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WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

J. M. SWETNAM, Publisher.

KIRKSVILLE, - - MISSOURI.

COLD AND QUIET.

Cold, my dear—cold and quiet,
In their cups on yonder lea.
Cowslips fold the brown bee's diet;
So the moss enfoldeth thee.
"Plant me, plant me, O love, a lily flower—
Plant at my head, I pray you, a green tree:
And when our children sleep," she sighed, "at the dusk hour,
And when the lily blossoms, O come out to me!"

Lost, my dear? Lost! nay decpest
Love is that which loseth least:
Through the night-time while thou sleepest,
Still I watch the shrouded east.
Near thee, near thee, my wife that aye liveth,
"Lost" is no word for such a love as mine;
Love from her past to a present giveth,
And love itself doth comfort, making pain divine.

Rest, my dear, rest. Fair showeth
That which was, and not in vain.
Sacred have I kept, God knoweth,
Love's last words atween us twain:
"Hold by our past, my only love, my lover;
Fail not, but rise, O love, by loss of me!"
Boughs from our garden, white with bloom, hang over.
Love, now the children slumber, I come out to thee.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

THAT HORRIBLE BURGLARY.

An O'er True Tale.

Oh, my, but the wind did blow! When I went around the house, that night, locking doors and windows before going to bed, there was just a breath of a breeze sighing about—nothing more; but by the time I had my head fairly plumped upon the pillow, the gale was going like mad. When I first came to this Western country I used to be surprised at the quick, unceremonious way storms had of coming upon people—half the time, it seemed to me, out of a clear, innocent-looking sky.

In my old home I prided myself upon reading the signs of the skies; but here, goodness me! when I thought it would snow it was sure to rain, and when I could have taken a solemn oath that the clouds were going to pour, why, whisk, they'd go, and the sun would shine out as though it was in high glee at having fooled me. So I gave up being a weather prophet, and took it just as it came.

That night everything out of doors seemed to be in commotion. The loose shingles on the house clattered up and down, and half the time it seemed to me that the bed on which I lay would blow through the side of the house. I know I'm a foolish old woman, but at the thought I couldn't help setting my ruffled nightcap straight, and smoothing back my hair, because if I should go, why there was Deacon Albee's house right opposite, and—but, Lord bless me, what *am* I saying!

Well, naturally I was lonesome enough, without child or chick; but I did very well until I somehow got it into my head that burglars always chose such nights to do their mischief in. After that I started at every sound, and as there were thumps and clatters on all sides, and in every direction, it isn't to be supposed that I got much rest.

I didn't stop to reason that there was very little in my poor old house to tempt evil-doers. I knew I had forty dollars and eighty cents laid away in my poor departed Jason's old wooden chest, and I felt that to lose that would be a terrible thing to me.

The house was a cottage, with a hall running the length of its two rooms—an "L" being built beyond. My room was at the back, opening into a hall and the front room adjoining. So my eyes went first from one door to the other, lingering, I must say, with more dread upon the one leading into the hall.

"If I should be robbed of that forty dollars and eighty cents—" I said to myself. Just then a blind went whack! and springing up in bed, I began to say the prayer my mother taught me, "Now I lay me down to sleep," though I'm sure it looked a great deal more like sitting up asleep than lying down.

"What an old fool you are, Polly Quimby," I began to say, aloud, trying to get my courage up to the sound of my own voice.

At that moment I was sure I heard a step in the little hall, and before I had time to move from my place the door latch lifted and the door swung back, and there he stood, the very object I had been dreading—Mr. Burglar himself.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, in such a polite way that I found myself in the motion of bowing back and saying good evening, too.

He was a middle-aged man, with mustache and whiskers, and he had the brightest eyes I ever saw in a person's head. The hair on his temples was quite gray. All in all, he looked like a respectable Christian gentleman, and not a midnight thief.

"Quite a windy evening, ma'am," he went on, as he stepped into the room. "You must be lonely by yourself."

Somehow this touched my temper. I forgot who was speaking, and answered back as tart as could be:

"I prefer to choose my company, sir."

He laughed and shrugged up his shoulders.

"You do, indeed! So do I. In this case I have my preference—not you." Then he sat down leisurely in my rocking chair, and stretched out his feet as though he intended to stop a while.

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to go about your business? What do you think of yourself, sir, to be intruding upon the privacy of my room at this hour of the night, sir?"

He leaned back his head upon my bright worsted tidy, and laughed fit to kill himself.

"No harm is intended to you, my charming woman," he said. "I swear it—no harm is intended to you!"

And saying this, he laughed longer and louder than ever.

"Do you come into my house to make game of me before my very eyes?" I asked, my temper pretty much stirred up. "If you were a gentleman, sir—"

This was too much for him.

"A gentleman! Oh, aw— that's too good? If I professed to be a gentleman you'd stand a good chance of getting your throat cut without so much as by your leave, ma'am, to begin with! A gentleman? With all my faults, thank Heaven that is not among them."

"You need not have gone on that way to prove it," I said, tartly.

"Well, you're a sharp old damsel, aren't you?" turning his big eyes upon me, and twisting his mouth in a comical way which I shall never forget. "I swear you'd be pretty good looking if you didn't wear such a wide ruffle on your night-cap. Jolly, isn't it a lunker, big enough for a grave-yard fence!

"Sir!" I said, looking savage.

"Madam!" he answered, imitating my voice and tone to perfection.

"Oh, if I were only out of this bed, sir!" I began.

"And pray, madam, what is there to hinder you from getting out, I'd like to know?"

"Do you intend to insult me, you good-for-nothing creature? Oh, if the wind would only blow you away!"

"If one goes the other is sure to go, too," he said, stolidly.

"If brother Joe would only waken!" I said.

He cocked his eye knowingly.

"You want to make me believe that he is in this house somewhere, eh? My dear madam, you are as transparent as air. Had he been under this roof you would have screamed blue murder long before this."

"Oh, oh, you varmint!" I groaned in pure agony of spirit. "What do you want?"

"Well, madam, since that is a fair, honest question, I will attempt to answer it. To begin with, my financial affairs are in a complicated condition. Money I have but little of—credit, none; so I am forced to levy a trifling tax upon my friends in this and other neighborhoods, to extricate me from my disastrous condition. As soon as I collect a certain amount I intend leaving this country for France or Italy, never, perhaps, to return. Do not shed tears at this, dear madam, for, wherever my footsteps tend, your image—ruffled nightcap and all—will remain forever imprinted upon my heart."

"You old goose!" I said.

"Please do not interrupt me, madam; I have but a few moments longer to stay, and I must do business at once. I have learned that you have deposited in a trunk in an adjoining closet forty dollars and eight cents. The forty dollars I would like to borrow of you for an indefinite length of time. The eighty cents I do not care anything about. You can retain that as a trifling evidence of my generosity in this great emergency of my life."

"You are a robber, a thief, then?" I said, spitefully.

"Either, at your service, madam," rising and making a bow for all the world like a French dancing-master.

"Now, the money, if you please."

"He wasn't polite looking now. There was a determined look in his eyes and about his mouth.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he said, speaking just like a preacher.

"And he that steals from the poor—what of him?"

"My Bible does not dispose of his case, especially, madam."

"And you came here to rob me—me, a poor woman!"

"I come to borrow of you for an indefinite length of time."

I saw it was useless to waste words with him, besides I didn't altogether like the look in his eyes; I closed my lips tightly together, resolving that I would not speak again.

"If you have no objection, ma'am, I'll look around a bit," he said, taking up the lamp as he spoke. "If I hear any noise from you, my dear, or if I see that in any way you are becoming nervous, I shall be obliged to quiet you by the use of—"

He held up a small vial.

"Chloroform!" I gasped.

"At your service, madam."

"It would be the death of me," I moaned.

"I should be sorry to bring such a loss to the world; but, believe me, all that rests in your own hands. This door leads into the closet where the trunk is, I believe," he said, making straight for the closet where my forty dollars were put for safe keeping.

I didn't say a word. To tell the truth, the chloroform had nearly scared me out of my wits. He turned the key in the door (I had always kept it locked) and glanced into the closet. It was large, and the trunk was at the farther end of it. Let me say here that this closet, or store room, was in the "L" part of the house, full a foot lower than my room. Mr. Burglar was not acquainted with this fact. Glancing toward me with his sharp eyes, to see if I was quiet, he took a step forward and went sprawling upon all-fours. I do not know to this day how he managed to save the lamp as he did, but it was not broken in the fall, and burned as brightly as ever. My wits came to me here. I sprang as lightly as I could out of bed, and before he could get upon his feet I had the door of the closet shut and locked upon him. He grew lamb-like in a moment.

"You've done it now, haven't you, you charming creature? I swear I'm in love with you from this hour to the end of my life. You've come a splendid dodge! You've got me tight and fast. What's the use of money now? I'll take the eighty cents and you may have the forty dollars, if you will let me out."

"No, sir; I'm going to call the neighbors," said I, resolutely.

"Going with that night-cap on? You'll make your fortune. But don't hurry, that's a dear. Let's have a little friendly talk. Say, I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll let me out."

"Yes, and leave you free to scare some other woman nearly to death—no, sir."

"Well, then, I'll give you two hundred."

"No, sir."

"Name the price, then, dear girl. I suppose every woman has her price—they say every man has."

"No, it wouldn't be right," I said, hesitatingly.

I heard him chuckle: "First step towards it; she begins to talk of what is right."

I thought of my poor girl out to work by the week, and so anxious to get an education, and I'm sure it isn't to be wondered at if I began to set a price. But I said not a word.

"Look here! I'll put five hundred dollars in good, sound gold under the door, and you can count it as I push it through piece by piece, if you'll only let me out of this cursed hole. I'm smothering."

"Try some chloroform," I whispered through the key-hole.

"Curse the chloroform! *Will* you let me out?"

I had a light by this time, and had slipped into a calico wrapper, and my slippers.

"If I got the money, how could I let him out of the closet?" I wondered. I shouldn't dare to meet him; he'd rob me again, and perhaps murder me. But I said: "I'll take his gold," resolving that I would try to get out of it some way, just for the sake of poor Rebecca, who so much wanted to go to school.

"Your heart is in the right place," he said, and the next moment a big round gold piece came through the wide crack under the door.

I couldn't withhold an exclamation of delight.

"It's right enough now, isn't it?" he sneered. "There's nothing like gilding over our sins a little. Bah! all the world's alike! Here goes another, and another. Count fast, my pious damsel. I dare say there's no confessional in your church."

"Is there in your's?"

"Well, if there was, gold gets into that sometimes, they say. Hold fast here; you've got the last clinker; now set me free."

"Wait a minute."

"But I won't wait; I swear I won't."

"Can you help yourself?" I said, coolly.

"Well, no, not much; but I'm smothering in here. Can't you take pity on a poor fellow?"

"Sit down flat on the floor," I said. I heard him plump down as obedient as a school-boy.

"What next?"

I turned to the kitchen door to see if the lock was all right. Then I turned the key with a sharp click, which sounded to me like the report of a pistol.

"There!" I cried, and sprang into the kitchen, locking the door behind me.

He came out of his prison swearing like a trooper.

"Sharp old Satan, she's locked herself up somewhere," trying the kitchen door as he spoke. "Good night, Madam De'ila—good night! You've got the best of this. You have robbed me. Good night—get down and say your prayers."

And I did. What is more, I cried like a baby over my money, thinking what it would bring us.

I never saw the strange burglar again, and in a few weeks Rebecca was comfortably established in school. No one ever knew where the money came from. An uncle died about that time, and some of my neighbors shrewdly suspected that he had left us something; but I had nothing to say on the subject.

About six months after my adventure, brother Joe came to me one day and said that he had been stopped in the street by a strange man that morning, and that he had begged him to say to Madame Quimby that *the frill of her nightcap was a little too wide!* So saying he passed on. "What did it mean?" Joe asked.

"Nothing, only that he was crazy," I answered, quickly; but my face was as red as a blaze.

Management of Manure.

The test of good farming is in having a clean barnyard at least once a year. The better practice is to clean every particle of manure in the spring and again in the fall, and apply it to the crops. Manure is equivalent to money, and on land where a crop is growing it is paying good returns for its investment. It is true, manure as made in the barnyard is not in the best condition for immediate use; but except to prevent the spread of weed-seeds, it is better on the land or in it than in the barnyard. If noxious weed-seeds abound in the manure, a thorough fermentation is needed to destroy them. Ordinarily, however, keeping the manure in piles a few days will start weed-seeds, so that simply moving the manure will destroy them. This will also make the manure much more soluble and effective, and fully repay the additional expense. Piling up manure in the barnyard before hauling out pays in the economy it makes in loading it on wagons. If put in heaps, twice as many loads can be got out per day than if it is scattered around the yard; and this, in a time when men and teams are hurried to do the spring plowing, is an item of moment. Besides this, farmers will clean the barnyards much more perfectly where the manure has been first piled up. They cannot afford to keep a team waiting while the load for the wagon is being scraped up with the hoe. Hence the scrapings, which are always the richest part of the manure heap, are left and invariably wasted.

Something depends upon the character of manure in deciding how and where to use it. The very coarsest should be used first as a mulch, spread over the surface of the ground to be plowed for corn and turned under in April or May. The spring rains and melting snows will carry down among the grass roots the soluble elements of fertility, and before the plow can be got in the field the upspringing grass will show the good effect of the top-dressing. Then turning the whole under, not deeply, the manure and the grass roots will ferment together, and each will help the other. I always try to have a grass or clover-sod as a preparation for planted crops. Such land will yield a crop even without manure; but as a rule it pays better to manure pretty good land for an extra crop than to haul manure on to very poor land to bring it up to the average. The large crop is reasonably sure to show a profit. The average or poor crop is always grown at a loss. I know it is quite common to haul manure on an unseeded stubble for planting; but the practice is not to be commended. If land is bare it does not want a hoed crop, but some kind of grain with which it can be seeded again as quickly as possible. If manure is diverted to such land to keep it longer under the plow, other portions of the farm are robbed and correspondingly impoverished. I heard once of a farmer who boasted that one field had been in corn more than twenty years. He had drawn to that field nearly all the manure made on the farm. Its fertility has been maintained; but it was bad farming, nevertheless. In estimating success or failure, the farm must be taken as a whole.

The coarse manures should generally be applied to the heavy clays, especially if vegetable matter is lacking. Their fermentation in the soil disintegrates it, and promotes fertility. Usually clay soil has abundance of plant food, but not in available shape for crops. Hence something to bring out what is in the soil is needed. Concentrated and mineral manures are best adapted to cold and mucky lands. Here there is plenty of vegetable mold, but it is not active. Green manures are best adapted to sandy or gravelly soils. Here vegetable matter is always deficient. Some sands and gravels are lacking in other respects, also, and in such cases the land is worth little for farm uses. On the other hand a sand, or better still a gravel that has plenty of lime, potash and phosphates, is the very best land to work because it is always dry, warm and quick; and if it has a somewhat heavier subsoil, it has the ability to endure an unfavorable season better than any other. The best test of a sand or gravel soil as to fertility is to observe the clover catch and growth. If a farmer can get a good clover catch every year on sand or gravel, he has the means in his own hand of making it as rich as he wants it.—*Wm. J. Fowler, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

"Gone to Town."

The agricultural editor spent most of last week visiting farmers in Hardin and Grundy Counties. This is the busy season of the year, when the corn demands the closest and most constant attention, and yet in nine cases out of ten on applying at the house to see the owner, the almost invariable reply was, "he has gone to town." We generally saw a small boy or hired hand in the field plowing corn—some of whom were too small to perform the service they were trying, while others were as ignorant of their duties as a sidewalk granger. There is too much going to town and standing about the street corners, and sometimes visiting beer saloons. Home is the place for the farmer. There is where he should find his pleasure, his profit, and there is where he should preserve his moral integrity.

There can be no excuse for such frequent visits to town. If getting the stock and grain of the farm to market there is need of such visits. But many farmers get so accustomed to town that they neglect their business and their families. Their farm is badly managed, the crops poor, mortgages increase and ruin ensues. No farmer should go to town unless he has urgent business. And then he should study to combine all errands in one trip, so that another will not have to be made in a month. The farmers are constantly croaking about their hard fate and the devices to defraud them. But if they would stay at home on their farms, keep away from town, and have no dealings with strangers, peddlers, agents or tramps they would be happier, and their business would prosper better.—*Iowa State Register.*

—A Census Supervisor says: "It is a very onerous job to take the census, as a very few days' experience would convince the most skeptical. The ladies are quite wary about giving statements to the canvassers, especially facts concerning their age. It sometimes requires a vast amount of coaxing to get satisfactory answers to the inquiries. The injured innocents try to drive their questioners away by telling them it is none of their business; don't want any of their impertinence, and to clinch the matter, threaten the poor enumerators with the direst calamities when the big brother or husband comes home."

"Talk is cheap." Is it? Just hire a lawyer once.—*Syracuse Herald.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Poultices are better for the addition of a little sweet or castor oil and a few drops of laudanum.

—The bug known as the Buffalo tree hopper or pumpkin vine bug eats the eggs of other bugs and hunts them off of orchard and forest trees.

—Mr. P. T. Quinn asserts that one good standard pear tree will yield more fruit in the course of its life than twenty dwarfs.

—It is said two parts tallow and one of resin, melted together and applied to the soles of new boots or shoes, as much as the leather will absorb, will double their wear.

—If troubled with wakefulness on retiring to bed eat three or four small onions; they will act as a gentle and soothing narcotic. Onions are also excellent to eat when one is much exposed to cold.

—Bathing the face in lemon juice mixed with glycerine will remove tan and freckles in a few days, if the individual be not exposed to the sun.

—A German mixture for the removal of ink spots and writing on paper consists of alum, amber, sulphur and saltpeter—one part of each—in fine powder, mixed.

—To clarify drippings, place the drippings over the fire in a suitable vessel, then peal, wash and wipe a good-sized Irish potato, slicing as if to fry. Put them into the fat and let them simmer together on the back of the range till the sediment has sunk to the bottom of the pan; skim carefully any foam on the top, strain the liquor, and set it to cool.

—Prof. A. E. Blount, of the Colorado Agricultural College, gives Major Carman this advice about seed-corn: "Always select even-rowed ears and ears whose rows are straight, not irregular on the cob. Ears that taper are best because better protected by the husk; and then, too, the silk—the female part of the plant—remains alive longer. My reason for selecting the top ear for seed is that it is always more fully developed, more uniform and more vigorous in its germination, having been better fertilized when in the silk."

—Scotch Potato Scones.—Rub one pound of cold boiled potatoes through a sieve, put them on the baking-board and scatter over them seven ounces of flour; work first with the rolling-pin into a paste, then a little with the hand until smooth; strew flour heavily on the board and over the paste, which roll about the thickness of half a crown, and cut into shape. Lay the scones on a hot stove; when a little brown on one side turn and finish on the other. Serve hot in a napkin.

—Recipe for spice-salt suited to seasoning, stuffing force-meat, etc.: Dry, powder and mix by repeated siftings the following ingredients: One-quarter of an ounce each of thyme, bay-leaf and pepper; one-eighth of an ounce each of marjoram and cayenne pepper, one-half of an ounce each of clove and nutmeg; to every four ounces of this powder add one ounce of salt and keep the mixture in an air-tight vessel. One ounce of it added to three pounds of stuffing or force-meat of any kind makes a delicious seasoning.

—To readers who have plenty of peacock feathers at their command the following description for making a peacock-feather screen may be welcome: Cut off the end of the feathers and lap one over another so as to represent the plumage of the bird's breast. With all the greens cut away, leaving only the bronze-colored parts, a very rich iridescent effect is produced. Sew these feathers on soft material so they will not lie too flat and even. Take the green part of the feathers and form two or more butterflies to fasten on the bronze ground. Make a bottom fringe of the long thin portions of the feathers, which can be fastened on the screen after the fashion of a silk fringe.

—Colorado Potato Bug Destroyer.—We find the following in Cornell & Wood's *Farmer's Guide:* Take mandrake roots (easily gathered) dried for a week or more in the shade; put one-quarter bushel in a barrel (one head being removed), fill with water and let stand for two days, stirring now and then; strain the liquid through a cloth into a garden sprinkler; sprinkle toward sunset only those plants on which the young brood hatch and before they scatter to adjacent plants. This is an entirely safe remedy and just as effective as paris-green and is less difficult to apply.

—Parker House Rolls.—Two quarts of sifted flour, a large tablespoonful of lard or butter; rub the lard and flour together and put in a deep dish; boil one pint of milk and set away till cool; add two tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar to it, a little salt, half a teacupful of yeast. Make a hole in the center of the flour; put all together, working in gradually. Knead well and set away till morning in a cool place. Knead again in the morning and form in small rolls, bake in hot oven fifteen or twenty minutes. The more they are kneaded the better they will be. Use no more flour—their delicacy depends on this.

—Jumbles.—These little biscuits or cakes are variously flavored with rose-water, orange flower water, extract of almonds or lemon. The original kinds are made in small, irregular, rock-like shape, but they can, if preferred, be rolled out and cut into form for thin biscuits. Work half a pound of butter to a cream, mix one pound of sifted sugar and one pound of fine flour with two eggs and any kind of flavoring you choose, into a smooth paste. Drop pieces of the cake mixture, about the size of a walnut, on to a floured baking sheet, and bake in a brisk oven for about a quarter of an hour, taking care they do not get brown.

Winter Rye for Hay.

With such a poor prospect for a hay crop as the present dry weather holds out, it is quite a satisfaction to see a few tons of winter rye going into the hay mows all nicely cured. We have repeatedly alluded to this crop as being worthy of far more attention than it has received in the past, except as a grain crop. Our experience with it, this season, has only increased our estimation of its value. The dry fall of last year found our hay mows, like most others in this part of the country, quite too short for either pleasure or profit; and after we had bought baled hay for carrying the stock through the last few weeks of March and April, it was with no small degree of satisfaction that we struck into a four-acre field of winter rye just as the heads were coming in sight. It is contrary to rules to change cattle suddenly from dry to green feed, but in this case the temptation was strong to try the experiment, and as the animals were perfectly healthy, and were having a good ration of grain each day, the danger seemed less. The experiment proved perfectly satisfactory, not an animal being in the least discommoded by the change.

The rye was in good condition for feeding a full fortnight, and, while it saved buying hay, the milk yield was increased, and the butter product improved both in quality and quantity. The rye grew on land that otherwise would have lain idle from the time of sowing till it was fit for cutting. Except for the drought there would be ample time for getting a full crop of field corn, with fertilizer on hand all ready to spread, and if the dry weather lasts only two or three weeks longer, a full crop of fodder corn or millet will be easily secured and out of the way for another crop of rye for next spring's use. Do not fail to try a crop of rye for fodder next fall.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—Almost all the tribes in the United States believed the thunder to be produced by the wings of a great bird, and that the lightning was the serpents that were invariably connected with the thunder bird. Among the ancient tribes of the Mississippi Valley, the thunder, therefore, soon became a thunder god, who could be propitiated with sacrifices. The Illinois Indians offered up a small dog when a child happened to be sick upon a day when there was much thunder, supposing the latter to be a cause of the malady. Many accidents, like conflagrations, were attributed to this angry god, and some tribes did bloody penances of propitiation, often burning to death their own children. Statements that the Indians adored the thunder, however, seem to be erroneous. It was the cause of the thunder that they worshiped, and before which they burned tobacco and buffalo-meat, or cut off the joints or their fingers, or threw their children into the fire when they were overcome with fear. The Peruvians had as an ideal a stone that had been split by the lightning. They offered it gold and silver. The natives of Honduras burned cotton-seed when it thundered. Other southern tribes made no sacrifices on the approach of a storm, but abased themselves in the most abject fear. The wild rice being aquatic and looking like an arrow or spear, it is also attributed to the thunder-spirit as to its origin. In Mexico great temples were built upon the sacred spots where lightning had struck. A curious notion among Peruvians was that the preserved bodies of twin children who died in infancy should be worshiped, supposing that one of them was the son of the thunder, the origin of the idea being the fact that the thunder-god of that people was one of the celestial twins of Apocatequin and Piquerad. This tradition was utilized by Pizarro's missionaries to teach the Indians the doctrine of the Trinity.

—A droll mistake, a contemporary tells us, was made by an imaginative old dame, who, having permitted a telegraph pole to be placed on the top of her house, waited upon the chief of the telegraphic company concerned to complain that she could get no sleep of a night, being kept awake by the noise made by the messages passing over her head. "I don't think, sir," said she, "you can be aware of all that's said along them wires. There's a deal that hadn't ought to be. I can assure you, sir, that very much that's said there, that I have to lie and listen to, is such as no decent woman ought to hear; and I hope you will put a stop to it." The amused gentleman was hardly able to meet the accusation with due gravity; but he did contrive to keep his countenance while he informed the old lady that the young men who had hitherto worked the wires were under notice of dismissal, and that in future only young women of great respectability would be employed, so there would be no danger of her propriety being shocked again.

—Fanny Fuld was one of the beauties of Baltimore. She married Eli Elias, a wealthy young merchant, and the wedding was a great social event in that city. A few months ago, after six years of seeming happiness, the wife confessed to her husband that she was in love with another man. He said at once that they must part, and, though she begged hard to stay with him, promising the utmost circumspection of conduct, he insisted upon casting her off. She grew despondent, and wrote imploring letters to him, but he would not see her. At last she has committed suicide.

—The "best society" of San Francisco is said to be more amusing than the same class in any other city. In proof of this the *News Letter* says: "A lady was amazed, on presenting her card at a Taylor Street mansion, to see the servant inspect her from head to foot, and then return her card with the remark: "My mist'ess's orders are very strict, mum. Sorry can't admit you to-day, but we don't receive people twice in the same costoom."

—He is but a weak man who can not twist and weave the threads of his feeling, however firm, however tangled, however strained or however strong, into the great cable or purpose by which he lies moored to a point of action.—*Holland.*

—Forgotten! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautifully would even death appear, for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in duty graves.—*Dickens.*

[Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.]

Yum! Yum!

Well has it been said that the delight experienced under certain conditions of life cannot be articulated, but can only be conveyed by the happy Americanism Yum! Yum! We do not know if Mr. Chas. Maempel, Independence, O., said this; but he wrote: "About a year ago I was under a physician's treatment, and paid a doctor's bill of twenty dollars, without any benefit. One bottle of Hamburg Drops did me more good than all the 'doctoring.'"

[San Francisco Daily German Democrat.]

An Ex-Governor's Opinion.

The above-named journal recently contained the report of an interview between Ex-Governor Solomon and one of its reporters. The Governor had suffered for a long time with severe rheumatic pains which nothing would relieve. Friends advised the use of St. Jacob's Oil, and a half dozen applications banished the pains and lameness. "It gives me pleasure to recommend it whenever I can," said the Governor.

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

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Use National Yeast and be happy. Try it.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 28, 1880.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	9.00	@	9.50
COTTON—Middling	....	@	11⅞
FLOUR—Good to Choice	4.50	@	7.00
WHEAT—Red, No. 2	1.17	@	1.17¼
Spring, No. 2	1.08	@	1.09
CORN—No. 2	50	@	50¼
OATS—Western Mixed	32	@	34
PORK—Old Mess	12.25	@	12.40
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	....	@	11¼
BEEVES—Choice	4.00	@	4.75
Good to Prime	4.25	@	4.50
Native Cows	2.50	@	3.60
Texas Steers	3.50	@	3.75
HOGS—Common to Select	3.50	@	4.25
SHEEP—Clipped	3.00	@	4.00
FLOUR—XXX to Choice	4.50	@	5.10
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter	89	@	90
No. 3 "	84	@	85
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	33	@	33¼
OATS—No. 2	25	@	26
RYE—No. 2	73	@	74
TOBACCO—Dark Lugs	3.25	@	3.75
Medium Dark Leaf	5.25	@	7.00
HAY—Choice Timothy	14.00	@	14.50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	16	@	18
EGGS—Fresh Candled	08½	@	09
PORK—Standard Mess	12.00	@	12.25
BACON	07¼	@	08
LARD	06	@	06¼
WOOL—Tub-washed, Choice	43	@	45
Unwashed, Medium	26	@	27
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	3.75	@	4.12½
Native Cows	2.50	@	3.00
HOGS—Sales at	3.75	@	3.90
WHEAT—No. 2	....	@	80
No. 3	....	@	77
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	25¼
OATS—No. 2	....	@	25½
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	4.25	@	5.00
HOGS—Common to Choice	4.00	@	4.50
SHEEP—Clipped	3.50	@	4.00
FLOUR—Winters	5.50	@	6.00
Springs	5.00	@	5.25
WHEAT—Spring No. 2	88	@	89
Winter, No. 2	99	@	1.00
CORN—No. 2	34	@	34½
OATS—No. 2	24	@	24¼
RYE—No. 2	73	@	75
PORK—Mess	11.75	@	11.90
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grades	5.00	@	5.75
CORN—White	48	@	49
OATS—Choice	35	@	37
HAY—Choice	18.00	@	19.00
PORK—Mess	12.50	@	12.62½
BACON	05¼	@	08½
COTTON—Middling	....	@	11¼

National Treatment—Positive Cures.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, President of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, is in earnest in selling his medicines under positive guarantees, and if anybody who purchases and uses any of those widely-celebrated remedies does not derive benefit therefrom, the Association would like to hear from that person with description of symptoms and history of case. Organized and incorporated, as the Association is, to teach medicine and surgery, and for the successful treatment of all chronic diseases, and managing annually thousands of cases through our original method of diagnosis without ever seeing the patients, and having also the largest sanitarium in the world for the accommodation of the more complicated cases, and also for surgical cases, the Faculty feel themselves prepared to undertake even the most discouraging cases. They resort to all the best remedial means known to modern medical science—neglecting nothing. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., or Great Russell Street Buildings, London, Eng.

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