THE DEMOCRAT

BEN H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, - MISSOURI.

NIGHT.

Bless thee, bless thee, solemn night,
For thy calm and holy light,
Beaming from the stars above
Like a mother's watchful love;
For thy stillness and repose,
For the rest from daily woes
Which thou givest to our sight.
Bless thee, bless thee, gentle night!

Thou hast brought the pearly dew
From its chambers, to renew
Life and beauty in the flowers
Blooming in our verdant bowers;
While the daisy on the plain,
And the gently waving grain,
And the forest's cool retreat,
Drink with joy the nectar sweet.

Peace comes with thee; thou hast shed
Sleep o'er many a weary head;
O'er the robin, through the glen,
'Mid the haunts of beast and men.
Hushed is now the honey bee,
Still the sportive lamb's young glee,
And the violet shuts its eye
When it knows that thou art nigh.

And with sleep thou givest dreams
On a thousand pleasant themes;
Of the present, of the past,
With its bliss too great to last.
Thrilling love-tones greet our ear,
Words we long have pined to hear;
Eyes departed beam with light—
Bless thee, bless thee, holy night!

—Elizabeth A. Kingsbury, in Woman's Journal.

MARY'S SOLDIER.

The General's Story of How He Escaped Sentence.

"Speaking of court martial," said my friend, the general, "I recollect one which terminated more pleasantly, and yet it was a narrow escape for the poor fellow."

"Tell me about it," I urged, as the man brought us our coffee and cigars.

"Do you know what 'In front of the enemy' means in military parlance?" he asked, thoughtfully, as he flecked away the first ash.

"Why, I suppose in front of the enemy means—in front of the enemy."

"Sapient youth! In time of actual warfare all troops as soon as they have been mustered into service are in front of the enemy."

"When they get there?"

"No, at once."

"Then a regiment raised here in New York during the rebellion as soon as it had been sworn in was in front of the enemy."

"Precisely. And thereby hangs a tale."

"It gave carpet knights a chance for pensions," I reflected; "but it must have caused some cruel misunderstandings."

"Not at all. The articles of war are explicit, and if there's one thing drummed into a soldier's ears, day in and day out, it's the articles of war. They are his creed."

"Yet how many of us can repeat our creed correctly? Can you?"

"You just ought to hear me! But to my story: At one time during the latter part of the war I was stationed here in New York, detailed as inspector general to raise a brigade. I had been successful, and my camp of instruction contained fair material. It was a few miles distant on foreign soil."

"What!"

"Yes, in Jersey. One afternoon, while I was resting in my quarters after the fatigues of a hot day, an orderly brought me the unpleasant tidings that my camp was in an uproar. The men refused to obey orders, and open violence impended."

"What was the reason?"

"There's no reason for disobedience in the services, yet, I admit to you, there was an excuse. I had seen cause of trouble for some time, and had striven to avert it. The pay was in arrears through some red-tape delay. The men were poor, and their families were suffering."

"Of course you went. A man of your acknowledged daring—"

"Tut, tut! The bravest often fear the most. They don't show it, though; and I didn't. But it seemed the forlornest of hopes. I dressed myself carefully in full uniform. Why? Because an officer who expects obedience must first command respect. If he wishes his soldiers to be soldierly he must set the example, for no men are more critical or imitative. I hastened over the ferry and soon reached the high board fence which encircled the encampment. From within came a confused rumble like the portent of a storm. I approached the wicket. It was locked. I peered through the lattice. There was the sentry, sure enough; but with what a difference! His musket leaned against a post. He sullenly slouched up and down, with hands in pockets, in no wise heeding my presence. I would like to have shot that man, but I was bound and braced with self control.

"'Attention!' I commanded, sharply. The man started, then straightened, seized his musket, presented, and stood as a soldier.

"'Open that gate!'

"He obeyed at once, and I passed through and marched quickly forward. All over the field were knots of men, shouting, gesticulating, fiercely haranguing. Here and there were a few officers arguing and pleading in vain. The majority, however, sat dejected within their tents. It was a most distressing sight for a true soldier.

"I approached the first group of about two hundred frenzied men. A captain was just leaving them, pursued by taunts and jeers. He was an insignificant man, with a repulsive face; naturally pompous in bearing, but now thoroughly cowed. Yet as he saw me he assumed a certain uneasy bravado.

"'Capt. Johnson, at your service, sir,' he announced as he saluted.

"'What does this mean?' I asked.

"'They are fiends incarnate, general,' he exclaimed, as he glanced over his shoulder. 'They will murder us all and ravage the town. Oh, what shall you do?'

"'I shall form the men.'

"'Impossible. Why, that's just what I've been trying; but—'

"'Silence, sir.'

"As I reached the mob I noticed one face alone which expressed respect or sympathy. All others bore a look of malevolence. A young soldier well set up and scrupulously neat, seemed to be attempting to dissuade his comrades from some mad project. He was a fine looking fellow, with a long, light mustache and bright, blue eyes, from which, as I say, I caught a flash of admiration.

"I drew my sword and stood upright and motionless before the men.

"'Attention, men! Fall in!' I commanded.

"There was a hesitation, a momentary huddling together, then they arrayed themselves.

"'Present arms! Carry arms! Order arms! Parade rest!' I ordered, and they obeyed.

"Behind me stood a knot of wondering officers.

"'How do you dare?' I began. Then arose a growl from the ranks. 'We want our rights. We'll get them, too. We demand our pay. We won't stand such treatment. Our wives, our children are starving.'

"'Silence!' I warned them. 'Not another word. If you have grievances, if you have complaints, send them through the proper channel and they shall be heard and allayed, I promise you. Men, I'm ashamed of you. While your comrades are in the field facing privation and danger and death for the glory of that old flag which you have only just sworn to defend, you, for a trifling delay which the throes of our government should excuse, dare to murmur and revolt. Out upon such soldiers! Do you know what you risk? Do you appreciate that I have but to step to that telegraph and the regulars will surround you and rake your camp with an enfilading fire? Do you long to serve your country at the Dry Tortugas? Have a care or there you shall be sent, weighed with the contempt of all loyal men. Officers, to your posts! There will be a review presently.'

"'Three cheers for the general!' shouted the clear voice of the blue-eyed recruit as I turned away, and they were given with a will.'

"So I went through that camp, speaking as I never had spoken, inwardly overwrought with excitement, but outwardly the cold, distant personification of discipline. Within two hours I had that brigade formed in a hollow square, and from its center I renewed my threats and my promises. They were effective. Reason returned to the men, and with it came shame. What had looked like a dangerous outbreak was quelled by moral force.

"As I left the parade I met Capt. Johnson.

"'By the way, captain,' I asked, 'who is that bright-looking young soldier of yours who seemed to be resisting the madness of the men?' The captain scowled quite unnecessarily.

"'That's Thomas Browne,' he answered, moodily. 'He doesn't amount to much.'

"'I'm certain you don't,' I reflected as I returned to the city.

"A month passed by. Discipline had done its perfect work. The mob had become a well-drilled brigade. The men had received their arrears, and were eager to wipe out disgrace and to achieve renown in action. The order for their advance was expected daily. I sat in my quarters in this city, alone and idle, for my duty had been fulfilled and I was about to report at Washington. The door opened, and a tall, slender young woman, neatly dressed, stood before me. Her face was pallid; her large black eyes shone intensely.

"'Oh, sir,' she exclaimed, 'save my soldier! He said that you might,' and she sank in a chair by my side weeping and moaning and wringing her fragile hands in a manner most pitiable to behold.

"'But, my dear madam,' I expostulated sternly, 'this won't do at all. If you wish my aid you must be calm and sensible. Tell me who you are, who your soldier is, and what you want.'

"'I beg your pardon,' she said, gently, and I felt like a brute. 'My name is Mary Graeme, and—and I'm engaged to Thomas Browne. He's my soldier, you know; and he's in the camp over in New Jersey.'

"'Thomas Browne!' Oh! I remembered. "'Yes, my dear,' I replied. 'A fine-looking young fellow, with bright blue eyes, I think?'

"'Oh, such bonny eyes, so tender, so true! And they speak his nature, believe me. I know him so well; we were little children together. He has been placed under arrest, sir, and is to be tried before the court martial now in session.'

"'For what offense?'

"'He was a sentry, sir, and was found asleep on his post.'

"Phew! Here was a pretty mess indeed for the young recruit.

"'My dear child,' I responded, gravely, 'this is a most serious matter. Asleep on his post of duty in the face of the enemy! Why, it may cost him his life! And at the very time, too, when there has been a revolt in the camp and the court feels the necessity of a stern example.'

"I shook my head dubiously." Here my friend the general paused to light a cigar, and I sprang at once into the breach.

"Hold on!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to seriously claim that a sentry might be executed for sleeping on his post in a suburb of New York, four hundred miles away from any enemy?"

My friend the general nodded.

"I explained all that to you in the first place," he replied. "Given those facts, the court would find him guilty, and the articles of war prescribe death as the penalty. Courts martial must render an absolute, unqualified verdict of either guilty or not guilty. Mitigating circumstances can only be considered in review.

"As I spoke the poor child wavered like a rare pale lily in a storm. But she remembered my warning, though her eyes streamed and her hands strained in their grasp.

"'Oh, sir, but he isn't guilty, the poor boy. Think how tired he was. Up all night; ordered on duty again the moment he was released. It was inhuman. No wonder he dozed without knowing it.'

"'But—'

"'Oh, sir, I know what you would say. It couldn't be. But it was. The orderly sergeant has always hated him. On the day before he had ordered Tom—excuse me, sir, Thomas—when he was off duty to clean the equipments of another soldier, which Thomas refused to do.'

"'He was perfectly right there.'

"'So Thomas says. Besides, he was expecting to see me. But that night when he came off his post, oh, so tired, the sergeant ordered him right on again to take the place of the soldier whose arms he wouldn't clean.'

"'If this is so, no court will punish him for falling asleep.'

"'I'm so delighted. That's what Thomas said he knew you would say. You are so learned in the regulations. But he didn't mean to—oh, no indeed. He's so ashamed; when he has been so anxious to distinguish himself for me.' And here a blush deepened through poor Mary's cheeks.

"'He shall have the chance, never fear. But why didn't you go to his captain? Does he know these facts?'

"Again Mary blushed, and far less transiently. Her fingers picked her dress uneasily.

"'Capt. Johnson?' she faltered. 'He doesn't like Tom; he—he—likes me.'

"Oh, ho.' Here was a little drama. I recalled the captain's repulsive face and sullen ways, and I recognized the villain's part.

"'Besides,' she continued, 'the orderly is his brother-in-law.'

"'And he tells a far different story, I suspect.'

"'Indeed, yes; there is no hope for Thomas from either of them.'

"'Well, my dear, save your tears and keep a stout heart. I like your soldier, and I like you. I believe the story, and you shall have my aid. But be cautious and secret. The court is now in session, you say?'

"'Yes, sir; all this week. But Thomas' case was only reached this afternoon just before adjournment.'

"'Then I must act at once. Good-by now; you may rely on me.' And with a God bless you! which it seems as if I could feel even now, the girl withdrew. Yet with a sudden inspiration I called after her: 'What is the name of the soldier whose place Thomas took?'

"'Joseph Brant.'

"Here, surely, was a difficult situation. The sergeant hostile, the captain vindictive. What hope gleamed for Mary's soldier? Yet I followed the inspiration. The proof—if I only could get the proof! It existed, unless cunning had destroyed it. Again I arrayed myself in full fig. Again I hastened over the ferry to the camp. I sought the sergeant's tent and I found him within and alone. 'Too stupid to be provident,' was my mental glance. 'Sergeant, your detail book, at once!' I commanded. The man stared and gaped and then handed it to me without a word.

"I went to a retired spot. I turned the pages with trembling fingers. Ah! fate had favored me. There was the record for the night in question, and among the reliefs I didn't find the name of Thomas Browne, but I did find that of Joseph Brant.

"Then I visited the judge advocate, a friend of mine, a fine fellow, now a supreme court judge of this state. Put that in your civil pipe and smoke it.

"'What sort of a man is Capt. Johnson?' I asked.

"My friend shrugged his broad shoulders.

"'Hum!' he replied. 'With all there is back of him he ought to get the single star in six months.'

"''Fluence, hey?'

"'Great. But, man to man, now, why do you ask?'

"'You needn't go any further, old fellow, your scruples reveal more than they conceal. But to change the subject. I am going to put a hypothetical case to you, and I want you to tell me just how you would act regarding it.' And I detailed the facts of Mary's soldier's troubles, using, of course, assumed names.

"The judge advocate deliberated. 'A difficult and delicate matter,' he said. 'The man is innocent, but he would be condemned. The sentence would be commuted on review; still his career would be ruined. I think I should do this: I should lay these inside facts confidentially before the president of the court. Then, if he approved, at the next session I should announce that the main witness, the officer of the day, was absent—and he would be, too. And in view of the stress of other business, and of grave doubts as to the defendant's culpability, I should ask that the case be dismissed.'

"'You would surely do this?'

"'Certainly. It would be the quickest and most prudent way out of a nasty rush.'

"'Then listen, old fellow.' And I explained my parable to him. 'And here's the proof,' I said, in conclusion, and I showed him the sergeant's detail book.

"'The villains!' he exclaimed. 'I'll stick to my word, never fear. It's the wisest course, too. At this present crisis the friends of that captain must not be offended. His time may come. But that sergeant should be punished in some way.'

"'Leave that to me. He shall lose his chevrons, I promise you.'

"'Very well. I'm off to see the president.'

"The next morning came, the court convened. Mary was present, anxious yet hopeful, with her gaze fixed on the erect, manly form of her soldier. So, too, were the captain and the sergeant in attendance, the former exultant, the latter secretly worried. But I looked in vain for the officer of the day.

"The judge advocate was faithful to his rehearsal and letter-perfect in his part.

"'I do, therefore, suggest,'' he said, in conclusion, 'that this charge against Private Thomas Browne be dismissed.'

"'This seems a proper disposition,' said the president. 'I think so,' said each officer, from the junior to the senior, and Thomas Browne left the courtroom a free man, with the devoted Mary clinging to his arm.

"I caught Capt. Johnson as he was sneaking away with a white, seared face. 'Captain,' I said, 'I learned the truth of this matter, and I am responsible for this ending. You've had a lucky escape. Now, mark my words. You will reduce that orderly sergeant to the ranks forthwith. He won't appeal to the colonel, nor will the colonel question the act.'

"'I will do so, sir,' he murmured, as he hung his head and went to his quarters. I never saw him again, but after the war, at Washington, I met Mary, a happy bride, with her soldier, and on his broad shoulders shone the insignia of a major."—N. Y. Times.

NOT ALL PROFIT

How the Nickel That You Drop In the Slot Is Earned.

It may have occurred to some who, by inserting the end pieces of two little rubber tubes in their ears, heard reproductions of stage songs by prima donnas, stirring marches and thrilling martial music by famous orchestra or bands, to reflect that the little machine in the corner of the station waiting-room, which ground out this surprising result, was getting something for nothing, or that somebody who owned it and "who toiled not neither spun," was reaping a harvest in nickels. It may be interesting to know how the phonographic "blanks," as the little wax cylinders used upon the Edison phonograph for recording and reproducing speech are technically known, are charged with these choice selections of classic music for the public who have nickels to drop in the slot. The process is first to place the singers or instruments as closely to the large speaking horn of the phonograph as possible in a room from which all other sound is carefully excluded. If there is more than one singer or instrument they are grouped in a semi-circle. Four or five, sometimes as many as seven, phonographs are arranged also in a semi-circle. The sounds are recorded on all simultaneously, but not with equal perfection, some of the cylinders being better than others. By this process, if a large number of cylinders are needed to supply all the phonographs controlled by the company, the music is simply repeated as many times as is necessary. After testing the cylinders are then ready to be placed upon the phonographs at the railway stations, seaside resorts and other public places, where the curious audience of one drops a nickel in the slot and then smiles to himself and wonders why everyone else doesn't smile in enjoyment of the feast of song. A much more rapid process is used by Mr. Edison in his works. What is called a "master record" is made upon a single cylinder, which is used similarly to the matrix in the stereotyping process for reproducing or multiplying the cylinders as many times as may be desired.—Detroit Free Press.

He Hasn't Said Anything Since.

Mr. Wickwire—Here is something you ought to read—an article on ways a woman can save money.

Mrs. Wickwire—Does it say anything about her remaining single?—Indianapolis Journal.

—"There is a splendid echo in this wood, Herr Lehmann; it repeats your call four times, and after a long interval, too!" "There's nothing in that, mein fraulein. When I go to bed at nights, at my villa in the Grunewald, I shout into the wood: 'Willem, wake up!' and the echo wakens me at five prompt the next morning."—Tagliche Rundschau.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

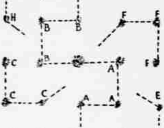
HARVESTING CORN.

Value of a Regular System in Cutting Each Shock.

While the inventors of harvesting machines are making successful progress in constructing machinery drawn by horses for cutting the corn crop, the great majority of the corn fields in the country at large are still harvested by means of hand labor, when not allowed to go to waste. It is important, therefore, while millions of dollars are expended in labor by the cultivators of this crop, that every facility should be afforded, and the labor reduced as far as practicable. The suggestions we offer on this subject are not only intended to abridge labor, but to prevent much of the existing waste by the needless exposure of the corn fodder.

The practice of planting corn in "hills" is still very largely pursued throughout the country, and when the crop is ripe enough and the grain has well hardened, it is cut by hand and secured in shocks. These remain several weeks till the season arrives for husking and stacking, during which time the shocks are exposed to weather and storms, and a portion of them are commonly beaten down and prostrated, soaked with rain and rotted so as to be of little value for fodder.

A reason for this prostration and waste is the one-sided way in which the shocks are built. Instead of placing the shocks in an equal circle around the center, they are often placed nearly all on one side, pressing them more or less out of the center, giving the shocks a one-sided tendency, and entirely prostrating a portion of them. This waste could be prevented by taking the necessary care to build them with equal additions on every side, and by thus giving them a firmly erect position. A regular system in cutting each shock may be adopted, saving time and labor, which the accompanying figure may fully explain. The field is cut by taking five rows of hills at a time, and placing the shocks in the center one. Twenty-five hills will make one shock, the center being first taken; all the others are cut and placed around it. If the corn is of a large variety, three hills will be as much as the operator will hold in the grasp of his left arm while he cuts them with his right hand and places them against the forming shock. In the figure, the shock is larger and in the center; and the first three hills are those indicated by the letters AAA, carried to the shock on the dotted line. The next three are BBB, cut and placed beside the others. Each successive three are marked by the letters CCC, DDD, EEE, FFF, GGG and HHH; and being taken and cut in this regular order they will be placed in separate positions equally all around the shock, and the laborer can hardly avoid making it equally upright. The regular system will abridge his steps, and make the work much easier than cutting at random. As every shock requires the same order, the operator soon becomes accustomed to it and works rapidly. The same general course will apply to larger shocks, or to those made of smaller corn. With slight modification, it will apply to corn in drills. The arrows show the direction for the operator to work. In making a single shock, if the hills are three and a half feet apart, it will require about ten rods walking, and for a field of a hundred shocks, more than three miles; while with an irregular mode, without system, several miles would be required. Saving the fodder would be still more important, making all the difference between such as is fresh, green and uninjured, and that which is destroyed by prostration and rotting with rains.—Country Gentleman.



GROWTH OF WEEDS.

It Pays to Destroy Them Just as They Are Coming to the Surface.

Cultivators who have tried both ways know the several advantages of destroying weeds just as they are coming to the surface. The ground is then rendered mellow and clean with a tenth part of the labor required to destroy large weeds; the crop has not been retarded in growth nearly to its entire failure. The estimate is made that weeds after growing a fortnight and becoming a foot high, contain by cubic measure one thousand times as much substance in growth, or more, than when first making their appearance at the surface, and with this great difference it is easily understood why they retard or destroy growth. Take as an illustration the common turnip crop. If the weeds are not allowed entrance, the turnips will appear like those in Fig. 1. If the weeds are rampant, the turnips will make no headway, and will resemble those in Fig. 2. Late in the summer is the season when so many weeds steal a large growth.—American Cultivator.

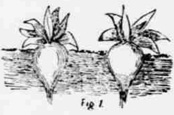


Fig 1.

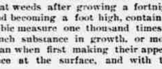


FIG. 2.

Ducks and Corn Fodder.

Ducks will greatly enjoy green corn fodder, if it is cut fine, and especially the suckers. A few rows of corn with the seed very thick in the rows, may be cut and cured for ducks when the corn is about two feet high. If the fodder is cut very fine in winter and sprinkled with bran and cornmeal the ducks will highly relish it. The blades of corn fodder may also be stripped, cut fine and scalded for them. It is best to always scald their dry food at all seasons.

Training a Horse.

One of the most important things in training a horse is to teach it to stand at the word of command. Adopt some single word to convey your order, and never vary it. Then compel the horse to obey it fully every time it is used. Do not use two different words to convey the same meaning, nor attach different meanings to the same word if you expect the horse to learn and obey them accurately.--Indiana Farmer.

TRAVELERS AT ST. LOUIS.

Three Thousand Men to Parade with Military Escort.

The Illumination Attracting Great Crowds —Increasing Popularity of the "Ex." —Other Attractions.

St. Louis, Sept. 15.—The illuminations to-night embraced all the grand features of the earlier displays, and were even grander than the earlier illuminations, owing to the arrival of several thousand additional globes and an immense quantity of electrical apparatus. The whole of the 75,000 gas and electric lights were alight, and the proceedings passed off without a hitch and amid great enthusiasm. Several visitors from eastern cities and from Europe were loud in their expressions of opinion that the illuminations are far grander than anything ever seen in any other city.

After the lights were turned out there was a general rush to Exposition Building, and the magnificent structure was thronged with delighted guests. This, the ninth consecutive season of the St. Louis exposition, is far exceeding all past efforts, both in the matter of beauty and attendance, and Gilmore with his band of one hundred men holds the crowd enraptured four times daily.

A large number of special attractions are announced for the Exposition, including a Travelers' Protective association celebration on Saturday, October 1. On the evening of that day the T. P. A. will take charge of the Exposition programme. An oration will be delivered by W. C. P. Breckinridge and by the governors of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and other states. A general invitation has been issued by the national president and directors of the T. P. A., and the largest gathering of traveling men of the west seen for years will be the result. About 3,000 will parade with a military escort, and a very elaborate programme has been prepared for the entertainment of the visitors during the day.

The Veiled Prophet will also arrive on October 1st, and will give his annual parade and ball on the following Tuesday. The route of the parade has been considerably extended and the pageant will be grander than ever. From October 3 to October 8 the annual fair will be open, and for this a large number of additional attractions are announced with two grand street illuminations and other treats. The carnival is proving a remarkable and unprecedented success.

The railroads are offering exceptional inducements to tourists and excursionists, and full advantage is being taken of their enterprise and liberality. As is well known throughout the commercial and business fraternity of the United States, St. Louis is the best railroad center on the continent, an immense number of trunk lines either terminating or passing through the city. It is on the line of three or four favorite routes from New York to the Pacific coast, and is the natural terminus of all roads running south and southwest and into the Mexican republic. St. Louis is so highly appreciated as a great manufacturing and commercial center, as well as a unique carnival city, that the practice of securing tickets through it and stopping off a few days to enjoy the beauties of the city is becoming more and more common. Tourists in making their arrangements should bear this fact in mind, and not omit from their itinerary one of the most important and interesting points of the new world.

—In Cochin, a town on the coast of Travancore, a state in the southwest of India, there is a small body of Jews who are called White Jews, because their skin is fair and their hair light. They were once very numerous along this coast, but in Cochin, where they have a quarter all to themselves, there are now only some two hundred of them. They have dwelt here for hundreds of years as a distinct race, and claim to be descendants of the Jews who fled from Jerusalem after its destruction by the Romans (A. D. 70).—Little Folks Magazine.

—How many truffle eaters know that the dainty is a fungous growth found in loose soil a few inches under ground, usually in forests where oak, beech and chestnut trees abound? All truffles are imported, none being found in this country. In olden times in England truffle hunting was a sport, pigs being used to scent them out.—N. Y. Times.

Breathes There a Man

Who can inhale malaria-breeding air with impunity? No, not unless he be fortified against its insidious poison with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Then, indeed, is he defended. Not only is this medicine most thorough as a bulwark against chills and fever and bilious remittent, but it thoroughly relieves dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, biliousness, nervousness and kidney trouble.

Riggs—"How long has your wife kept servants?" Jiggs—"Two weeks, sometimes."—Elmira Gazette.

Bohemian Hops and Minn. Barley is what "The A. B. C. Bohemian Bottled Beer" of St. Louis is made of. Nothing healthier.

A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.—Boston Transcript.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Sept. 19, 1892.

CATTLE—Native Steers	$ 3 90	@	5 25
COTTON—Middling	7¼	@	7¾
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	2 00	@	4 85
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	78	@	79¼
CORN—No. 2	55	@	56⅜
OATS—Western Mixed	37	@	39
PORK—New Mess	11 75	@	12 00
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	....	@	7
BEEVES—Choice Steers	4 60	@	5 25
Medium	4 25	@	4 50
HOGS—Fair to Select	5 00	@	5 40
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 75	@	4 75
FLOUR—Patents	3 55	@	3 70
Fancy to Extra Do	2 70	@	3 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	....	@	68¾
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	48⅝	@	47⅞
OATS—No. 2	....	@	29¾
RYE—No. 2	51½	@	52
TOBACCO—Lugs	1 10	@	5 10
Leaf Burley	4 50	@	7 10
HAY—Clear Timothy (new)	9 00	@	11 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	20	@	22
EGGS—Fresh	....	@	15½
PORK—Standard Mess (new)	....	@	10 62½
BACON—Clear Rib	8½	@	8⅝
LARD—Prime Steam	....	@	7⅛
WOOL—Choice Tub	32	@	32½
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping	3 75	@	5 65
HOGS—Fair to Choice	5 00	@	5 75
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	5 00	@	5 55
FLOUR—Winter Patents	3 85	@	4 10
Spring Patents	4 00	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	....	@	72⅝
CORN—No. 2	....	@	47½
OATS—No. 2	....	@	33⅝
PORK—Mess (New)	10 12½	@	10 15
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 10	@	4 50
HOGS—All Grades	4 25	@	5 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	64	@	65
OATS—No. 2	26½	@	27¾
CORN—No. 2	40	@	40½
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grade	3 60	@	4 00
CORN—No. 2	....	@	57
OATS—Western	40	@	41
HAY—Choice	16 00	@	16 50
PORK—New Mess	....	@	11 00
BACON—Sides	....	@	7⅞
COTTON—Middling	6⅞	@	7
CINCINNATI.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	70	@	71
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	46	@	47½
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	34½	@	35
PORK—New Mess	11 00	@	11 25
BACON—Clear Rib	9	@	9
COTTON—Middling	....	@	7¾

DINED ON GRASSHOPPERS.

A Unique Feast That Once Interested the People of Kansas.

A few old-timers still remember the grasshopper dinner given in this city a number of years ago, during the first great grasshopper plague in Kansas. The 'hoppers were brought in from Kansas, the feast was prepared by a well-known caterer, and there were 'hoppers in every style. There was 'hopper soup of two or three kinds, the 'hoppers were boiled, roasted and fried, were made into pates and entrees, were served up in hash and omelette, were dried, ground to powder and served as pemmican. In short, were brought to the attention of the assembled scientists in so many different ways that the learned professors, who gathered to teach the people of the west how 'hoppers might be made a blessing in disguise, after the first taste or two, placed their hands on their afflicted stomachs, took a glance down the bill of fare, and unanimously adjourned to a neighboring restaurant to get something that they could eat. Only one or two had the courage to eat the bill of fare, and it is said that they did not feel well for several days.

As an object lesson in education the hopper banquet was a failure; as an illustration of scientific heroism it was a brilliant success on the part of those who endured to the end. It was never imitated and never repeated, and the best comment on it was made by an old farmer of Kansas, who, when told by an entomologist that grasshoppers could be eaten, for John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild honey, replied: "Well, John the Baptist might have done that, for those were the days of miracles, and I reckon a man would eat almost anything then, but if he lived nowadays he would have to be fitted out with a different kind of stomach to enjoy these 'hoppers."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Gateau de Plumes: Boil in a pint of water one and a half pounds of loaf sugar until it becomes a rich sirup; weigh two pounds of apples after they have been peeled, cored and cut into small pieces; boil them in the sirup with the grated peel and juice of a large lemon till they are reduced to a pulp; put it into a mold. The following day serve it, turned out in a glass dish with a rich custard.—Boston Herald.

—The Isles of Shoals, a favorite New England watering place, have been sold to a syndicate which includes one western man. Seven men make up the syndicate and the price paid was $550,000 for the islands and the buildings on them just as they stand. The principal islands are Star, Appledore and Smutty Nose.

THE biggest fur pool: Behring sea.—Philadelphia Record.

Have You Asthma?

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure *free* to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

APPLY the rules of higher criticism to roast beef and you will starve yourself to death.—Ram's Horn.

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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THE man with no music in his soul should hire a hand organ.

WHO suffers with his liver, constipation, bilious ills, poor blood or dizziness—take Beecham's Pills. Of druggists. 25 cents.

NOTHING in it—A dude's conversation.—Life.

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The quotation, "who shall decide when doctors disagree, and soundest casuists doubt like you and me?" was written by Alexander Pope, "Moral Essays," Epistle 3, line 1. The original did not apply to doctors of medicine, but to doctors of philosophy. There is one fact all doctors agree upon and that is that indigestion is at the bottom of half the ills that afflict the human race. When the stomach is all right the system is all right but when the stomach is all wrong the entire system is a wreck. There is no escape from this fact. If when you are tormented with dyspepsia you will get a box of the laxative gum drops and take them regularly you will soon be relieved of all trouble. These drops have no taste of medicine and they can be given to children as so much confectionery but they act gently as a cathartic without pain or griping and they will help the most obstinate case. Get them of any dealer. Small boxes 10 cents; large ones 50 cents.
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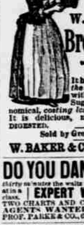

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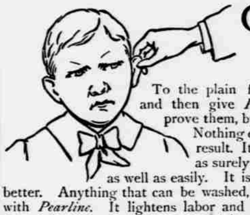

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