Perrysburg Journal.

JAMES TIMMONS, Publisher.

PERRYSBURG, : : OHIO.

THE PROPHET WIGGINS.

ATTRIBUTED TO HIMSELF.

I.

I'll take up the bis of the weather to scan,
Says I to myself, says I.
And turn out a deeply prophetic young man,
Says I to myself, says I;
I'll study the meteorological charts,
Then bid all the ships in the harbors and marts
Tie up, for the fun there will be in these parts—
Says I to myself, says I.

II.

I'll find me a storm in the lands of the East,
Says I to myself, says I,
That ll level the trees, lash the waves into yeast,
Says I to myself, says I;
I'll get up a regular howling cyclone,
Not Vennor's, nor Haven's, but my bloody own,
I'll make the whole universe tremble and groan—
Says I to myself, says I.

III.

For I am the Wiggins, a prophet forlorn,
Says I to myself, says I;
I ne'er have known fame since the day I was born,
Says I to myself, says I;
But now to my zenith I'll rise with a swoop,
And great is the honor I'll get for my "scoop,"
When the lith comes in with a rush and a whoop—
Says I to myself, says I.

IV.

The timid will flee into holes in the ground,
Says I to myself, says I,
And Wiggins' name 'mid the caverns will sound,
Says I to myself, says I.
When lightning shall pierce the dread sulphurous gloom,
And old Mother Shipton sits up in her tomb,
Why, then is the time that the Wiggins will boom—
Says I to myself, says I.

V.

I've fixed for a tide in the Bay of Bengal,
Says I to myself, says I,
So Gloucester sailors will look for a squall,
Says I to myself, says I;
While every poor mortal that daily doth dwell
Beneath the great forty-and-fifth parallel,
Will find some storm-center to raise "quite a spell,"
Says I to myself, says I.

VI.

So, now we shall see if those Washington chaps,
Says I to myself, says I,
Who issue their bulletins, guesses and maps
Says I to myself, says I,
Can size up a storm such as I have forecast
That won't leave a sail, or a spar or a mast,
That bend to the breeze before it is passed
Says I to myself, says I.

VII.

You ask how it is that I get on its track,
Says I to myself, says I.
By the twinge of my corn and the crick in my back,
Says I to myself, says I;
These are the signs, and I figure them out,
It's lucid as mud, and no room for a doubt,
Excuse me, O! Vennor, excuse if I shout,
Says I to myself, says I.

BY ANOTHER.

There was a vain prophet named Wiggins,
Who posed as the seer of the "diggins;"
Said he to himself:
"I will rest on the shelf,
It seems a cold day for poor Wiggins."
—*Chicago News.*

THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE.

I was nearly forty years of age, and felt myself so safely anchored in the peaceable haven of a bachelor's life that nothing could induce me to run the risk of disturbing it by marriage. But I had reckoned without the trumpeter's horse.

It was at the end of September, 1864, that I arrived at Paris from Baden, intending only to remain four-and-twenty hours. I had invited four or five friends to join me in Poitou for the hunting season, and as they were to arrive at the beginning of October I had only allowed myself a week at La Roche Targe to prepare for their reception. A letter from home awaited my arrival at Paris, bringing me the disastrous intelligence that out of twelve horses five had fallen ill or lame during my stay at Baden, so that I was under the necessity of remounting my cavalry before I left Paris.

I made the round of all the horse-dealers of the Champs Elysees, where I was shown a collection of screws, the average price of which was £120, but I was neither in a humor nor in cash to throw away my money upon such useless beasts. It was a Wednesday, the day of Cheri's autumn sale; I went to the Rue de Ponthieu and purchased at a venture eight horses which cost me altogether £200. "Out of the eight," said I to myself, "there will be surely four or five which will go."

Among the horses there was one which, I confess, I bought principally on account of his coat. The catalogue did not assign him to any special qualifications as a hunter. All that it stated was: "Brutus, a saddle-horse, aged, well-broken." It was a large, dapple-gray horse, but never had I seen one better marked, its smooth, white skin dappled over with fine black spots, so regularly distributed.

The next morning I left for La Roche Targe, and the following day my horses arrived. My first care was for Brutus. This gray horse had been running for the last forty-eight hours in my head, and I was anxious to try his paces and see what he was good for. He had long teeth, and every mark of a respectable age, a powerful shoulder, and he carried his head well; but what I most admired in Brutus was the way in which he looked at me, following every movement with his attentive, intelligent, inquisitive eye. Even my words seemed to interest him; he leaned his head on one side as if to hear me, and when I had finished speaking replied with a merry neigh. The other seven horses were brought out to me in succession, but they resembled any other horses, and Brutus certainly was different from them all. I was anxious to take a little ride in the country in order to make his acquaintance.

Brutus allowed himself to be saddled, bridled and mounted as a horse who knew his work, and we started quietly together, the best friends possible. He had a beautiful mouth, and answered to every turn of the rein—arching his neck and champing his bit. His paces were perfect. He began by a slow, measured canter, raising his feet very high and letting them fall with the regularity of a pendulum. I tried him at a trot and a short gallop, but when I sought to quicken his pace he began to amble in grand style. "Ah," said I: "I see how it is; I have bought an old horse out of the cavalry riding-school at Saumur."

I was about to turn homeward, satisfied with the talents of Brutus, when a shot was heard a short distance off. It was one of my keepers firing at a rabbit, for which shot beit said, en passant, he afterwards received a handsome present from my wife. I was then exactly in the center of an open space where six long, green roads met. On hearing the shot Brutus stopped short and put his ears forward in an attitude of listening. I was surprised to see him so impressionable. After the brilliant military education I assumed he had received in his youth, he must be accustomed to the report of a gun. I pressed my knees against him to make him move on, but Brutus would not stir. I tried to back him, to make him turn to the right or to the left, but in vain. I made him feel my whip, but still he was immovable. Brutus was not to be displaced; and yet—do not smile, for mine is a true history—each time I urged him to move the horse turned his head round and gazed upon me with an eye expressive of impatience and surprise and then relapsed into his motionless attitude. There was evidently some misunderstanding between me and my horse. I saw it in his eyes. Brutus was saying as plainly as he could without speech: "I, horse, do what I ought to do; and you, horseman, do not perform your part."

I was more puzzled than embarrassed. "What a strange horse Cheri had sold me! and why does he look upon me in such a way?" I was about to proceed to extremities and administer to him a good thrashing when another shot was fired.

The horse then made one bound. I thought I had gained my point and again tried to start him, but in vain. He stopped short and planted himself more resolutely than ever. I then got into a rage and my riding-whip entered into play; I took it in both hands and struck the horse right and left. But Brutus, too, lost patience, and, finding passive resistance unavailing, defended himself by rearing, kicking and plunging, and, in the midst of the battle, while the horse capered and kicked, and I, exasperated, was flogging him with the loaded butt end of my broken whip, Brutus, nevertheless, found time to look at me, not only with impatience and surprise, but with rage and indignation. While I required of the horse the obedience he refused, he, on his part, was expecting of me something I did not do.

How did this end? To my shame be it spoken, I was relentlessly and disgracefully unseated. Brutus saw there was nothing gained by violence, so judged it necessary to employ malice. After a moment's pause, evidently passed in reflection, the horse put down his head and stood upright on his fore legs with the address and equilibrium of a clown upon his hands. I was, consequently, deposited upon the sand, which, fortunately, happened to be rather thick in the place where I fell.

I tried to raise myself, but I cried out and fell stretched with my face towards the ground. I felt as if a knife were sticking in my left leg. The hurt did not prove serious—the snapping of one of the small tendons—but not the less painful. I succeeded, however, in turning myself, and sat down; but while I was rubbing my eyes, which were filled with sand, I saw the great foot of a horse descend gently upon my head and again extend me on my back. I then felt quite disheartened, and was ruminating in my mind what this strange horse could be, when I felt a quantity of sand strike me in the face. I opened my eyes and saw Brutus throwing up the dust with both fore and hind feet, trying to bury me. This lasted for several minutes, when, apparently thinking me sufficiently interred, Brutus knelt by my grave and then galloped around me, describing a perfect circle. I called out to him to stop. He appeared to be embarrassed; but seeing my hat, which had been separated from me in the fall, he took it between his teeth and galloped down one of the green paths out of sight.

I was left alone. I shook off the sand which covered me and with my arm and right leg—my left could not move—dragged myself to a bushy bank, where I seated myself and shouted with all my might for assistance. But no answer; the wood was perfectly silent and deserted.

I remained alone in this wretched condition above half an hour, when I saw Brutus in the distance, returning by the same road by which he went, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Gradually, as it cleared away, I saw a little carriage approaching—a pony chaise—and in the pony chaise a lady, who drove it, with a small groom in the seat behind.

A few instants after Brutus arrived covered with foam. He stopped before me, let fall my hat at his feet, and addressed me with a neigh, as much as to say: "I have done my duty; I have brought you help." But I did not trouble myself about Brutus and his explanations; I had no thought or looks save for the beautiful fairy who had come to my aid, and who, jumping from her little carriage, tripped lightly up to me, and suddenly two exclamations were uttered at the same moment: "Madame de Noriolis!"

"Monsieur de la Roche Targe!"

I have an aunt between whom and myself my marrying is a source of continual dispute.

"Marry," she would say.

"I will not," was my answer.

"Would you have a young lady? There is Miss A, Miss B, Miss C."

"But I won't marry."

"Then take a widow; there are Mrs. D, Mrs. E, Mrs F., etc.

"But marry I will not."

Mme. de Noriolis was always in the first rank among my aunt's widows. To tell me she was rich, lively and pretty was unnecessary, but, after setting forth all her attractions, my aunt would take from her secretaire a map of the district where she lived and point out how the estates of Noriolis and La Roche Targe joined, and she had traced a red line upon the map uniting the two properties, which she constantly obliged me to look at. "Eight hundred acres within a ring fence! A fine chance for a sportsman." But I would shut my eyes and repeat as before: "I will never marry." Yet, seriously speaking, I was afraid of Mme. de Noriolis, and always saw my head encircled with an aureole of her aunt's red line. Charming, sensible, talented and eight hundred acres within a ring fence! Escape for your safety if you will not marry.

And I always did escape, but this time retreat was impossible. I lay extended on the turf, covered with sand, my hair in disorder, my clothes in tatters and my leg stiff.

"What are we doing here?" inquired Mme. de Noriolis. "What has happened?"

I ingenuidly confessed I had been thrown.

"But you are not hurt?"

"No, but I have put something out in my leg—nothing serious, I am sure."

"And where is the horse which has played you this trick?"

"I pointed out Brutus, who was quietly grazing upon the shoots of a broom.

"How! it is him, the good horse! He has amply repaired his wrongs, as I will relate to you later. But you must go home directly."

"How? I can not move a step."

"But I am going to drive you home, at the risk of compromising you."

And calling her little groom, Bob, she led me gently by one arm, while Bob took the other, and made me get into the carriage. Five minutes afterwards we were moving in the direction of La Roche Targe, she holding the reins and driving the pony with a light hand, I looking at her, confused, embarrassed, stupid, ridiculous. Bob was charged to lead back Brutus.

"Extend your leg quite straight," said Mme. de Noriolis, "and I will drive you very gently to avoid jolting." When she saw me comfortably installed, "Tell me," she said, "how you were thrown, and I will explain how I came to your assistance."

I began the story, but when I spoke of the efforts of Brutus to unseat me after the two shots, "I understand it all," she exclaimed; "you have bought the trumpeter's horse."

"The trumpeter's horse?"

"Yes, that explains it all. You have seen many scenes in the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, the performance of the trumpeter's horse. A Chasseur d'Afrique enters the arena upon a gray horse; then comes the Arabs, who fire upon him, and he is wounded and falls; and, as you did not fall, the horse, indignant at your not performing your part in the piece, threw you down. What did he do next?"

I related the little attempt of Brutus to bury me.

"Exactly like the trumpeter's horse. He sees his master wounded; but the Arabs may return and kill him, so what does the horse do? He buries him and gallops off, carrying away the colors that they may not fall into the hands of the Arabs."

"That is my hat which Brutus carried off."

"Precisely. He goes to fetch the vivandiere—the vivandiere to-day being your humble servant, the Countess de Noriolis. Your great gray horse galloped into my court-yard, where I was standing on the doorsteps putting on my gloves and ready to get into my carriage. My grooms, seeing a horse saddled and bridled with a hat in his mouth and without a rider, tried to catch him, but he escaped their pursuit, goes straight up the steps and kneels before me. The men again try to capture him, but he gallops off, stops at the gate, turns round and looks at me; so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse darts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him and arrive where I find you."

At the moment Mme. de Noriolis had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing erect on his hind legs behind us. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage untenanted, he had taken the opportunity of giving us another specimen of his talents, by executing the most brilliant of all his circus performances. He had placed his fore feet upon the back seat of the little carriage, and was tranquilly continuing his route, trotting upon his hind legs alone, Bob striving in vain to replace him upon four.

Mme. de Noriolis was so frightened that she let the reins escape from her hands and sank fainting in my arms. With my left hand I recovered the reins, with my right arm I supported Mme. de Noriolis, my leg all the time causing the most frightful torture.

In this manner Mme. de Noriolis made her first entry into La Roche Targe. When she return d six weeks later she had become my wife.

"Such, indeed, is life," she exclaimed. "This would never have come to pass if you had not bought the trumpeter's horse."

Scottish Traits.

Rev. Robert MacKenzie, of the Howard Presbyterian Church, delivered an entertaining lecture at Grand Western Hall, on Bush street, Friday night, on "The Good and the Bad About the Scotch." "I ought to know what is good about the Scotch," said the speaker, "for my father was a Scotchman; and I ought to know what is bad about them, for I am a Scotchman myself." Then by an ingenious course of reasoning, which the reverend gentleman pursued to the verge of improbability, he almost demonstrated the fact that Adam was a Scotchman, because "if Adam wore anything it was the kilt he wore." That some of the Campbell's came over in the ark with Noah was a matter of history, but there's been a change in the spelling of the name since then.

"The Scotch character," continued the speaker, "is made up of contrasts and apparent contradictions. It is frugal to stinginess and free to poverity; clannish and yet of a roving nature; sensible, yet superstitious. The wonderfully rough climate of the Highlands is calculated to produce rugged character; the barrenness of the soil promotes industry and frugality.

Promptness was declared to be another National virtue. Chalmers was one of the promptest of men. One morning he came down to breakfast at the usual minute and found the meal unprepared. The cook, his niece, expected a sound scolding, but possessing some of her uncle's wit, she met him with the exclamation: "Oh, sir, I dreamed about ye last night." What did you dream, Jenn e?" inquired the Dean, taken off his guard. "I dreamed, sir," said the girl, "that ye had died, and were to be buried at twelve o'clock. The pall-bearers were late, and at wan minut past twelve ye rapit on the side o' the coffin and said: "Tut! be spry there; it's after twelve an' ye are no lettin' yet.'"

That the Scottish race is superstitious, the speaker said could not be denied. This was to be accounted for from the loneliness of the mountains in which the Highlanders had always lived and the long nights and weird storms that howl among his native crags and vales. The Scotchman is metaphysical. "When a Yankee baby awakes to the fact that it has a great toe its first impulse is to tug away at its little foot until it has the sweet morsel in its mouth. When a Scotch baby finally discovers that it has a great toe, along with the natural instinct to swallow it comes an unquenchable desire to know why it should want to swallow, and this," said the speaker, "is the difference between the two nations."

The habit of metaphysical thought makes the Scotchman critical. A certain Scot wanted to be made a deacon. "I don't think you are fitted for a deacon, Sandy. Can you speak in meeting" inquired the pastor. "No, sir," said Sandy. "Can you lead in prayer?" "No, sir." "Could you act as moderator at a meeting of the Presbytery?" "No, sir." "Well, then, what could you do?" "Well," answered Sandy, thoughtfully, "I might raise a few objections."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Foreign Element.

The composite nature of the American population is shown in various ways by the tables of the census of 1880, which, in this department, may be regarded as reasonably correct, however many faults there may be in other departments. The figures concerning the great cities are of especial significance, because each of them is a center of political power, and their population is continually growing by the influx of foreigners seeking political advancement, and of natives from the rural districts who seek more active spheres for their ventures in legitimate business, in speculation, and also in politics. Looking through the census tables, we find that Philadelphia has a larger proportion of native inhabitants than any of the large cities, except some of those in the Southern States like Baltimore, New Orleans and Louisville.

In New York the foreign inhabitants are about forty per cent., in Brooklyn about thirty, in Boston about thirty-one, in Chicago about forty (or the same as New York), in Buffalo and Jersey City about fifty, in Cleveland and Newark nearly forty, in Cincinnati about thirty; while in Philadelphia they are only about twenty-three per cent. of the whole population. On the basis of these facts it may rightly be claimed that Philadelphia is more distinctly American than any of the cities named. Comparison with New York exhibits the composition of the two cities in more detail, and we give this condensed table showing the countries of which the respective inhabitants of the two cities were natives at the time the census of 1880 was taken:

	Birth, Philadelphia.	*New York.*
Ireland	101,808	198,565
England	26,315	29,664
Scotland	5,695	8,082
France	2,588	9,916
Germany	55,769	163,432
Italy	1,656	12,22[illegible]
All others	10,503	56,12[illegible]
Total foreign	201,335	478,67[illegible]
Total native	643,815	727,62[illegible]
Total population	817,170	1,206,29[illegible]

Here it is seen that the people of foreign birth in Philadelphia are considerably less than one-fourth of the whole population, while in New York they are nearly three-fifths. The Irish predominate over the other foreigners in both cities; but New York has nearly twice as many of them as Philadelphia, and they are almost one-sixth of the whole population. Of Germans, New York has nearly three times as many as Philadelphia, and the proportion of other foreigners is as great or greater, except of English; for while there are 26,315 of these in Philadelphia there are only 3,349 more in the much larger city.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—President Barry, of the Western New York Horticultural Society, says the cultivation of the ground in pear orchards must be confined to near the surface, and without much depth.

Sleeplessness.

Druggists tell us that there is a growing demand for various medicines and preparations containing opiates in one shape or another. People wreck their nervous system by injudicious habits of life, and the result is unsound sleep, dyspepsia and countless other evils. A little advice to such persons may not be out of place. They should, of course, be careful to abandon that method of life which brings them into physical disorder. Their complaint may be fed by tobacco; narcotics should be avoided. One cause of their trouble may be that they take insufficient outdoor exercise. Perhaps they drink too much tea or coffee or eat too much flesh meat. There are a thousand practices allowed by convention which are in themselves harmful and prejudicial to the health.

The quality of sleep may be improved by diminishing the length of time spent in bed. A hot shower bath at bed-time cleanses the skin and pre-disposes to sleep. Many a toiling business or literary man goes to bed tired and worn out, only to toss from one side to another. His brain is hot and full of blood, while his feet are cold. He thinks over again the thoughts that have been engaging his attention during the day, or does over again the business that has called forth his energies for twelve or sixteen hours past. His night is a round of tossing to and fro. Is there any wonder that, failing to find out what is the true and natural remedy for his pains, he resorts to opiates, which he knows will give him temporary relief?

There is one sure and safe way to remedy his pains. If, after leaving work, he would take a brisk walk of a mile or two, before going to bed, and then after the walk would hold his head under a stream of cold water, he would find relief—that is, supposing he does this when he is first troubled with sleepless nights. But, no; if he lives half a mile or more from his work he takes a car home, and, throwing off his clothes, goes to bed as quickly as possible.

The want of balance between mental and physical labor is a fruitful cause of sleeplessness. Many a business man, whose duties keep him in an office all day, would improve his health a great deal if he were to fit up his attic as a carpenter's shop and spend an hour therein after supper. This, of course, would be beneficial only if he happened to have a liking for mechanics; then he would find his occupation afforded him amusement, mental occupation and muscular effort in just the proper proportions.—*Herald of Health.*

The Railway Station Loafer.

Of all loafers the railway station loafer is the most loaferishest. He is noisy, obtrusive, insolent. He sits down and compels the passenger, the patron of the railway, to stand up. He kicks your valise as he passes it. He is never seen without a mouthful of tobacco, and he always expectorates in the direction either of your valise or your feet. He stands in your way at the ticket office, although he is never known to go anywhere. He looks over your shoulder at the telegraph window while you write a message. He spars and "rastles" with other hoodlums. He loudly calls the attention of his fellow loafers to your personal appearance, and makes "stage aside" remarks for you to hear as you pass by him. He is utterly useless, infinitely worthless and a wholesale nuisance. When he is under fourteen years of age he should be flogged and compelled to go to school, between the years of fourteen and twenty-one he should be sent to the house of correction or a reform school, and after reaching the age of twenty-one he should be hanged.

Off with his head. So much for the loafer.—*Burdette.*

—In Oregon there is a railroad which does a profitable business, although a hand-car and a push-car constitute its entire equipment. The road, which is about five miles long, was formerly used by the Utter Coal Company, but upon its suspension a few years ago the engine was taken off, a hand-car substituted, and a lucrative business in freight and passenger carriage built up, the charge being two dollars and fifty cents a ton for freight and fifty cents for passengers.

THE Frederickton (New Brunswick, Can.) *Reporter* says: "Nobody can but admire the persistent enterprise manifested by the owners of St. Jacobs Oil in keeping the name before the public. It received a big 'send off' in the House the other day by the Hon. Mr. Perley, who warned his colleagues in the Government of the danger of Bear Killers receiving two bounties for one nose; the judicious use of the Oil causing rapid growth."

THE electric light is pleasant to look at, but perfectly shocking when the wires are grabbed.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

WHEN a man gets high he is considered a very low fellow.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll None of it."

We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, enough to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets" he would not have uttered those words of contempt. By druggists.

"Could ye lind me the loan of a pipe and tobacky?" said Pat; "I have a match."

"My *skin, which has been covered with scaly sores, has become clean, smooth and soft as a lady's. My hands were covered with little dry scabs. They have disappeared and I'm better than I have been for twenty years, using Dr. Benson's Skin Cure.*—A. M. Noble, Selma, N. C., July 3, 1883.

WOOLEN goods are quoted quiet, because of their nap.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A Case not Beyond Help.

Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kenawee, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try Dr. Wm. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work. I saw her at her worst and had no idea she could recover."

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 26, 1883.		
FLOUR—Extra Ohio	$ 4 00	@ $ 7 25
WHEAT—Red Winter	1 19	@ 1 19¼
No. 1, White	1 19½	@ 1 20½
CORN—No. 2	67½	@ 68¼
OATS—Mixed Western	50	@ 51½
Pork—Mess	19 25	@ 19 25
LARD—Prime steam	11 50	@ 11 60
BUTTER—Western	13	@ 17
CHEESE—Ohio	8	@ 14
EGGS—Western	20	@ 21½
CATTLE	5 90	@ 7 55
HOGS	7 50	@ 8 00
SHEEP	4 75	@ 7 50
CLEVELAND.		
FLOUR—Country XX White	$ 3 60	@ 4 00
Minn. new process	8 00	@ 8 25
Amber	5 00	@ 5 25
WHEAT—No. 2	1 07	@ 1 12
CORN	56	@ 57
OATS—No. 1	47	@ 48
CHEESE—Choice Factory	13	@ 13½
Ohio Dairy	11	@ 12
BUTTER—Choice	19	@ 21
EGGS	17	@ 18
POTATOES, per bushel	80	@ 85
SEED—Timothy	1 90	@ 1 90
Clover	8 00	@ 8 10
CINCINNATI.		
FLOUR—Family	$ 4 50	@ $ 4 75
WHEAT	1 08½	@ 1 08¾
CORN	55	@ 56
RYE	63½	@ 64
OATS	43	@ 43¾
BUTTER	20	@ 25
HOGS—Common to light	6 25	@ 7 55
Packing	7 20	@ 8 00
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—Western	$ 1 11½	@ $ 1 13½
No. 2, Red Winter	...	@ 1 14
CORN—High Mixed	56	@ 59
No. 2	...	@ 59
OATS—No. 2	42	@ 43
BUFFALO.		
BEEVES—Best	$ 6 25	@ $ 6 50
Medium	5 80	@ 6 00
HOGS—Common to fair	7 50	@ 7 90
Heavy	7 20	@ 7 60
SHEEP—Common	4 00	@ 5 50
Choice	6 85	@ 7 90
PITTSBURGH.		
BEEVES—Best	$ 6 00	@ $ 6 50
Medium	5 35	@ 5 75
HOGS—Yorkers	7 50	@ 7 65
Philadelphias	7 85	@ 8 20
SHEEP—Best	6 00	@ 6 75
Medium	4 50	@ 5 50
PHILADELPHIA.		
WOOL—Unwashed	36	@ 37½
Delaine	38	@ 37
Western	36	@ 40

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

What a Lady of Great Prominence Has to Say About Her Sex.

(*Boston Globe.*)

On a recent trip by a representative of this paper to the city of Haverhill, Mass., a most important incident occurred, which can not fail to be of the greatest interest to all, especially to our lady readers. The newspaper man met a lady a trifle past middle age with luxurious white hair that contrasted strikingly with piercing black eyes. She possessed a straight, full habit, womanly, but commanding, combined with manners wholly lady-like, and yet pronounced. Any acute judge of human nature could see at once that he was in the presence of an unusual personage—one destined to accomplish more than most of her sex, and to exert an influence far reaching in its power. This lady was Mrs. M. W. Wingate. Almost from childhood she has taken a special interest in the bodily troubles of her sex and has probably been more successful in relieving suffering and saving lives than any other woman in America. Indeed, she seems to have been to women what Florence Nightengale and Dorothy Dix were to the suffering soldiers. The instances of women who were in the greatest agony and apparently beyond the reach of human aid, that she has restored to health and happiness, are almost innumerable, and it was only natural that the scribe should become specially interested and wish to converse with her more in detail.

"How long have you been engaged in the practice of medicine, Mrs. Wingate?"

"For more than twenty-five years."

"A long time certainly. How did you happen to enter the field at that early day when women in the professions were specially frowned down upon?"

"I think I must have inherited a taste from my father, Professor J. C. Wood, of Harvard College. He was eminent in the profession, a hard worker and equally earnest in his recitations. He hunted considerably, and I remember when only nine years old I used to dissect the birds and animals he had killed. I felt infatuated with medical science, even then, and the infatuation has continued up to the present time."

"And did you begin your studies so early in life?"

"I can hardly say when I began, for I can not remember when I did not read medical literature. You would scarcely believe it, but I was a slender girl and did not weigh over 120 pounds, but I used to sit up night after night until two o'clock in the morning poring over my studies and never dreaming of the flight of time. It seemed as though calls for my attendance on the sick always came unsolicited. I certainly can not fix the date when I first began practicing. Of course most of my patients were women, and the natural sympathy I felt for my sex has increased during all these years where I have been brought so closely in contact with them and have learned to anticipate their needs and sympathize with their sufferings. After the opening of the Boston Medical College I appeared before the faculty, passed examination and received a diploma. I had practiced for years previous to that time but thought it desirable to receive another diploma, which I did without any effort."

"Your experience with the many and serious diseases of women having been so extensive must also be valuable! Can you give me some facts regarding them?"

"I find that woman seems born to suffering, and where she avoids it, it is by reason of some care on her part or owing to some special renewing power. It is true some women go through life without unusual suffering, but they are none the less in danger, for there are critical periods all along their pathway when the utmost precaution is required. The innumerable complaints called female weaknesses; the irregularities of life and changes of the system all indicate the perils which hang over every woman's career, and which, unless attended to, may result disastrously."

"But is there no way by which these terrible troubles can be avoided?"

"That has been the problem for years. The habits of life and the demands of fashion are clearly at war with the health of women. I have been, perhaps, unusually successful in my treatment of their troubles, but there have been many cases that seemed specially stubborn. I recall one in particular. I had exhausted all the usual expedients and the results were not satisfactory. I became worried over the case and really did not know what to do, but finally thought I would try something out of the usual line. I had heard a certain remedy recommended very highly and so I procured some and made a chemical analysis of it. I found it was perfectly pure, and that the ingredients were unusually valuable. So I began giving it to my patient, changing it, however, into a bottle of my own. To my great joy it seemed to have an almost immediate effect and a complete cure was the result. Since then I have used it constantly in my practice and have cured every form of female weakness, as well as displacements, dropsical tumors, cellu dropsy and all such troubles. I have also used it with the best of results in cases of pregnancy and gestation. Indeed I have found it of untold value and benefit.

"Have you any objection to giving me the name of this remedy of which you speak?"

"None whatever. It is Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

"Why, that is a proprietary medicine!"

"Certainly, but what of that? I have but one end in view in the treatment of my patients, namely—their restoration to health. In the accomplishment of this end I prescribe what I believe to be beneficial, no matter what the professional consequences may be."

"I notice in the New York papers that Doctors Hammond, Agnew and other prominent physicians are taking a similar stand, Mrs. Wingate."

"Yes, and all independent thinkers in the profession are bound to do so. I am, however, on the best of terms with my professional brethren as you can see," and the lady produced a beautiful gold medal mounted in the form of a badge which had been presented her by the medical society, known as the Ensign of the Humble Family, of which she is a prominent member. After examining it closely, the reporter remarked that the medical profession evidently were proud of what she had done, as she might well be in the possession of such a medal.

"I am proud of that" she replied, "and I was also pleased a short time since to receive an offer at a large salary to take the professorship in the new medical college at Walla Walla, on the Pacific coast. I do not know how they heard of me out there, but I was obliged to decline their offer."

"And so, in your experience with the diseases of women, you have found success, and that Warner's Safe Cure has been a most efficient remedy?"

"Yes, I have had unusual success and the remedy of which you speak has been proven of great benefit. There are, however, some base imitations of it to be found in the market; these are bad and should be avoided, but the genuine remedy is one of the very best."

"And has not the practice of your profession injured your health?"

"No, I am better now than ever before in my life. I froze my limbs last Winter, while riding one cold night to see a patient, and was obliged to remain indoors for over two months. Otherwise I am healthy, as you can see by looking at me."

"And may I publish this interview, Mrs. Wingate?"

"Yes. If what I have told you should be the means of assisting any women who may be suffering, I shall be perfectly willing to have it published."

It is said that deaf and dumb people always take a hand in conversation.—*Evansville Argus.*

Personal!

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Editor of Evening Press:

DEAR SIR—Feeling deeply grateful for the great benefits which I have received from the use of a very valuable article which has its origin and home in our beautiful city, and hoping that others who are afflicted as I have been may find like relief from its use, I beg the indulgence of a few lines in your valuable paper for the privilege of communicating to you a brief statement of facts, for the benefit of the multitude of sufferers to be met with on every side. Many of my friends will know that I have been very severely afflicted with heart-disease for a number of years, and have suffered from it as only those can suffer who have that disease; it reduced my strength so low that I could scarcely walk across my room, and the least exertion rendered me so short-breathed that I dared scarcely move, and life seemed very burdensome. I was treated for my malady by the best physicians, and derived no benefit from their treatment or prescriptions until I was advised by my family physician to use Hunt's Remedy, as my trouble was caused by inaction of my kidneys, which affected very seriously the action of my heart. I commenced taking it (having little faith in it or any other medicine), and it has helped me wonderfully, and I am now a great deal better, and have been ever since I began its use. In fact I have taken no medicine that has benefited me so greatly. My breathing is easy, and I have gained in strength so much that I am able to do my housework. I cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to all who may be afflicted as I have been, or who are suffering from general debility and nervous prostration. Respectfully, MRS. A. O. ROCKWELL, Pearl Street, Providence, R. I.

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