WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

J. M. SWETNAM, Publisher.

KIRKSVILLE, - - MISSOURI.

A SUMMER MOOD.

"Now, by my faith, a gruesome mood, for summer!"—*Thomas Heywood* (1597).

Ah me, forevermore, forevermore,
These human hearts of ours must yearn and sigh,
While down the dells and up the murmurous shore,
Nature renews her immortality.

The heavens of June stretch calm and bland above,
June roses blush with tints of Orient skies,
But we, by graves of joy, desire and love,
Mourn in a world which breathes of Paradise.

The sunshine mocks the tears it may not dry,
The breezes—tricky couriers of the air—
Child-roisterers winged, and lightly fluttering by,
Blow their gay trumpets in the face of care.

And bolder winds, the deep sky's passionate speech,
Woven into rhythmic raptures of desire,
Or fugues of mystic victory, sadly reach
Our humbled souls, to rack, not raise them higher.

The field-birds seem to twit us as they pass,
With their small blisses, piped so clear and loud;
The cricket triumphs o'er us in the grass,
And the lark, glancing beam-like up the cloud,

Sings us to scorn with his keen rhapsodies;
Small things and great unconscious taunt-ings bring
To edge our cares, whilst we, the proud and wise,
Envy the insect's joy, the birdling's wing!

And thus forevermore, till time shall cease,
Man's soul and Nature's—each a separate sphere—
Revolves, the one in discord, one in peace;
And who shall make the solemn mystery clear.

—*Paul H. Hayne.*

ANTONIO AND BASSANIO.

The following is the story of "The Merchant of Venice," as told by Mr. James Spedding in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and is stated by him to be found in an old collection of tales called "Il Pecorone," written by Ser Giovanni, a notary of Florence, about 1378. Its interest lies in the probability that on it Shakespeare founded his play:

Giannetto, the youngest son of a rich merchant in Florence, receives from his dying father a letter addressed to his dearest friend, Ansaldo, the greatest of the Christian merchants in Venice, who, being a childless man and Giannetto's godfather, had long been anxious to adopt him. This letter, he tells him, is to be instead of any other provision. "Behave well," he says, "and you will certainly be a rich man." Ansaldo welcomes his godson with delight, orders his servants to attend to him as to himself, gives him the keys of his money boxes, and desires him to spend all freely in distinguishing himself and entertaining his friends; and to remember that "the more he gains the good will of everybody the more dear he will be to him." Giannetto follows his direction, quickly distinguishes himself in all the qualities of a gentleman, becomes a universal favorite and the most accomplished youth in Venice, and behaves in all ways to his godfather's entire satisfaction.

Such a man, it is thought by his friends, should have something more to do—should see more, and be more seen; and two of the most intimate, intending a mercantile voyage to Alexandria, urge him to go with them in a ship of his own. He would like to go if Ansaldo will give him leave; Ansaldo is willing to furnish him if he would like to go. He is provided with a fine ship richly freighted, and the three friends set sail together. The ships keep each other company until Giannetto, early one morning, seeing a fine port, and hearing that it is the port of the Lady of Belmonte, a beautiful widow, but dangerous to visit, every visitor being obliged to undertake a certain task on condition that if he accomplishes it he shall take her for his wife and be lord of the port and all the country, but if he fails he shall give up to her all that he brings with him, and many had gone in rich and come out with nothing—resolves to take his chance; sails in, unperceived by his companions; is received with festive welcome; after due warning of the conditions, goes to his trial; fails; loses all; and returns to Venice, much ashamed and obliged to say that his ship had been wrecked and all on board lost except himself. Ansaldo makes light of the accident. Since his son has come back safe, all is well; he may be cheerful and easy; they have enough left.

But when the two friends with whom he had set out return rich from their voyage, and tell him if he will go with them again the next spring he may easily gain as much as he has lost, Ansaldo, seeing that he could not be happy without making the trial, provides him with another ship, more richly freighted than the first; and the three set out again in company, as before. But Giannetto, whose real aim was to get, without their knowledge, into the port of Belmonte, contrives to elude them; sails in; is recognized and received as before; undertakes the same task again; again fails; and returns again to Venice, having lost all, and saying that he had suffered another shipwreck. These repeated losses had nearly exhausted Ansaldo's means, but not his affection or his patience; and when the two friends returned again very rich from their second voyage, and he finds that Giannetto cannot be happy without one more effort to recover his losses, he sells all that he has in order to provide a third ship for him; and because all that he has is not enough to do it as handsomely as he would, and he "wants still ten thousand ducats, he applies himself to a Jew, at Mestri, and borrows them on condition that if they are not paid on the Feast of St. John, in the next month of June, the Jew may take a pound of the merchant's flesh from any part of his body he pleases. Ansaldo agrees, and the Jew has an obligation drawn and witnessed with all the form and ceremony necessary, and then counts him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo buys what was still wanting for the vessel. When it is time to depart, Ansaldo tells Giannetto that, since he well knows of the obligation to the Jew, he entreats him, in case any misfortune happens, that he will return to Venice, that he may see him before he dies, and then he can leave the world with satisfaction. Giannetto promises to do everything he conceives may give him pleasure. Ansaldo gives him his blessing, they take their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto, still secretly bent upon the lady of Belmonte, contrives again to give his companions the slip and find his way into her port; is recognized and received as before, and makes himself as popular; but this time, by the help of a friendly hint from a sympathetic damsel who thinks it hard that such devotion should be so rewarded, he avoids the cause of his previous failures, accomplishes his task triumphantly, marries the Lady of Belmonte, is proclaimed sovereign of the country, to the great joy both of herself and all the people, and is still absorbed in the duties and enjoyments of his new fortune, when one day, seeing a procession with torches passing the window, and being told that it is a company of artificers going to make their offerings at the Church of St. John, the day being his festival, he suddenly remembers with horror that St. John's festival was Ansaldo's pay-day, and he had forgotten all about it! His wife, observing his emotion, drew from him the confession that "his father was engaged for ten thousand ducats, that the term was expired, and if they were not paid that day he must lose a pound of his flesh." She at once desires him to take a hundred thousand ducats, mount his horse, and not stop until he arrives at Venice; and, if he arrives in time to save him, to bring him to Belmonte.

The Jew in the meantime had seized Ansaldo; but, in consideration of his wish to see Giannetto before he died, consents to wait some days, provided that the delay do not invalidate the bond. "But," says he, "if he comes a hundred times over, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation." Ansaldo answered that he was content.

This determination to reject all proposals to redeem the bond by paying the money with cost and interest, which goes for so little with Shylock's modern apologists, is carefully marked and brought out by the teller of the story, who evidently thought it an important feature in the case.

"Every one," he adds, "at Venice who had heard of the affair was much concerned. Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might commit this homicide (*anzi voleva fare quello homicidio*), to have the satisfaction of saying (*per poter dire*) that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants."

Giannetto again, as soon as he arrives, offers to pay the whole debt, and as much more as the Jew would demand. The Jew replies he will take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; he will have the pound of flesh. "Every one blamed the Jew," says the narrator: "but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on public and received forms, nobody dared to oppose him, and when the merchants of Venice applied to him he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand; afterward forty, fifty, and at last one hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him that if he would give him as much gold as the city of Venice was worth he would not accept it. 'And' says he, 'you know little of me if you think I will desist from my demand.'"

While matters thus stood there alighted at an inn in Venice a young man, described by his servant as "a lawyer (*un gentil huomo giudice*) who had finished his studies at Bologna, and was returning to his own country." And what followed I must give from the old story, without abridgement:

The landlord upon this shows his guest great civility; and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer inquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, "Justice in this place is too severe." "How comes that?" says the lawyer. "I will tell how," says the landlord. "You must know that some years ago there came here a young man from Florence, whose name was Giannetto; he was recommended to the care of a relation who is called Ansaldo. He behaved here so well as to possess the esteem and affections of every living creature, and never was a youth so well beloved. Now, this Ansaldo sent him out three times; each time with a ship of great value. He every time was unfortunate, and to furnish the last Ansaldo was forced to borrow 10,000 ducats of a Jew, on condition that if he did not repay them in June at the Feast of St. John, the Jew might take a pound of his flesh. The excellent young man is now returned, and offers to pay an hundred thousand ducats. The wicked Jew won't take them, although the best merchants in the city have applied to him, but to no purpose."

Says the lawyer: "This question may be easily answered."

"If you can answer it," says the landlord, "and will take the trouble to do it, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of a most deserving young man and of all the best men of this city."

The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made that whoever had any law matters to determine they should have recourse to him. So it was told to Giannetto that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer.

"With all my heart," says the Jew; "but, let who will come, I will stick to my bond."

Giannetto and the Jew each told the merits of the case to the judge, who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, "I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favor done to him."

The Jew replied, "I will do no such thing."

"The judge answered, "It will be better for you."

The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments; and our judge speaks in favor of Ansaldo, and, desiring that the Jew may stand forth, "Now," says he, "do you (to the Jew) "cut off a pound of this man's flesh where you choose."

The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked, and takes in his hand a razor which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, "This," said he, "is not the favor I asked of you."

"Be quiet," says he; "the pound of flesh is not yet cut off."

As soon as the Jew was going to begin, "Take care what you do," says the judge; "if you take more or less than a pound I will order your head to be struck off, and I tell you, besides, that if you shed one drop of blood you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood, but says expressly that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less; and if you are wise you will take great care what you do." He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax. "And now," says he, "if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head." The Jew began to be in great fear, and Giannetto in great joy.

At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him: "You are more cunning than I can pretend to be; however, give me the one hundred thousand ducats and I am content."

"No," says the judge; "cut off your pound of flesh, according to your bond; I will not give you a farthing. Why did you not take the money when it was offered?"

The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand; but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty; but he replied: "Let me manage him."

Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand.

He said: "I will not give you a penny."

"Give me at least," said the Jew, "my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all!"

The Judge replies, "I will give you nothing. If you will have the pound of flesh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled."

Every one present was greatly pleased, and, deriding the Jew, said, "He who laid traps for others is caught himself."

The Jew, seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto.

The lady arrived some days before and gave orders to have everything prepared, and the streets lined with tapestry and filled with men armed for the tiltings and exercises; and, when Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them, crying, "Long live our sovereign lord! Long live our sovereign lord!" When they arrived at the palace the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively; yet the feastings, tilts and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies assisted. Giannetto, seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and inquiring the reason, would have saluted her. She told him she wanted not his caresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him.

"It is no more than what I expected," cries Giannetto, "and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause."

"And I can swear," says the lady, with as much solemnity, "that you gave the ring to a woman, and I know it certainly; therefore swear no more."

Giannetto said if what he had told her was not true, he wished every misfortune to fall upon him that might destroy him, and that he said all this to the lawyer when he asked for the ring.

The lady replied: "You would have done better to have stayed at Venice with your mistresses, and have sent Ansaldo here; for I hear they all wept when you went away."

Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her that what she supposed could not possibly be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter showed him the ring, told everything which he had said to the lawyer, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and was highly delighted with what he had heard, and went out of the chamber and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

Rheumatism.

Common rheumatism is a disease which affects the joints, the hinges of the body, in such a way that the slightest motion of the ailing part gives pain. A creaking hinge is dry, and turns hard. A single drop of oil to moisten it makes a wonderful change, and it instantly moves on itself with the utmost facility. All kinds of rheumatism are an inflammation of the surface of the joints. Inflammation is heat; this heat dries their surfaces; hence the very slighest effort at motion gives piercing pain. In a healthy condition of the parts, nature is constantly throwing out a lubricating oil which keeps the joints in a perfectly smooth and easy-working condition. Rheumatism is almost always caused by—indeed, it may be nearer the truth to say, that it is always the result of, a cold dampness. A dry cold, or a warm dampness, does not induce rheumatism A garment, wetted by perspiration or rain, or water in any other form about a joint, and allowed to dry while the person is in a state of rest, is the most common way of causing rheumatism. A partial wetting of a garment is more apt to induce an attack than if the entire clothing were wetted, because, in the latter case, it would be certainly and speedily exchanged for dry garments. There are two very certain methods of preventing rheumatism. The very moment a garment is wetted in whole or in part, change it, or keep in motion sufficient to maintain a very slight perspiration, until the clothing is perfectly dried.

The failure to wear woolen flannel next the skin, is the most frequent cause of rheumatism; for a common muslin or linen or silk shirt of a person in a perspiration becomes damp and cold the instant a puff of air strikes it, even in mid-summer. This is not the case where woolen flannel is worn next the skin. The easiest, most certain, and least hurtful way of curing this troublesome affection is, first, to keep the joint affected wound around with several folds of woolen flannel; live entirely on the lightest kind of food, such as coarse breads, ripe fruits, berries, boiled turnips, stewed apples and the like. If such things were eaten to the extent of keeping the system freely open, and exercise were taken, so that a slight moisture should be on the surface of the skin all the time; or if in bed, the same thing were accomplished by hot teas and plentiful bed-clothing, a grateful relief and an ultimate cure will very certainly result in a reasonably short time. Without this soft and moist and warm condition of the skin, and an open state of the system, the disease will continue to torture for weeks and months and years. Inflammatory rheumatism may, for all practical purposes, be regarded as an aggravated form of the common kind, extended to all the joints of the body, instead of implicating only one or two. For all kinds, time, flannel, warmth, with a light and cooling diet, are the great remedies. — *Hall's Journal of Health.*

Lampas.

This disease frequently occurs in young horses that are kept up and fed upon solid food; caused by an irritation of the stomach, and when the lampas are swollen it is an indication of a derangement of the stomach. No one will ever burn lampas out except through ignorance, as it spoils the mouth and often causes a horse (forever after) to slabber his grain, which prevents perfect mastication of his food. A change of diet is indispensable. A knife may be used to prick the lampas and then squeeze out a little blood. This will speedily remove local irritation. I contend that weak eyes in young horses are caused from the unnecessary amount of grain used. Apply alum, pulverized, once a day, upon the lampas, for three days, thoroughly rubbed in with the thumb; use sparingly. For weak eyes in colts use belladonna 2d trit., and nux vom. 2d trit., give three grains of each in one dose, three times a day.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

Mutton the Meat for Farmers.

The cheapest meat for the farmer is mutton. It may safely be said to cost nothing, as the fleece from a sheep of good breed will amply pay for its keeping. Then, for additional profit, there is a lamb or two, the pelt or the animal if killed at home, the excellent manure from its droppings, and the riddance of the pastures from weeds, to which sheep are destructive foes. With the exception of poultry, mutton is also the most convenient meat for the farmer. A sheep is easily killed and dressed by a single hand in an hour, and in the warmest weather it can be readily disposed of before it spoils. Science and experience both declare it the healthiest kind of meat, and a foolish prejudice alone prefers pork, which, whether fresh or salt, is the unhealthiest of all. —*Christian at Work.*

--The Marquis de Rays, a French nobleman, has formed a new colony in one of the islands known as New Britain, in Oceanica. The colonists are for the most part French, Irish and Belgian, and will therefore probably agree in religion. They are on very friendly terms at present with the aborigines. Their colony has, according to the *Journal des Debats*, been placed under the protection of the United States, and has received the name of Port Breton. Spaniards and Chinese coolies are now en route to the new colony.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it.

—Soft-soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar and not used until three months old.

—Silk handkerchiefs should be washed with borax, in tepid water, with little or no soap. Iron them before dry.

—Strawberry Ice-Cream—Mash one quart of berries with one pound of sugar. Rub through a colander; add one quart of sweet cream and freeze as usual.

—A lump of bread about the size of a billiard ball, tied up in a linen bag and placed in the pot in which greens are boiling will absorb the gases which oftentimes send such an unpleasant odor to the regions above.

—Walnut Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one and one-half pounds of raisins, one nutmeg, six eggs, two quarts of walnuts (before cracked); bake in a quick oven.

—Potato Soup.—Boil thoroughly a half dozen potatoes, and mash thoroughly, mixing with it a quart of stock, seasoning with salt and pepper; boil it for five minutes, removing scum; add to this a tumblerful of milk last, and serve after the soup has come again to the boil; must be perfectly smooth.

—Preserved Strawberries.—Pound for pound; put them in a preserving kettle over a slow fire until the sugar melts; boil twenty-five minutes fast; take out the fruit in a perforated skimmer and fill a number of small cans three-quarters full; boil and skim the sirup five minutes longer; fill up the jars and seal while hot; keep in a cool dry place.

—Lemon Tart Pie.—Take two large lemons, two eggs, one cup of sugar, butter size of an egg and tablespoonful of flour, which mix smooth with the butter, and afterward with half a cup of water. Grate the peel from the lemon, and press the juice over the sugar; beat the ingredients together and let them simmer a few moments on the fire. Have ready puff paste, made as tarts, and when the mixture begins to cool, fill the tarts with it.

—Maccaroni au Tomatoes.—Peel and cut up some fresh tomatoes and stew them with plenty of fresh butter, and season with butter, pepper, salt and a laurel leaf If preferred, take less butter and add a few spoonfuls of strong gravy or stock. Add a very little flour, stirred smooth, in a little water—not enough flour to make the sauce really thick, but to give it the consistency of cream. Then pass the whole thing through a hair sieve, and mix with the boiled macaroni, together with some grated Parmesan. If you are obliged to use canned tomatoes, don't take too much of the watery juice. Bottled pure tomato sauce, well seasoned and made very hot, may be used.

—Cauliflower, White Sauce.—Pick out all the green leaves of two small cauliflowers, and cut off the stalks close. Put them head downwards in a saucepan full of boiling salted water; when done pick them out into sprigs and arrange them, head downwards, in a pudding basin, which must have been made quite hot; press them in gently, then turn them out dexterously on a dish, and pour over them the following sauce, boiling hot: Melt one and one half ounces of butter in a saucepan, mix it with a tablespoonful of flour, and then add half a pint of boiling water; stir till it thickens; add salt and white pepper to taste; then take the saucepan off the fire, and stir in the yelks of two eggs beaten up with the juice of a lemon and strained.

—Veal with Spinach.—Neatly trim a nice piece of fillet or top of loin of veal, lard it thickly with bacon on one side. Place in a large stewpan a layer of slices of bacon, then some carrots and onions cut in slices, with a bundle of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spices to taste; lay the piece of veal in the middle, and moisten with about a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for three or four hours, basting the top occasionally; then strain off the gravy, put it into a small saucepan, skim off superfluous fat, add to it a little butter mixed smooth with a small quantity of flour, and let the gravy be reduced nearly to a glaze; pour it over the meat, the top of which should be previously browned with a salamander if necessary, and serve with a border of spinach, passed through a sieve, and dressed with butter, pepper, and salt.

Tainted Milk.

No fluid—certainly none in common domestic use—is more susceptible to "taint" (*i. e.*, the gathering to itself of unpleasant and unwholesome odors) than milk. The utmost care is necessary to keep it sweet. And yet, in most households, where milk is only taken to be used in tea and coffee, as a beverage for children, and in various culinary operations, scarcely a thought is given to the proper care of it. What the results of such neglect are a writer in *Nature* thus forcibly points out:

A can of milk is received into the house in the evening, and according to a tradition, commendable as far as it goes, is at once poured into a clean earthenware jug; there is no cover, perhaps, but the vessel is clean. This is stood, say on a stone shelf in the larder, to keep cool and free from taint. Its companions there are a joint or two of cold meat, (in its gravy,) a few unfurnished tarts and blanc-manges, a large bowl of scrap bread, (with incipient fungoid growth,) two dozen eggs, (not all fresh,) underneath, the cheese; overhead, a jar of onions in pickle; in the near distance a few head of game in an advanced stage of—well, "keeping," and last, but not least, a closed window. Now, what is the "action" hereupon? A thousand to one, the temperature of the milk is, when received, different from that of the air in the larder, (whether higher or lower.) Immediately that it comes to rest, the surface next the air becomes warmed or cooled, as the case may be, and by giving place to other portions, sets up a series of gentle currents, by means of which every part of the fluid is successively brought into contact with the air, and its countless crowds of butter-corpuscles, containing fatty matter in a high state of subdivision, are enabled to expose the greatest possible extent of surface. Now, it is scarcely the fault of that milk if in ten hours' time it has failed to lay by at least a trace of every shade of effluvium which has had a chance of circulating near it. And yet when the pardonable nastiness of the milk is commented upon at breakfast, there will not be found wanting some one to exclaim, "What can those people feed their cows on?"

This, with unimportant modifications to suit different localities, fairly describes the mode of treating this sensitive article of diet in probably nine families out of ten living in towns and villages. To use milk thus tainted in the preparation of the food for adults is bad enough; but to give it to young children as a beverage, or to infants as a principal article of diet, is simply wicked.

One of the large purveyors of milk in Philadelphia supplies his customers in sealed cans, into which the fresh milk is poured and then tightly sealed up. Kept in these receptacles until wanted for use, the milk is safe from the horrors detailed by *Nature*. It would be an excellent thing if city customers would require all milk dealers to supply them in this way.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Western Tornadoes.

That those people who have never experienced or witnessed the effects of a genuine Western tornado have a very poor idea of its force and character, is witnessed by the fact that so well informed a journal as the New York *Tribune* suggests that "buildings could doubtless be erected strong enough to withstand these fearful wind tempests." The fact is that the force developed by these Western cyclones is utterly irresistible. "When boulders weighing hundreds of pounds," says the St. Louis *Republican*, "can be literally snatched out of the ground, where they have lain for unnumbered centuries, and flung into the air as if projected from a catapult, it is hardly worth while talking about fortifying against the mysterious enemy." Take the recent Marshfield cyclone for instance; its force was incalculable; and had a stone building with walls three feet thick and bolted with iron stood in the way, it would have gone down like a house of cards. It has been often enough demonstrated that the safest place of refuge from the fury of one of these storms is the celler of a frame house, for frame houses are usually carried off bodily, leaving the inmates of the cellar unharmed, while brick houses totter and fall, the inmates of the cellar being crushed and buried in the debris. The prevalent idea is that the force of a cyclone is gained by sweeping over the prairies, and that their force is due to nothing but the wind. This, according to people who have both witnessed and experienced them, is not a correct idea, for their effects can be accounted for only on the theory that electricity has much to do with them. One man who has had a somewhat extensive acquaintance with Missouri and Kansas cyclones, says: "They strike as suddenly as the lightning, and the vegetation is often scorched and withered as though fire had passed over it."—*Boston Post.*

—An anecdote is told of a physician who was called to a foreign family to prescribe for a case of incipient consumption. He gave them a prescription for pills, and wrote the direction: "One pill to be taken three times a day, in any convenient vehicle." The family looked in the dictionary to get at the meaning of the prescription. They got on well until they got to the word vehicle. They found "cart, wagon, carriage, buggy, wheelborrow." After grave consideration they came to the conclusion that the doctor meant the patient should ride out, and while in the vehicle he should take the pill. He followed the advice to the letter, and in a few weeks the fresh air and exercise secured the advantage which otherwise might not have come.

—Miss Mary Houser, of Fort Wayne, who recently eloped with a carpet-layer, whom she had seen for the first time but a few hours previously, has returned to her father's home, having acquired an experience which should serve a lifetime. She went to St. Louis with her lover, where they were married. After a honeymoon lasting three or four days, the husband, sending his confiding victim from their boarding-house on a fictitious errand, pocketed her jewelry and what little money she had, and departed, leaving no indication of his destination. The poor girl had to pawn her remaining trinkets to obtain money to return home.

—The preacher was talking to the Sunday-school about the power of religion, and the devotion of the zealous to the cause and their attendance upon the services. Finally he asked if there was any thing to which people would go twice every Sunday and through the week as they did to church, when a small boy with a twisted tongue on the front seat spoke out: "Yeth, thir, a thircus would ketch 'em every pop if they could git in free, like they do to church." The preacher thought it was time to sing.

—When cremation becomes fashionable the New Orleans *Picayune* looks forward to the time when a man can have his ancestors put up in cans and shipped to any part of the world. When that blessed time arrives we may expect to receive such letters as the following: "Dear E.—I have to-day forwarded to you per express poor dear Uncle John and little Billy. If you can spare Aunt Jane and Cousin Sarah I should like to have them for awhile."

—Far up in the tower, old and gray,
Ye ancient bells are ringing,
While far below, in ancient pew,
Sit saint and sinner singing.

Thus has it been since time began,
In warm or wintry weather,
With great display they come to pray,
The good and bad together.

Ye good old man doth kneel and pray
That he may find the fold,
That he may reach the shining shore,
And walk the streets of gold.

While near him kneels with solemn look
Ye man of worldly mein;
Who asks the Lord, by hook or crook,
To start a boom in grain.

—*Steuben ville Herald.*

—A few years ago the State's Attorney in a northern county in Vermont, although a man of great legal ability, was very fond of the bottle. On one occasion an important criminal case was called on by the clerk, but the attorney, with owl-like gravity, kept his chair. "Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" said the Judge. "Yes—hic—no—your Honor," stammered the lawyer; "the State is not—in a state to try this case, to-day; the State, your Honor, is—drunk!"

—"Oh, I've seen George," cried a little girl at Cleveland; "he came and leaned over me at the piano." George was a boy who had recently died. The mother, hearing the words, fell dead from heart disease.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 24, 1869			
CATTLE—Native Steers	8.50	@	10.00
SHEEP—Clipped	4.50	@	6.25
COTTON—Middling	....	@	11⅞
FLOUR—Good to Choice	5.00	@	7.00
WHEAT—Red, No. 2	1.31	@	1.32
CORN—No. 2	.54	@	.55
OATS—Western Mixed	.41	@	.45
PORK—New Mess	11.00	@	11.15
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	....	@	11⅛
BEEVES—Choice	4.50	@	4.75
Good to Prime	4.25	@	4.60
Native Cows	2.50	@	3.50
Texas Steers	3.50	@	4.00
HOGS—Common to Select	3.50	@	4.15
SHEEP—Clipped	3.00	@	4.10
FLOUR—XXX to Choice	4.90	@	5.10
WHEAT—Red, No. 2	1.11	@	1.12
No. 3	1.04	@	1.04⅛
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	.36	@	.37
OATS—No. 2	.31	@	.31⅛
RYE—No. 2	....	@	.90
TIMOTHY SEED—Prime	1.75	@	2.00
TOBACCO—Dark Lugs	3.25	@	5.50
Medium Dark Leaf	5.25	@	7.00
HAY—Choice Timothy	15.50	@	16.75
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	.17	@	.18
EGGS—Fresh Candled	..	@	.10
PORK—Standard Mess	10.50	@	10.75
BACON—Clear Rib	08½	@	.07
WOOL—Tub-washed, Choice	.44	@	.46
Unwashed, Medium	.30	@	.34
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	3.50	@	4.35
Native Cows	2.75	@	3.50
HOGS—Sales at	3.50	@	3.85
WHEAT—No. 2	....	@	1.03
No. 3	....	@	.90⅛
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	.27	@	.27⅛
OATS—No. 2	....	@	.25
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	4.50	@	5.00
HOGS—Common to Choice	4.10	@	4.40
SHEEP—Clipped	4.00	@	5.00
FLOUR—Winters	5.50	@	6.25
Springs	5.00	@	5.50
WHEAT—Spring No. 2	1.15	@	1.16
Winter, No. 2	1.06	@	1.07
CORN—No. 2	.37	@	.37⅛
OATS—No. 2	.31	@	.32
RYE—No. 2	.80	@	.82
PORK—Mess	10.00	@	10.05
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grades	5.25	@	5.75
CORN—White	.52	@	.54
OATS—Choice	.40½	@	.41
HAY—Choice	22.00	@	23.00
PORK—Mess	11.00	@	11.25
BACON	.05	@	.07½
COTTON—Middling		@	11⅞

A Square Meal.

We are sure our readers will thank us for calling their attention to the very handsome advertisement of the Excelsior Manufacturing Co. of St. Louis, Mo., as it would be useless for us to say any thing in favor of their GRAND CHARTER OAK COOKING STOVE. The very name suggests the thought of a well cooked meal, followed by easy digestion, vigorous health and a desire to have, and to do, plenty of REAL WORK, to say nothing of a happy and contented household. Ask your Stove Dealer to show you the latest patterns.

The Age of Miracles

Is past, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are half wasted by consumption, or your system sinking under cancerous disease. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe disease of the throat and lungs, coughs and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, thus curing pimples, blotches, and eruptions, and causing even great eating ulcers to heal. Sold by druggists.

Several Good Things.

If you want good digestion,
If you want good health,
If you want good baking,
If you want the best stove,
If you want the cheapest stove,
If you want a good square meal,
Buy a CHARTER OAK STOVE.

The Stubborn Convinced.

In writing of Warner's Safe Remedies, the *Sentinel*, Weedsport, N. Y., has the following: "That these possess all the remedial qualities claimed for them is a matter beyond dispute; bona fide testimonials by the thousand from well-known citizens in public and private life, are evidences strong enough to convince the most stubborn doubter, that they are the best medicines for diseases for which recommended, ever yet known to the public or the physician.

Entirely Satisfactory.

The Charter Oak is as near perfection as we ever expect to find a stove. Entirely satisfactory; in short, a perfect success as a first-class cooking stove.

PIMPLES AND HUMORS ON THE FACE.—In this condition of the skin, the VEGETINE is the great remedy, as it acts directly upon the cause It cleanses and purifies the blood, thereby causing humors of all kinds to disappear.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is unrivalled for its speedy healing qualities. Price 25c.

NIGHT SWEATS, cough, emaciation and decline prevented by Malt Bitters.

THE genuine Frazer Axle Grease is said to be the best in the world, and we believe it.

Vegetine.

The Best Medicine.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

FREEPORT, ILL., Sept. 27, 1873.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

Dear Sir—I have been using your valuable medicine, "Vegetine," for *General Debility*, and have no hesitation in saying that I consider it one of the best, if not *the best* medicine in the market for a general Invigorator and Blood Purifier. J. H. POHTER.

VEGETINE

GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes and General Debility.

Read what Dr. Simmons says.

VERONA, MISS., June 5, 1873.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

I have used "Vegetine" in my family for two years and cordially recommend it as a remedy for *Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes* and *General Debility*. I have also recommended it to a great many persons in this section, and I think it has given general satisfaction. Very truly,

DR. J. J. SIMMONS.

Your very valuable medicine, "Vegetine," restored the sight to my little daughter, saved her from being *blind*, and I have no doubt saved her life.

Very gratefully,

MRS. J. J. SIMMONS.

WITH SUCH BENEFIT.

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., Nov. 15, 1873.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

Dear Sir—I can fully testify to the efficiency of your Vegetine as a Great Blood Purifier, having used it during the last seven months with *such benefit*.

Yours truly,

W. O. ST. SURE, Druggist.

Vegetine

IS THE BEST

SPRING MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

MALT

UNFERMENTED

THERE is no greater BLOOD PURIFYING and LIFE-GIVING PRINCIPLE in the world of medicine than MALT BITTERS, prepared by the MALT BITTERS COMPANY from *Unfermented Malt and Hops*. It is a Perfect Renovator of feeble and exhausted constitutions. It enriches the blood, solidifies the bones, hardens the muscles, quiets the nerves, perfects digestion, cheers the mind and vitalizes with new life every fluid of the body. It is so, because it strikes at the root of all debility—ENFEEBLED DIGESTION and IMPOVERISHED BLOOD. Sold everywhere.

MALT AND HOPS

BITTERS

SUMMER COLDS AND COUGHS CURED BY

Allen's Lung Balsam.

ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS

AS A SAFE AND EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best cough medicine. Dose small,—bottle large. Sold everywhere. 25c. and $1.00.

Warranted to first buyers.

A FREE GIFT! I WILL MAIL A COPY OF MY "MEDICAL COMMON SENSE" Book, FREE, to any person who will send his name and post-office address, and two 3-cent stamps to pay postage.

To any one suffering with CONSUMPTION, CATARRH, ASTHMA or BRONCHITIS, the information in this illustrated volume of 144 pages is invaluable. In the providence of God it has proved marvellous. Address,

DR. N. B. WOLFE, 146 Smith St., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED. **OUTFIT FREE** PAYING EMPLOYMENT

For Young Men, Ladies, Teachers, and others in every county. Address Elliott & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

YOUNG MAN OR OLD.

If you are a young man suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretion, or have any of those painful diseases, or secretions, which unfit you for business or society, you should address with stamp, Dr. Lamont, No. 2 Ann St., New York.

A GREAT OFFER New ORGANS, $40, upward; PIANOS, $150, upward. Warranted 6 years. Second Hand Instruments at Bargains. AGENTS Wanted. Illustrated CATALOGUE Free. HORACE WATERS & CO., 826 B'd'y, N. Y.

"NEW HOME" SEWING MACHINES sent to any address on receipt of price. $24.50 for No. 4—Cover, 2 Drs., D. L. JNO. L. STANAGE, 114 N. Sixth St., St. Louis, Mo.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C.O.D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 74 State Street, Chicago.

AN Irishman's toast: "May your reverence live to eat the old hen that crows over your grave." If anything can make that toast true, it is HUNT'S REMEDY.

AGENTS You can coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Ours is the only one genuine. Address Chase Publishing Co., Toledo, O.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr's True & Co., Augusta, Me.

GUNS Revolvers.