### THE REAPERS.

The reapers bend their lusty backs,
Their sounding sickles sway;
At every stroke the golden sea
Recedes; give them way!
The heavy ears fall bowing down,
And nestle at their feet,
Such will, such work, as theirs perforce
Must win—must homage meet.

So careless of fatigue they go,
So true, so steadily,
The admiring traveler on the road
Leans o'er the fence to see;
With marvel of the soon fallen breadth
The lounging gossips tell;
But the reapers labor for us all;
'Tis need they should work well.

Ere the great sun that burns above
Shall crimson in the west,
And the children's poppy messengers fade,
And they lie down to rest,
Each golden spear that upward points
Shall fall upon the field,
And the farmer drain a sparkling glass,
Rejoicing o'er the yield.

Fly, bonny men, your sickles bright,
And give the people bread!
At every conquering stride you take
On want and woe you tread,
Drop, heavy ears, and give the strength
You gathered from the plain,
Lest men may rise refreshed and firm,
And do great things again!

God bless the hands, all hard and brown,
That guide the cleaving plow,
That cast abroad the shining seed,
And fill the wealthy mow!
They rear the bread our children eat;
'Tis by their toil we live;
Hurrah! give them the loudest cheer
That grateful hearts can give!

—*Harper's Bazar.*

### MAD IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

"Everything goes wrong," said Mr. Tripler, laying down his knife and fork with the face of a martyr.

There are some people in the world with whom "everything" seems chronically to go wrong; there are some whose first infantile wail is uttered in the minor key, and who go on lamenting through life, and of this much abused class Mr. Nathan Tripler was a burning and shining light.

"What's the matter, dear?" questioned Mrs. Tripler, who sat opposite her husband with a round-eyed baby on her knee, and two or three little ones clamoring for their share of the matutinal meal on either side of her.

Mrs. Tripler was a trim, neatly-made little woman, with blue eyes and flaxen hair—a woman who might have been pretty could she have divested herself of a certain frightened, apprehensive look that came over her face whenever her liege lord spoke or even looked toward her. Not that Dorothy Tripler was actually afraid—her husband had never beaten her nor used coercive measures, but when a man begins to find fault a woman never is easy in her mind lest some domestic screw should be waxing loose.

"I can't eat a single mouthful, Dorothy," croaked Mr. Tripler, dolefully. "Such cooking and such food! You may as well turn that new cook of yours into the street at once."

"But, Nathan, I—I am very sorry, but I cooked the breakfast myself, dear, this morning. Isn't it nice?"

"Nice! Yes—very nice for those who can digest leather and drink dish-water."

"The biscuits are fresh and hot, Nathan."

"I don't want to be poisoned with hot bread."

"And I thought the steak was unusually tender."

No reply. Mr. Tripler had folded his arms and was gazing with an expression of abstracted despair at the ceiling.

"Will you have another cup of coffee?" timidly questioned his wife.

"Coffee? Is that coffee? Really I thought it was hot water that had got into the urn by mistake!"

"I will order some fresh made," said Mrs. Tripler, with her hand on the bell rope.

"You will do no such thing, ma'am, if you please," said Mr. Tripler, shortly. "My appetite is completely destroyed."

"Will you have an egg boiled?"

"No."

"There's some very nice ham in the pantry."

"I dare say—there always is when I don't want it."

"I am very sorry, Nathan," said poor little Mrs. Tripler, despairingly.

Yes she was sorry, this faithful, much-enduring wife; nor did the frequent repetition of this domestic storm at all abate her penitence and sense of guilt. Some women would have got accustomed to the daily disturbance and thrown it off as the robin casts the dewdrops from her wing. Not so with Dorothy Tripler. She was too sensitive, too conscientious, too delicately organized to laugh off her troubles as some surface-deep characters would have done. So when her husband had departed, still grumbling under his breath as he slammed the door, she leaned her throbbing head upon one weary little hand and murmured softly to herself:

"Oh, I wish Nathan was different!"

Then, as if she had uttered high treason, she started to her feet, checking the sensation of repining, and began industriously to prepare the three apple-cheeked, tow-headed little Triplers for school.

"It's Monday morning and Nathan don't like them to be late," thought the meek-spirited wife.

Meanwhile Mr. Tripler was slowly walking down the path through the wild and solitary glen that led to the road where twice a day the Leadville stage rolled by, conveying passengers to the train at Martin's station. It was cheaper to live in the country, and so Mr. Tripler lived there, although as far as actual tastes went he didn't know a buttercup from a burdock.

As Nathan trudged along, thinking how best to get rid of some troublesome shares of railroad stock that were sinking uncomfortably on his hands, he suddenly become conscious of the presence of a man, stout and middle-aged, with a head as smooth and shining as a billiard ball, who was sitting on a boulder of moss-grown stone just where the pathway emerged into the Leadville road.

"Good moring, sir," said the stranger.

"Have a seat?"

Mr. Tripler had no very strong social elements in his nature, so he stiffly inclined his head and kept on his way. But the first he knew two iron grasps were on his shoulders, he felt himself twirled suddenly around like a human humming top, and seated with more force than was exactly agreeable on the boulder.

"What do you mean—"

"Dear me," suddenly interrupted his uncomfortable companion, "what a very nice hat you have. Now, what do you say to exchanging hats? Mine is a very nice straw, but I find it's somewhat heating to the brain."

"You are quite welcome, sir," faltered the tremulous Nathan, speaking all the more rapidly in that the freakish maniac had already deftly effected the change.

"And your coat, too—nice cool linen. Upon my word, now, that coat is infinitely preferable to this swallow-tailed concern of mine, with the brass buttons. Yes—it fits me very nicely. I hope you don't object, sir, to the accommodation?"

"N—no!" faltered Mr. Tripler.

"Well, good morning," said the stranger, looking round with a bewildered air. "I don't really see where my chief orderly is—I told him to be here precisely at nine o'clock—and everything will be in confusion if I don't attend to it persistently."

He plunged into the green, dense fastnesses of the woods, talking restlessly to himself as he went, and Mr. Nathan Tripler was solus in a coarse straw hat and coat of coarse blue cloth, garnished with huge metal buttons, whose brilliance was considerably tarnished.

"Dear me, what a figure I cut," groaned Mr. Tripler, eyeing himself with disgust. "I must go directly home and get on something decent. A man would be hooted through the streets of New York if he ventured to make his appearance in such a costume as this."

He rose, brushed away the chill drops of perspiration from his forehead, and was just replacing the crimson silk pocket handkerchief in its resting place when he was suddenly grasped from behind and thrown skillfully upon the ground.

"Well, we've cotched you at last, my hearty," said a burly man who stood over him, while another had bound both his hands and feet together before he could find words or breath to remonstrate. "You thought you was going to give us the slip, hey! Come, it isn't worth while to cut up like that, you know, unless you want the straight-jacket brought out."

"Straight-jacket!" gasped Tripler. "What do I want of a straight-jacket!"

"Nothing, unless you behave yourself unruly like. Steady, then! Tom, bring up the wagon."

"Where are you taking me to?"

"To the asylum, to be sure, where you'd have been two hours ago if you hadn't been a little too spry for the stage driver and your keeper."

Light began to dawn on the troubled chaos of Mr. Tripler's much bewildered mind.

"It's all a mistake, my good fellows—a ridiculous mistake," he exclaimed, "I'm not a madman!"

"No, of course not; we know you're not," responded the larger of the two, with a wink to his companion—"Drive on, Tom."

"But I am not, indeed; you are mistaking me for somebody else—a man who just forced me to exchange hats and coats with him, and went down into the woods—he is the madman."

"Oh, no—I guess not," said the big keeper, with a fearful attempt at pleasant irony.

"My good men, you are laboring under some very singular delusion," remonstrated the victim, trying to speak plainly between the jolting of the wagon and his own excitement. "I am Mr. Nathan Tripler, of No. —, John street.

"Oh, yes," said the keeper, lighting a cigar, "yesterday you was Napoleon Bonaparte, and to-day you are Nathan Tripler, and to-morrow—likely as not—you'll be the King of the Sandwich Islands. I've heard this kind of talk before."

Tripler's heart began to stand still with undefined horror. Was this a hideous dream? or was he to be actually immured within the high stone walls of the asylum he had so often walked past with a feeling of dread and horror beyond description, the life-long victim of some scarce credible mistake? In vain he reasoned, argued, protested; his words fell on the unheeding ears of his two conductors like drops of rain pattering on the stony surface of Table Rock, until at length he was carried—more dead than alive—into a narrow apartment at the end of a long row of similar ones.

It was lighted and ventilated by an iron grating in the door, with a corresponding window high up on the wall, and furnished with only a narrow couch and a stand built into the wall; and there, Mr. Nathan Tripler, released from his confining bonds, was left to enjoy the uninterrupted society of his own cheerless meditations.

"It can't be possible! I must be asleep and dreaming!" thought Nathan.

But it was possible, and he never was wider awake in his life.

Toward evening a pitcher of water and a piece of bread were dealt out to him. Mr. Tripler ate it under a sort of mental protest, to relieve the gnawing sensation of faintness that was at his vitals.

"What would I not give for one of Dorothy's hot biscuits," thought the wretched captive. "My poor little Dorothy! I have been too hard upon her. Suppose I should die without being able to tell her how ashamed I am of having been such a brute."

It was not the dry bread that choked Nathan Tripler just then—it was the humiliating sense of his own sins and shortcomings.

Next morning it was bread and water again. Nathan thought of Dorothy's despised coffee and grumbled at steak.

"I've deserved it," thought Nathan; "there is no mistake about that. Poor darling little Dorothy! how her heart is aching for me now. I wish I could stroke down her hair just once. Oh, it's hard to be treated so, even though I know I'm served exactly right. If I ever get out of this hole alive Dorothy will find me a changed man."

The confused current of his thoughts was just eddying vaguely through his mind when there was a sound of steps and voices in the corridors without.

"I suppose they're going to put on a straight waistcoat now," thought Mr. Tripler, with a resigned air. "Well, there is nothing left for me but to endure. I don't think I'm mad; but how long I shall hold out sane under this interesting concatenation of circumstances is rather a doubtful question."

But Mr. Tripler was mistaken about the straight waistcoat—it was his keeper instead, accompanied by two or three gentlemen—all profuse in apologies and symyathetic ejaculations.

"Such a mistake!" said one old gentleman with a bald head.

"So awkward for you, my dear sir!" said another middle-aged gentleman with a Roman nose.

"But entirely unintentional, I assure you, sir," chimed in a third.

While Mr. Tripler looked vaguely from one to the other he said:

"Then I am not mad, it seems?"

"Not a particle, sir!" cried the three committee men in chorus.

"Oh!" said Mr. Tripler, "I'm glad to hear it!"

Then the committee proceeded to inform their involuntary guest how the mistake had happened by which his identity had been confounded with that of his mysterious acquaintance of the woods.

"We are very sorry," said the first committee man, shaking Mr. Tripler's hand as if it had been the town pump.

"So am I," said Mr. Tripler, laconically.

"Here is your hat and coat, sir," said the second committee man. "We had great difficulty in getting them away from our poor friend in the incurable ward, who fancied that they were the last dying bequest of President Lincoln."

"And anything we can do to make any atonement for the awkward mistake would be a pleasure," said the third, while the keeper eyed Mr. Tripler dubiously, as if not altogether certain that he was not a little mad after all.

When Mr. Nathan Tripler reached his home all was the wildest grief and confusion there. Dorothy had the woods searched, the river dragged, and the whole vicinage ransacked, and was now in hysterics in the nursery. Nathan walked straight in and put both arms around her.

"Here I am, Dottie! Don't cry any more!"

But Mrs. Tripler cried more than ever.

"It's only a dream," she sobbed forth.

"Nathan is dead."

"No, I'm not dead," said Mr. Tripler, with a grim sense of humor, "only I've been mad." And quieting his wife's sobs after a while, he told her all his adventures. "And now is dinner ready?" he asked, "for I'm as hungry as a bear."

"I haven't a thing in the house to eat, Nathan dear," wailed his wife.

"I don't care if it's nothing but dry bread and molasses, Dottie," said the husband. "I can tell you that asylum took some of the nonsense out of me. I shall never grumble again, don't be afraid."

And Dorothy brightened up. It was the first time he had called her "Dottie," or spoke so tenderly since their honeymoon was in its crescent glow.

He adhered to his good resolutions—he never did grumble again. The asylum had done him genuine good.

### A Mormon Sermon.

A Salt Lake correspondent of the *Watchman and Reflector* writes: "The preacher (Orson Pratt) selected his text for the benefit of the editorial party, and for an hour and a half we were enlightened upon the history, theology and practice of the Latter Day saints. This is the only religion since the days of the apostles that has been founded on a direct revelation from God. From about the year A. D. 100 to the 6th of April, 1830, there was no Christian church on the earth; but on the above-named day the word of the Lord came to the prophet Joseph Smith, appointing apostles, bishops and elders, commanding to repentance, belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, and baptism by immersion; promising signs and wonders by which if a serpent should bite a saint it should not hurt him, or if he should eat any deadly thing no harm should come from it; and in Ephesians it is promised that there should be a gathering together of the saints of God. All this is fulfilled in the church of the Latter Day saints at Utah. There is no Christian out of Utah who is not headed toward the temple of the Lord in the mountains. All Christians will at last be gathered in this territory. Marriage was from God. The first marriage ceremony was performed by God in the garden of Eden, and since then no one has a right to solemnize a marriage but one directly appointed of God by revelation; namely—an elder of the church of Latter Day saints. There was not a legal marriage in 17 centuries, and none are now living in the holy bonds of matrimony who have not been sealed by a Mormon priest. A Protestant clergyman has no more authority to marry than a heathen prince. Marriage is for eternity. The Savior when he said that they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are like the angels of heaven, does not refer to the saints, but to pious Protestants, who, if good, will be made bachelor angels with no seed to rule and reign over. Marriage is for eternity—hence if ordinary marriages were legal in God's sight, every widower who married again would be a polygamist in Heaven, and it is no worse to be a polygamist in time than in eternity. Marriage is for the purpose of raising seed with which to people heaven, and we shall propagate our posterity much more rapidly there than here. It is the duty, then, of every man to have as many wives as he can support with their children. It is not simply a privilege, but a duty, for every lover of the church to be a polygamist. The question is asked, 'Why has not the woman as good a right to have three husbands as the man to have three wives?' Simply because it would not tend to increase posterity. Addressing himself to the visitors, evidently, he said the Mormons had as many wives as they could support; that it was a matter of religious duty, and they desired to be let alone in the performance of their religious rites, of which this was one. What right has the government to send troops to watch the religious life of this people, more than those who practice infant baptism? In conclusion, he warned the Gentile government to withhold its hand or God would smite the nation with a curse. This is the true Israel of God, and to these alone God's aid is promised. 'I say, then, to the Gentile government, beware.'"

### The Washington Monument.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Graphic* writes: "In noting the evidences of improvement in our beautiful city I must not omit to tell you of the prospect, which is daily brightening, for transforming our national eyesore—the Washington Monument—into an ornament for the city and an exponent of American patriotism. The Monument Society has in good earnest begun the work of collecting subscriptions, and large sums have been already subscribed. The State of New York has pledged $10,000; New Jersey, $3,000; Connecticut, $2,000; and Minnesota, $1,000; and appeals are to be made to the Governors of all the States. An appeal is now being made to all the societies and organizations of the United States, and there are some 40,000 of these, including Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights Templar, Patrons of Husbandry, and Orders of Mechanics. To none has the appeal been urged in vain, and a large proportion of these societies has already responded most generously. Last week the Grand Masonic Lodge of Illinois appropriated the sum of $1,000 for the use of the Washington Monument, and accompanied the appropriation with a resolution eloquently expressive of the reverence which as Masons as well as Americans they felt for the illustrious chieftain who was one of their fraternity. The Grand Lodge urged all the lodges of Illinois to follow its example in appropriating money for the continuation of the monument, each lodge according to its means. The agents of the Monument Society are busily at work seeking subscriptions, but there is no possibility of a howl being raised about a monument 'ring,' for the agents are not authorized to collect money—only subscriptions—and the money is to be forwarded when needed directly to the treasurer of the Monument Society, Mr. J. B. Harrison Smith.

"The monument has stood in its present condition for more than twenty years without the means to carry on the work. It is now 174 feet high, and when completed will be 485 in height, a plain obelisk, with stone terrace approaches, 200 feet in diameter. It will cost $500,000 to finish it.

"When Congress meets, the Monument Society will lay before that body a memorial asking, on behalf of the monument, the money intended by the appropriation of $200,000 by Congress in 1799 to be devoted to the erection of a statue to George Washington."

### The [Spanish] King Can Do No Wrong.

There comes a story from Spain as dark as the worst episodes of crime in the period of Harry the Second of France, or the Duke de Medici. The Young King Alfonso, in whose aid an officer of the Spanish army was fighting the Carlist enemy at the front, corrupted the daughter of that officer, while one of his elderly associates, the Duke of Sexto, corrupted the officer's wife. The husband and father, returning on suspicion, fired his pistol at his King—the son of Marie Isabella, whose corrupt life would expel her from any domestic hearthstone in the world. Missing the King, the Mephistopheles of the expedition, Sexto, shot the officer of the crown and the head of the family dead in the midst of the guilty people who had already accomplished the last injury to a soldier, a husband, and a father. King Alfonso is less than eighteen years old. Such an Absalom is not justified even by such a mother as Isabella!

But the story goes further. The police heard the pistol shots and sought to do their duty, but had to fall back before the young anointed of the Lord. A night watchman took off the body, and he receives what is in Spain the lordly salary of $400 a month for his silence. The maid servant in the house and her lover, both cognizant of their deeds of the night, are assassinated. Next, a Judge of Madrid, too resolute to do something under these horrible circumstances, is also assassinated. The press is gagged. Nothing can be done even by the justice of God in Spain but to spread such stories through the world by secret hand-bills and pasquinades.

NEW YORK barbers are coming down five cents on a shave.

### THE ARCTIC REGION.

**Return of the Pandora—A Very Eventful but Unsuccessful Attempt to Reach Behring's Straits—An Impassable Barrier of Ice Encountered—The Graves of Franklin's Men Preserved.**

The Arctic exploring steamer Pandora has returned to Portsmouth, England, after an adventurous and eventful voyage in the Arctic seas. The cable furnishes the following interesting particulars of her voyage:

The Pandora arrived safely at Disco, Greenland, and left that port on the 7th of August, reaching Upernavik in time to leave there on the 13th. After sailing from the port of Upernavik, Greenland, the Pandora crossed the dreadful Melville Bay without any mishap, for, contrary to previous expectation, the usual fields of pack-ice were not visible, and almost a clear sheet of water was found. Consequently the passage was made in good time and in smooth water.

In due time the expedition reached Carey Islands, where Commander Young anticipated finding dispatches that might have been left there by Capt. Nares to be taken to the British Admiralty. In this he was disappointed, as no signs of the government exploring expedition were visible. There being nothing further to be done at the island, Capt. Young decided to steer for Lancaster Sound, the northwest corner of Baffin's Bay, and, on reaching that point, encountered for the first time ice-floes. So great was the pressure of the floating ice that it was with great difficulty that the Pandora was forced on her way. Despite the ice and the difficulty of passage, Capt. Young succeeded in traversing the entire length of Barrow Strait, making the passage in good time. The Pandora's progress was then impeded by a dense and blinding fog, which was so thick and impenetrable that men a few feet from each other were invisible.

As soon as the steamer Pandora arrived at an anchorage off Bechy Island, several of the officers and crew went ashore and made an examination of the buildings. They found the storehouse built for the benefit of sailors or castaways of ice-bound vessels broken into. On entering the building the visitors found the clothing and the provisions left there to be in a state of terrible confusion. Everything of a movable nature was scattered about in the most singular manner. At first it seemed to be an act of human beings, but, on further investigation, the Pandora people were satisfied that the destruction of stores had been accomplished by Polar bears, as the tracks of those animals were visible in every direction, both inside and outside the building.

One of the discoveries made by the Pandora officers was that the headboards over the graves of Sir John Franklin's men, who were lying buried there, were still standing upright and in good preservation. On the 26th of August the Pandora steamed away from Bechy Island for Peel Strait, and then ensued the most critical period of the entire voyage, for the steamer encountered vast fields of pack-ice, which made the passage of the vessel a most difficult and laborious one. Struggling through the pack of ice, the Pandora steadily worked her way onward, and despite the difficulty, soon passed the farthest point reached by the Fox when McClintock was in search of Sir John Franklin's relics. Soon after reaching that point, the Pandora neared the island known as King William's Land, thus navigating a sea where no ship was ever before except, perhaps, that of Sir John Franklin.

At this time the most intense excitement prevailed among the officers and members of the expedition, as it was expected that some important results were at hand. Many believed that they would be sure to discover traces of the Franklin expedition, and some were sanguine that even Sir John's papers would be found, and of eventually making Behring's Straits. In this, however, they were disappointed. Roquette's Island was discovered ahead. It was then considered probable that the vessel could be able to reach Bellot's Straits. As the steamer moved forward, all hands were gazing eagerly ahead to the southward, but, on reaching Roquette's Island, officers and men saw the edge of the solid pack of ice which stretched across the strait from side to side in one unbroken expanse of hummock-ice. This pack blocked the entrance to Bellot's Straits. It was the same pack of ice that stopped Capt. McClintock on the Fox. So there was no hope of a speedy movement of the icy barrier. The Pandora stayed at this point until the 7th of September, when, finding that no further progress was possible, Capt. Young and his officers saw that they must decide either to remain through the winter in the ice or return. After a mature deliberation, it was decided to be useless to remain in winter quarters, and that it would be far better to return next year. The return journey was full of difficulties, as the ice was rapidly forming, and the passage of the Pandora was a constant series of exciting scenes and narrow escapes from moving ice-floes. Finally escaping through Peel Strait, the ice still rapidly forming and accumulating, the steamer at length reached Carey Islands in safety. There Capt. Young found the long-looked-for dispatches from Capt. Nares for the British Admiralty. The voyage was almost uneventful. The dreaded bay once safely passed unharmed, the Pandora steamed directly for England, and arrived safely in port.

Capt. Young reports that from the prevalence of north winds there is abundant promise that Capt. Nares will proceed to the highest latitude possible.

### How Alcohol Enters the System.

When taken in by the more ordinary channel, the stomach, it finds its way by two routes into the circulation. A certain portion of it—the greater portion of it—is absorbed by direct veins of the alimentary surface, finds its way straight into the larger veins, which lead up to the heart, and onward with the course of the blood. Another portion is picked up by small structures proceeding from below the mucous surface of the stomach, and from which originate a series of fine tubes that reach at last the lower portion of a common tube, termed the thoracic duct—a tube which ascends in front of the spinal column, and terminates at the junction of two large veins on the left side of the body, at a point where the venous blood, returning from the left arm, joins with the returning blood from the left side of the head on its way to the heart. It is so greedy for water that it will pick it up from all the watery textures of the body, and deprive them of it, until, by its saturation, it can take up no more, its power of reception being exhausted; after which it diffuses itself into the current of circulating fluid. When we dilute alcohol with water before drinking it, we quicken its absorption; and, if we do not dilute it sufficiently, it is diluted in the stomach by the transudation of water in the stomach, until the required reduction for its absorption is effected.—*Popular Science Monthly for November.*

### Chinese Preparations for War.

China has been for some time preparing for war with some one, as if with the determination of being no longer bullied by any Western power. The principal points along her coast have received the attention of the American engineer and artillery officers in her service, and on the Peiho river heavy earthworks have been thrown up. As a war with one of the Western powers would be largely a naval one, the government has lately given much attention to the navy, which has been augmented within the last year by ten torpedo vessels, built on the Thames; so that the English have been building war vessels to—as things look now—fight against themselves, and have also sold Armstrong guns to the Chinese. If there were no American officers in their service to handle these means of defense, this sale of vessels and guns would not be serious; but there are many of our countrymen in the navy and artillery service who, in the event of war, would direct the batteries afloat and on land with an effect that would astonish and delight their Celestial employers.

It may be that the English have sold inferior war material to the Chinese, so as to preserve their advantage in a war over that people; but this remains to be seen. One thing, however, is certain, and it is that the next Chinese war will be quite another thing from the last. Breech-loading cannon and rifles, even in the hands of the Celestials, will prove dangerous weapons.—*New York Express.*

### THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

**Traces of Their Work in Mississippi—Remarkable Prehistoric Discovery.**

Prof. James R. Gage, of Washington City, an eminent geologist and mineralogist, who has recently been engaged in making extensive explorations regarding the works of the ancient mound-builders, reports the discovery of a very remarkable wall in Claiborne county, eighteen miles east of Port Gibson, Miss. The discovery has been incidentally mentioned in several papers within the course of a few days, but they do not appear to have realized a tithe of its antiquarian and archæological interest and importance. We condense the particulars of the discovery from the Professor's statement in the Washington *Republican*. It appears that blocks of the stone have been taken by the farmers for building purposes for many years, and it has formed a general quarry for furnishing large blocks of stone. But the farmers have never, it seems, been aware of the antiquarian importance of this wall, which is claimed to be coeval or anterior to that of Hadrian's famous wall in England. Prof. Gage employed laborers and uncovered a portion of the wall 20 feet in width and 175 feet in length; but on removing the soil here and there he traced it 600 feet. The workmen uncovered the wall to a depth of six feet, but lower than this the excavations were not continued. Large forest trees of pine and oak, several hundred years old, are growing on top of the wall. The blocks are limestone, and belong to the tertiary formation. They were hewn out of this formation and are three feet in length, twenty inches in width and twenty-two inches in thickness. One of these blocks has been shipped to Philadelphia for the Centennial. The wall from which it was taken forms two sides of a rectangler, one part running east and west and the other north and south. The excavations were made near the angle. Three miles due south from this point another portion of the wall reappears on the banks of Bayou Pierce, owing to the washing out of the creek, making it a large exposure, and it is therefore judged that this is a continuation of the ancient wall. The wall was built on the side of a ridge overlooking a swamp which, in ancient times, was evidently the bed of a lake, and the inference is that the wall was erected by the ancient occupants as a barrier against an enemy, or possibly as an ancient levee or dyke erected for the protection of the inhabitants against the encroachments of the lake or the waters of the Mississippi. From other evidences of the wide extent of this wall, as described by Prof. Gage, it appears that it included a large area of land, covering probably 400 square miles, and extending to the Mississippi river. The locality where the wall exists is in the neighborhood of the Natchez Indians, who were found in a state of considerable civilization when first visited by the French, and these remains, it is conjectured by Prof. Gage, had some connection with the occupation by the warlike ancestors of this interesting and famous tribe.

### A Queer Railroad.

There has just been completed one of the most crooked and costly railroads in the United States. It is called the Tahoe and Carson Narrow Gauge. The road-bed runs along the lake for about a mile, until it reaches a huge gorge in the mountains, up this dark and miniyiting canon, through long cuts in the solid granite, over high trestles runs the track until after attaining an altitude of some thousand feet it reaches the summit of a giant mountain. To most civil engineers this peak would be an obstacle unimpassable; not so with Mr. Anderson, the company's very skillful surveyor. The summit of that peak had to be reached, and if the grade was too heavy up an angle of less than 45 degrees, there was still another way to attain the summit, and that was a zig-zag road in the shape of the letter Z, piled one on another across the face of the old bald mountain, and then instead of turning a curve, rams its catcher into a corner of the Z, and backing out and up the grade, continues in that manner until the summit is reached, a distance of seven and a half miles from Flenbpook. From there across a fertile little valley which crowns the summit, the road runs past Spooner's Station, a relic of the ante-railroad days, situated on the old Placerville freight road to Sacramento. Through a tunnel 480 feet long pushes the road until a short distance beyond it reaches the flume station.—*San Francisco Ledger.*


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

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

1,500 percent. profit was realized upon a "put" on 500 shares Mo. Pacific R. R. stock during the first week in October; then why go to the silver mines of Colorado or the gold mines of California, when you have a mine of greenbacks at home. Explanatory circular, "How it is done," sent free by Buckwalter & Co., bankers and brokers, 10 Wall St., N. Y.

A MISSIONARY, just returned, says he regards *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* as beyond all price, and efficacious beyond any other medicine. It is adapted to a great variety of special cases, and is the best pain curer in the world.

THOUSANDS SPEAK.—Vegetine is recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

FEVERS seldom make an attack without warning, and may often be thrown off by soaking the feet in warm water, wrapping up warm in bed, and taking two or three of *Parsons' Purgative Pills.*

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.
SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC,
AND
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,
Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Frequently medicines that will stop a cough will occasion the death of the patient; they lock up the liver, stop the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, they clog the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of Consumption. Many persons complain of a dull pain in the side, constipation, coated tongue, pain in the shoulder-blade, fickleness of drowsiness and restlessness, the food lying heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching up of wind.

These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver.

Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds and if the cough in these cases be suddenly checked, will find the stomach and liver clogged, remaining torpid and inactive, and almost before they are aware the lungs are a mass of sores and ulcerated, the result of which is death.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain opium or anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juices of the stomach, aids digestion, and creates a ravenous appetite.

When the bowels are costive, skin sallow, or the symptoms otherwise of a bilious tendency, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

These medicines are prepared only by
J. H. SCHENCK & SON,
N. E. corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Phila.
And are for sale by all druggists and dealers.



**The Biggest Bet of the Missouri State Fair.**

Five thousand dollars against a two-thousand dollar wager was offered by the Proprietors of the Jilz Weil Auger that it would bore a hole of the same size faster and easier than any other well auger on exhibition, and we learn that this is a standing offer for one year. Who will accept it? See their advertisement in another column.

THE SALES OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARIES throughout the country in 1873 were 20 times as large as the sales of any other Dictionaries. One family of children having WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED, and using it freely, and another not having it, the first will become much the most intelligent men and women. Ask your teacher or minister if it is not so, then buy the book and urge your children to use it freely.


### THE MARKETS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **NEW YORK.** | | |
| BEEVES | 9 @ | 13 |
| HOGS—Dressed | 6 @ | 10 |
| COTTON | 13⅛ @ | 14⅜ |
| FLOUR—Superfine Western | 5 10 @ | 5 40 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago | 1 25 @ | 1 27 |
| CORN | 73 @ | 75 |
| OATS | 46 @ | 60 |
| RYE | 88 @ | 82 |
| PORK—New Mess | 21 90 @ | 22 00 |
| LARD—Steam | 12⅞ @ | 13⅛ |
| **CHICAGO.** | | |
| BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers | 5 45 @ | 5 90 |
| Choice Natives | 5 10 @ | 5 35 |
| Good to Prime Steers | 4 20 @ | 5 00 |
| Cows and Heifers | 3 25 @ | 3 25 |
| Medium to Fair | 4 00 @ | 4 25 |
| Inferior to Common | 2 50 @ | 3 00 |
| HOGS—Live | 7 75 @ | 8 25 |
| FLOUR—Spring White, Winter | 7 50 @ | 7 75 |
| Red Winter | 5 50 @ | 6 50 |
| WHEAT—No. 1 Spring | 1 17 @ | 1 19 |
| No. 2 Spring | 1 11 @ | 1 13 |
| No. 3 Spring | 93 @ | 95 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 52 @ | 54 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 33 @ | 35 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 70 @ | 71 |
| BARLEY—No. 2 | 97 @ | 99 |
| BUTTER—Fancy | 31 @ | 35 |
| EGGS—Fresh | 21 @ | 23 |
| PORK—Mess | 20 50 @ | 20 75 |
| LARD | 12½ @ | 12¾ |
| **ST. LOUIS.** | | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 1 68 @ | 1 73 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 55 @ | 58 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 35 @ | 37 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 68 @ | 70 |
| PORK—Mess | 22 50 @ | 23 00 |
| LARD | 13⅛ @ | 13¾ |
| HOGS | 7 50 @ | 8 00 |
| CATTLE | 5 90 @ | 6 10 |
| **MILWAUKEE.** | | |
| WHEAT—No. 1 | 1 18 @ | 1 22 |
| No. 2 | 1 11 @ | 1 14 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 54 @ | 55 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 35 @ | 37 |
| RYE | 71 @ | 72 |
| BARLEY—No. 2 | 1 10 @ | 1 12 |
| **CINCINNATI.** | | |
| WHEAT—New | 1 25 @ | 1 35 |
| CORN | 59 @ | 63 |
| OATS | 38 @ | 48 |
| RYE | 78 @ | 80 |
| PORK—Mess | 20 50 @ | 20 75 |
| LARD | 13⅛ @ | 13¼ |
| **TOLEDO.** | | |
| WHEAT—Extra | 1 34 @ | 1 37 |
| Amber | 1 19 @ | 1 23 |
| CORN | 55 @ | 57 |
| OATS | 36 @ | 38 |
| **DETROIT.** | | |
| WHEAT—Extra | 1 31 @ | 1 33 |
| No. 1 White | 1 24 @ | 1 26 |
| No. 2 White | 1 15 @ | 1 16 |
| Amber | 1 19 @ | 1 20 |
| CORN | 56 @ | 67 |
| OATS | 36 @ | 40 |
| BARLEY—No. 2 | 1 80 @ | 1 90 |
| PORK—Mess | 23 50 @ | 24 00 |
| **CLEVELAND.** | | |
| WHEAT—No. 1 Red | @ | 1 45 |
| No. 2 Red | @ | 1 20 |
| CORN | 56 @ | 67 |
| OATS | 38 @ | 40 |


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Fearful—the amount of money thrown away in not buying Shoes protected by SILVER TIPS. Parents be wise! insist that your shoe dealer should keep them. Also try Wire Quilted Soles.

The Atlantic Cable unites two worlds, but not so close or sure as the celebrated A. B. L. E. SCREW WIRE unites the sole to the upper of Boots and Shoes. They will not rip or leak. Also try Wire Quilted Soles.

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