plenty of provisions here which were brought up that night, and on the move next morning for the main camp, which was twenty-five miles distant on the Bell Fouche, at the mouth of Whitewood Creek. At first the officers were going to seize flour, but were informed that they could secure all necessary supplies here, and more than they wanted, without seizing them. The command then consisted of about 2,000 men, half cavalry, with a train of pack mules."

Crook City speculators loaded their wagones and went to the command, and as soon as the soldiers discovered them, they ran out to meet the civilians who had bread for sale; the officers had to place guards over the wagons to keep the soldiers back, and even then the task was difficult. Bread sold for $1 a loaf, tobacco $1 a plug, or for any amount from a solitary "chew" upward, and a mere handful of crackers brought $1. The soldiers would force the speculative Hillers to take their greenbacks— from $1 to $20—before they could be waited on, fearing their "turn" would come to late; $1 for a drink of liquor, $1.50 for a quarter-pound can of baking powder, $1 a pound for butter; in short, any price asked provided they could obtain a change of diet from "horse-flesh straight." The soldiers were fully supplied in three days; they were then moved up the Whitewood to a point within six or eight miles of Crook City, where they camped on a beautiful flat, Everybody rushed for the new camp with wagon-loads of bread, pies, milk, potatoes, dry goods, tobacco lager beer, etc.; and before they left Mr. W. says, business was more overdone at the command than ever before in the Black Hills—and it has been pretty badly overdons at times.

HOW THE SOLDIERS LIVED.

The writer continues: "There were no wagons, and neither officers nor men had tents. They were almost destitute of clothing, and had thrown away their cooking utensils, etc., in the forced marches made to reach the Black Hills in search of provisions. Officers and soldiers fared alike — all enduring the same hardships, and General Crook encouraged his mem to up heart, although he had heard that Crook City had been captured by Indians, and did not know how far he might be compelled to travel before reaching the badly needed supplies.

"Had it not been for an Indian village captured by the command on the 9th of September, many would undoubtedly have perished for want of food. This village was on Owl Creek, containing about thirty-four lodges, and the officers described it as the richest village they had ever seen. The village was attacked baout daybreak. The Indians fought desperately for awhile, but were soon routed, leaving two dead chiefs on the field—American Horse and Roman Nose. The soldiers captured 150 horses, 5,000 pounds of dried meat, buffalo robes, etc.

"The General and staff passed through here on the 18th, and were received with salutes of artillery, followed by a dinner provided by the Crook City people. After a short stay, they left to spend the night at Deadwood. On the 20th the command passed through the Crook City, camping at a point known as Centennial, located one and one-half miles above Crook City. During the night the Indians called, wounded two men at Centennial, and ran off nineteen head of horses, but no efforts was made to follow them. On the 21st of August the entire command moved off in the direction of Fort Laramie.

THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN AND ITS RESULTS.

"While the army deserves great credit and public sympathy for the hardships endured in this campaign, it has not accomplished much in the way of subduing the Indians. There have been far more white men killed than Indians, and if Sitting Bull and his warriors ever felt themselves able to whip the United States troops I think it just about now. I consider it more unsafe to live in the Hills now than before, and the troops have been withdrawn from the field.

"A good many of the mines are paying well; 1,700 pounds of gold dust was shipped east by the last train which left here, all take out of one claim on the Deadwood owned by Wheeler & Co. Greenbacks are scarce; when a person buys anything a buckskin sack is pulled out, and the amount due is weighed in gold dust, which can be done from one cent upward, at the rate of $20 per ounce. We have three claims here at present, but do not work them, owing to the scarcity of water, but if that can be obtained a good deal of money can be taken out of them."

A young man passing through the woods in Missouri one dark night last week saw, sitting on a bush, what he took to be a turkey-buzzard, and taking a stick, he thought he would knock him off. But it wasn't a turkey-buzzard at all, but an eagle which resented the blow, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued in which the eagle was killed, though not till he had terribly wounded the young man. The bird measured six feet from tip to tip and was a formidable antagonist.

do business in the business marts, they enter houses and break open shops: they are everywhere and in all places. Some are so vile looking that one instinctively turns from them in disgust; but some are so sociable, insinuating, and plausible, that they almost, at times, deceive the very elect. Among this latter class are to be found the devil's four chief servants.—Here are their names:

"There is no danger." That is one.

"Only this once." That is another.

"Everybody does so." That is the third.

"By-and-by." That is the fourth.

When tempted from the path of strict rectitude, and "There's no danger," urges you on, say, "Get thee behind me Satan." When tempted to give up the Sabbath to pleasure, or to do a little labor in the workshop or the counting room, and "Only this once," or "Everybody does so," whispers at your elbow do not listen for a moment to the dangerous counsel. If the Holy Spirit has fastened upon your conscience the solemn warnings of a faithful teacher or friend, and brought to mind a tender mother's prayers for your conversion, do not let "By-and-by" steal away your confidence, and, by persuading you to put away serious things, rob you of your life. All four are cheats and liars. They mean to deceive you and cheat your soul of heaven. "Behold!" says God, "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." He has no promise for "By-and-by."

A Delightful Legend.

There is a beautiful tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family, the other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in shocks, the elder brother said to his wife, "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take off my shocks, and place them on his without his knowledge."

The brother was actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself, "My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will arise, take off my shocks, and place them on his without his knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, when on the following night they met each other half way betwwen their respective shocks with their hands full.

Upon ground hallowed by such association as this was the temple of King Solomon erected— so spacious, so magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world.

Alas! in these days how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf.

Opening a Car Window.

It requires six men, according to the San Francisco News Letter, to put up a car window. A young lady gets in, and having humped around in her seat for about five minutes, she turns and requests the gentleman just behind her to perform that service. This is a near-sighted individual, who peers around the window frame some time for the catch, and then—of course the window stick jerks his finger nail half off and sits down with a read face amid the gigling of school girls opposite. Next, the man in the front seat puts his lavender-colored knee on a paper of cherries besides him, clutches and yanks at the knob, and finally falls over into the young lady's lap.—The cause of all this misery now, remarks that "it doesn't matter," and then smiles sweetly at a pale young man with long hair. This martyr turns white rises and buttons up his coat for the death struggle. On the eleventh pull he bursts a blood vessel and goes into the toilet compartment to bleed

A simple minded mechanic now comes forward with his tool-bag, from which he takes a crowbar. Just when he is about to use this the conductor happens by, and slides the window airily up with a gentle twist of the wrist.

Colored Brethren not Recognized.

COLUMBUS, O., October 18.—In the Masonic Grand Lodge to-day a very earnest discussion was had relative to the recognition of the colored Masonic Grand Lodge of Ohio. The question of their recognition was presented last year and laid over until this session. To-day the Committee on Jurisprudence recommending the recognition of the colored Grand Lodge. A point of order was then made that under the constitution of the Grand Lodge the resolutions were not in order except as an amendment to the constitution itself. The Grand Master over-ruled the point of order, and held that the resolutions were in order. An appeal was then taken from this decision, and was sustained by the Grand Lodge, there being about seventy-five majority in favor of the appeal.

Prepare shelter and warm quarters for your cows. In this way you not only save feed, but likewise the life of many an animal, especially those advanced in age.

A Practical Witness.

In Cox's court there was a charge of assault against that old offender and police favorite, "John Doe," and Mr. Dickson, the attorney, was examining a witness.

Dickson—"How hard did he shake the man when he grabbed him?"

Witness — "I don't know. Pretty hard."

Dickson—"What do you call "pretty hard?"

Witness—"Well it was pretty hard—that's all I can say.

Dickson—"Come, now, you surely have sense enough to let the court know what you call "pretty hard."

Witness—"I guess I can show the court," it was like this

Here the witness rose from his seat and, springing upon the astonished attorney, grabbed him by the collar, and, with a strong, impulsive jerk, landed him on the floor. Then he gathered him up and flopped him across the chair—then he began to bang him over the floor, jam him up against the wall, and batter him around over the benches.

"Hold on—I understand!" shouted the lawyer.

"This is how he fetched him," retorted the witness giving him another lift.

"Won't the court rule out his answer! I object," said Mr. Dickson, catching his breath.

"If you withdraw the question, all right," said the judge; and springing down from his seat, he collared the witness and took him off. When he again mounted the bench, he remarked: "The witness appears to have introduced his testimony, but I can rule that the jury ignore his answer."

By this time the spectators were in a convulsion of laughter, and the attorney retired to brush his clothes. The case was dismissed. — *Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

How a Sympathetic Jury Was Overcome.

A lawyer in Milwaukee was defending a handsome young woman, accused of stealing from a large unoccupied dwelling in the night time; and thus spoke in conclusion:

'Gentlemen of the jury, I am done. When I gazed with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe—when I behold her radiant in this glorious bloom of luscious loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy, but could not eclipse—before which the star on the brow of night grew pale, and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building, in the cold, damp, and dead of night when innocence like hers is hiding itself amid the snow pillows of repose; gentlemen of the jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented, to blast the name of the lovely maiden, whose smiles shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give.'

The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

FINDING THE FEE.—Dr. Woodward, a Glasgow physician of the last century, had a patient who always had his fee in his hand to give the doctor as he felt his pulse. One day Woodward arrived only to hear that a few minutes before his patient had died. "Impossible!" cried the doctor, "he cannot be dead yet. Let me see him—some trance or heavy sleep, perhaps." The doctor accordingly went to the bedside in a darkened apartment. He felt the pulse and also a couple of guineas in the dead man's hand, which he took quietly in his own as honestly earned. "Ay, ay! poor fellow," said the doctor, "he is dead. There is a destiny in all things.' And with this tag of mortality he went on his way.

FORETHOUGHT.—When a Chicago girl received a dispatch from Wisconsin, says the Chicago *Tribune*, announcing that her lover was going off with consumption, she telegraphed to his friend: "Has poor Jeffrey kept up his life insurance?" The friend telegraphed back: "Policy for $10,000 in your favor is paid up till May 9, 1877. Poor Jeffrey cannot last after the first cold snap." The young lady then wondered philosophically how she would look in black, and telegraphed to Jeffrey: "Darling I will be with you on Tuesday, never to quit you during life. Lurline." "It will be a sad loss to you, my love," said her mother. "Yes, ma," sobbed the girl, "but the loss is fully covered by insurance."

The best soldiers of the King of Dahomey are women, the famed "Amazons," who are subjected from childhood to violent exercise, and leave the palace only in cases of emergency. Being condemned to celibacy, a man seen smiling at or speaking to one of them pays the price of his indiscretion by losing his life. Bells are attached to their necks, which tinkle as they walk, and when the men hear these bells they rush pell mell out of sight and hearing, lest they should be accused of even smiling at the approaching terror. When on duty a loose tunic and trowsers are worn, similar to those of the rest of the army, and the officers carry whips to lay about them in case they think it needed.

A young Ohio man had a sweetheart whose parents did not look with favorable eyes upon his suit. But the male parent had the little peculiarity of drink, and this young man knew it. So one evening not long ago he provided himself with a bottle of the beverage commonly called whisky, and repaired to the family dwelling. He sat down socially and produced the bottle and he and the father engaged in drinks, which resulted in a sale of the daughter to the young man for the sum of five cents. Then, lest the parent should sober off and relent, a clergyman was called immediately in and the twain were united. Probably the wife will find, as time slips by, that her husband values her at just about the purchase money paid and will treat her accordingly.

HOME AND FARM.

Southern Farmer, Memphis, Tenn.

Put as much land as possible in fall and winter crops.

Stop leaks in your barns, stables, and out-houses of all sorts.

Time is money. Husband it, and make it add to your prosperity.

Do not expose potatoes much to the sunlight, after they are dug and dried.

The good farmer is he who produces most from each acre, and at the least expense.

Put in a variety of small grain crops, thus providing winter pasturage while saving other feed.

Secure good seasoned wood for your winter fires, and have it all under shelter, cut up ready for use.

Peas sown for fertilizing should be turned under while the peas are in the pod. Bury both vines and peas.

Push your work every day this month, and thus save the labor and toil of the year past.

The bleak winds will soon be playing upon your stock. Provide shelter and warm quarters for them now.

Wheat, rye, oats and barley can all be made money crops, and thus have something coming in all the time.

Small farms well tilled make happy families and prosperous and contented populations and rich States. Let every one who owns or cultivates a farm bend all his powers to the attainment of that end.

Frost came on the second day of October, this centennial year—earlier than it has put in an appearance for the past eleven years.

Study economy, and if you find out that you are really extravagant, there is hope that you will practice it. But no one will practice economy, unless by study he finds out that he is more extravagant than he ought to be.

House your sheep at night, when the weather is very cold, and especially if it is stormy. Build them a log pen, if nothing better, and cover it securely, and you will find it a paying investment.

The past season, in many localities, was prolific of weeds and other green vegetation. Wherever practicable, turn under this green fallow, for it will add fertility to the soil.

Gather and save the autumn leaves, and make comfortable beds with them for young stock, after which they will add amazingly to your compost heap, and then to the fertility of your land.

Pay special attention now to your stock—not only your cows and hogs and sheep, but especially to your work animals. Get them in good order and it will be easy to keep them so during the winter.

There is a whole sermon to farmers in these few words: "If you want your boy to stay at home, and work with you on the farm, don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."

The people of the United States pay $2,200,000,000 every year for liquors and wines. This is nearly the full amount of our national debt. Is it any wonder that money is scarce when so much goes for liquors? Would it not be wonderful if it were otherwise?

Make paper bags for all seed you design to make crops from the next year. When practicable let the seed ripen and dry in their pods, and then write the name and date of gathering. You can scarcely be too particular in saving the best seed in the best possible manner.

Men are not to be esteemed great because their acres are counted by thousands or their fences by miles. The man who raises the highest average number of bushels or pounds to the acre, and makes the most money upon the labor and capital expended, is he whose example is most worthy of imitation, and whose influence will be most potent for good.

A "Husbands's Rights Association" has sprung up in England. It demands impartiality and justice, and that women shall not have the privileges of both sexes and the abilities of neither.

Probably one of the most trying times in a man's life is when he introduces his second wife, seventeen years old, to his eldest daughter, who is past twenty.

The Michigan man who sold his yoke of oxen with the intention of paying the national debt and have no more said about it. was quite astonished to learn that the debt was over $100.

"Y. M. C. A." stands for Young Men's Cecret Association, according to the interpretation of a Hamblen county mother, and she forbids her son having anything to do with it.

The body of a soldier, buried in 1863 in a village cemetery in New Hampshire, was taken up a few days ago for the purpose of removal and was found to be turned to stone. At the time of the interment the body weighed something over one hundred pounds, but when dug up it weighed between six and seven hundred. The features, clothing, and even a wreath of flowers in the coffin were all as perfect as when buried.

Not a thousand miles from Richmond, a wife lay in a dying condition. Having brought up a clever orphan girl, who was grown, the dying woman called the young woman to her and said:

"I will soon leave my little children motherless. They know you and love you, and after I am gone I want you and my husband to marry."

The young woman bursting into tears, said: "We were just talking about that yesterday."

Bees on a Small Scale.

There are many households whose means will not enable them to purchase a cow, or provide keeping for her were they in possession of one. But they may be equal to the purchase of a colony of bees and provide hives for the swarms resulting therefrom. Bees, like other stock, require pasture, but, unlike cattle horses and sheep, they are free commers, ranging at will in search of stores, nor can they be arrested and punished for their intrusion on premises, like their owners. A single colony of bees, in good condition in the spring, may be counted double or treble their numbers in a single season, securing ample stores for winter consumption, while supplying a gratifying surplus each autumn for household uses. This accumulation will prove most acceptable in families especially while the price of butter rules so high as to place it beyond the reach of those not blessed with elongated and plethoric purses. Try a colony of bees as an experiment.

Protection From Frost.

A statement is made in the Transactions of the Illinois Horticultural Society, of an experiment performed by E. J. Ayers, to protect his peach orchard of 500 trees from the intense frosts of winter. The trees were set sixteen feet apart. He placed a pile of wood in each alternate row each way, that is, as we suppose, for each four trees. A few gallons of coal oil were poured on the heaps, which were supplied with kindling wood. On the coldest nights he fired all the heaps, and the weather being free from wind, the smoke hung over the orchard the next morning like a cloud, and no frost was to be seen on the ground beneath it. The fruit buds were not killed, and there was nearly a full crop. A partial crop was obtained elsewhere. Repeated experiments would be required to prove the efficiency of this treatment, and so determine whether it would pay.

Traveling on the Farm.

Did any of your readers ever think of the amount of travel it takes to raise a crop of corn? I never saw an illustration in print, and I thought I would give you one. I have a twenty-acre field, forty by eight rods. To break this up would take one hundred and sixty-six miles. Harrowing it, about forty miles. Furrowing out, ninety miles, if with a planter; and if dropped and then covered, ninety miles. And for each plowing of two furrows in a row, ninety miles, or five plowings, four hundred and fifty miles. Thus you will see it takes about eight or nine hundred miles of travel to raise twenty acres of corn, not counting going to and returning from the field. Besides there is replanting, thinning, rolling, etc.—*Indiana Farmer.*

How to Improve Stock.

As the season of the year is at hand when the farmer makes his selections of stock to sell and keep, it is proper that we should stop and consider how we shall make the selection to our best advantage. In hogs and cattle it matters not what our stock is, we always have some inferior ones, and it will pay to keep the best and sell the poorest. I do not wish however, to be understood as recommending putting half-fattened, unsalable stock on the market. I advise all to sort out the inferior ones and give them extra attention and feed; get them in good condition, and then sell them off. Save for yourself, nothing but the best, and you will soon see a great change in your stock. Also expend a few dollars for pure blooded or high graded stock, and in a few years you will get back your money with a hundred per cent added. You will also discover that it does not cost any more to raise a three-year-old steer that will weigh 1,400 to 1,600 pounds than it will a scrub that will weigh from 700 to 1,000 pounds, and the same holds equally good with hogs.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Feeding Corn Stalks.

At the north cows are fed in winter on corn stalks. They are said to do better than on good hay. This may be doubted, but still there is no doubt that they do consume a vast quantity of the corn stalks that are cut up and fed to them, and thus they serve useful purposes as "roughness" in feed and manure afterwards. Millions of corn stalks are annually wasted in the south. Instead of standing in the fields to rot, let them be cured, cut up and feed to cattle, as stock raisers do elsewhere. When thus treated they are said to contain more nutriment than the fodder does. If any of our readers have tried the plan of cutting and feeding corn stalks, we should be pleased to have them give it.—*Southern Farmer.*

To Keep Meat Fresh.

Take the beef all clean off the bones in such sizes as is convenient for cooking. Let it cool over night; then to one hundred pounds of beef use one gallon of salt, one ounce of pulverized saltpeter, one and half pounds of brown sugar. Mix these ingredients thoroughly. Lay the meat down layer after layer in a perfectly tight barrel—a molasses barrel is best—sprinkling each layer with the above mixture, but with not a drop of water. This will give delicious meat for steaks, roasting or boiling. Never use any other than well or spring water for making brine.