GENERAL BREVITIES.

THE Beau Brummel of Saratoga, who makes five toilets a day, is a Baltimore oyster-packer.

AT Bahama, Cal., recently a child supposed to be dead was about to be buried, when the mother threw herself upon the coffin, declaring that she had heard the child speak. The coffin was opened and the child found to be alive.

IN the English Postmaster-General's report it is stated that about 18,700 letters were posted last year without any address whatever, and that nearly 500 of the letters contained cash, checks, or bills of exchange, to the value of more than £13,000.

A NEW YORK chap who expected to be appointed an official dog-catcher began to collect the animals, and presently had sixty in his cellar. His appointment not appearing, he sat down the other day and wrote to the Mayor that if the document was not forthcoming he should turn the dogs loose—and he intimated his belief that some of them had the hydrophobia. He was requested to step right up to the City Hall and qualify.

A JOLLY crowd of porpoises came to grief recently while thumping and splashing off the bay at Willett's Point near New York, while General Abbott and his assistants were engaged in torpedo practice. Seeing the school approaching, the General waited until they dived near the torpedoes, and then let on the current of electricity. The explosion which followed brought to the surface three dead porpoises, each about eight feet in length, which were secured for their oil. Two or three others were stunned, but were allowed to escape. One of the dead ones had swallowed a large eel and a number of small fish.

How is it that girls can always tell a married man from a single one? The fact is indisputable. Blackwood says that the "fact of matrimony or bachelorship is written so legibly in a man's appearance that no ingenuity can conceal it. Everywhere there is some inexplicable instinct that tells us whether an individual (whose name, fortune and circumstances are totally unknown) be or be not a married man. Whether it is a certain subdued look, such as that which characterizes the lions in a menagerie, and distinguishes them from the lords of the desert, we cannot tell; but the truth is so, we positively affirm."

It's a bad thing to have a toothache, and it's equally bad to have the pain-maker extracted. A French paper tells of a woman who, mad with the pain from an aching molar, rushed to the dentist and begged him to remove the cause of her misery. Several attempts were made to extract the tooth, but they were unavailing, and the woman nearly frantic started on a run for a pond, intending to lose the pain and her life by drowning. Meeting an archer, she confided her trouble to him, and he, being a good fellow, essayed to aid her. Tying one end of a thong to the tooth and making the other end fast to an arrow, he drew his bow to its utmost and let it fly. But the tooth was true to its place, and the woman—a little, withered old body—followed the arrow and ended her flight by being dropped into a neighboring canal, from which she was fished by a boatman. Moral: Don't believe everything you read.

THE Berkshire Life Insurance Company has an odd case in court. S. M. Cooper, a farmer of Stockbridge, Me., died under peculiar circumstances. His father and grandfather had died at the age of forty-one, and he foretold that he should die at the same age. Although apparently in sound health, he prepared to meet his fate as the date drew near, and, a few days before the time when he expected to die, he went to Pittsfield, had his will made, and stepping into the insurance office, applied for a $5,000 policy. He was pronounced sound by the company's doctors, paid his premium, and took his policy. The next day he was taken sick with some kind of fits, and being taken home, died soon after in his forty-first year, as he had predicted. His administrators applied to the insurance company for the amount of the policy, but payment being refused, they have brought suit.

A HAUGHTY tone, a rude address, bruises no muscles, causes no physical pain, like the pangs of hunger or the misery of drought; but it hurts all the same; and if, as the proverb says, hard words break no bones, they none the less wound that self-esteem which lies at the root of half our sentimental grievances. Subordinates feel this domineering insolence of manner a great grievance when they are subject to it; so do superiors when they have to encounter the pertness of those whom they consider their inferiors. But the grievance in either case is based on exactly the same sentimental grounds, and to those who regard the physical as the sole real thing in life ought to count for nothing.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE absence of mind incidental to nervousness or fright was nicely illustrated the other night, when a kerosene lamp exploded in a barber shop on Malott avenue. The lamp was directly under a mirror, and on its upward flight shattered it into fragments and set fire to the shop. The proprietor, in his haste, took up a peach box and filled it with water. It all leaked out. He then took up a peck measure, and pumped into it very energetically for some time before discovering that it had no bottom. Mr. Wright, a preacher, rushed in at this moment, and seizing a wood bucket went to the hitching-post and attempted to draw water from it. Another well meaning person followed suit. Then a stranger, rushed in and said: "Why don't you 'swab' it out?" Suiting the action to the words, he pulled down a curtain, and soon extinguished the flames. The damage was slight, but the fright was great enough for a Chicago conflagration.—*Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel.*

A LONDON *Times* correspondent says: The other day at Sakhara I saw nine camels pacing down from the mummy pits to the bank of a river laden with nets, in which were femora, tibia and other bony bits of the human form, some two hundred weight in each net on each side of the camel. Among the pits there were people busily engaged in searching out, sifting and sorting out the bones which almost crust the ground. On inquiry I learned that the cargoes with which the camels were laden would be sent to Alexandria, and thence be shipped to English manure manufacturers. They make excellent manure, I am told, particularly for Swedes and other turnips. The trade is brisk, and has been going on for years, and may go on for many more. It is a strange fate to preserve one's skeleton for thousands of years in order that there may be fine Southdowns and cheviots in a distant land! Egypt is always a place of wonders.

SOME of the most delicate and costly perfumes are now made by chemical artifice, and not, as formerly, by distilling them from flowers—the perfume of the latter often consisting of oils and ethers, such as the chemist can compound artificially in his laboratory. Commercial enterprise has availed itself of this new avenue to trade and profits; but the most singular fact is that these delightfully fragrant products are most generally derived from substances of intensely disgusting odor. Thus, the peculiarly fetid oil, termed fusel oil, is formed in making brandy and whisky; this fusel oil, distilled with sulphuric acid and acetate of potash, gives the beautiful oil of pears. The oil of apples is made from the same fusel oil, by distillation with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash; and the oil of grapes, and the oil of cognac, are said to be little else than fusel oil. An exquisite article, known as the oil of pine-apples, is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid. The popular oil of bitter almonds, now so largely employed in perfuming soap and for flavoring confectionery, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the fetid oils of gas tar.

The Impudence of a Reporter.

A New York correspondent tells this of a *Herald* reporter:

One of the stupendously impudent was sent not a great while ago to get an account of a funeral of a prominent citizen of Brooklyn. The main thing he wanted was the address of the noted divine on the occasion; knowing he could manage the rest in the usual stereotyped manner. The funeral was latter than had been anticipated, and the reporter was in a hurry. While in the house of mourning he observed in the officiating clergyman's pocket a roll of MS. Believing it must be what he wanted, he waited until the pastor knelt down to pray. Then he gently abstracted the paper from the rear pocket of the coat, and, moving about gently, with his handkerchief to his eyes, as if overcome by emotion, he beat a precipitate retreat as soon as he had discovered that he had got what he was in search of.

The preacher, after the prayer was over, offered a few introductory remarks, and was about to read his written discourse, when he found it had very mysteriously disappeared. He was obliged to trust to extemporization, and acquitted himself but ill; particularly as he had put down all his good thoughts on paper. He could not account for the strange vanishment until, taking up the *Herald* the next morning, he there read the discourse he did not deliver.

A Royal Romance.

Kensington House, once the royal residence, is near Holland House, where Lady Sarah Lennox, a beautiful girl of fifteen, was residing with her sister. The Prince of Wales, soon to be George III., fell in love with her, and soon after his accession and before his coronation as good as asked her, in his awkward, stupid way, to be his queen. At a ball given in the palace he took her cousin, Lady Lucy Strangways, one side and asked her when she meant to leave town. She replied that she intended to stay for the coronation. He said that this would not take place at present, for there would be no coronation until there was a queen; and added, "I think your friend is the fittest person for it. Tell her so for me." The next time Lady Sarah was at court, the King led her to a window and inquired, "Has your friend told you of my conversation with her?" "Yes, sir," was the answer. "And what do you think of it?" "Nothing, sir." "Nothing comes from nothing," answered George frettishly, and turned on his heel.

The truth is, the girl was engaged in a flirtation with the rather disreputable Lord Newbottle. She soon afterwards went into the country, fell from her horse, and fractured her leg, and had a quarrel with Lord Newbottle. The King was most assiduous in his inquiries after her; and when she came back to Holland House it was at least with a strong liking for George. It was observed also that every fine morning he was wont to ride along a quiet lane which skirted the grounds of Holland House, and that Lady Sarah was sure to be on the lawn, picturesquely dressed, and raking hay like another Maud Muller. This courtship became the talk at court, and Fox was evidently confident that his sister-in-law was to be Queen of England. The court, and especially the personages of the blood royal, took alarm at the prospect that one of rank inferior to their own would be placed above them. Lord Bute, the Prime Minister, sent a secret emissary to look out for a queen among the princely families of the continent. The report was in favor of the ugly but rather clever young princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. What means were used to induce George to consent to abandon the lovely Sarah and ask the hand of the ugly Charlotte is not certainly known. It is said the straw which broke the back of his resolution was a sight of a neatly written letter from the pen of little Charlotte about the horrors of war and the blessings of peace. But in the early summer of 1761 Lady Sarah was awakened from her haymaking and dreams of a crown by reports almost certainly authentic that the King was to be married to the Mecklenburg princess; and she took pen in hand and wrote to Lady Susan about the matter. "I shall take care," she writes, "to show that I am not mortified to anybody; but if it is true that one can vex anybody with a reserved, cold manner, he shall have it, I promise him. Luckily for me I did not love him, and only liked. Nor did the title weigh anything with me. So little, at least, that my disappointment did not affect my spirits above an hour or two, I believe. The thing I am most angry at is looking so like a fool, as I shall for having gone so often for nothing." She probably meant having so often gone out to the field to make hay at the King. "But," she proceeds, "I don't much care. If he were to change his mind again (which can't be, though), and not give a very, very good reason for his conduct, I would not have him." They met a week after, when everybody knew that the Mecklenburg marriage was arranged. Poor George was naturally enough confused; and Lady Sarah, as she had promised, was very cool and dignified.

In 1814, fifty-three years after the marriage of George III., a charity sermon was preached by the Dean of Canterbury in behalf of an infirmary for treatment of diseases of the eye, which had been founded by George III. at the time when he had begun to lose his sight. He was now totally and incurably blind, a circumstance to which the Dean eloquently alluded. Among the hearers was an aged woman who wept bitterly. At the close of the service she had to be led out, for she, too, was sightless. This blind old woman was no other than the once beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox.—*Galaxy for September.*

The Man Who Was Satisfied with the Weather.

We never knew more than one man who was always satisfied with the weather at all times and under all circumstances. It was Chubb. In summer, when the thermometer bolted up among the nineties, Chubb would come to the front door with beads of perspiration standing out all over his red face, until his head looked like a raspberry, and look at the sky and say, "Splendid—perfectly splendid! Noble weather for the poor, and the ice companies, and the washerwomen! They don't shake up any such weather as this in Italy. Gimme my umbrella, Harriet, while I sit out yer on the steps and enjoy it." In the winter, when the mercury would creep down fifteen degrees below zero, and the cold was severe enough to freeze the inside of Vesuvius solid to the center of the globe, Chubb would sit on a fence and exclaim, "By Jingo! did you ever see such weather as this? I like an atmosphere that freezes up your very marrer. It helps the coal trade and keeps the snakes quiet. Don't talk of summer time to me. Gimme cold, and give it to me stiff." When there was a drouth, Chubb used to meet us in the street and remark, "No rain yet, I see; magnificent, ain't it? I want my weather dry; I want it with the dampness left out. Moisture breeds fever and ague, and wets your clothes. If there's anything to despise, it's to carry an umbrella. No rain for me, if you please." While it rained for a week and swamped the country, Chubb often dropped in to see us and to observe: "I dunno how you feel about this yer rain, but it allus seems to me that heaven never drops no blessings but when we have a long wet spell. It makes the corn jump and cleans the sewers. I wouldn't give a cent to live in a country where there was no rain. Put me on the Nile, and I'd die in a week. Soak me through and through to the inside of my under shirt, and I feel as if life was bright and beautiful, and sorrow nothing but nonsense." Chubb was always happy in a thunder-storm. "Put me in a thunder-storm and let the lightning play round me, and I'm at home. I'd rather have one storm that'd tear the inside out of the continent, than a thousand years of little driblin', waterin'-pot showers. If I can't have a rippin' and a roarin' storm I don't want none." One day Chubb was upon his roof fixing a shingle, when a tornado struck him, lifted him off, carried him a quarter of a mile, and dashed him with such terrible force against a fence that his leg was broken. As they carried him home we met him, and when we asked him how he felt, he opened his eyes and laughingly said, "Immortal powers! what a storm that was! When it does blow, it suits the senior member of the Chubb family if it blows hard. I'd give both legs if we could have a squall like that every day. I—I—" Then he fainted. We want Chubb elected President. He is the only man in the universe who don't growl at the weather.—*Max Adeler.*

SPICED VEAL.—Chop 3 pounds of veal steak and one thick slice of salt pork as fine as sausage meat; add to it 3 Boston crackers rolled fine, ½ teacup of tomato catsup, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1½ teaspoonfuls salt, 1 teaspoonful pepper, and 1 grated lemon. Mold it in the form of a loaf of bread, in a small dripping-pan; cover with 1 rolled cracker and baste with a teacupful of hot water and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Bake three hours basting very often. This is an elegant dish for tea.

CREAM CAKE.—4 cups of sifted flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, 3 cups of white sugar, 1 cup of butter, 1 of sweet cream, and 5 eggs. Lemon to flavor.

An Enterprising Solicitor.

He wanted to help edit. He said he always wanted to work around a newspaper, and he hoped we would give him a job. We told him a good many had tried to work around us, but we were getting sharper as we got along. As Beecher says, our education was beginning to tell on us. Then he begged, if we couldn't let him edit, that we would set him at something else. We pondered a spell, and then asked him if he ever tried canvassing. He said yes; he worked in a pork-house one winter, and canvassed hams, but he never liked it. Thought he would prefer to canvass trunks, or what was infinitely better, canvas-back ducks. We explained that we meant canvassing for advertising—going among business houses and prevailing on them to advertise in the *Saturday Night.* Asked him if he didn't think he could go out and bring in an advertiser that afternoon.

He said he thought he could, and looking out of the window he exclaimed, "There goes one, now—back in a minute," and flew down stairs in about two jumps. In a few minutes after there was a frightful rumpus on the stairway, mingled with cries of "Come right along," "Lem'me be!" "Bound to have ye!" "Tell'ye I'll bust yer head if don't leggo!" We hastened to the spot and found our new solicitor making the most strenuous efforts to fling the portly form of our old friend, Dr. Kerr, the System Renovator man, up stairs, notwithstanding his struggles and remonstrances.

"What are you doing there?" we cried.

"Bringing in an advertiser," our solicitor shouted, "and it's the toughest job I ever undertook."

The doctor released himself with a sturdy kick that sent our solicitor rolling to the foot of the stairs, and then wanted to know "what in thunder's goin' on."

We explained that it was a new solicitor we had just engaged, and he was a little too energetic, but meant well. The doctor said the papers had lugged him in in a good many ways, but never in that way before.

While we admired the pluck of our new man, tackling one of the heaviest advertisers in the city, yet we could not approve of his way of bringing him in. We made him apologize to the doctor, and then gave him further instructions before letting him start out again. He had developed an energy and courage in grappling an advertiser which we thought would render him a valuable adjunct to such a concern as ours. Advertisers rather like boldness and audacity in a solicitor. We told him he had a future before him. After soliciting for a newspaper a few years he might become a newspaper proprietor himself, and wind up by soliciting alms. This encouraged him greatly.

It was a dull season with advertisers, and we told him if he couldn't get people to advertise for cash to take it out in trade. He said he knew now what to do, and started away. We didn't hear anything of him for four days, and then he came in with the worst head on him we ever saw. It was in the shape of a snuff-bladder, and would hold about a bushel.

"What have you been up to?" we inquired.

"Taking it out in trade," he managed to articulate.

He said he had induced a boxing-master to put a card in *Saturday Night* one year, agreeing to take it out in trade, and this was all there was left of him. He said he had traded it only about half out, and he wanted some one else to go up and get the rest of it.

It was the most extraordinary instance of zeal in a solicitor we ever encountered. That wasn't all. He had thirty-two advertisements of separate and distinct patent medicines, all of which he had taken out in trade. And he had taken the medicine, too, every bit of it. He had engaged to advertise about a dozen quack doctors and take it out in vaccination, and he was tattooed like a South Sea Islander. If all that vaccine matter takes it will take him along with it. He hadn't a tooth in his head, 'cause he had secured the patronage of half the dentists in town and endeavored to trade it all out himself.

When he said to a dentist: "Advertise and take it out in trade," the dentist immediately bounced him into a chair, clapped his forceps into his mouth and jerked out a tooth. Dentists don't like to allow such accounts to run.

"Was that all?" we calmly asked. No, he said, he got an advertisement from some fifty saloons, and took that in trade. This confused him a little, and made him feel like a bonded warehouse. He went up to the Ninth-street Station-house, and solicited an advertisement of Captain ——, agreeing to take it out in trade. The captain said the station-house was sufficiently advertised already, but if I would trade it out it was all right. Then he locked me up and kept me twenty-four hours.

We felt it was no use trying to discharge that man. We had only to let him go on taking advertising out in trade and he would soon make a finish of himself, so when he asked if he should try it again, we said, "Certainly, keep right on the way you have begun, and it's all right."

We afterwards heard of him at the gas-office soliciting Barney Cunningham for an advertisement, agreeing to take it in trade. He had a patent pail in his hand to carry gas in, and said if they would advertise he would take a pail full now!

Then he disappeared for a week, and we ascertained that he had secured an advertisement for Old John Robinson's show, and was taking it out in circus tickets, every one of which he was using himself.

A catastrophe at length occurred to our solicitor, as we anticipated. He had traded out an advertisement with Bradford & Co., dealers in mill-stones, and, after selecting one of the largest sizes, started to roll it down to our office, when it toppled over on top of him and smashed him as flat as a pancake. He is now reposing in a casket made expressly for him by Cane, Breed & Co., the only serviceable thing he has been able to "take out in trade."—"*Grix*," *in Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A Handy Garden-Roller.

Take a joint of stove-pipe, 6, 7 or 8 inches in diameter; set one end upon an inch board, and with a scratch-awl or pencil mark around on the inside; reverse the pipe and mark the other end. Then with a pair of compasses find the center of these two wheels, and strike around their circumference, allowing for the iron. Saw or cut them true and round; bore a hole with a bit in their centers, to receive a shaft of half-inch round iron about three inches longer than the length of pipe. Now fit in one of these heads, and upset the sheet-iron pipe over it enough to hold it firmly in place. Put the shaft in and set the whole end on the ground, taking care that the shaft stands true; and lastly put in a quart or two of dry sand, and tamp it hard with a suitable rammer, repeating the operation till the pipe is full to within one inch of the top. Fit in the other head with the shaft in place; upset the iron over it as before, and you have a roller as serviceable as one of all iron, and at almost no cost. To fit it for use, make a box of inch stuff; fit a handle to it, sloping at an angle of 20 degrees from its bottom board; put a cross head to the end of it, and for a garden or walk roller this cannot be beaten. If wanted heavier, it can be loaded with brickbats or earth; and for wheeling stones or rubbish off garden or lawn or newly plowed or spaded grounds, it will be pronounced by all who try it "tip-top." Any man or boy who can use a saw, plane and hammer, can make one in a few hours, and with decent care it will last as many years.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

ELDERBERRY BRANDY.—Select the ripest elderberries you can find, and after picking them from the stems, to 5 quarts of berries add 2 quarts of water; boil well; then mash and strain through a colander. After all the juice is extracted, add 2 quarts of water, ½ ounce of whole cloves, ½ ounce of whole allspice, 2 grated nutmegs, 1 tablespoonful of powdered ginger, 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon, a lemon, and orange peeling. Boil all well 3 three hours over a slow fire, then add 5 pounds of sugar; after cooling, strain through a flannel bag, then add 2 quarts of the best Monongahela whisky or good brandy, according to taste.

WHEN Mr. Jefferson was presented to the court of France as the American Minister, he was often asked, "Is it you, sir, who replace Dr. Franklin?" to which he generally answered, "No one can replace Dr. Franklin; I am only his successor."

HOME INTERESTS.

CORNMEAL PUDDING.—2 pints meal, 1 pint grated bread, 1 of molasses, 1 of brown sugar, 1 of sour milk.

BROWN BREAD.—2 cups of Graham flour, 1 cup cornmeal, 1 cup of molasses, 2 cups of sour milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda, a little salt. Put into a pan, steam three hours, and bake half an hour.

REMEDY FOR CROUP.—Half a teaspoonful of pulverized alum in a little molasses. It is a simple remedy, one almost always at hand, and one dose seldom fails to give relief. If it should, repeat it after one hour.

LAMB STEW.—Take half a shoulder of lamb, boil it in 2 quarts of water for 2 hours. Then put in potatoes, onions, turnips, cut in quarters; salt and pepper to the taste. Ten minutes before serving put in the dumplings.

CRACKER DESSERT.—Choose whole soda crackers, and lay each upon a separate small plate. Pour upon it enough boiling water to soak it well, and leave none upon the plate; cover with a dressing of sweetened cream, with a spoonful of jelly in the center if you choose, or slip upon it a portion of nice fruit, canned, stewed, or fresh as is convenient.

FLANNEL ROLLS.—1 cup of sweet milk, whites of 2 eggs, ⅔ cup butter, flour to make a thick batter, ½ cup of yeast, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Raise over night; add the butter and eggs in the morning; work in some flour, making a limber dough; form into rolls, and after the second rising bake.

MOTH PREVENTIVE.—The following recipe for keeping moths out of clothing is a favorite in some families: Mix ½ pint of alcohol, the same quantity of spirits of turpentine and 2 ounces of camphor. Keep in a stone bottle and shake before using. The cloths or furs are to be wrapped in linen and crumpled-up pieces of blotting-paper dipped in the liquid are to be placed in the box with them, so that it smells strong. This requires renewing once a year.

WASHING POWDER.—In Belgium and Holland linen is prepared beautifully, because the washerwomen use refined borax instead of soda, as a washing powder. One large handful of borax is used to every 10 gallons of water, and the saving of soap is said to be one-half. For laces and cambrics an extra quantity is used. Borax does not injure the linen, and softens the hardest water. A teaspoonful of borax added to an ordinary kettle of hard water, in which it is allowed to boil, will effectually soften the water.

CATSUP.—1 peck of ripe tomatoes. Cut a slit in each one to allow the juice to escape, and put in a porcelain kettle over a slow fire, letting them boil until the pulp is dissolved; when cool enough, press through a colander; then, if it is desired free of seeds and very smooth, through a hair sieve. Return to the fire, and add ½ ounce of salt, 1 ounce of mace, 2 tablespoonfuls of celery seed (either put in a bag, to be taken out when done cooking, or thrown in to be left); mix smoothly with a scant cupful of vinegar, 1 tablespoonful of black pepper, the same of powdered cloves, and 7 of ground mustard, allowing it to boil five or six hours, stirring well and often the last two; remove the mace and pour into a stone jar. Let it stand on the cellar floor, closely covered twenty-four hours. Add a pint of strong vinegar, bottle, cork and seal. Keep in a cool, dry place.

Beef Clubs.

Fresh meat during the summer months in the country is very desirable, and often very difficult to obtain. Clubs are sometimes formed for this purpose, in this country, and for a time work quite successfully. We should think they might be so conducted as to furnish both excellent and cheap meat to the members at regular intervals. For the benefit of our readers we present the plan of such a club, as given by a correspondent of the *Rural Sun*, and which, he says, has been in successful operation for more than twenty years:

To organize a club it requires sixteen members, each member furnishing a beef from eighteen months to two years old. We begin to feed our little beef in the fall or early winter, to be butchered the next summer, so as to give time to thoroughly fatten. We cast lots at the close of every beef season to regulate the time of killing the next season. This is done by putting sixteen tickets in the hat, with numbers running from one to sixteen. The time of killing is regulated or fixed by the number you draw. In order to stimulate and compel each member to furnish good beef, we require a certain per cent. of tallow to the meat, and affix a penalty for failure, and a reward for largest per cent. of tallow. By this means we never fail to secure the very best article of beef. Twelve and a half is the maximum per cent. with us, (that is, however, conventional,) to be regulated by the club. With us the party furnishing the beef is fined $5 if his beef fails to make twelve and a half per cent. of tallow to the meat. As a reward we give $10 to the member making the largest per cent. of tallow; and it is interesting to see the interest taken by the members to excel and carry off the premium, to say nothing of the fine beef we get. After the club is organized a suitable member in the center of the neighborhood is selected to do the butchering, and divide the beef into sixteen parts, giving to each member the same quantity and quality of beef, and for his service each member pays the butcher $1. All the beeves are butchered at one place, and we have a pole forked up with sixteen iron hooks, fastened in the pole, upon which each member's beef is hung. We kill every Saturday morning, commencing the first Saturday in May, suspending killing at times as it suits us, and renewing when we desire. In a club of sixteen each member will get about twenty-five pounds of fresh beef every Saturday morning, as much as any family in the country needs per week. We require the butcher to keep a correct account of the weight of every beef killed, and after the last beef is killed we run an average, or rather divide the whole amount by sixteen, so as to get an average, and those falling under the average make it up, and those going over the average weight get pay for the excess furnished; so you see it is a fair and equitable institution, and comes nearer meeting the wants and conveniences of a neighborhood than any arrangement I have ever seen tried, and the beauty about it is, it costs nothing scarcely but a little trouble feeding a calf a few months with a little bran and meal, and you get in return for this little labor finer beef than I have ever seen in any of the beef markets of the country.

Wives at Auction.

The history of this Commonwealth commences with an auction sale—not, however, in a store, but beneath the green trees of Jamestown, where probably the most anxious and interested crowd of auction habitues ever known in the history of the world were gathered. In a letter, still to be seen, dated London, August 21, 1621, and directed to a wealthy colonist of that settlement, the writer begins by saying: "We send a shipment, one widow and eleven maids, for wives of the people of Virginia. There hath been especial care in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations. In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives until they can be provided with husbands." But the writer of this epistle had little reason to fear that any of the "maidens faire" would be left over. The archives contain evidence to prove that these first cargoes of young ladies were put up at auction, and sold for 120 pounds of tobacco each, and it was ordered that this debt should have precedence of all others. The solitary "one widow" went along with the others, for they could not be particular in those days. The good minister of the colony no doubt had a busy time that day. He did not mention any fees, nor did the bridegroom think of tendering any. All was joy and gladness; no storms ahead, no uneasiness for the future, no acquisitive clerk to stand and say: Here's the license, fork over that $1. Nothing of that sort. From some of these couples the first families of Virginia are descended.—*Richmond (Va.) Whig.*

$10 to $1,000 invested in Wall Street often leads to a fortune. Pamphlet with explanations and statistics of Railroads, Stocks, Bonds, &c., with other valuable information, mailed on receipt of 30 cents. Address Alex. Frothingham & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 12 Wall Street, New York.

Receipts for Making Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Something over a year since, a periodical issued in Berlin, Prussia, and laying claims to a scientific character, published what was represented as being the formulæ or receipts for making Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The people were left to infer that these had been deducted from a careful chemical analysis of the medicines, which are rapidly growing in popular favor in that as well as in this and most other civilized countries. The receipts were evidently invented by those jealous of the reputation and large sale which these medicines are rapidly acquiring and who are pecuniarily interested in endeavoring to check their sale. So ridiculously preposterous are those receipts that medicines compounded after them could never have gained any reputation or sale in any country, for they would be so caustic, poisonous, immediately and positively injurious, as in every case to be promptly condemned by the people on the first trial as miserable, dangerous and wicked humbugs. Whereas, it is a well-known fact that all my medicines enjoy the reputation, honestly earned, of being not only efficacious, but perfectly mild, pleasant and harmless in effects. Notwithstanding, however, that the bogus receipts were so ridiculously preposterous as scarcely to have been believed by the most unscientific, thoughtless and unsuspecting people, yet strange and incredible as it may seem, a paper of high scientific pretensions, published in this country, copied the fictitious receipts from the German paper. This they evidently did without a moment's reflection, for that much consideration, given by an intelligent mind, to the receipts and the properties and effects of the mixtures that would result from such a compounding of well-known caustic and poisonous chemicals and drugs, would have condemned them as bogus fabrications, and the pretentious publishers of the paper that originally inserted them, as either knaves or fools. On my attention being called to the matter, in order that some thoughtlessness and over-credulous people might not be deceived and misled by seeing such an announcement in a paper laying claims to a scientific character, as well as to clear myself of the imputation of being guilty of perpetrating a wicked fraud upon the people, as such announcement, if uncontradicted, would imply, I, as proprietor and manufacturer of the aforesaid celebrated medicines, went before a magistrate and made oath to the fact that the said receipts were utterly false. My affidavit was sent to the publisher of the paper into which the bogus receipts had been copied, and in a subsequent issue an editorial notice was given of my denial. But, notwithstanding such correction and denial, made under oath, certain individuals, who lounge around and infest our large cities, gaining a livelihood by perpetrating all kinds of catch-penny frauds upon the credulous, were thereby given the hint that, as my medicines were universally popular, by advertising for sale bogus receipts for making them, they could get lots of ignorant people to bite at their bait. One Frank M. Reed, of 139 Eighth street, New York, who publishes "Love and Courtship cards," a "Fortune-Teller and Dream Book," "The Mysteries of Love Making," "How to Woo and how to Win," and various other swindles, sends his dupes the following in exchange for their stamps. It is copied from the papers alluded to and is as follows: "For Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, take eight grains Carbolic Acid, seven grains of Camphor, and two and a half grains of common Salt, the whole to be colored with a little Prussian blue." This makes a powerful caustic mixture, as unlike Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy (which is perfectly innirritable, mild, soothing and pleasant) as light is from darkness. As "a burnt child dreads the fire," if any have been so foolish as to burn their noses sore with this caustic compound, thinking that they were using the same as Dr. Sage's celebrated Catarrh Remedy, they will, it is to be hoped, profit by the lesson thereby taught them, and not be so ready next time to bite at every catch-penny advertising dodge that swindlers may offer them. For Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery the bogus receipt reads: "Take four drachms purified Honey, fifteen grains extract poisonous Lettuce, thirty grains of Opium, three and a fourth ounces dilute Spirits, three ounces water. Mix." Of the ridiculous bogus formulæ I will say, as I did under oath, *not one of the medicinal or poisonous ingredients therein given enters into the composition of my Golden Medical Discovery!* And furthermore, I will say that I defy all the chemists in the world to ascertain, by chemical analysis, the composition of any of my Family Medicines as they cannot be anylyzed so as to determine their ingredients, many of which are new in medicine and, like nearly all vegetable extracts there are no known reagents or chemical tests by which their presence can be determined. If any further proof is wanted to satisfy any person that the receipt given above is utterly false let that person have the mixture as given compounded, and, not only will it be seen to be entirely unlike my Discovery in appearance, but if a further test is wanted, by taking a dose of it, it will be found to produce drowsiness and stupor, whereas my Discovery, in ever so large doses, produces no such effect. Others, located in different cities and engaged in advertising for sale bogus receipts for making my medicines, send those that bite at their bait other and various ridiculous formulæ. One sent out by a villainous knave, located in Chicago, gives the chief ingredient of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy as being Blue Vitriol, which is only equaled in absurdity by another issued by parties in Philadelphia who say that the ingredients composing Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are "burnt Alum, white Vitriol, Sugar of Lead, and Prussiate of Iron," and that my Golden Medical Discovery is "simply Syrup and tincture of Ginger." In refutation of all the various and ridiculous bogus receipts for making my medicines that have ever been, or may hereafter be published and circulated, I would say that I have, in dealing with the people, ever been governed by the maxim that "honesty is the best policy," and that "success makes success;" for it is because some sufferer has obtained relief and cure, that that sufferer has sent another to me; and it is because thousands have been cured that they have recommended me and my superior remedies to other thousands of sufferers. In this way I am constantly making *living* advertisements for myself and medicines. It is a common thing to hear people say that plenty of advertising will make a success out of anything, whether it has any merits or not. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is with this delusive idea actuating them that thousands have rushed headlong into advertising, only to find themselves bankrupt in a little while. Not more than one in five hundred, who engages in advertising medicines, ever makes a financial success out of the undertaking, for the reason that a medicine to be successful must possess an *unusual* and *extraordinary* merit. It is not enough that it should be a remedy of *fair* efficacy; it must possess *superior* and *wonderful* remedial properties, for if it does not, those who use it with the most sanguine expectations will condemn it. They will expect much of it, and it must be equal to the test, or it will prove ruinous to the proprietor. For, although a great display of advertising will, many times, create a considerable immediate demand for the article advertised, yet if that article does not possess real merit, the demand will be only temporary; the fraud will be detected, and the reaction will upset the proprietor and all his high expectations, long before he is able to recover the amount of money already expended. With this view of the subject, I have felt warranted in contracting for hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of advertising in the newspapers of this and other countries, feeling perfectly assured that the merits of my remedies were so great as to insure financial success out of such a bold undertaking. And in this I have not been disappointed, for my sales have increased steadily year after year, until they will this year largely exceed half a million dollars worth of my medicines. This grand success, I am certain, could never have been attained had the medicines not possessed superior and wonderful merits.

THE *Toledo Blade*, in an editorial article, has truly said, alluding to my business, that "great success is never achieved without merit. An article that holds the field year after year, and the sales of which increase regularly and rapidly, must have absolute merit."

The article continues: "Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., occupies our entire eighth page to-day with his various articles. We admit it because we know the doctor, and know of his articles. We know him to be a regularly educated physician, whose diploma hangs on the wall of his office, and we know that he has associated with him several of the most eminent practitioners in the country. We know that parties consult him, by mail and in person, from all the States in the Union every day, and that they are fairly and honestly dealt with. We know that his medicines are sold in enormous quantities in every State in the Union, and very largely in many foreign countries.

"This grand result has been accomplished by two agencies—good, reliable articles—articles which, once introduced, work, easily, their own way—and splendid business management. They have succeeded because they ought to have succeeded."

In conclusion, I cannot offer a better refutation of the slanderous reports published concerning my medicines, than to call attention to the testimonials on file in my office, which are open to the inspection of the public. They are from all parts of the world, and express the gratitude of thousands that have been afflicted with Chronic Catarrh, Lingering Coughs, various Blood Diseases, affecting the skin, flesh and bones, severe diseases peculiar to females, and many other forms of obstinate diseases, and have been cured by the use of my Family Medicines, after suffering for years and being pronounced incurable by eminent physicians.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,
Proprietor of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines.
WORLD'S DISPENSARY, Buffalo, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA'S BIGGEST NUGGET.—How much we owe to California! Her precious metals have enriched thousands of our fellow-citizens, and have proved the main stay of America in times of national pecuniary embarrassment. Her mining industries have given employment to myriads of mechanics and laborers. She is the land of promise to the fortune seeker. But the Golden State has lately sent us a new treasure. Her last nugget is DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS. The health-giving principles contained in this curative are a more precious boon than gold. In all affections of the liver and stomach, remittent and intermittent fevers, rheumatism, and pulmonary diseases, it may be relied upon. As a blood depurent and invigorant it is unequaled, purifying the circulation and infusing new vigor into the debilitated frame. It conquers that most unyielding of all complaints—dyspepsia, and we know of no other remedy that can accomplish this. Its entire freedom from alcoholic spirit, which retards and neutralizes the effect of any medicine, and which forms the basis of many of the pseudo bitters and tonics, doubly enhances its value to the sick. The papers of the United States vie with one another in doing honor to Dr. Walker. We, too, add our voice, and say all honor to the man whose science and skill have enabled him to draw from the vegetable kingdom such a balsam for human suffering.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.—This medicine is used by construction companies for the benefit of their employees, when engaged in malarial districts. The highest testimonials have been given by contractors and by the Presidents of some of the leading railroads in the South and West. When men are congregated in large numbers in the neighborhood of swamps and rivers, Wilhoft's Tonic will prove a valuable addition to the stock of medicines, and will amply reward the company in the saving of time, labor and money. We recommend it to all. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE American Publishing Co., of Hartford, Conn., the well known publishers of Mark Twain's Books, have secured and are about to publish in Book Form the splendid work now appearing in Scribner's Magazine, and in our advertising columns announce them in readiness to give agents fields to canvass. The well known standing of this house and the great popularity of this work insures to the fortunate obtainers of Southern agencies a great return for their labor.—See advertisement.

THE popularity of the Elmwood Collar is well established. Not a word of complaint has ever been made against them. If they have not got them at your furnishers tell them to buy some for you.

REV. E. H. HOPKINS, of Jackson Centre, Shelby Co., O., says: "My wife had the consumption for ten years, and had been confined to her bed for some time. I heard of Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, and after using four bottles, she was able to do the work for her family.—*Com.*

THE best investment—SILVER TIPPED Shoes. Five cents laid out for Silver Tips adds one dollar to the worth of a pair of shoes. Parents try it.

The Rice Divorce Suit for fraud in age is causing great excitement in Boston. It should warn young men