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Vegetine
I Will Try Vegetine HE DID AND WAS CURED.
DELAWARE, O., Feb. 16, 1877.
MR. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—I wish to give you this testimony, that you may know, and let others know, what Vegetine has done for me. About two years ago a small sore came on my leg; it soon became a large Ulcer, so troublesome that I consulted the doctor, but I got no relief, growing worse from day to day. I suffered terribly; I could not rest day or night. I was so reduced my friends thought I would never recover. I consulted a doctor at Columbus. I followed his advice; it did no good. I can truly say I was discouraged. At this time I was looking over my newspaper; I saw your advertisement of Vegetine, the "Great Blood Purifier" for cleansing the blood from all impurities, curing Humors, Ulcers, etc. I said to my family, I will try some of the Vegetine. Before I had used the first bottle I began to feel better. I made up my mind I had got the right medicine at last. I could now sleep well nights. I continued taking the Vegetine. I took thirteen bottles. My health is good. The Ulcer is gone, and I am able to attend to business. I paid about four hundred dollars for medicine and doctors before I bought the Vegetine. I have recommended Vegetine to others with good success. I always keep a bottle of it in the house now. It is a most excellent medicine. Very respectfully yours, F. ANTHONI.
Mr. Anthoni is one of the pioneers of Delaware, O. He settled here in 1834. He is a wealthy gentleman, of the firm of F. Anthoni & Sons. Mr. Anthoni is extensively known, especially among the Germans. He is well known in Cincinnati. He is respected by all.
IMPURE BLOOD.—In morbid conditions of the blood are many diseases, such as salt-rheum, ring-worm, boils, carbuncles, sores, ulcers and pimples. In this condition of the blood try the VEGETINE, and cure these affections. As a blood-purifier it has no equal. Its effects are wonderful.
VEGETINE CURED HER.
DORCHESTER, MASS., June 11.
DR. STEVENS: Dear Sir—I feel it my duty to say one word in regard to the great benefit I have received from the use of one of the greatest wonders of the world: I mean your Vegetine. I have been one of the greatest sufferers for the last eight years that ever could be living. I do sincerely thank my God and your Vegetine for the relief I have got. The Rheumatism has pained me to such an extent, that my feet broke out in sores. For the last three years I have not been able to walk; now I can walk and sleep, and do my work as well as ever I did, and I must say I owe it all to your blood purifier, Vegetine. MARGERY WELLS.
VEGETINE.—The great success of the Vegetine as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.
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HENDERSON, KY., Dec. 1877. I have used H. R. Stevens' Vegetine, and like it better than any medicine I have used for purifying the blood. One bottle of Vegetine accomplished more good than all other medicines I have taken. THOS. LYNE, Henderson, Ky.
VEGETINE is composed of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.
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H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction. A. B. DE FIEST, M. D., Hazleton, Ind.
VEGETINE Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.
Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists

Chariton Courier.
KEYTESVILLE, : : MISSOURI.

EVE.

With feet upon the dewy grass
She stood beneath the tree,
And reaching high above her head,
Gathered the fruit of shame.
So straight and slim, with bright, light flowing hair,
And oh, her voice! so rich and low and rare!

"Look now!" she cried, "how ripe and red,
How smooth and fair to see!
And when you bite it you shall find
It sweet and sharp, like me."
And then she laughed out merrily, as one
Who knew the joy of life but just begun.

"How ripe and red!" Ay, so her lips—
"How smooth and fair to see!"
Ay, so her blooming cheek, and soft
Her eyes downbent on me.
Oh, all the air was sweet that golden day!
And I forgot that it could pass away.

The apple that she gave—I ate;
And was it sweet? What care!
If that dear girl would pluck for me
One more as bright and fair,
I'd choose—whate'er its bitterness—to eat!
And she should know I count her giving sweet.

AUTUMNAL PICTURES.

I see the fields where cattle graze,
The hills soft meshed in silver haze,
The gold-brown brook and ancient bridge,
And old red mill beneath the ridge,
And dim lights on the orchard side,
With moss-grown trees low branching wide
The hamlet nestled in the glade—
A drowsy nook that loves the shade:

The dusty highway, long and brown,
Slow creeping out beyond the town
To breast the hill-side in its strength,
A silent treeless mile in length,
Far to the hanging woods on high
That with their verdure soothe the eye
With myriads dyes of dusky green
That wear September's richest sheen.

O'er old stone wall the blackberry twines,
Inlaced with wanton gadding vines,
The Clematis and wild fox-grape,
The shad-bush and the feathered brake,
And woodbine curled in cedar spire
That soon shall glow a line of fire;
No darker could the elder gleam
With fruitage dipped in stygian stream.

All freaked and splashed with guiltless blood.
The sumach flares along the wood;
The mullein takes its lonely stand
Upon the hilly pasture land,
Where slow the cricket's voice is heard
Plaining some monitory word,
Shrilled by a small black-coated friar
Who preaches 'neath the furze and brier.

The golden rod from myriad whorls
Its sunny oriflamme unfurls,
And triumphs o'er the dusty way,
Companioned by the thistle gay,
That spreads a disk so rosy fair
To feed the pretty birds of air.
And, foremost with a twittering note,
The dainty goldfinch swells its throat.

The noontide warms the quiet air
With scent of apples spiced and rare,
And quinces by the mossy well
Feel in their veins old Midas' spell,
While clusters on the bronzing vine
Breathe out an odor half divine.
From thick embordered, bosky trees
Comes now the murmurous hum of bees.

Far off the golden stubble land
Lies in a warm and glowing band,
As if old earth, sunned through and through,
Had ripened to a richer hue;
Clouds mottled like the ringdove's breast
Move softly onward toward the west,
With rifts of deep and tender hue,
A nameless depth of gentian blue.

In perfect beauty, flushed and sweet,
Dear autumn comes with glowing feet;
Her tanned cheek wears a sunset dye,
A laughing light is in her eye;
About her shapely head the brown
Swells out a modest russet gown—
With here and there a color dash—
A breast-knot of the mountain ash.
Her outstart arms globed melons bear,
And scarlet leaves have crowned her hair.
—*Augusta Larned.*

THE LION OF BARINGO.

Major Deepwood lifted up his glass of port-wine, and, setting it down again with emphatic deftness on the marble table, said it was literary tomfoolery. "All animals," said he, "get their intelligence from man. If he doesn't breed it into a horse he imparts it by companionship. You fellows who come home from Africa and Upper Mexico, and tell your romantic stories about lions and grizzlies, don't begin to know what sagacity and level-headed sense an omnibus horse has got."

This was directed to Fred. Baker, who had been in the saddle for years on the plains, and to Eben Starkweather, who had just got back from the antipodes.

Baker fired up in a good-natured way, Stark took it indifferently, and sipped his hot Scotch. There was something preposterously impudent in the Major's presuming to tell these men any thing about animals. But he did, for the Major was a well read, sagacious fellow; albeit, his horsemanship was confined to an annual cavort up the Bowery on Washington's birthday.

"The Apaches say the white man takes all the sense out of a horse," Baker replied, "and from what I've seen since I've been East, I'm inclined to think they're right. Why, sir, if you haven't seen the animal in his natural state you don't know any thing about him." And, turning to Stark, "I believe the same can be said of all animals, except the one we call human."

"Mistake, mistake," cried the Major. "Breeding and training have made the animal all that he is to-day. Speed, endurance, and beauty have been conferred on him by man. I always hold that man is the lord of creation."

"The only difference," persisted Baker, "between the wild and subjected brute is that the gifts of one are concentrated on certain points, in the other they are distributed according to a natural plan. One animal is better for man's purposes; the other is better for the horse's purposes. It all depends now on whether you are considering a horse as an adjunct of man or as a distinct order."

We all laughed at this, and Baker went on undisturbed. "Let me tell you something," he said, "which perhaps you do not know. It is this, that the farther you get from civilization the more human attributes are imputed to the animals—"

"O, you might say that of trees and rocks," exclaimed the Major. "The less civilization the more ignorance, and, I believe, the more poetry or fetish."

"No man," continued Baker, "lives long in the wilderness without getting to have a suspicion that animals have souls. I believe this experience is universal. The Indians everywhere hold to it. The reason is that the brutes—, no matter whether they are buffaloes or bronchos—say and do mysterious things in their natural condition that they can never say or do when they have been subjected to man's rule. Whenever a fellow undertakes to tell some of his experiences with animals in the forest or desert, nobody will believe him, and I appeal to Starkweather if what I say is not true."

We all looked at Stark. He woke up suddenly from a brown study, and said, to our astonishment, that he endorsed every word his friend had said, and then, adding that it was pretty late, got up, and so broke up the party.

This conversation, and a great deal more, took place in 1851, at Delmonico's old restaurant. To understand the incredible circumstance which happened immediately afterward, it must be understood that Stark had been abroad for five years, spending most of his time in Algeria and Zanzibar in the employ of the English Government. He had only been home three months, and we had made quite a lion of him. He was stopping at my father's house, in 27th Street, for a few days, and when this little party at Delmonico's broke up, we got into a coach to go up there, and were accompanied by a young gentleman—an intimate friend of mine—who was at that time employed on one of the morning newspapers. I believe the house on 27th Street is standing yet. If you go up the 3d Avenue to that street, and turn east, you will notice on the north side, midway in the block, a brick church and a public school-house side by side. Not 20 feet from that church stood the house in which I lived, but at that time Rose Hill, as it was called, was not so thickly settled as at present. There were large gaps in the rows of dwellings, and all the way down from our house to the 3d Avenue there extended a high board fence, inclosing what at some previous time had been the spacious stage stables of Murphy & Co.

The night of which I speak was one of those uncomfortably hot ones of which we usually have three or four during the season in this city. I remember, as we drove up the avenue, how grateful the air that was caused by the motion of the vehicle was, and, as I put my head out of the window once or twice, I noticed that a full moon was shining. When we reached the house it was sultry to think of going to bed, and as we came in laughing and talking about Baker's odd notions, I made the remark that he had some curious [illegible] Baker." "Agreed," I exclaimed. "Throw yourself on that lounge, I'll just open these door to get a draught and see if I can find something to wet your whistle."

"Lieut. Barbiere and myself," said Stark, when we had all settled ourselves, "started two years ago from Zanzibar to go up among the Galla tribes in Zanguebar. It was a long and, to me, excessively tedious expedition, for I was sick three weeks with the fever, and must have died if had it not been for the kind nursing of the Lieutenant. By the way—it was during my convalescence on that expedition that I, for the only time in my life, ate serpent. It had always made me sick to see the natives strip and eat a boa, but on this occasion we were out of provisions and ammunition, and I could have eaten a hedgehog. The party that had been sent to meet us came up the Biwamba Creek, and got aground on a sand-bar. When we encountered them we were out of every thing. The first thing Barbiere and I did when we got a supply of cartridges was to lay out a day's hunt. We took a tepee and two niggers, and started off one morning from the camp early. These natives professed to know of a place where a certain kind of springbok and antelope frequented, and promised us plenty of sport. At nightfall we put up our tepee, and went to bed without having had and luck worth speaking of. I woke up the next morning early, and calling Zimbobo, one of the servants, we got our breakfast quietly, and then started off on a hunt, leaving our companions snoring soundly. I wish I could give you an idea of that morning. I have never seen any thing like it since. We were almost directly under the equator, and the sun shone through a lens of deliss purple vapor so brilliant that it almost blinded me. Our tent was in a clump of calabash and thorn trees, and when I looked back at it from a distance of 500 feet, I thought for a moment that it was on fire. The white canvas gleamed through the boiling mists like a setting sun. As we emerged from the timber upon what was a little plain or prairie, this heavy irridescent fog lay in places like a colored lake, level with our chins, and nothing was seen by either of us but two gleaming heads moving on a painted sea. Further on, when the sun had lifted this stratum just above our heads, we walked under a roof like that of stained glass, and every thing under this canopy burned with an unnatural color. The indigo plant and plantains wore all the hues of the prism, and the blue guinea fowls that we started plunged into the mist with a splendor not unlike colored rockets.

"I was armed with a heavy English rifle, and Zimbobo carried another of lighter bore. I also had with me a pair of French pistols and an American bowie-knife. I not unreasonably hoped to bag an antelope at least, but you can not understand my desire until you have lived for a week on ghee and manioc and rice, with arrowroot boiled in nut-oil for occasional dessert. In about an hour we broke through this fog, and came out on a wide prairie, dotted here and there with stunted mimosa trees, and growing thick in spots with pandana palms. I noticed as we went on that the timber grew scant and that we were traveling up a slight grade. I had the good fortune to start a herd of antelope about noon, and brought one down. The place where it fell was unsheltered, and leaving Zimbobo to cut it up, I strolled on, seeing some trees ahead which would afford me shelter from the sun.

"Imagine my surprise when I reached the trees to find myself upon the edge of an almost perpendicular bluff, 30 or 40 feet high, that extended on either hand as far as I could see. The scene that burst on me was so unexpected and so strange that it almost took away my breath. At the bottom of the bank or cliff was a white strand, 10 feet wide, and beyond that lay blue and gleaming the waters of Lake Baringo, dotted with a million wild fowl. the sun had dispelled the mists of the morning, and far away to the north I saw the white peaks of the Snow Mountains. Beckoning and shouting to the native to follow me, I walked along this cliff searching for a place to get down, feeling sure that I would find a ravine worn through it somewhere. At one place I had to skirt a grove of gum-trees, that grew very thick and was heavily interlaced with a rank creeper. I was compelled to go a quarter of a mile out of my way, and thus lost sight of the bluff for awhile. On the other side of the grove Zimbobo joined me, and together we slowly approached the ravine through the grass and underbrush. The moment I stood upon the edge of the bluff once more, and looked down at the sand and water, I received a surprise and a sensation that were new to me. There, not 50 feet from me, standing in an imperial attitude upon the beach, was a magnificent lion. For an instant admiration and astonishment almost petrified me. The beast was a tawny male, with a jet black lock hanging over his forehead. He had heard us approaching, and was facing us with a calm, defiant air. At his side, frisking and tumbling, was a whelp, utterly innocent of our presence. I remembered Jules Gerard's words: 'If ever you come upon his majesty from a steep elevation, and have a good weapon, he will resign his scepter to you!' I looked up and down the bluff. He was completely at my mercy. On one side rippled the waters of the lake, on the other a sheer bank of 40 feet rose above him. I lifted my rifle and cocked it. Then occurred a most extraordinary struggle in my mind. The lion appeared to comprehend the situation. He looked steadily at me, then turned his head toward the lake, passed his eye slowly along the bluff, up and down, and then with a majestic air sat down upon his haunches, and renewed his contemplation of me. For the first time in my life I felt ashamed to fire my gun. You will say I was sentimental. But I ask you why a man becomes sentimental all at once. It was certainly a new feeling to me. The beast himself seemed to say: 'I am waiting to see if you are such a superior animal as to kill me or wound me when I can not defend myself, and you can not even recover my body.' Suddenly I noticed that my companion had left me. I turned and saw him a stone's throw down the plain, making the most frantic gesticulations to me to come away. I beckoned to him angrily to come back, but he only redoubled his protestations and entreaties. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I lifted my rifle and pointed it at him, and then he came toward me, running in a zig-zag line, like one bewitched, shouting and bellowing without cessation. As soon as he was near enough I understood him to say that I must not kill the woolya-woolya, or chief's beast—that the soul of a great warrior had entered the lion with the black lock, and much other superstitious nonsense. I think this exhibition of cowardice made me ashamed of my sentimentalism. But I give you my word, gentlemen, I drew a bead three times on that animal, and each time some kind of feeling made me lower the gun. Every time that I took aim Zimbobo threw himself on the ground and rolled over and screamed as if in convulsions. I wanted that skin, if only to show Barbiere, and I knew if a lion could get down to that shore I could, but some kind of a dread mystic sense that to kill the beast was to invite an unknown danger, stopped me. Finally, I shook off this feeling and fired. The bullet struck him just above the left eye, plowed a gash in his skin and cut the upper part of his ear off. He never moved an inch. As the report of the gun died away, Zimbobo lifted himself cautiously and peered over the bank. The look of terror in the poor wretch's face as he saw the lion sitting there undisturbed, was pitiable. I seized his gun, and aiming at the animal's heart, fired again. This time the whelp, which was frisking about, jumped in front of him as I fired, and received the bullet, rolled over with a piteous cry and died. The parent lion examined it a moment, nosed it over, and even licked the spotting wound. Then a terrible change took place in him. He uttered a roar that made the cliff tremble, and shook himself. The black lock on his forehead seemed to bristle. His tailed lashed the air. With a quick motion of his head he seemed to examine the bank up and down for the most accessible storming-place, and then, with a peculiar parting roar, half growl and half yell, but full of vengeance, he gave me a fiery look and bounded off down the shore.

"We had no breech-loaders, and while I was putting fresh bullets into the pieces, Zimbobo was on his knees begging me to come away, and assuring me that woolya-woolya would come again 'two'—meaning that he would be joined by his mate, and together they would avenge the death of their offspring. I laughed at the fellow, and told him we would take back two skins then instead of one. But I did not linger. On the whole, I was promised a little more lion-hunting than I had bargained for, and I was anxious to get back to our companions before nightfall.

"Twice, as we were crossing the prairie, Zimbobo clutched me suddenly, and bade me listen. Then I heard in the distance that unmistakable roar. It was a new sensation to feel that a relentless beast was hunting for me. It did not increase my comfort to be told by the native that the lion's cry of vengeance was utterly unlike its other sounds of passion; that it was no unusual thing for the male to be left in charge of a whelp, and that it never forgave an injury to its charge. We reached the tent just at dusk, and I ate a very hearty supper of antelope. Whether it was the meal or the lingering results of my sickness, I do not know, but the strange roar of that beast was in my ears all night. Fancy my surprise the next morning when the natives reported that the tracks of two lions were visible all around the tent. We joined our party a day later, and went down to Eboi, where there was a missionary station. The village is a mere collection of kraals, with the exception of one two-story frame and adobe house, erected by a Dutchman a year or two before, as an ivory depot and trading post. A party of Baloch soldiers had cut him to pieces one day, and the place fell into the hands of a shrewd French priest. As our party had to remain at Eboi two or three days, Barbiere and I, now that our quarrel was made up, were furnished the luxury of a bed in this frame house, on the second floor. The first night that I slept there I woke suddenly out of a sound sleep in a strange terror. I had heard that ominous growl again, and it seemed perilously near.

"A full moon was shining—just such a night as this—hot as Tophet and bright as day. The Lieutenant, who was sleeping with me, was snoring unconsciously. I got up, went to the open window, and started as if struck. There, sitting on his haunches, on the bit of lawn under the window, was my lion, looking up at my window, his tail writhing in the grass, and his black lock bristling. I even saw, in that one glance, the scar over his eye that my bullet had made. It was the work of an instant to seize my rifle and fire at him. The report brought Barbiere to his feet, and alarmed the whole house. Every body turned out—but not a trace of the beast could be found. The Balochs hunted all through the timber without success. They only found his tracks. What was extraordinary, there were three or four mules and two milch-cows in the kraal, and one of the former was loose, and had not been disturbed.

"Well, a week later we reached Usambala, pretty well used up, and then I heard that we had been followed all the way by a lion. Now I leave it to you whether such a circumstance will not work in a man's mind, especially on the mind of a man who expects to spend a good deal of his time in Central Africa. Once after that I heard the sound of my pursuer's voice. It was the night we left Usambala. The Lieutenant was with me, and heard it also. I wish I could describe the sound to you. I had heard lions roar before, but this was entirely unlike the usual sound. In fact it was indescribable."

At that moment a deep moan sounded through the room, making the glasses tremble. It rose to a growl, and ended with a sound not unlike the baying of a mastiff.

"What's that?" exclaimdd Stark, getting up.

"It's probably a big dog in the neighborhood," I said.

He was very pale. "Gentlemen," said he, "that's the sound I have been trying to describe to you. That's my lion!"

I felt something like a shudder run through me. But my friend laughed at the absurdity of the idea.

Then there came a roar—unmistakably that of a wild beast—and we all three sprang to the window. I believe I was ahead, for I found myself upon the veranda. The sight that met all our eyes simultaneously was enough to make any one's blood stand still. There, in my own back yard, close to the fence, but apparently entangled in the board-work, sat or crouched a huge, tawny lion, with a black lock over his forehead and a scar over his left eye.

Stark was staring at him in a dazed kind of way. In fact, we were all utterly bewildered, and unable to shake off the conviction that we were in some way the victims of a fearful illusion. However, that did not last long, for a man appeared on the fence and shouted to us to go in and close the shutters, which we did, hurriedly, without speaking a word.

I never knew exactly what it was Stark said, but he went away, and about half an hour after a man came to the front door and explained every thing.

It seems that the old stage stables were used by one of the traveling shows to store a number of newly imported animals in, and this lion had broken out of his cage that night, carrying with him enough of the iron work to fasten him in the old fence.

The next day I got a letter from Stark. He was going back to Zanzibar sooner than he had intended. Indeed, he had gone.

"I don't think it is wholesome," he said, "fer me and that beast to live on the same continent."

I saw the lion several times after that, and have not the slightest doubt that it was the same animal Stark shot on Lake Baringo.

But the most singular part of this strange history is still to be told.

In 1854, a part of Howe's American Menagerie was sent to England, and this lion went with it. The man who took out the show was named Fisher. His scheme proved a failure, and the stock was bought up under the hammer in Liverpool by an Englishman, who was getting up a combination of circus and menagerie to go to Calcutta. In 1855, the ship Sultan took out the cargo.

She had very heavy weather, and was laid up at Cape Town for repairs, it being found necessary to remove her cargo. While this was going on the lion escaped, and was never, to my knowledge, heard of afterward.

But I hope you will not smile when I tell you that I have never been able to quite rid myself of the belief that he and Stark are destined to meet at some time.
—*A. C. Wheeler, in New York Spirit of the Times.*

YELLOW FEVER ITEMS.

—Up to September 26 only five residents of Greenville, Miss., had escaped an attack.

—A recent issue of the New Orleans *Picayune* contains three marriage notices, one birth notice and 124 obituaries.

—Another Memphis family record: J. W. McDonald died September 17; Mrs. McDonald was buried on the 27th; Susannah G. McDonald, the eldest child, was buried September 24; Wm. R. McDonald was buried September 25. Fannie A. McDonald is well. The boy born Monday, September 23, 1878, is doing well.

—Telegram from Hickman, Ky.: Oct. 2.—Dr. Cook, of Henderson, a true, noble, Christian gentleman, is numbered with the dead. His wife, a true woman, came in time to see him breathe his last, and follow his remains to the grave. Kentucky should erect a monument to his memory and provide for his wife and two children. Geo. B. Prather, Mayor, Thos. Buck and George Roulback are dead. Death spares but few. How long will this continue?

—It is mentioned by the Thibodeaux (La.) correspondent of the New Orleans *Times*, as an instance of rare devotion to duty, that operator Ford, at that place, when floored by the fever for a term of one week, had his bed made on a table in his room, with his apparatus by his side, and thus kept telegraphic communication with the world open for the whole time, though his case was by no means a slight one.

—The editor of the Vicksburg *Herald*, Col. Manlove, has been sorely tried. His young bride and baby son were carried off with the fever; many of his boyhood friends followed, "like leaves swept down by autumnal winds," and his paper of the 23d contains an eloquent and pathetic tribute to the memory of his brother, a youth just entering on manhood, and of noble attributes.

—Memphis telegram of the 2d: "The death of Mr. Lonsdale, Sr., almost completes the destruction of another well known and prominent family of this city, W. J. B. Lonsdale, a son, being the only survivor. J. G. Lonsdale, Jr., Treasurer of the Citizens' Relief Committee, died upward of two weeks ago. He was followed by the heart broken mother soon after, and to-day the aged father. He had been identified with Memphis for years. He was a leading Mason, and the oldest underwriter in the State. His death has caused a feeling of gloom throughout the city."

—Says the *Courier-Journal*: "None of the afflicted towns of the South has attracted more attention than Grenada. Mr. Fountain, who passed through Louisville yesterday, and who has been in Grenada during the pestilence, says that the fever was not brought there by railroad at all. There was a strict quarantine against New Orleans from the first. All the trouble is traced to the sewer, the poison from which is supposed to have united with that in the air from the South. Canton and Jackson, now suffering from the epidemic, both established quarantine before they were stricken."

—Work laid out by the Yellow Fever Commission: "Dr. E. Lloyd Howard, Chief Physician of the Marine Hospital of Baltimore, who has been appointed by Surgeon-General Woodworth as member of the commission to investigate the yellow fever epidemic in the South, left for New Orleans to-day. Dr. Howard stated in a conversation that the commission would aim at directly practical results, and did not intend furnishing a report which would simply be full of scientific theories. The first duty would be to investigate the first case of yellow fever in New Orleans, ascertain whether it originated there or was imported, and thence trace the spread of the disease, and whether it was due to contagion or the absence of proper sanitary and quarantine regulations. They will also seek to find out why certain towns have been free from the disease and if infection can be communicated by baggage or clothing. All the infected points along the Mississippi will be visited, and the commission expects to finish its labors in four or five weeks."

—Memphis telegram of the 4th: "A few citizens who have returned, in defiance of good advice to the contrary, have paid the penalty of their temerity and are now numbered with the dead. Among these cases which have come under the personal observation of your correspondent may be mentioned Mrs. J. H. Kerr and her son, a lad, who returned from the country last Sunday and were taken sick before they had been here 24 hours, both now under the sod. A Mrs. Clark, residing at 46 Bradford Street, after burying one of her family, left one of the camps near the city and reached Memphis this morning; one of the two children remaining is dying. The other has been taken with fever, and the mother is not much better. Instances might be cited indefinitely to sustain the premises, but it is unnecessary. If any one hazards a doubt, he can be satisfied beyond a peradventure by returning. There is some talk of picketing the city as country towns have done to prevent the influx of either strangers or unacclimated citizens, but the matter has not yet assumed definite shape."

—The sorghum interest is rapidly increasing again, as the practice and experience in making a good quality of sirup is being more general. The demand for the sorghum is also increasing, as large quantities are used in making the finer sirups, in curing meat and in many other ways. A single firm in St. Louis uses annually 500 barrels of sorghum in packing meat, while the demand for the refining factories is only limited by the supply, and while the price will not be less than for a year or two, it will improve with the quality.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP has been before the public for years, and is pronounced by thousands superior to all other medicines for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza and all Pulmonary Complaints.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Good Paste.—Make a pint of starch and add to it 2 tablespoonfuls of powdered alum and a drop of pure carbolic acid, or 10 drops of oil of cloves. Gum tragacanth may be prepared in the same way.

Vienna Bread.—Make a sponge over night with the finest and whitest flour and milk, and of the German compressed yeast if you can get it, and if not, use your own. In the morning, add to the sponge a tablespoonful of lard and two tablespoonfuls of white sugar; mold up rather soft, cover warmly and set where it will rise quickly. When it is quite light, turn it out on an old table-cloth folded up on the table and mold again and form it into long, narrow loaves and put into Vienna bread-pans. Let it get light quickly again and bake according to the size of your pans.

Repelling Bed-bugs.—If bedsteads are thoroughly washed on the unpainted or polished parts, with the strongest of hot alum-water, it will entirely destroy the bugs and their eggs, and it is a perfectly safe application; but Paris green, which has been often used for this purpose, is, in reality, dangerous, for if it is inhaled its effects are very poisonous. After bugs are once removed, they can be kept away by scattering powdered borax into all the crevices of the bedsteads, and rubbing it into the bindings of the mattresses and feather beds.

Corn Pudding.—Take 12 ears of green corn, just fit for cooking; grate off the corn; take 1 quart of new milk, 4 eggs, 4 ounces of butter, and 4 ounces of sugar; beat sugar, butter and yelks of eggs to a cream, but not so much as for cake. Then add the milk and the whites of the eggs, beaten light, and stir till mixed. The pudding requires 4 hours to bake in a moderate oven, and must be a dark brown, with a good crust. Use butter and sugar hard sauce, but any sauce or cream is equally good.

Preserving Eggs for Winter.—Put the eggs into a large pail and pour boiling-hot water over them, then put a cover over them and count 60, very slowly. Take them out, wipe dry with a thin towel, and pack with little end down in buckwheat-hulls, oats or bran. Put in a place where neither frost nor dampness can touch them, and they will keep for months. The boiling water shuts up the pores of the egg-shells and keeps them fresh, while it does not cook them. Another way is to rub each egg over with linseed oil; putt on with a cloth. Lay them on a table to dry, and then pack away tightly. Lime-water and salt will also keep eggs, but they are not so well kept as by these other methods, as they absorb the salt, and the white loses its freshness, and will not beat to a froth or give lightness to a cake.

To Keep Cider.—There are many plans used for keeping cider from souring, but all of them spoil the flavor. Cider may be kept in good condition by using care to keep every utensil clean, and to prevent access of the air to it. It should be filtered through sand in a conical flannel bag, and put into a clean and fresh whisky or alcohol cask and then bunged up closely. A vent-hole may be made for the escape of any gas which may gather in the cask for a few days, when that may be permanently closed. If germs of decomposition are carried into the cider by using decayed or damaged apples, nothing will keep the cider good for any length of time. The apples must be good and sound or the cider will be unsound.

FARM TOPICS.

BUTTER MAKING—"Grandmother" says in the *Rural New Yorker*: A sweet milk-room with a right temperature is of vast importance in the manufacture of good butter. There is little danger of keeping things too nice. By this I do not wish to imply that daily mopping of the floor is either a necessity or a benefit. On the contrary, the less you wet the floor the sweeter the room will remain. Once a week is often enough to give the place a thorough wetting. Add a little carbolic acid to the water, and wipe the floor very dry and every sour or musty odor will be dispelled. Sunshine is a necessity in the milk-room. A little morning brightness helps to keep the atmosphere pure and wholesome. Flies and dust must be excluded while fresh air is admitted. Screen cloth will serve to keep the flies out, while cloth frames hung from the tops of the window frames, on the outside, will keep out the dust and will also give a perfect circulation within. I do not like water in any form about the milk-room. I have tried several methods of using it, such as running water, passed through tubs in which the pans are set; pans with water-pipes passing through them, etc. Butter made from cream which has risen in a dry atmosphere is certainly of a better quality than that made where there is a water moisture exhaled constantly. And it is also firmer and keeps better. I like large, flat pans best, for we get more cream from them; it is much easier to skim them than are smaller and deeper, and they are easier to keep clean. I did not try the Cooley system of setting the milk in the cans and placing them in a water tank, for years of experience had taught me that air was a necessity to the making of perfect butter. Those who were at first enchanted with this new arrangement have after a few months' trial discarded it and gone back to the open pans. Perfect butter requires perfect management in making, as also perfect neatness. Dishcloths, towels and strainers can not be kept too sweet, and the breath of blooming flowers and green grass in a milk-room is a benefit. No odors which are not sweet should be admitted. Mats to wipe the feet upon are a necessity before coming in from the cow stables or yard, and sometimes the bottoms of the milk-pails need wiping too. A housewife has all this to see to as well as to know that a broom has been used to brush off the cows before milking that no dust or hairs shall fall into the milk. Good sweet pasturage as well as fresh, running water must be provided if good butter is to be the result. Stagnant water will impart to both milk and butter an offensive taste, and impair the health of the cattle as well. Frequent salting is not to be neglected as the butter comes much quicker and is harder if this be not omitted. Never put the hands into butter. There is no excuse for so doing, and every sense of cleanliness forbids it. True, the hands are clean, still, as butter absorbs any and every impurity with which it comes in contact, excessive perspiration of the hands or any humor of the blood might thus be imparted to the butter. A wooden ladle to lift the butter from the churn, or to turn it over while being washed, answers just as well, and a vast deal better. As regards salting, use the best salt, and, to work in just the right quantity, weigh both butter and salt. As regards quantity, there can be no rule, taste of the customers alone being consulted. If the butter be well worked before salting, less salt is required than if salted when partially worked. Tubs and boxes should be well looked after before the butter is packed in them. Scrub them and soak in brine for a few days; then wash thoroughly, and rub the inside with a little salt before packing in the butter.

FATTENING POULTRY FOR MARKET.—As the season for fattening poultry for market will be upon us ere long, a few suggestions in regard to doing so successfully, gleaned from considerable and extended experience, will not be out of place. In marketing poultry in our large cities, there are far too many farmers who keep all their shipments until a few days—say two or three—before the holidays, and then rush it in all at once. That is the time thousands and thousands of packages of poultry reach the commission men to be disposed of, and the quantity is so great that the prices rule low. This is very good for the buyers, especially for those rather weak in the pocket-book, but then farmers are compelled to receive a very low price. A couple of weeks before or a couple of weeks after the holidays is generally better, for the prices usually rule higher then than during the glut which is caused by the immense supply sent in for Christmas and New Year's. A good thing is for farmers to take a first-class daily paper and keep posted in regard to prices, and ship when the prices seem to warrant it. There is even more art in finding a good market and successfully and profitably disposing of the products of the farm, than in producing them, though few farmers and stock-breeders fully realize the fact. Three weeks are long enough to fatten fowls; and to make it easier and more profitable to do so, the birds should be kept growing briskly from the start by a liberal allowance of good feed, plenty of exercise, and good care. A stunted bird or animal will not pay to fatten, as a rule. While turkeys can not bear confinement, and will rapidly lose flesh when confined, as we have found out to our cost, chickens, when properly handled, will fatten more quickly, and will, consequently, pay well to take up to fatten, for the simple fact that each day the fowl requires a certain amount of feed merely to sustain the functions of the body, and the fewer the number of days required to complete the process, the greater the profit. A darkened room is the best place for fattening fowls, the room to have a deep sand floor. Feed them in