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Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
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It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

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For sale in Butler by D. H. Wuller, J. C. Redick, Zimmerman & Wuller, Coulter & Linn.

DRESS-MAKING!

Go to MRS. T. J. LOWMAN'S, Fashionable Dress-maker, if you want your work done in the latest styles. 31aug2t

PERUVIAN GUANO.

I have brought from South America, and now have on hands a supply of Peruvian Guano. It will increase your crops from 30 to 40 per cent. Try it. WM. CROOKSHANKS,
aug31tf Sarver Station, Butler Co., Pa.

LOST---$20 REWARD.

On Saturday night, the 20th of August, 1881, I lost my pocket-book, containing over $150 between Jacksville (Mechanicsburg), Worth township, Butler Co., Pa., and my residence, about two miles south of said Jacksville.

A reward of twenty dollars will be given the finder who returns the same to me with its contents. ABRAHAM BROWN,
Jacksville, Worth Twp., Butler Co., Pa.

Sportsmen Take Notice!

All persons having Guns needing repairs can have them made in good order by calling on the subscriber on Water street, Butler, Pa.

STOCKING, BORING & RIFLING

done in a neat and workman-like manner. Does all the work at home, which saves extra charge of sending to Pittsburgh.

ANDREW STRAWICK,
31aug4t Gunsmith, Butler, Pa.

D. L. Cleeland,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
Store between Savings Bank and Waller's Drug Store, Main Street, Butler, Pa.

A stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles constantly on hand. Spectacles and Jewelry of all kinds repaired to order.

☞ Fine Watch and Clock repairing a specialty. All work warrented.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 2marly

☞ Advertise in the CITIZEN.

A DOUBLE CRIME.

The wholesale produce and commission store of Mr. Purvis, on Delaware avenue, near Vine street, was robbed on the night of October 17, 1865.

The safe had been apparently opened by false keys, and upwards of $9,000 in greenbacks were abstracted. A package of bonds to the amount of $4,000 more remained untouched.

Two clerks, both young men, usually slept in the store. August Yerkes had been in the employ of Mr. Harrison Purvis about four years, and enjoyed the confidence of his employer. Pembroke Sharon, the other clerk, had only recently been taken, but the manner in which he took hold of the business impressed Mr. Purvis so much in his favor that he predicted a successful future for the young man as a very able salesman and ultimate prominent merchant. Under this impression he placed implicit trust in Sharon, and selected him as a companion of Yerkes in the store at night.

Both of these young men were in the store on the night the robbery occurred; but when the place was opened in the morning, Sharon was missing and Yerkes lay on the floor near the safe with a severe gash on the side of his head, which had been bleeding profusely, judging by the amount of blood on the floor.

The unfortunate young man had evidently endeavored to staunch the blood, for both hands were stained, as also were his clothes. By the disorder in the office and the numerous blood stains both on the floor and walls, it was evident that a desperate struggle had taken place.

It was conjectured from this that Sharon, having provided himself with false keys, had opened the safe and been surprised by his fellow clerk in the midst of his work, who in turn dealt him the blow near the temple, and then, after a severe struggle between them, Yerkes fainted from loss of blood and the robber fled with his booty.

Varnoe, the detective, and a physician were at once sent for, and while Dr. Edson attended to his patient, the detective examined the premises with his usual carefulness, particularly the second floor, and returning to the lower found that Yerkes had recovered and sat in an arm-chair with a bandage around his head.

'Well, Mr. Varnoe, what have you discovered?' asked Mr. Purvis.

'I find that the robber has been to the second floor,' replied the detective; 'possibly he he has taken some valuables there as well.'

The merchant returned, saying nothing had been disturbed or removed as far as he could see.

'Whatever his object may have been I am positive he visited the second floor after the bloody struggle had taken place."

Then Yerkes gave the following account:

'Not finding him on the second floor he descended to the first floor, and discovered him before the open safe. They saw each other at the same moment, and Sharon was spell bound at being discovered in his criminal act. Then began the struggle, the evidence of which was so plainly evident. Sharon, being the stronger of the two, soon overpowered his opponent, and threw him so violently on the floor that he became insensible.'

Varnoe listened with wrapt attention to the end, then made a few notes in his book after which he walked out of the store with his eyes bent on the floor before him until he reached the street; then, after casting his eyes searchingly around on the ground, he walked over to the dock and gazed for a few moments into the water in a thoughtful manner. When he returned to the store and rejoined the others in the office, it was with a grave countenance

'Mr. Purvis, the robber has evidently escaped by way of the river, as the blood tracks lead to the dock.'

All eyes were now directed toward the wounded man, who had turned suddenly pale. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but fell back in his seat with a groan and fainted away.

While the doctor was applying restoratives to his charge the detective drew Mr. Purvis away to the rear of the store and remained there for half an hour in conversation with him, and judging by the frequent exclamations he must have been greatly astonished at what the detective told him.

Re-entering the office, they found Yerkes still unconscious, and at the suggestion of Varnoe he was conveyed in that condition to the hospital.

'Now, Mr. Purvis,' said Varnoe, 'you will please point out to me which are the clothes usually worn by Mr. Sharon while on duty at the store.'

'Certainly, sir,' replied the gentleman, 'that is readily done,' and he went to the closet where the clerks kept their outer garments and opened it. He took piece after piece from the hooks, an exclamation as is of surprise escaping him as he did so.

'What is it?' asked Mr. Varnoe, when Mr. Purvis had laid the garments on the bed

'Why, as I live, Sharon has not only left his coat and vest behind, but also his pants!' said Mr. Purvis, with a look of bewilderment.

'That is singular,' remarked the detective, exchanging significant glances with the doctor; 'the more so when you bear in mind that Mr. Yerkes, when found had on his coat, vest, pants and boots, while the robber even left his boots behind him,' pointing to a pair beneath the bed.

'You will now please see whether Mr. Sharon has left anything of value in his pockets.'

Every pocket was instantly divested of its contents. There was found a valuable gold watch and chain, a wallet containing a trifle over $5, a penknife, pencil and memorandum book, etc.

'Retain the articles, Mr. Purvis and restore the clothes to the closet,' said Varnoe. 'I have another surprise in store for you, I think.'

When this was done, Varnoe took off all the bed clothes and threw them on the floor, leaving the mattress bare. An exclamation of surprise burst from Mr. Purvis as he pointed to the mattress where a number of bloody finger marks stained it along a seam about ten inches in length.

'Now I see what you are driving at,' cried Mr. Purvis, scanning the seam.

'You mean to say that the robber has hidden his booty in the mattress?'

'I think so, at all events,' was the reply, as he took out his knife and opened the seam.

Then inserting his hand into the opening, he presently drew forth the package of greenbacks. They were intact, so Mr. Purvis announced after examining the fastenings and seals.

'What am I to think of this?' asked the gentleman in a helpless tone. 'I declare that my head aches trying to divine the motive of this most extraordinary robbery.'

'Think as I do.'

'What is that?'

'Why, that Pembroke Sharon, instead of being the robber, is the victim of the robber, which accounts for having all his outer garments behind. He evidently surprised the robber at his work; and in the encounter that took place he murdered poor Sharon, dragged him across the street, as the trail showed to me, and tossed him into the river.'

'Then you really suspect August Yerkes as the robber?' asked the merchant, greatly agitated.

'I am sure he is not only the robber, but possibly also a murderer,' was the reply.

'Oh, the wretch!' cried the merchant passionately; 'and in my heart I admired his bravery, while I pitied him for what he had endured for endeavoring to protect my property.'

'I am convinced that you have hit on the right man,' said Mr. Purvis. 'If he knew of this he might give us the slip. The next thing to be done is to recover the body of poor Sharon.

'Poor, indeed, since all the clothes he has on his back are not his own,' spoke a voice behind them.

All looked at the speaker, who wore an old seaman's suit, and looked as if he had just recovered from a severe spell of sickness.

Something in the tone of the voice struck a chord in the breast of the merchant. He approached the man and asked eagerly:

'Who are you?'

'My name is Pembroke Sharon.'

In a moment he was surrounded by the trio, who congratulated him on his escape from death. He requested permission to assume his proper dress, after which he would tell exactly what had occurred during the past night.

His story was very different from the one told by Yerkes, with this difference—the positions were changed. It was Sharon who surprised the other before the opened safe, just in the act of stowing in his pocket the package of greenbacks alluded to. It was Sharon who denounced the act, and Yerkes, both angry and frightened to be thus detected, picked up a paper weight and hurled it at his fellow clerk, striking Sharon on his head, inflicting a ghastly wound, from which he fainted, and knew no more until he awoke on board a vessel near the navy yard. He was told that they picked him up in the river.

The captain and two of his men had gone to the theatre and were returning in the boat to the vessel when a white object floating on the water attracted their attention and they made for it, and drew the apparently dead man in the boat and took him on board the vessel, where his wants were at once attended to.

When Yerke's version of the affair was related to him he laughed derisively, and was on the point of making a remark when familiar footsteps were heard ascending the stairs.

'By heaven! I believe it is August Yerkes!' whispered Sharon, as he hastily entered the closet and drew the door to. He was none to soon, for the next moment Yerkes walked briskly up to where the three gentlemen were standing. Something in their faces told him that something was amiss—something to his disadvantage, too.

'You are probably surprised to see me here again?' remarked he, for want of anything else to say.

'We are, indeed,' said Mr. Purvis, regarding him with an ominous frown.

'You all appear to be anything but pleased to see me?' next remarked the robber and would-be assassin.

'On the contrary, we are very glad to see you,' here spoke Varnoe, with and ambiguous smile.

Glancing at the detective with a skeptical air, Yerkes walked to the closet and opened the door, and the next moment he uttered a fearful shriek and started back with his hair standing on end, and his face the color of ashes.

He had seen (as his guilty conscience told him) the ghost of his victim, for Sharon remained standing in the closet perfectly immovable, his eyes fixed reproachfully on the guilty wretch.

The horrid vision was too much for his brain to endure. Yerkes became a raving maniac and became so violent that Varnoe was obliged to manacle him hand and foot and again return him to the hospital, from whence he was shortly afterward conveyed to the insane department of the alms-house.

Pembroke Sharon was generously recompensed by his employer for his heroic attempt to prevent the robbery, and promoted to a responsible position in the store, which he filled with credit to himself and his grateful employer.

Yerkes lived a year or so after his confinement, and died a raving maniac, a terrible retribution for his attempt to fasten a crime on an innocent person and thus rob him of both his reputation and life at one fell blow

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Peruna cures every time—get some, be well—keep it on hand, and sin no more.

It is the part of the true philosopher to enjoy the prospect of good to come rather than to grumble over pain that is past.

[Cincinnati Irish Citizen.]

Mr. John Miller, of 54 West Fifth street, tells us that he was cured by use of St. Jacobs Oil of a complicated case of rheumtaism of ten years standing.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

The subject of industrial schools is one which is deservedly engrossing much public interest at the present time The Senate of this State has twice passed a bill for the establishment of iron industrial schools, but the House failed to take concurrent action. The chief advocate of the bill in the Senate was the Hon. Evan Holben, of Allentown, Senator from the Sixteenth district, and in the course of his remarks on the 28th of March last he used this powerful argument:

Some seventy years ago the desire and necessity of common education brought about in this State, by the law of progressive development, a system of education known as the common-school system, And it cannot be gainsaid that by the progressive development of that system many public benefits have accured. But the inquiry now presents itself to all progressive minds, by reason of the advancement of such an education—should not something be done to further an education so begun that it may be of a yet more universal and direct benefit to the people of the State of Pennsylvania, and by whom should this be done? This is a question which has often presented itself forcibly to individual minds. The necessity of equipoise in all things has often been very mathematically demonstrated. And the question of accomplishing an equilibrium in our system of education is one which is beginning to agitate all social and business circles of the world. The Lycurgian system of education in Sparta failed because it was a purely physical training. The purely mental or intellectual system of education in Attica failed because the mind became too great for the small amount of physical development—or, in other words, for the want of an equipoise of development. We are now gradually drifting on toward the same state of affairs.

The United States are overrun with statesmen, politicians and professional men of all colors and grades; and when any of our great manufacturing firms are in need of skilled mechanics they cannot find them here, but must advise their foreign agents to import skilled labor from England and Germany. What is the cause of this state of affairs? Certainly not the common-school system; but the want of a system that will educate the hand as well as the brain. It is an axiom of natural law that without a healthy body there can be no healthy mind. Every system must have an alternative, and so it has become necessary in our day to seek a system of education which will balance the system now in vogue. It is true that individuals have undertaken in this country to establish schools in which the rising generation may procure an education of the hand as well as of the mind; but, I am sorry to say, they are few and far between, and are not adequate to the demand. But the example which these institutions, though few, have set is one which tends to bring about the most beneficial results—results that have at once become a surprise even to progressing humanity.

But to the subject. What kind of education do we in Pennsylvania need to aid an already prosperous Commonwealth? The question is simple, and yet easier is the answer which, upon a few moments reflection, will present itself to all intelligent men, viz: Iron industrial schools established and supported by the State. In this Commonwealth, which produces almost one-half of the iron in the United States, the minds of young men and boys are trained too much on a literary foundation. They are taught to follow the ignis fatuus of great fortunes by reason of literary accomplishments, when, in fact, nine-tenths, nay, indeed ninety-nine one-hundredths, doom themselves to fill the grave of poverty.

It is by the arts, sciences and mechanics of foreign States and countries that their wealth becomes visible and their industries known. It is not by reason of the huge stone and immense Pyramids of Egypt that it is well and favorably known among the countries of the world, but it is by reason of the art and science employed by the Egyptians in dressing that stone and building those Pyramids. It is not because Connecicut raises cotton that it is known as the greatest cotton manufacturing State in the Union, but by reason of the art and science there employed in manufacturing such articles as are made from cotton; and presumably Connecticut derives more direct benefit pecuniarily from South Carolina's cotton products than does that State herself. It is not by reason of the iron found in Massachusetts that it is so favorably known as one of the greatest iron manufacturing States of the Union, but it is by reason of the art and science there taught and practised in making things that are made of iron, and iron and steel; and yet Pennsylvania, with its untold millions of natural wealth, will presistently refuse to allow its boys and young men to have no other facilities for education than to make of themselves editors, lawyers, doctors, dentists, et cetera. The apprenticeship system, a system of bodily slavery, out of which they emerge only to be cast aside when they make application at our machine shops as mechanics, will no more urge itself upon the minds of men as it once did. That time has passed by in this country as well as in others where progressive development is the acme of wealth and prosperity, and that argument, by actual experiment, will fall far short of its mark. Let the people then see whether (by abolishing, if necessary, a few normal schools and establishing a few iron industrial schools) they cannot arrive at that ultimatum of their happiness, the united efforts of capital and labor, brain and hand, or the equilibrium of development, to show to the world the wealth as well as the industrial progression of Pennsylvania, and advance them to a point which shall raise her above the nations of the world.

I had not intended to give any figures at the beginning of my remarks, but I must give a few in order to prove the necessity and use of these institutions.

Take the Lehigh Valley. About 600,000 tons of pig iron are manufactured there every year. One furnace in the city of Allentown makes more pig iron than the whole State of Massachusetts, yet in that State there are more mechanics than in the State of Pennsylvania, where one-half of all the pig iron manufactured in the country is produced. Why is it that Massachusetts has more mechanics than Pennsylvania? Because the boys are educated in that line. The system of public education is what tells the tale.

Pennsylvania produces say 2,100,000 tons of pig iron annually. Suppose it takes fourteen men a full day to make one ton—I think this is correct—2,100,000 tons would require or employ 98,000 people. In this estimate I have taken into consideration the digging of ore, mining of coal, quarrying of stone, hauling, transportation, etc. This immense production of pig iron does not give employment to as large a number of hands as are required to convert the iron into finer articles. It is estimated that a ton of pig iron is worth $2200 if manufactured into cutlery. It is hard to estimate the average value of articles manufactured from iron, and iron and steel, but on a rough guess I should suppose it would be from $200 to $400 per ton—say $200, which being multiplied by 2,100,000, the number of tons of iron manufactured in this State, would amount to $420,000,000. Suppose you estimate pig iron at $22 per ton, and 2,100,000 make $46,200.000, which, being deducted from $420,000,000, leaves a balance of $373,800,000. This difference is the value between the raw and the refined material; this large increased value is produced by labor—skilled labor. To make 2,100,000 tons of pig iron will require 98,000 people, reckoning that each man will work 300 days in the year. I suppose there are employed in the production of iron about this number, to wit: 98,000. This estimate may be a little too high, but I think it is sufficiently correct to base an opinion upon. Now, take the difference between the value of the raw material and the refined material, which is $373,800,000. This difference between the two sums represents nearly all labor. Instead of requiring 98,000 hands it would require almost a million of hands.

The history of industrial schools in the old country establishes the fact that they have been successful and beneficial to the communities in which they are located. And why should the same kind of schools not be a success in this country?

The truth of the matter is that they ought to have been established long ago. Prompt action should be taken in the matter. The Commonwealth must commence the work, and prove by the fruits of such schools their beneficial effects, and you will find in a short time that rich individuals will endow industrial schools. This State, if proper steps are taken in the education of the young men and boys in matters pertaining to convert our valuable iron into fine articles, will, in the course of a short number of years, become the greatest iron industrial district in the world.

WEIGHING A HOG.

A dog fight sends the pulse of a village up to 130, and a foot race or a knock down will almost restore gray hairs to their original color; but for real excitement, let a man come along in front of the tavern about sundown driving a hog.

'Hey, where are you going?'

'Going to sell this hog.'

'Hold on a minute! What does he weigh?'

'Oh! about 225'

'You're off; he won't go over 200.'

Every chair is vacated on the instant. Every eye is fastened on the hog rooting in the gutter, and every man flatters himself that he can guess within a pound of the porker's weight.

'That hog will pull down jist exactly 195 pounds,' says the blacksmith, after a long squint.

'He won't go an ounce over 185,' adds the cooper.

'I've got a $2 bill that says that hog will kick at 210,' says the hardware man.

'You must be wild,' growls the grocer; 'I can't see over 150 pounds of meat there.'

Twenty men take a walk around the porker, and squint and shake their heads and look wise, and the owner finally says:

'If he don't go over 220 I shall feel that I am no guesser.'

'Over 220! If that hog weighs 200 pounds I'll treat this crowd!' exclaimed the owner of the 'bus line.

'I dunno 'bout that,' muses the 'Squire, who is on his way to the grocery after butter. 'Some hogs weigh more and some less. What breed is this hog.

'Berkshire.'

'Well, I've seen some o' them Berksheers that weighed like a load of sand, and agin I've seen 'em where they was all skin and bone. Has anybody guessed that this hog will weigh 600.'

'No.'

'Well, that's a leetle steep, but I've kinder sot my idea on 250.'

By this time the crowd has increased to a hundred and the excitement is intense. The 'Squire lays half a dollar on 250. and the owner of the hog rakes in several bets on 'between 220 and 225.' The porker is driven to the hay-scales, and the silence is almost painful as the weighing takes place.

'Two hundred and twenty-three!' calls the weigher.

Growls and lamentations smite the evening air, and stake-holders pass over the wagers to the lucky guessers, chief of whom is the owner of the hog.

'Well, I'm clear beat out,' says the 'Squire. 'I felt dead sure he would weigh over 300.'

'Oh, I knew you were all away off,' exclaims the guileless owner. 'When we weighed him here at noon he tipped at exactly 223, and I knew he couldn't have picked up or lost over a pound.'

Peruna will make your blood pure and healthy.

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

MANAGING AND JUDGING OF HORSES.

If a colt is never allowed to get an advantage, says a writer in the Lancaster *Farmer*, it will never know that it posesses a power that man cannot control, and if made familiar with strange objects, it will not be skittish and nervous. If a horse is accustomed from his early days to have objects hit him on the heels, back and hips he will pay no attention to the giving out of the harness, or to a wagon running agains him at an unexpected moment. We once saw an aged lady drive a high-spirited horse, attached to a carriage, down a steep hill, with no hold-back straps upon the harness; and she assured us there was no danger, for her son accustomed his horses to all kinds of usage and sights that commonly drive animals into a frenzy of fear and fright. A gun can be fired in front of a horse, an umbrella held over his head, a buffalo-robe thrown over his neck, a railroad engine pass him close by, his heels be thumped with sticks, and the animal take it as a natural condition of things, if only taught by careful management that he will not be injured hereby

Many believe that horses are injured by the use of blinds, especially when they are allowed to stand close to the eyes. So also by the check-rein. One writer demands the intercession of Mr. Bergh to prevent this most coolly-premeditated wrong and cruelty to a noble animal. The horse is intelligent, and enjoys as well as man the sights about him. And when he is treated rightly and has a full sight of all about him, he is more kind and tractable. Imaginary evils and bugaboos are always more frightful to man and beast than real ones. Besides the discomfort to the horse, and the disfigurement of his appearance, blinds are injurous to the sight. They cause a sharp current between the closely-pressed blind and the eye, causing the lodgment of dust and dirt in that tootender organ, and this aids in accelerating the too-frequent blindness. Think of his patience, his faithful service, his intelligent devotion, and leave off those torturing instruments, the blinds and check-reins.

The following rules for judging a horse, says the *Turf, Field and Farm*, will be found useful:

1. Never take the seller's word; if dishonest, he will be certain to cheat you; if disposed to be fair, he may have been the dupe of another, and will deceive you through representations which cannot be relied upon.

2. Never trust to a horse's mouth as a sure index to his age.

3. Never buy a horse while in motion; watch him while he stands at rest, and you will discover his weak points. If sound he will stand firmly and squarely on his limbs without moving any of them, the feet planted flat upon the ground, with legs plumb and naturally poised. If one foot is thrown forward, with the toe pointing to the ground and the heel raised, or if the foot is lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease of the navicular bone may be suspected, or at least a tenderness, which is a precursor of disease. If the foot is thrown out, the toe raised, and the heel brought down, the horse has suffered from lammitis, founder, or the back sinews have been strained, and is of little future value. When the feet are drawn together beneath the horse, if there has been no disease there is a misplacement of the limbs at least, and a weak disposition of the muscles. If the horse stands with his feet spread apart, or straddles with the hind legs, there is weakness of the loins and the kidneys are disordered. When the knees are bent and the legs totter and tremble, the beast has been ruined by heavy pulling, and will never be right again, whatever rest and treatment he may have. Contracted or ill-formed hoofs speak for themselves.

4. Never buy a horse with a bluish or milky cast in his eyes. They indicate a constitutional tendency to ophthalmia, moon blindness, etc.

5. Never have anything to do with a horse that keeps his ears thrown backward. This is an invariable indication of bad temper.

6. If the horse's hind legs are scarred, the fact denotes that he is a kicker.

7. If the knees are blemished, the horse is apt to stumble.

8. When the skin is rough and harsh and does not move easily and smoothly to the touch, the horse is a heavy eater and his digestion is bad.

9. Avoid a horse whose respiratory organs are at all impaired. If the ear is placed at the side of the heart and a wheezing sound is hear, it is an indication of trouble.

SHEEP BREEDING.

There is scarcely any other branch or department of live stock breeding that pays as well as sheep-breeding, when properly managed, and it seems strange that more of our farmers do not give it at least a fair trial. Especially are sheep desirable on a poor farm, for they will materially assist in increasing the fertility of the land, in the hands of an intelligent and practical man.

No other live stock will return the profits so soon and so regularly as will sheep, and the percentage of profit cannot help but prove entirely satisfactory under fairly favorable circumstances, for not only are there lambs to sell at good prices every spring, but there is quite a supply of wool each season to still further swell the profits, while the average cost of keeping them is comparatively slight. It is, however, poor economy to feed poorly, for high and regular feeding always pays best, especially with sheep, telling very perceptibly in both the meat and the wool. Irregular and poor feeding impairs not merely the quantity of wool, but it injures its quality and value by producing a fiber which is of varying degrees of fineness and with frequent knots, thus spoiling it for manufacturing the best quality of goods. An examination of a few samples of wool with an ordinary microscope will explain this matter more fully than we can here.

On lands but a few miles from our large cities, it seldom pays to breed sheep, or in fact, any kind of live stock for profit, for such lands are valuable for raising early vegetables. There are hundreds of acres of comparatively good and cheap lands which are but a few hours by rail from some of our large cities, and these can be made to pay well with sheep, raising early lambs for the market. It requires some capital as well as experience, and those who attempt it without either, will fail to make a profit.

Good native ewes crossed with a pure bred Southdown or Cotswold will produce a class of lambs which are sure to please any judge of good stock, and the quality of such lambs is duly appreciated by customers. Those who wish to breed sheep, and have very little if any experience, will find it best to begin with a very small stock of from ten to twenty, and then increase the number as the experience and cash increase, until you have as many as you wish, or as the farm is capable of carrying.—*D. Z. Evans, Jr., in Maryland Farmer.*

FARM NOTES.

The best cows are those which give the largest returns for the food consumed, whatever the breed, size, color, or pedigree.

Poultry will produce more flesh—pound for pound of food—than the steer, sheep or hog, and is meat of the tenderest quality compared with the others.

It is not necessary to grease fowls to rid them of lice. If their roosting-places are kept clean, they will keep themselves free from vermin by dusting themselves.

Buyers of eggs show a preference, as a general thing, for dark eggs, but for what reason is hard to surmise. There is no prettier sight than a dish piled up full of snow-white eggs,

UNCLE RUFUS' ANECDOTE.

'Anything new?' a representative of the New York *Commercial* asked Uncle Rufus.

'No,' was the reply, 'the usual bulletins from the White House come to us. The stock market is a little down and little up, and vice versa. The stock market reminds me of a little story told me by a Judge of this city some years since on the train to Washington. I am not much of a hand for repeating stories, but I never think of this one without a good hearty laugh, even if I'm alone, which goes to show that sunshine in thought makes us live longer.

'Many years ago, when thousands of children now living were yet unborn, Horace Greeley was in the zenith of his power as editor of the *Tribune*, and was more or less mixed up or down in politics.

'A gentleman by the name of Amos Cummings was acting as night or day editor, it matters little which, and was to arrange the political columns all right.

'Greeley was asked to give a place to a newly arrived emigrant who could neither read nor write—said emigrant being about six feet two inches tall.

'Greeley requested Cummings to make a place for him, and the wicked Mr Cummings appointed him as messenger or waiter at the door of Mr. Greeley's room, cautioning him to obey implicitly Mr. Greeley's orders.

'Well, one day Mr. Greeley told his six feet-two boy not to let anyone into his room, as he was going to write his editorials; and it came to pass that this same day Vice President Wilson called and desired to see Mr. Greeley without delay. He was arrayed in slouched hat and dusty duster and armed with a valise, and was met with the reply: 'No, Mr. Greeley will see no tramps; he is writing his editorials.' Cummings sat innocently eying the couple, and interfered just in time to prevent a scene and let the Vice President in.

'Later came a ward politician that must see Mr. Greeley. The answer rang out the same, 'Mr. Graly can't be disturbed.' As the ward politician became rather violent in his efforts to enter the room, our valiant boy from the Emerald isle took to mopping the floor with him, and he made rather a hasty descent down the stairs. Well, so the story runs, soon after the boy of six feet two came running into the sub-editor's room and said, 'Mr. Graley wants the Encychomania,' and this same sub-editor, while writing at the rate of $15 a column, replied. 'You'll find it right over there in that case, with an indication of the pen as to where it was. The boy returned with a pair of handcuffs that had been used on John Brown's hands at the time of his murder, and inquired, 'Is this what Mr. Graly is after a wantin?'

'What has all this to do with the stock market?' the reporter questioned

'Why, don't you see, young man, somebody has handcuffs on and cannot sell. The parties who have been buying stocks so freely are what are known as the Lambs, who cannot read nor write.'

'Suppose you tell me who the Judge was that regaled you with this amusing story.'

'I'll tell you this much: It was not Judge Noah Davis, though we have been friendly these forty years; and it was not Judge Brady,—he never told a story in his life,—he gets John C. Wyman to do all that kind of business for him. Really, young man, I don't like to tell the Judge's name—it might make him blush to see his name in print; but this is a true story, and if you don't believe it, you just ask Amos Cummings.'

Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic.

Simmons Liver Regulator, purely vegetable, is not unpleasant to the taste. It is the medicine generally used in the Soutd to arouse the torpid liver to healthy action. It cures malaria, biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation and piles. The action of the Regulator is free from nausea or griping. It is most effective in starting the secretions of the liver, causing the bile to act as a cathartic. When there is an excess of bile in the stomach, the Regulator is an active purge; after the removal of the bile, it will regulate the bowls and impart vigor and health to the whole system.

THE PRESIDENT'S STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

Dramatic Scene Between Mrs. Garfield and the Doctors.

WASHINGTON, August 30.—As hope returns, more is learned in detail of the terrible anxiety of last Friday. It appears that the surgeons, after the alarming symptoms of the morning, decided that it was useless to continue the struggle, and two of their number were selected to wait upon Mrs. Garfield and to inform her that medical science could do no more, and that she must prepare for the worst. The interview which occurred between these surgeons and Mrs. Garfield will, if reports are true be regarded as one of the most dramatic incidents in this extraordinary case. Captain Henry Marshall of this District, a friend of the President and family, says that Mrs. Garfield heard the news with great composure, and that, smothering her emotion, she arose and said: "Gentlemen, you shall not give him up. He is not going to die; he is going to live. I feel, I know it. Go back to your post, every one of you, and leave it not until every remedy is exhausted; until death itself has set its seal upon him, for I will not believe that he his dying. Go back and do what you can; you cannot do more, but don't give up. I am his wife, and I say that we will not give up until the end itself is upon us."

Mrs. Garfield has never surrendered more than a moment or two at a time to her grief, and then she has retired to her room, and after a brief abssence has returned to her post of duty at the President's bedside.

PRAYERS.

LONDON, August 30.—A special service of prayer for the recovery of President Garfield was held at several Nonconformist places of worship in London on Sunday.

Liverpool newspapers say that prayer for Mr. Garfield was almost universal in the churches there on Sunday.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—A union meeting for prayers for the President was held last evening in the brick (Presbyterian) church on Fifth avenue. The church was crowded. Rev. Dr. Bevan presided. A large number of ministers and laymen, representing all denominations of Christians, took part in the exercises. The addresses were very few, and the prayers frequent and fervent. An interesting feature was the remembrance of the President's wife and mother, the ailusion to them being many and pathetic. The interest of the meeting was so great and the feeling of the Christian public so intense in relation to the President's recovery, that the meetings will be continued for a series of evenings, the next one to be held to-morrow evening in the P. E. Church of the Holy Trinity.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

That parsely eaten with vinegar will remove the unpleasant effects of eating onions

That cakes, puddings, etc., are improved by making the currants, sugar and flour hot before using them.

That lamp shades of ground glass should be cleaned with soap or pearl ash; these will not injure or discolor them.

That gold lace may be cleansed by rubbing it with a soft brush, dipped in roche alum, burnt and sifted to a very fine powder.

That earthy mould should never be washed from potatoes, carrots, or other roots, until immediately before they are to be cooked.

That cold boiled potatoes used as soap will clean the hands and keep the skin soft and healthy. Those not over boiled are the best.

That charcoal powder is good for polishing knives without destroying the blades. It is also a good tooth powder, when finely pulverized.

That potato water in which potatoes have been boiled, the water being allowed to settle and afterwards strained, is good for sponging dirt out of silk.

That straw matting may be cleaned with a large cloth, dipped in salt and water and then rubbed dry. The salt prevents the straw from turning yellow.

That buttermilk is excellent for cleaning sponges. Steep the sponge in the milk for some hours, then squeeze it out, and wash it in cold water. Lemon juice is also good.

That tea leaves, used for keeping down the dust when sweeping carpets are apt to stain light colors; salt is the best in winter, and new mown hay in the summer.

That a piece of linen cloth dipped in turpentine and wrapped round the toe on which a soft corn is situated, will give relief, and after a few days the corn will disappear.

That rusty black Italian crape may be restored by dipping in skimmed milk and water, with a bit of fine glue dissolved in it, and made scalding hot. It should be clapped and pulled dry like muslin.

That the white of an egg in which a piece of alum about the size of a walnut has been stewed until it forms a jelly, is a capital remedy for sprains. It should be laid over the sprain upon a piece of lint, and be changed as often as it becomes dry.

Every man has a temper of his own, but very few people in the world know how to keep it.

The people of Emerson, a town in Winnepeg, the Dominion of Canada, were startled a few day ago by the appearance of winged ants in myriads flying through the air like clouds and covering the country for miles, the surface of the Red river being coated an inch thick with them.

What a blessing it is to have neighbors! Two Tennessee families have been disagreeing in a manner that was merely food for village gossip, but