GENERAL BREVITIES.

San Antonio, Texas, has a negro theater.

An old tax warrant just discovered sets forth that Joseph Bonaparte was taxed in 1821 $160 for 1,600 acres of land, by Nathan Satterthwaite, then Assessor of Bordentown, N. J. The ex-Assessor is still living, and says he "stuck it on a little, as Bony was rich and could stand it."

John Baptiste Hortiz is the oldest white inhabitant of St. Louis, having been born in that city, of Spanish parents, 84 years ago. This gentleman imported the first hearse in St. Louis, the first game cock, saw the first steamboat land at the wharf, and has raised nineteen orphan children.

A farm near Pownal Vt., is represented as haunted by very ungentlemanly spirits. Stones, varying in weight from one to twenty pounds each, fall on the buildings and in the fields. People visit the place in great numbers. We do not learn the farmer's price for meals, but presume it to be remunerative.

The shrewd wife at Newport, where seats are not reserved at the shows, goes early and takes with her a man's hat, which she drops in the empty seat by her side. The auditors suppose that a man has temporarily left his place, and when the detained husband comes in late he puts the extra hat in his pocket and poudly sits by the side of a wife worth having.

As this is the best time of the year for planting the roots of the beautiful white water lily (*Nymphæa odorata*), which is fragrant, and opens and closes at morning and nightfall, those who are botanically tasteful should take notice. Three or four roots planted in a half barrel, in which black loam, well-rotted manure, and a covering of water have been placed, will grow in the cellar during the winter, if properly restarted, and be ready for transplantation to any place of shallow water in the spring.

A pedestrian named O'Leary has, under the surveillance of responsible persons, walked forty-eight and one-third miles in eight and three-fourths hours. The trial was in Chicago, and the endeavor was to walk fifty miles in the time mentioned. At the outset of the effort a mile in about ten minutes was his gait, but after the twenty-fifth mile he maintained the remarkable pace of about seven and a half minutes to the mile. The feat puts Weston and the other professional walkers entirely in the background.

Fish fights may become fashionable, as the French authorities, in importing for culture many varities of Chinese and Japan fish, have secured some of the fighting sort from Annam. In that country fish matches are arranged as follows: "They select two combatants of a dark color and put them into separate glass bottles, which they then place close together. The fish immediately begin to watch each other; their hues change; they become black, the tail and fins grow phosphorescent and the eyes sparkle with peculiar luster. They soon rush toward each other, but are stopped by the bottles. When their rage is at its highest they are liberated and placed in the same reservoir, and a furious combat takes place until one being defeated seeks safety in flight, again changing its tint to whitish gray."

In the Lady Washington mine, near Virginia City, a blast was arranged, and the fuse lighted. Two miners got into the bucket to be hoisted two hundred feet up the shaft, the fuse being long enough to give ample time under ordinary circumstances. In this instance, however, the ascent was delayed by some disarrangement of the machinery, and the men were suspended in awful danger with no means of averting it. They laid themselves in the bottom of the bucket and awaited in terror of the explosion. "It seemed like an hour," said one of them, but it was really five minutes. When the blast did explode, the bucket was lifted several feet by the rush of air, and as it fell back with a violent shock, a shower of shattered rock rained on the cowering miners. They were hauled up at length insensible with cuts and bruises, but they will recover.

It is hard work, suggests the Chicago *Tribune*, to get ahead of a determined Western man on a matter in which principle and pennies are involved together; especially difficult for the railroads to fight the masses. The great bore nowadays is legal fare. Passengers were in the habit of getting aboard trains and paying "legal fare." To prevent this, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad devised a means of forcing passengers to pay full fare. It was to make them show tickets before getting aboard. At Burlington, the other day, a passenger bought a ticket and took his seat. He then passed the ticket out of the window to a friend, who also took his seat, repeating the operation until the car was filled up. When the conductor came round there was but one ticket, and legal fares enough to keep the Supreme Court in continuous session for a century. But the value the Burlington business men set upon time is not revealed to us.

In July last the construction of a road over the Sierra Madre in Colorado into Middle Park was begun, and on Nov. 18 a six-horse coach made the ascent for the first time. The road runs from Empire through Berthoud Pass, a gap in the mountain chain 500 feet below the timber line, and 10,680 feet above the sea, with Mt. Russell towering 3,000 feet higher on one side and Mt. Flora, 2,000 feet on the other. From this point the road descends the Pacific slope eleven miles to the edge of the timber, where, crossing Vasquez Fork, it enters a dense grove of young pines on level ground extending a mile and a half to the head of Middle Park, which is an elevated valley 8,400 feet above the sea, entirely surrounded by the lofty chains of the Rocky Mountains and abounding in magnificent scenery. This is one of the most famous of the natural parks of California. A regular line of stages from Georgetown to the park will be put upon this road next summer.

A Very Practical Temperance Lesson.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says: It was a sad, sorry spectacle which the passengers on the 4 o'clock train from North Adams to Chesire saw, Friday afternoon—and one not without its lesson. The early comers to the train were met by a man at the car entrance who introduced himself as "John C. Wolcott of Cheshire, the clown, often called the fool." He was a direct descendent, he said, of old Oliver Walcott, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, "and I am not," he added, "a Henry Ward Beecher or a thief or a robber. I am only John C. Wolcott, the drunkard." Alas, the poor fool—for such rum had made him—and it was true! This man in his patched trousers, rusty coat and eminently drunken hat, with a naturally fine face drawn into a silly pucker, was John C. Walcott, the eccentric, talented member of the Berkshire bar, and once quite well known as an effective temperance orator, going to his Cheshire home from a North Adams drunk. Alternately during the ride he played clown, addressed an imaginary jury, made faces at an indignant Irish woman who objected to his companionship when there were many unoccupied seats about her. A while ago there was a demand that he be expelled from the bar, but Wolcott very ably pleaded his own case at Pittsfield, and the lawyers, who are loth to give up "eccentric John Wolcott," refused to cast him out. Once a favorite student of the late Judge Bishop of Lenox, John C. Wolcott dare not now go out of town with more than seventy-five cents, 'tis said, above his railroad fare, lest the temptation to drink overcome him. He lives in a slovenly way, with only a boy for company, on the old "Wolcott place," and this young man, for whom Mr. Bishop predicted such a bright career years ago, cannot now be trusted with the management of his own property. In his sober moments he is yet a lawyer of more than average ability, and in the little cases which are occasionally given him these days, he often displays much of his old brilliancy and power. But "the boys" now like to see "old John," as they call him, drunk, and if he hasn't got any money, it is quite a fashion to treat him. Especially is this true at North Adams, where the train officials say they have seen him even fighting to get away from his friends (?) who would persuade him to make sport for them over another train. And then John C. Wolcott goes home at last to act the clown to a car-load of disgusted, pitying strangers, reeling off at the Cheshire station to make faces from the platform till the train disappears and shuts him out, an unsightly nuisance.

BORDER PERILS.

Lieutenant Whetmore's Race for Life—An Interview With the Survivors of the Smoky Hill Massacre—The Little Germain Girls and Full Particulars of Their Rescue.

(From the Leavenworth Commercial, Dec. 2.)

Early yesterday forenoon we visited Fort Leavenworth, for the purpose of interviewing the two survivors of the Smoky Hill massacre and learning from their own lips the details and incidents of one of the most diabolical and bastardly outrages that the red devils of the frontier ever perpetrated. At General Pope's headquarters we met Dr. Powell, the temporary guardian of the little orphans, and while he went to prepare them for the interview we had a most interesting conversation with Lieutenant Whetmore, who about two weeks ago was reported captured and scalped by the savages. From his own lips we learned the facts in regard to his race for life on the Texas Pan-Handle, and the intense suffering of himself and companion while

LOST IN THE STORM.

It appears that, on the 16th ult., Lieutenant Whetmore, accompanied by a servant, left General Miles's headquarters on the Washita to carry dispatches to Camp Supply. Reaching the Canadian River, he concluded to leave the train and escort with which he had been traveling, and strike for Supply, accompanied only by his servant. This was a very risky undertaking, as the balance of the story will show.

Scarcely had Whetmore and Hamilton, his servant, left the train before they saw signs of the redskins. But they were both full of pluck and anxious to reach their destination; and so, unmindful of the danger they were in, defiantly galloped on toward the north. Toward night, on the 17th, the two reached a stream where they determined to camp, but on rounding a point came suddenly on a band of three redskins, who, on seeing the blue coats, scattered through the brush like leaves before a winter wind. Here was a nice position for the two men, for they well knew that the Indians they had met were but stragglers of a still larger party in the immediate neighborhood. And so it proved. Retracing their steps, they put spurs to their horses, only to ride into the midst of a party of

NINE MOUNTED SAVAGES,

who were so completely taken by surprise at the appearance of the soldier boys that they merely turned on their horses and gave one steady, prolonged stare at the blue-coated intruders. But Whetmore and his companion did not take the introduction so coolly. Quickly wheeling their horses they started down the slope and out on the sleety and frozen prairie with the speed of the wind.

They were in for it now. One look behind them revealed the savages in full pursuit. But they had a good start. The wind was blowing a gale from the northwest, and the piercing needles of sleet drove straight into their faces with blinding fury, but they could neither stop nor change their course. On went the fugitives, and on came the blood-thirsty pursuers. It was a veritable

RACE FOR LIFE

—none of your dime-novel fictions, but a living, breathing, palpitating, exciting fact. Nine hell-hounds of the frontier after two blue coats and their scalps. This was the exact situation, and Whetmore and his companion knew it. They also knew that their horses would not hold out long against the terrible storm, and began to devise ways and means to sell their lives as dearly as possible. They thought of making a stand in the buffalo wallows, when the remembrance of the terrible fate of Chapman and his companions made them dig in the spurs a little deeper, and seek a more favorable location. At last it was evident that they could go no further, and something must be done. The trail they were making on the sleety surface told them there was no escape by flight, so unslinging their carbines, they dropped behind a small thicket and prepared to "pass in their checks" as lively as possible.

By this time darkness had set in, and the storm of sleet and snow was raging with unabated fury. Long and anxiously those two benumbed and benighted men knelt on the frozen crust and waited for the appearance of the savage foes, but they came not. Either the red-skins had been pelted out of their purpose by the terrible storm, or else they had come to the conclusion that the market price of two scalps would not justify more than one or two twenty-mile heats on a stiff and slippery prairie. At all events they gave up the chase. Lieutenant Whetmore and Hamilton staid behind the thicket all night, narrowly escaping freezing to death, and expecting every moment that the whoops of the savages would be heard, and the crash of a tomahawk put them out of their misery, and end the terrible, terrible suspense. When morning dawned the savages had disappeared, but the beleaguered men were in another pickle. They were

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE

—lost as effectually and completely as though they were in mid-ocean. The storm howled as fiercely as it did during the night. By nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath could the points of the compass be determined. Weary, frozen, hungry and discouraged, the wanderers began to feel that their miraculous escape of the night before was only a putting off of the inevitable. Finally, seeing that they were completely bewildered, they struck for the nearest stream and followed it to the south. It emptied into a larger one; and thus these men kept on until, after innumerable hardships, they succeeded in striking the old trail fifty miles south of Camp Supply. Forty miles from the post they met the cavalry out in search of them, and were escorted to quarters, having been nearly

THREE DAYS WITHOUT FOOD,

and with their clothing frozen tight to their bodies. It was a most thrilling and exciting adventure, and we regret exceedingly that lack of space forbids mentioning more than the most meager details of this interesting affair. Told as it was, by the bronzed lieutenant, still clad in his rough woolen shirt, cavalry boots and pants, the stripes of which proclaimed the wear and tear of the race through the underbrush, it only wanted the charm of a camp fire to finish the word-picture of one of the most exciting adventures of the Indian campaign. Lieutenant Whetmore says his hands and feet are badly frost-bitten, but otherwise he is in good health and spirits. Hamilton, his companion in the adventure, has not yet arrived from the frontier, owing to his exhausted condition.

THE SMOKY HILL SURVIVORS.

And now a few words regarding the two little Germain girls, whose parents were so brutally slaughtered by the Cheyennes at Smoky Hill. They arrived at the post day before yesterday in charge of Surgeon Powell, of General Miles' command, and are as pretty and innocent a pair of blue-eyed, fair-haired little nurslings as one could wish to see. Julia is eight years old, and Adelaide five. They are bright, intelligent children, and as they walked into the parlor of Captain Hisdy's quarters, clad in their little checked aprons and copper-toed shoes, it was hard to believe that those little babies had passed through hardships and sufferings enough to drive the breath of life from the most able-bodied and robust man. Julia, the oldest, was somewhat bashful, and owing to a slight impediment in her speech, did not seem inclined to talk much, but the little five-year-old Adelaide, with her bright eyes and girlish prattle, soon began to throw off her reserve, and without seeming to realize what or who she was talking about, gave facts in regard to the slaughter of her parents, and the terrible misery of her sisters in captivity, that fairly

CHILLED THE BLOOD IN ONE'S VEINS.

The little one vividly remembered the massacre, but didn't comprehend its terrible import, and the fact that the fiendish work of the red devils had left her an orphan. It was somewhat difficult to get the little miss to answer questions, for she was too much delighted with a couple of canary birds in the room, and watching for the appearance of the band outside, to pay strict attention to what was said; but still we succeeded, with the help of Dr. Powell, in getting the

PARTICULARS OF THE MASSACRE.

The family consisted of man, wife and several children. They were from Georgia en route to Colorado. At Smokey Hill the Cheyennes came upon them in broad day-light, shot the father, brained the mother and oldest son with an ax, and then started for camp with the daughters. Here it was apparent that the massacre was committed solely to get possession of the girls and force them to a life worse than death. The oldest daughter proved to be an invalid, and she was put out of the way with a knock on the head. The little baby girl was brained against a tree, and the family of nine was reduced to four girls, aged respectively nineteen, fifteen, eight and five. The two youngest—Julia and Adelaide—not being old enough to occupy the lodges of the braves, were turned over to the squaws, who treated them in the most barbarous and inhuman manner. They had scarcely enough dried buffalo meat to keep them from starvation, and were obliged to ride astride of the raw-boned Indian ponies till their limbs from heel to thigh were completely scarified and covered with running sores. When rescued they were in a most deplorable condition and would have lasted but a few days longer. As the

PARTICULARS OF THE RESCUE

were exceedingly interesting, we give them as related by Dr. Powell. The troops came very suddenly upon the savages, who were camped on the brow of a hill, and charged the camp before the savages recovered from their surprise. They did not have a chance to save a single thing but their ponies, which were spirited off by the squaws at the very first shot. The older white girls were forced to go with the ponies and the little ones left where they had been sleeping while the fight went on. It was a desperate struggle. The military were fighting their way up the hill inch by inch, and the bullets flew like rain above and around the little ones who, wrapped up in a buffalo robe, were in the thickest of the fire. Not till the redskins had been routed and the ground passed over two or three times, were the little waifs discovered. The soldiers first took them for papooses, but when the youngest exclaimed, "I am so glad the soldiers have come," there was no doubt regarding their nativity, and for the nonce the flying Cheyennes were forgotten and every attention given to the little prairie blossoms so unexpectedly uncovered. Both of the children were stark naked with the exception of a piece of army blanket tied about the loins and worn-out moccasins. The soldiers at once provided for the wants of their little proteges, and raising a purse of money placed them in charge of Dr. Powell and sent him to Leavenworth with orders to report to General Pope for further instructions. General Pope will provide for the children until he can obtain an appropriation for their education and support from the Cheyenne fund. We understand the relations of the children have been heard from. They sent a letter to Fort Wallace when the Smoky Hill massacre was first reported. General Pope has telegraphed for this letter, and it will be here in a day or two.

THE REMAINING SISTERS.

As to what has, or will, become of the two girls of the same family yet in the hands of the savages, we are at a loss to contemplate. That they are better cared for and protected is to be presumed from the fact that they are made to satisfy the hellish lust of the young men and warriors of the band. The first movement of the savages when attacked was to place them beyond reach of the troops. The next oldest girl, Sophie, was torn away from the side of the little ones, and with Catherine, the oldest, made to accompany the squaws to a place of safety. Dr. Powell thinks there is some hope of capturing these sisters yet. He affirms that, if the troops ever run across that band of savages again, there will be a Smoky Hill atmosphere overhanging the battle-ground, for the boys are terribly excited over the brutal treatment the little ones received, and are full of sympathy and solicitude for the fate of those yet in captivity.

Cattle Breeding.

The following is an extract from Mr. Duncan's essay before the National Short-Horn Association:

He turned his back upon fine-spun theories and their discussion, confining his remarks entirely to the results of his own practical observations. The leading principle of his argument was the law of nature, like produces like, and that, to secure healthy, robust, vigorous, active and "growthy" calves, it was necessary to keep their progenitors in the same condition up to the time of breeding. All our improved varieties of vegetables, the improved breeds of domestic animals all over this country, even the Anglo-Saxon as seen to-day—all were the result of careful culture, and just as the vegetable required constant cultivation from the germ to maturity, so the short-horn or any other domestic animal must be cultivated from its birth to the time at which it becomes a producer.

In order to attain this condition the animal should have such an amount of nutritious food as nature required, should spend at least half of its life in the open air, with the privilege of exercising as much as it wished up to the period of maturity. After that a change of food should be made in order to prevent the production of too much flesh or fat. This he thought desirable, rather than a reduction in the amount, in order to keep the animal at a certain point. The food should be more nutritious in winter than in summer, and more nutritious for the nursing than the dry cow. After the birth of the first calf, which should occur when the heifer is thirty months old, she should be coupled with the male again in from sixty to ninety days, and not sooner, so that she may produce the second calf just a year after the first, and so on through her entire breeding period. Nine months in twelve was as long as any cow should give milk. In case the animal becomes too fat, exercise and not starvation should be used to reduce her. Starvation and lack of exercise impaired the constitution and shortened life; labor, with sufficient food, increased muscle, hardened bone, and invigorated the system.

Male animals designed for breeders should be kept as much as possible in an open lot, and not in the stable or box-stall, and should be kept in only in very bad weather, and then only during the prevalence of a storm. Exercise in the open air was conductive of strength, while lying on the ground has a tendency to keep the system cool, which was necessary when an animal was living upon stimulating food. The animal should always be improving rather than declining, and render but one good service, and never more than two, in one day.

The introduction of short-horns into this country had been of almost measureless service in the improvement of beef as an article of human food. To make two blades of grass grow where one grew before was a grand achievement, but to make grow five pounds of beef where three grew before, to improve its quality and produce it in less time, was a much grander achievement, because it entered into the healthful food of man so immediately. While the work of the short-horned breeder was too great at present to be estimated, it was plain that it materially affected the interests of the next generation.

It was therefore highly important that the best means of improving the herd should be the object of the breeder. In other words, calves were of more value than premiums, and should be the object desired by every breeder if it necessitated the withdrawal of every short-horn from the show-ring. The desire for a premium caused breeders to overdo the matter of fecling for the sake of appearance in the show-ring, to the detriment of the animal for breeding purposes. There was much more loss by the present mode of preparation for the show-ring than all the premiums amounted to. In conclusion, the speaker cited some twenty of the most celebrated families in the world which had never made any appearance in the show-ring, having never been prepared for mere premium purposes. They were kept in a condition which would not strike judges of cattle-shows, but would transmit their highest and best qualities to their progeny. If premiums could not be awarded upon the basis of the breeding condition, they were calculated to do more harm than good to the stock.

A St. Louis reporter, according to his own account, took breakfast with Clara Louise Kellogg one day recently, and the following was the bill of fare: Broiled steak, tenderloin, breakfast bacon, broiled ham, broiled mackerel, fried sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes stewed in cream, French rolls, tea, coffee, buckwheat cakes, oranges, nuts. After this poetical repast, Miss Kellogg played on the banjo, and sang "The Yellow Girl Dressed in Blue."

A Sioux chief offered to marry a celebrated authoress the other day. An enthusiastic eye-witness reports that her orbs stood out like the eye of a frightened gazelle, and the blush of her cheek was as pink as the heart of a pomegranate.

HOME INTERESTS.

Oyster Soup.—Take 2 quarts of oysters, and drain them with a fork from their liquor; wash them in water to free them from grit. Take 2 thin slices of the lean of ham, and cut in small pieces; some parsley, thyme, and onion tied in a bunch as thick as your thumb; strain the oyster liquor; put all in together, with pepper and salt. When almost done, add a lump of butter as big as an egg, rolled in flour, with a gill of good cream.

Burned Custard.—Fill a glass bowl nearly full with 3 pints of rice boiled custard. Beat until perfectly light the whites of 6 eggs. To each egg allow 1 tablespoonful of pulverized white sugar, which add gradually, beating all the time. Heap the bowl with this meringue, and with an iron plate or clean shovel heated red-hot, brown well all over until the delicate, much-admired flavor is imparted that gives this the name of burned custard.

Cold Slaw.—Select the finest heads of bleached cabbage. Cut up enough to fill a large vegetable dish, the number of heads to be regulated by the size of the cabbage and the quantity desired. Shave very fine, and after that chop up, the more thoroughly the better. Boil 4 eggs till hard; mix the yolks smoothly with a little cold water, and gradually add to them a cup of sweet cream, 2 tablespoonfuls of mixed mustard, 1 heaping tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, ¼ pound of butter, and a little pepper if you choose. Place all these ingredients, mixed together, in a small stew-pan over the fire. Put the cabbage in the dish in which it is to be served. Let the sauce come to a boil, pour it hot over the cabbage, and lastly add ½ teacupful of good vinegar.

Apple Dumplings.—First procure good, sour, juicy apples, pare and core, leaving them in halves. Get all your ingredients ready before beginning to mix your dough—sugar, soda, sour milk, lard, salt, flour and apples. Now make dough as for soda biscuits, only adding a little more lard to make it shorter. Take a bit of dough out on the kneading-board and after kneading roll this as for pie-crust. Then cut in pieces long enough to cover an apple, allowing for lapping the edges. Put in 2 of your apple halves, sweeten according to taste, and cover apple and sugar with dough. Lay the dumplings in your bread-pan, the smooth side up, first having your pan well buttered. Proceed in this manner until you get your pan well filled, then place a small bit of butter on the top of each dumpling, sprinkle a handful of sugar over all, then place in a moderate oven and allow them to bake one hour. Serve (not too hot) with pudding sauce, or with cream and sugar.

A Terrible Struggle With a Madman.

At Irvington, Washington County, Ill., a small town on the Illinois Central Railroad, a few days since occurred a frightful tragedy. The conductor of a northward-bound freight train put off a man who appeared to be laboring under temporary insanity, with the request that he be closely looked after, as he was not in a condition to take care of himself. The man was taken to the railroad station by A. L. Marsh and C. Rohman, but sometime about midnight the lunatic made his escape, and made a terrible effort to break into the residence of Mrs. Barton. Again he was taken back to the station-house by Marsh, Rohman, John M. Driver and J. L. Womack, who bolted the doors of the station-house, remaining on the inside with the madman. The madman seemed not to be satisfied with this kind of procedure, and drew a pocket-knife and advanced toward Driver, saying "I will kill you, or you must kill me." Driver attempted to pacify the madman, when he struck at him with the knife, but Driver evaded the blow. The madman next turned to Marsh, who was sitting near the door, and stabbed him in the throat, the blade entering to the right of the windpipe and passing out on the left side of the neck behind the jugular vein. Marsh sank to the floor, saying, "Boys, he has killed me." Leaving Marsh, with fiend-like ferocity, the madman sprang toward Womack, who dodged his first blow, and clinched the terrible fiend closely around the waist, but he was a large, powerful man, and much more than a match for his intended victim, and soon succeeded in getting his right arm free, and commenced to stab Womack in the back and head, who cried to Driver to "knock him down, he is killing me." Driver procured a crowbar, and made an attempt to strike the madman, but he, with wonderful presence of mind, managed to keep Womack between himself and Driver. Driver still made for Womack's antagonist, but the blow intended for the madman fell with terrible force on Womack's right hand, crushing it completely, rendering Womack helpless, who let go his adversary, who then sprang at Driver and was received with a blow from the crow bar across the left side of his head, which brought him senseless to the floor. At this juncture of affairs, Driver and Rohman started out for help, leaving Marsh, Womack and the maniac lying upon the floor. But scarcely had they left when the madman recovered himself, and seeing his knife upon the floor started for it, and Womack, anticipating his intentions, secured an iron poker and again commenced the combat for life. Womack this time had equal chances, and fought with the knowledge that his life was at stake. Six times the demon advanced towards Womack, and six times he was brought to the floor. Help soon came, and the insane man made his escape, and the next morning was found near the Baptist Church, almost frozen to death, having stripped himself of nearly all of his clothing. His wounds were dressed, after which a warrant was issued, and the unfortunate wretch was committed to jail. Young Marsh received every attention at the hands of his friends, but died the next day. Wednesday, November 25, and at 5 o'clock, Thursday morning his murderer breathed his last. Womack's injuries were not serious, and he will soon recover. What a fearful night was that at Irvington Railroad Station, and, no doubt, it will long be remembered by the people of that place.

The Latest Triumph of Temperance.—We congratulate the Temperance world on the success everywhere attending the use of Vinegar Bitters. Certainly no preparation containing alcohol has accomplished such cures of malarious fever, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, lung complaints, constipation, and general debility as we hear of from all quarters, as the results of this famous vegetable specific. No true philanthropist will regret to see spirituous liquors expelled from medical use, if they can be safely dispensed with; and that they are not necessary in any case of sickness, whatever its character, appears at last to have been demonstrated. If public opinion is capable of making any impression upon the minds of the Faculty, they will ere long introduce the most popular of modern medicines into the hospitals, and prescribe it in their practice. The millions have given the article a fair trial; it has more than answered their expectations, and no theoretical opposition can shake their faith in it.

Seed House of David Landreth & Son.

It is pleasant to note the flourishing fall trade doing by this long established firm, in the midst of dull times. In the prevalent stagnation, enterprise has the field almost without competitors. So determined are the Landreths to secure, as usual, a large share of the approaching year's business, that they have now *nine of the fast steam presses of McCalla & Stavely, diligently at work, printing their "Rural Register"* for 1875. This has never before occurred in the history of their house. The "*Rural Register*" is furnished without charge to all who use Landreths' seeds—and who do not?—*Philadelphia Commercial List.*

The Great Favorite!—The popular pill Cure of the age!! Composed of pure and simple drugs, Wilhoft's Tonic has long held the highest place in the long line of remedies for Chills and Fever. It is not only Anti-Periodic but is Anti-Panic, for it curtails the heavy expense of doctors' visits, where friendly calls are all itemized in the account current. A penny saved is a penny gained, and saving it in this way adds to health and comfort. Try Wilhoft's Tonic as a certainty and you will never regret it. Wheelock, Finlay & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans. For Sale by all Druggists.

To our Readers.—We would recommend all in want of one of the best newspapers in the West to subscribe for *The St. Louis Democrat*, issued Daily, Tri-Weekly and Weekly The oldest Republican newspaper in the West. The leading commercial paper of St. Louis. The best family paper in the Mississippi Valley. See prospectus in another column.

A Walking Advertisement.

Limestone Springs, S. C.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I am a walking advertisement for your Golden Medical Discovery, Purgative Pellets and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, they having cured me of Catarrh of nine years' standing, which was so bad that it disfigured my nose, and, while curing it, your medicines also cured me of Asthma in its worst and most aggravated form. Before using your medicines I had become reduced in flesh from one hundred and fifty-five to one hundred and fifteen pounds, and I now weigh one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and am in better health than I have enjoyed for twenty years.

Yours truly,

J. L. Lumsden.

The above is but a fair sample of hundreds of letters which are received by Dr. Pierce, and in the face of such evidence who can longer doubt that the Doctor's medicines cure the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh?

The Great Favorite with the Ladies.

Wm. Forsyth Bynum & Son, druggists, of Live Oak, Fla., write, Sept. 16th, 1874, as follows: "Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets sell very largely and give complete satisfaction, as numbers of our customers and friends testify with pleasure. Your Favorite Prescription is indeed the great Favorite with the ladies, and numbers can say with joy that it has saved them from eking out a miserable life or meeting with premature death and restored them to health and happiness."

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