REQUIESCAT.

Tread lightly, she is near,
Under the snow;
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast.
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet;
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

—OSCAR WILDE.

THE TRAGEDY IN THE RUE CRUSOL.

A Very Frenchy Story.

New Year's Day, 1869, will long be remembered in that quiet little house in the Rue Crusol, where, eight days ago, there were only smiles and happiness, but where, to-day, all is desolation and horror. On the second floor, where so many merry birds twittered amid the foliage of hanging-baskets filled with growing plants and flowers, giving the windows the appearance of bright and fragrant bowers, lawyers, mourners, and officers of justice have entered; and while a c ffin is being borne away to Pere-Lachaise, and a carriage is rolling toward the Maison-Blanche, legal seals are affixed to everything—to the cages and the baskets; and little placards, stamped in black, announce the administrator's sale for the following Thursday.

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One year ago two young men lived there in that familiar intimacy which, commenced at college and cemented by a similarity of tastes and character, occasionally produces a strong and sincere affection. Paul was studying engineering; Emile was a notary's clerk. They had been school-companions, and meeting again at the beginning of the battle of life, resolved to pass together through that period of trials which intervenes between the happy days of boyhood and the experiences of after life, when it is so difficult to form new ties. The perfect harmony of their friendship was undisturbed by a single unkind word or action. Could it, then, have been other than sincere and strong, faithful and devoted.

Paul was engaged to a sweet, simple girl, and though very much in love with her, he never thought of being astonished that Emile should converse with her on the easy terms of familiar acquaintance: while Emile, who would have thrown himself into the fire to save the young girl's fan, never dreamed that his want of formality could surprise Paul. Their friendship was founded on esteem and confidence—a confidence so great that during the early part of April, Paul, who had for some time been in communication with an American company for the construction of a railroad, said to his friend:

"An opportunity presents itself by which I can prove my ability, and establish myself in my profession. The superintendance of a railroad in Louisiana is offered to me. I cannot take Hortense, and the thought of leaving her breaks my heart. In love, jealousy is a virtue. I will not confide her to my brother's care, but I place her in your charge. You will guard her as you would a sister, and in one year, when I return, I shall find her faithful to her promise, and I shall make her my wife."

"You can depend on me," Emile said, simply pressing the hand of his friend. And Paul departed, free from care and full of trust.

They were left alone—she, with all the charms of youth and beauty; he, with all the fervor of a young and tender heart of twenty years, susceptible to all the uncontrollable emotions of affection. Emile and Hortense renounced all selfish interests and pleasures in order to consecrate all their purposes, all their wishes in the supreme gratification of performing an accepted and acknowledged duty. When Hortense would return from the studio, at the end of her lesson, Emile would go to meet her and conduct her home. They talked of love and mutual affection, he supporting the cause of the absent lover, she allowing her heart to be deluded by the soft music of his voice, which filled her soul with insidious delight. On Sundays, when there were no lessons, and the studio was closed, he accompanied her to the environs of Paris, to fetes and to place s of amusement, and the passers-by, stopping to look at this couple, so young and so beautiful, on whom radiant happiness seemed to smile, exclaimed:

"Two lovers! Ah, they are in paradise.'

This paradise became a hell.

By dint of speaking of love to the young girl, Emile felt awaken in him a magnetic echo, a world of strange, nameless sensations, the power and nature of which he tried in vain to disregard, and which responded to his mental conflict by imperious demands and vehement defiance.

By dint of listening to Emile, Hortense was forced to the secret confession that there was no other voice in the world that could speak the language of true passion so well, and that the woman who should receive such love would indeed be happy.

The fire which they intended to fan for another burned them to the quick, and their scruples, their duty, their vows to the absent one could not quench it. The flames spread and devoured them. Without betraying their feelings by word, look or gesture, they gradually avoided each other's society, and never dared to speak of Paul, his love, and his hopes. His name was never mentioned. It would have sounded like reproach ringing in their ears. Emile soon stopped playing Hortense any little attentions, so afraid was he that she would discover his secret. He talked to her of acquaintances which he pretended to have made, and of love affairs which never existed. He bought photographs of pretty women at the stationer's, and showing her one of them said:

"Ah! by my sweetheart. What do you think of her?"

Hortense answered with feigned indifference: "She is very pretty."

Then they separated, retired to their rooms, and wept bitterly. For two months Paul had not written. Emile's letters were unanswered. Hortense had written twice, but received no reply.

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Matters had reached this pass on the morning of that fatal first of January. Emile awaited the appearance of Hortense, to offer her his good wishes and presents for the year. He had succeeded in procuring from Paul's relations his photograph reduced from a portrait, and had set it in a gold locket, bearing Hortense's initials in a spray of diamonds. When the young girl received the present, she opened the case, and seeing Paul's photograph, she blushed, turned pale, and began to weep.

"Why these tears?" said Emile, almost ready to suffocate. He quickly recovered himself.

"You don't understand me," said Hortense. "I weep, but it is from pleasure," and she burst into sobs.

Emile went away, and di i not return until near evening. Hortense waited for him, seated by the fireplace, and still weeping. The locket partly open, was lying on the mantelpiece. Emile, quite perplexed by her appearance, mechanically cast his eyes upon it, and uttered an exclamation. His picture had taken the place of Paul's.

"What does this mean? he exclaimed. Hortense, what have you done?"

"Leave me," she said, taking the locket and slipping it into her dress. "Leave me; don't speak to me—I am going mad!"

"Mad!" repeated Emile, really alarmed.

"Don't you see? Can't you understand anything?" the girl cried out, a prey to violent agitation. "Don't you see that this kind of life is impossible? Can't you understand that I love you, and that this life of falsehood and restraint is killing me?" and throwing her arms around him, she hid her face on his breast and sobbed, while he trembled like one shaking with fever. It required a few moments for this intense emotion to subside; then making a violent effort, he disengaged himself from her embrace, and obliging her to sit down, said, in a broken voice:

"Hortense, I love you!"

"Oh, Emile!" interrupted Hortense, overjoyed.

"Let me speak. I love you. For a long time I have vainly struggled against the feeling, which has overwhelmed me, fool that I was. How could one help loving you? When I felt that intense love taking possession of my heart, the memory of Paul rose up before me like a reproach. At this very moment it causes me deep remorse."

"But I love you," faltered the girl.

"Be still! Those words are a crime. Poor boy! He is so full of trust; relying on our honor, counting on your fidelity, on my word, he"——He stopped, overcome by emotion.

"But why is he not here?" Hortense asked, suddenly.

"Because he has confidence in us. I will not betray him for any consideration. Death sooner!"

They paused, and a strange, thrilling look was exchanged between them. All their thoughts and emotions seemed to be fixed on that idea of death, thus abruptly invoked as a menace, a refuge, and an expiration.

"Yes," said the young girl, crowding all her long pent-up feelings into that one second, "I would rather die than think of——" She did not finish. She was going to pronounce Paul's name. Emilie took her two hands in his, placed himself in front of her, and with a penetrating look scanned her face, in search of confirmation of the desperate thought just expressed.

"Would you?" he asked slowly, with determined energy.

Hortense rose, and with solemn affection, exclaimed: "Instantly!" and falling into each other's arms, they remained in a long embrace. This was their farewell scene.

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The following morning, at an early hour, the postman appeared at the door with a letter bearing the post-mark of New Orleans. He knocked and rang without avail. No one answered, and he was going away, when a neighbor s opped him, saying that Emile was at home. They rang and knocked again. Suddenly the neighbor turned pale.

"Do you smell anything?" she asked, frightened.

"No," he replied.

"That smell! Charcoal! My God! could anything have happened?"

The concierge was called, and said that the night before, very late, Emile had gone out to buy a sack of charcoal. The neighbor remembered that the evening before, at different times, she had seen Hortense at the window, her eyes all swollen and red from crying.

"There is no doubt about it," she exclaimed; "They have perished. We must send for the magistrate."

The magistrate on arriving forced open the door. The woman's predictions were only too true. Emile was lying extended on a lounge, Hortense on a chair, both cold and insensible. Restoratives were immediately applied. Alas! all their efforts to revive Emile were useless. The carbonic gas had done the work. He was dead. Hortense still breathed. They succeeded in restoring her. When she had recovered her senses, the magistrate proceeded to open before her the letter addressed to Emile. It contained only the words:

MY DEAR EMILE: I hope you are well and happy—you and your little sweetheart—for you know very well that I am not so foolish as to believe that you are waiting for my permission to fall in love with Hortense. Don't your conscience trouble you for breaking your promise. I have been married a month.

PAUL.

Hortense, on hearing this, rose, ran to the lounge where lay the body of Emile, and showing him the letter, with feverish excitement exclaimed:

"Look, Emile, look! Isn't it an excellent joke?"

Then she burst into a peal of hysteric laughter.

She was insane.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French.*

JAY GOULD'S FIFTY MILLIONS.

Showing His Friends $23,000,000 in Western Union and $12,000,000 in Missouri Pacific.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Reports have been frequently circulated lately that Jay Gould was a large seller of stocks, and some persons in Wall Street have not hesited to say that the sales were made necessary by his urgent need of money. Others represented with more plausibility that he was inducing others to sustain the market and claiming to be on the "bull" side himself, while he was in fact steadily unloading his stocks on the market. It is understood that some of his friends informed him of the circulation of these damaging rumors on Saturday. Yesterday morning Mr. Gould invited to his office Russell Sage, Cyrus W. Field, Frank Work and one or two others, and asked them to examine the contents of a few packages of stocks for which he had sent to the trust company. The packages were all labelled with a schedule of the stocks and amounts, and it is said that Mr. Field expressed a willingness to accept Mr. Gould's word as to the amounts. Mr. Sage exclaimed:

"No, no; if I am to examine these, I propose to do so."

The packages were opened and examined. They contained $53,000,000 of stocks at their face value. In them were $23,000,000 of Western Union telegraph and $12,000,000 of Missouri Pacific railroad stock. These certificates were not indorsed by Mr. Gould, and were the original certificates issued to him by the present companies. The rest of the total amount was made up of Manhattan railway stock of the different classes, and of Wabash stocks.

Referring to the matter, Mr. Sage said afterward: "It amazed me exceedingly. I told Mr. Gould on Saturday that persons were circulating ugly stories about him, and he then assured me that there was no foundation for the report that he was selling his Western Union and Missouri Pacific. He told me that he held $20,000,000 of Western Union. I had supposed that he might have half that amount, and consequently I accepted the assertion with a little grain of salt. He sent for me this morning. I didn't know what he wanted. I went in and there were several persons there, and Mr. Gould asked us to look at these stocks. It was amazing. Why, there was $3,000,000 more of Western Union than he had told me about. I was particularly interested in Western Union and Missouri Pacific, and there right before me were the original certificates to him. There is not another man in the United States, except Mr. Vanderbilt, who could make such a display of securities."

"It has been reported that there was considerable rivalry among you in getting out of the room," was suggested.

Mr. Stage replied, laughing; "Well, well; that is about it, certainly. The fact is, we were all in a great hurry".

GOULD'S METHODS.

How Those Who Have Money Easily Make More—A Description of Gould.

New York Letter to Galignani's.

Jay Gould's regular broker (Connor) is only one of the many in his service, and Connor himself often employs other brokers under to carry out Gould's secret schemes. It was in this manner that Gould depressed the elevated stock until it touched the desired point, when he loaded himself with all he could carry. He then changed from bear to bull, working out his scheme with grand success. A vast amount of money was lost by those who sold out under Gould's attack, and the advance of these very shares now adds a million or more to his wealth. It has for ten years been Gould's role to watch for weak stocks. When he has made a selection he forces it down by a series of well concerted attacks, amd then makes heavy purchases and forces the market up as easily as he forced it down. Only a man of the highest order of genius can carry on such a system, and the fact that Gould succeeds is the greatest proof of his vast natural powers.

Gould is the most inferior of all leading business men in point of personal appearance, and a stranger would take him for a bowery clothes dealer rather than a railway king. He has the air of a spruce trafficker in cheap goods. Both front and side face are inferior, but the lower part of the latter is concealed in a heavy beard, so intensely black that it suggests artificial means. Could leads a hard life. He labors with close application, and is driven by the pressure of his engagements until he may be considered a mere bondman. He has no leisure, no society, no reading, no recreation, but is simply under the whip and spur of necessity. To this has been added the consciousness of impending danger. He has a body guard of detectives to protect him when walking the streets, but he spends most of his time in his office, being as secluded as possible.

Senor Zamacona, the retiring Mexican minister at Washington, says that he leaves this country, where he has spent much of his time for nine years, feeling as if he were a native of it.

FIELD, HOUSE AND GARDEN.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Some Timely Talk About Seeds and Cultivation.

So indispensible and withal so economical are vegetables for table use that their careful cultivation should be a matter of interest to every one who owns a garden plot. Yet on many farms we find the garden is wofully neglected after the seeds are planted, and from springtime to autumn almost, the weakly "straggling" plants have to struggle for life among noxious weeds, and instead of a rich and bountiful supply for the table, only a meagre pittance is obtainable. All this is not mere guess work, but what the writer has many times seen on farms otherwise well tilled and productive. The first thing necessary is to have a will to remedy the evil; the second is to know what to do and when to do it. The latter point I wish to make a few suggestions upon.

Soil and Sowing—The four cardinal virtues of good garden soil are that it should be loose, mellow, rich and well drained. Good seed sown in such soil and properly cultivated will (droughts and insects excepted) produce abundantly. While the quality of the soil is not of so great importance in the raising of the coarser vegetables—as peas, beans, potatoes, and the like—it is important in the raising of the finer kinds—as celery, parsnips, cabbage, etc.

Vegetable seeds should be sown in long drills, if possible, at such a distance apart as to permit the use of a horse-hoe between them. If a new garden is to be laid out, let it be long and narrow, so as to make as little turning about of the horse at the end of the rows as possible. The common practice of sowing in beds or plots I do not favor, as it requires much more hand labor, and admits of less or, in fact, no use of the horse. As to the depth at which to sow the seed, the old rule of three times as deep as the size of the seed may be observed for general use.

Vitality of seeds—The various kinds of vegetable seeds differ largely as to the length of time they retain vitality. While it is always well to sow new seeds, if they can be procured, it is not always absolutely necessary. Those of the tomato, pumpkin, squash, cucumber, melon and beet retain their vitality longest, probably from five to ten years; turnips, celery, cabbage and cauliflower are good for four years; spinach, radish, asparagus, lettuce and parsley for three years; while the beans, peas, carrots, pepper, salsify and rhubarb should not be planted when over two years old. A knowledge of how long the various vegetable seeds will produce their kind is greatly beneficial to the gardner, as on the selection of poor seed failures often depend.

When to Sow or Plant—For the latitude of New York the seeds of the following-named vegetables may be sown in the open ground from the middle of March to the last of April: Beet, carrot, celery, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, onion, parsnip, pea, radish and turnip; from the middle of May to the middle of June: Beans, sweet corn, melon, pumpkin, cucumber, squash and tomatoe. South of this latitude all these may, of coure, be sown or planted earlier; north later.

Varieties—I do not recommend the use of many varieties. For the ordinary farmer, who cultivates only for table use; one good variety is as good as a dozen. For general cultivation the following-named varieties are probably, the best, though it would be difficult to give a list of good for all parts of the country.

Shorts of all Sorts.

Cotton cloth to be used for covers for hot-bed frames can be painted with linseed-oil without much expense, as the oil is cheap. A gallon would be sufficient for a large hot-bed. If the cotton absorbs too much oil coat it first with glue-water, first stretching the cloth on a frame, and when the glue is dry put on the oil with a paint brush. Too cloth may be thus made air and water proof.

In growing hops as a crop the vines are trained to poles set in the ground. When the vines reach the tops of the poles the ends begin to droop and twine about the lower portion of the plant. The effect of this drooping is to check the growth of the vine and encourage fruiting. In growing a few hops where the vines run on to trees it would avoid the inconvenience if they were planted away from the trees or if the vines were pruned when they reach the tops of the poles.

A press has recently been invented for pressing hay, straw, and weeds for fuel. It is very powerful, and forms those articles into blocks almost as solid as wood, and then cuts them into convenient sizes for use.

It is usual when planting celery to cut off the leaves of the longest stalks, leaving only the heart. It will tend to dwarf celery to set the plants close; that is, six inches apart in the rows. Celery requires a cool, moist place; in rich, warm soil it may run to seed, making a very rank growth.

The best remedies for cabbage worms are Persian insect powder and cayenne pepper. Either of these are sprinkled upon the cabbages and the worms and very soon kill the latter. Persian insect powder is sold at the drug stores, and is quite harmless to persons but fatal to all insects. It is the powdered leaves of a plant known as *Pyrethrum roseum.*

The small flies that hover about the sappails in sugar-making time are the same that are found so plentifully about decaying apples and other fruit, and cider mills, in the fall.

In reducing bones with ashes, all that is required is to subject the bones to the corroding effects of caustic potash; the necessary caustic quality is given to the ashes by adding fresh caustic quicklime, which takes the carbonic acid from the ashes and leaves the potash pure and very corrosive. Put the bones and ashes in a box or barrel, in layers, adding fresh quicklime to each layer; the quantities are immaterial, so that there is enough and to spare. Then saturate with water, but do not let it drip.

Ants may easily be destroyed by dissolving sugar of lead in water and moistening brown sugar with the solution. The sugar is then spread upon pieces of paper or shavings, and these are scattered about where the ants run.

The surest remedy against cribbing in a horse is to keep him in a stall that is boarded up smoothly in front and at the sides to the top, and give the food in a manger not over 18 inches from the floor. A horse cannot crib with his head down. No other method will cure this vicious habit so readily as this, if at all.

Information regarding lands of th United States and maps of the states and territories where there are lands belonging to the United States, can be procured of the commissioner of public lands at Washington. The maps can only be procured through a representative.

The heaviest hog we have heard of is one that was recently reported from Junction City, Kan. It is said to be 7 feet long; 6 1-2 feet girth of neck; 7 1-2 feet girth of chest; 8 feet around the middle; 30 inches across the hips, and 1,532 pounds in weight.

If the ground is in good condition, it would be well to sow grass and clover alone and sow as early as possible. Six to eight pounds of timothy and four quarts of clover per acre are commonly sown.

Salt and ashes are excellent fertillizers for oats and grass. They should be sown when the oats are just up and the grass making its first start to grow. Five bushels of salt and as many ashes as can be procured may be used per acre.

The Physology of Breeding.

American Cultivator.

A few of the most eminent English breeders have come to the conclusion that the following cardinal points in the art of breeding have been fairly established: 1. That from the male parent is mainly derived the external structure, configuration, and outward characteristics—the locomotive peculiarities inclusive. 2. From the female parent are derived the internal structure, the vital organs, and, in a much greater proportion than from the male the constitution, temper, and habits. 3. That the purer the race of the parent, the more certainity there is of transmitting its qualities to the offspring. Say two animals are mated, if one is of purer descent tahn the other, he or she will exercise more influence in stamping the character of the progeny, particularly if the greater purity is on the side of the male. 4. That, apart from certain disturbing influences or causes, the male, if of pure race, and descended from a stock of uniform color, stamps the color on the offspring. 5. That the influence of the first male is not unfrequently protracted beyond the birth of the offspring of which lie is the parent, and his mark is left upon subsequent progeny. 6. That the transmission of disease of the vital organs is more certain if on the side of the female, and disease of the joints if on the side of the male parent.

Hog and Poultry House.

Hogs and hens should not be kept together. Poultry should be kept by themselves as the most perfect cleanliness is indispensible to their welfare. A basement pen for hogs would not be objectionable if it could be kept clean and dry; damp and filth are injurious to swine, although the contrary seems to be believed, for the treatment given to these animals. A very good pig-pen could be made in a hillside where the yard could be on the open ground and exposed to the sun. But pigs will not do well in close, confined quarters. The best of all hog-pens could be made over a basement and the pens floored with double plank having a good coat of gas-tar between the planks. A sloping passage-way could be made into the basement if desired. A basement for a poultry-house would not be objectionable. If built on sloping ground, the upper part could be used for a roosting apartment, and the basement, well lighted and warmed, could be used for a winter run.

The Dairy Cow.

At a recent Iowa convention, Prof. Knapp, of the State Agricultural college at Ames, read a paper upon the "Dairy Cow," in which he defined a good cow as follows:

"First, Nature has given her immense vitality, perfect and well-balanced organs, and preserved her in the highest healthfulness. Second, her digestive and assimilative organs are of the largest capabilities. Third, all the food digested above what is required to maintain the animal in health and full vigor is converted into milk. Fourth, the disposition of size and symmetry of the animal, the udder, and the labor of milking are of the most desirable kind. Fifth, as a part of the financial consideration, the animal in style and color is a creature of beauty, and possesses such purity of blood as to be able to transmit all her excellencies. A just impression of the cow as a machine was not conveyed by any general statement."

The Lime-Kiln Club.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Am Construction White in de hall dis evenin'?" softly inquired the president as the hush came.

"Yes, sah," answered a voice from the back end of the room, and Brother White made his way to the platform with a look of puzzled wonder on his face.

"Construction White," continued the president, after drawing a long breath, "I understand dat you have become a champion?"

"I—I—I dunno, sah," stammered the brother.

"I understan' dat you claim to be able to lift mo' wid your teef dan any odder man in America. One of de local papers says dat you kin lift 280 pounds wid your jaws, and dat you kin sustain your own weight seben minits by cotchin' a strap in your mouf."

"I—I'spects dat's so, sah."

"Brudder White, dis club doan go a cent on champions. Champion rowers are simply crooks. Champian wrestlers am only loafers with clean shirts on. De champion runner am, sooner or later, an inmate of de work-house. De champion walker walks away from his bo'd bill. Show me a so-called champion and I'll show you a bad citizen. Brudder White, you am a man wid an iron jaw?"

"Yes, sah."

"Use dat jaw properly an' men will bress you. You have a wide field befo' you. You kin help to tear down houses wid dat jaw. You kin tow schooners up an' down de ribber wid profit to yerself an' pleasure to commerce. You can help de fireman—you kin aid de police—you need have no fear of bitin' off mo' dan you kin chaw. Do dis quietly an' modestly, an' widout any blowin' of ho'ns. Bite honestly when you strike a railroad spike, an' chaw on de squar' when you git hold of a piece of sheet-iron. Do dis an' we shall be glad dat you are among us. Start out as a champion, an' off goes your name from our books. You kin now return to your seat an' analyze eyr thoughts, and decide what course you will adopt."

A Detective's Story.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

Our readers were no doubt nearly all apprized of the robbery of a U. P. train last summer and the capture of the band by our heroic, efficient and astute detective officer, Mr. Steve Mead; how, after the first robbery had been committed, Mr. Mead joined the robbing band and effected the capture and subsequent imprisonment of that desperate crowd. Mr. Mead yesterday regaled us with an account of the leader of the band, who was captured a short time ago. The story is as follows:

"After having jugged the gang, I was called east, and had to forego for the time the pleasure of handing their leader over to justice. I knew that he had fled to California, and there I was forced to leave him. Not long ago, however, while working up another case in San Francisco, I received a note one day at my hotel, in which the writer requested me to call at a certain place and time and hear of something to my advantage. I never pay attention to anonymous notes, but something impelled me to do so in this case. I called at the time and place mentioned, and found both time and place anything but assuring. The house was a rookey in the Chinese quarter. I was met at the door by a man of remarkable height, stoutly built and wearing long whiskers. He ushered me inside in a manner at the same time polite and suspiciously mysterious. I observed mine host very carefully, and the furtive glances he shot at me made me wish that I had remained at my hotel. I never before or since was looked upon by eyes such as he seemed to pierce through me with. They actually glittered in his head with a mocking, cutting glance that made me uncomfortably nervous. He addressed me by name, treated me kindly and politely, but would answer no questions. His manner impressed me as being unusually strange, and I watched his every movement. It was well for me that I did so, for suddenly, while in the midst of a courteous speech, he leaped upon me in my chair, and hurled me backward to the floor, with his knees upon my breast and his hands tightly clutched about my throat with an embrace like an iron vise. It was the most desperate struggle I ever had, and I had had several. I broke his holt upon my neck by an almost superhuman effort. It was a long and tight struggle for the mastery. My right arm was lamed at the time from rheumatism and that made matters worse. However I managed to get out my 'billy.' A blow of that peacemaker soon quieted him, although I struck him with my left hand, the right arm, as I remarked, being crippled with rheumatism. The nippers were soon on him. In the struggle, the whiskers, which were false, were pulled from his face, revealing the well-known mug of the leader of the train robbers.

"Had the struggle lasted much longer without giving me a chance to get my billy he would have overcome me, owing to the weakness of my rheumatic arm; but the rheumatism and a struggle for life never caught me together again. I got rid of the robber and the rheumatism together. The next day, while reading an account of the struggle in the San Francisco *Call*, I noticed an advertisement of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and I immediately and sensibly purchased a bottle of that peerless medicine. I had tried so many different liniments and so-called remedies before I tried St. Jacobs Oil and found them all useless, that I am warranted in calling that medicine peerless. The way in which St. Jacobs Oil knocks the rheumatism is astounding. I had not used more than a day before I noticed a remarkable change in my arm, and after a week I felt as if it would be a delight to meet with another adventure just to have a chance to wield it. In less than twelve days time my rheumatism had disappeared, a complete and permanent cure being the result of using St. Jacobs Oil, and I can truly say that I never felt the least sign of pain in my arm since. Could I but rid the West of train robbers as fast as St. Jacobs Oil can knock the rheumatism, travel on the U. P. would be safe."

Eleven English clergymen recently exhibited their pets at a dog show.

The United States has granted 5,585 patents on plows, 1,746 on harrows and diggers, 6,235 on harvesters 400 on binders and 1,722 on threshing machines.

Jenny Lind.

Interview with P. T. Barnum.

"Where is Jenny Lind now?" inquired the reporter.

"Jenny Lind, or Mrs. Goldschmidt, is living in London, near the Buckingham palace, at a place called Pimlico. When I was in London I met her daughter at a photographer's—the royal photographer's—and she insisted upon my seeing her mother. So I went to see her, and had a very pleasant visit. Her marriage was rather romantic. Goldschmidt is a Jew. They studied music together. When she came to America she sent for him to come as a pianist, and he used to play at her concerts.

"It was her own arrangement, and she paid his salary herself. She thought he was a grand musician, and used always to get into one of the private boxes and applaud his pieces. Though she was older than he, she loved him, and was bound to marry him. He renounced his religion in order to be her husband. I guess he thought it was a comfortable place. She must be worth $1,000,000. There was a joke about it at the time. The question was "Why did he marry Jenny Lind?' and the reply, 'Because he was gold smit.'"

Valuable Information.

As an appetizer, as a bowel and liver regulator, as a pleasant and sure cure for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, belching of food after eating, headache, blood impurities, etc., there can not be found in all the vegetable kingdom better tonic properties than are contained in the ingredients used in the composition of that Queen of all vegetable remedies known as Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Iron, Buchu, Celery, Calisaya, bark, etc. Where great weakness of the vital functions predominates, it quickly invigorates and strengthens the affected parts. Many attribute the saving of their lives to its healing and strengthening virtues.

Of Daniel Webster's family only two are now living—children of his daughter—Samuel Appleton and Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte.

Mr. H. F. Winton, of Aurora, Ind., writes: "I had got tired of taking medicine to purify my blood and correct my liver and bowels. I seemed to be getting worse and worse. A taint of inherited scrofula was the cause of all my illness and distress. Boils and sores were continually breaking out in different parts of my body. A small scra'ch would make a big sore. I was also very weak, the least exertion caused me the greatest fatigue. I commenced taking Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla on account of being strongly persuaded by a friend to do so. Its effect has far exceeded my expectations. My skin is smooth, my bowels are regular and my strength greatly increased. I could not have wished for more."

The mention of "malaria" and "nervous prostration" excites a smile in Wasnington, where the terms have been overworked.

Complicated Diseases.

A prominent gentleman in Cerro Gordo county, Iowa, writes us that he finds Kidney-Wort to be the best remedy he ever knew for a complication of diseases. It is the specific action which it has on the liver, kidneys and bowels, which gives it such curative power, and it is the thousands of cures which it is performing which gives it its great celebrity. Liquid, (very concentrated) or dry, both act efficiently. —N. H. Journal and Courier.

The wife of Dr. John Miller of Princeton, N. J., who is visiting in Washington, is a great-grand-niece of Patrick Henry.

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, relieved by taking Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It is also a most potent and valuable tonic. Sold by druggists.

Last year it cost the lord mayor of London $100,000 above his $50,000 allowance to pull through the civic year.

Let the poor sufferers from female complaints take courage and rejoice that a painless remedy has been found. We refer to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is prepared at 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Send to Mrs. Pinkham for pamphlets.

Mr. H. M. Alden, the editor of Harper's Monthly, has gone to Nassau, to take a month's vacation under tropical skies.

Mothers who have children who are subject to croup, read this. Allen's Lung Balsam should always be kept in your house, and be given immediately when the first symtoms appear, which will remove the mucus collected in the throat, and save the life of your child:

James B. Nance of Nashville, Tennesee, is noted as the man who sounded the last confederate bugle charge of the war.

A million bottles of Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will produce new hair on a million bald heads, which is something that no other preparation ever discovered will do.

Rotten Cabbage in the Cellar.

It is a well established fact that much blood poisoning and disease is traceable to decayed vegetables in the cellar. This is especially the case in the spring of the year after the cellars have been closed for many months, and before they have been opened out and properly cleansed and aired. Moral: Air your cellars early and purify and renovate the system with Allen's "Iron Tonic Bitters." The label on every bottle of the genuine bears the signature of J. P. Allen, druggist and manufacturing pharmacist, sole manufacturer, St. Paul, Minn.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electric Voltaic Belts and other Electric appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Buchupaiba.

Quick, complete cure, urinary affections, smarting, frequent or difficult urination, Kidney diseases. $1.00 at druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25. 6 for $5. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

The Desired Found at Last

In Dr. Halliday's Blood Purifier. It clears out all humbug medicines and traveling quack doctors. They don't die on the premises, but h unt for pastures more fresh and green.

"I gave the child a dose of 'Dr. Sellers' Cough Syrup,' and it was all right in an hour." Sold by druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

S. M. Dukes, Colfax, Ind., states that his wife had a tumor on her neck five years, and "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" cured it right up.

Russis Salve is unrivalled for its speedy healing qualities. Ask your druggist for it. 25c. per box. Try it!

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. Impotence. $1.

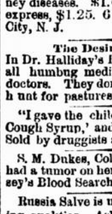
Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

Flies, roaches, rats, bed-bugs, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

STAND AT THE HEAD OF THEIR CLASS. Our Agitator Thresher, best in grain, flax, timothy, clover.
Our Combined Wood, Coal and Straw Burner Engine.
Our Traction, Portable and Skid Engines.
Our Double Pinion 4-wheel Woodbury Horse Power.
Our Double and Single Portable Saw Mills.
Our Warrant is A No. 1. Catalogue for the asking.
J. I. CASE THRESHING MACHINE CO., Racine, Wis.

WANTED—Advertising agents for the celebrated Moller Organ, Hagerstown, Md. Good salary paid.



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J. B. ROOT & CO., *Seed Growers*, ROCKFORD, ILL.

OPIUM Habit cured at home in 3 to 5 weeks. by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley's Double Chloride of
Gold Opium
Remedy. No suffering; moderate cost. For full particulars call on or address E. N. LEWIS, Room 55 Metropolitan Block, Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT, No pay till cured. Ten years established, 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER—25c package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, wholesome, sparkling Temperance beverage. Ask your druggist, or sent by mail for 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Dela. Ave., Philada.

CONSUMPTION! I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl street, New York.

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY

STRICTLY PURE.

Harmless to the Most Delicate.

By its faithful use Consumption has been Cured when other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

JEREMIAH WRIGHT, of Marion County, W. Va., writes us that his wife had PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, and was pronounced INCURABLE by their physician, when the use of Allen's Lung Balsam ENTIRELY CURED HER. He writes that he and his neighbors think it the best medicine in the world.

DR. MEREDITH, Dentist, of Cincinnati, was thought to be in the last STAGES OF CONSUMPTION and was induced by his friends to try Allen's Lung Balsam after the formula was shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough and that he was able to resume his practice.

WM. A. GRAHAM & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, writes us of the cure of Mathias Freeman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with BRONCHITIS in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as it has many others of BRONCHITIS.

AS ALSO

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

All Diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS and PULMONARY ORGANS.

C. S. MARTIN, Druggist at Oakley, Ky., writes that the ladies think there is no remedy equal to Lung Balsam for Croup and Whooping Cough

Mothers will find it a safe and sure remedy to give their children when afflicted with Croup.

It is harmless to the most delicate child!

It contains no Opium in any form.

Recommended by Physicians, Ministers and Nurses. In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial. It Never Fails to Bring Relief.

Call for Allen's Lung Balsam, and shun the use of all remedies without merit and an established reputation. As an Expectorant it has no equal,

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
OFFICE, 35 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.
(Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure for all these Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at