HOW A PAPER IS MADE.

"Pray, how is a paper made?"
The question is easy to ask,
But to answer it fully, my dear,
Were rather a difficult task;
And yet in a tantoring way,
As the whip-poor-will sings in the glade,
I'll venture a bit of a lay
To tell how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk,
And ponders the things that appear
To be claiming the thoughts of the world—
Things solemn, and comic and queer—
And when he has hit on a theme
He judges it well to parade,
He writes, and he writes, and he writes,
And that's how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk,
And puzzles his brain to make out
"Telegraphic" so squabbled and mixed,
It is hard to tell what it's about.
Exchanges are lying around—
While waiting dispatches delayed,
He clips, and he clips, and he clips,
And that's how a paper is made.

An editor out in the town,
In search of the things that are new—
The things that the people have done,
The things they're intending to do—
Goes peering and prying about,
For items of many a grade;
He tramps, and he tramps, and tramps,
And that's how a paper is made.

And all that those workers prepare,
Of every conceivable stripe,
Is sent to the printer, and he
Proceedeth to stick it in type.
His lines, all respecting his will,
In slow-moving columns parade—
He sticks, and he sticks, and he sticks,
And that's how a paper is made.

In short, when the type is all set,
And errors cleared up more or less,
'Tis "locked in a form," as we say,
And hurried away to the press.
The pressman arranges his sheets,
His ink gives the requisite shade,
Then he prints, and he prints, and he prints,
And that's how a paper is made.

THE HEROINE OF LONG POINT.

[From a paper read before the Buffalo Historical Society, by Capt. E. P. Dorr.]

Looking upon the map or chart of Lake Erie you will see Long Point island, on the Canada side, near and between Port Rowan and Port Dover, the ports above and below the island. It is about seventy-five miles from Buffalo, running parallel with the main shore of Canada, its western point terminating upon Port Rowan bay, where is formed what is called "the Cut," named so as it is formed of quicksands—the violent gales and great waves, with the rapid current formed by them, cutting through the main shore into Port Rowan bay, making for awhile a passage that vessels may sail through, and forming also an island of Long Point, when otherwise it is only a peninsula, the entrance being almost or quite choked up with the drifting quicksand. The whole island is made from the upheaving sands of the lake. It is covered here and there with dwarf, sparse trees and trailing shrubbery; the land made up of broken hillocks, with intervening ponds, where the wild fowl in great numbers resort in their season, and the muskrat and occasionally otter are found. The island and its Port Rowan bay approaches are now owned and kept as a private preserve by an American association of gentlemen, who have stocked the waters with fish, and let them improve and breed for the past three years, until last fall. I was told recently by one of the proprietors that last fall they took several whitefish from their waters weighing ten, twelve and fifteen pounds, the result of rest and allowing the fish to breed and multiply without molestation and destruction. The approaches on the inland side of Port Rowan bay are full of wild rice, the food of wild ducks and geese, where myriads of them resort, and the best shooting exists for the privileged few who own it.

At the time of which I write, 1854, Long Point island was owned as wild land by the British or Canadian Government. Upon its eastern end, stretched out into lake Erie, it stands a [illegible] eats in the Persian gulf will not be interfered with, and rejects the idea of the market by its great the Suez canal, and [illegible] up and down the lake, and in the administration's departure to assure seances of Turkey. true position. The light-

The Circassian point of land on which it being six cave in a direct line several miles operate against main shore of Canada, and its have been [illegible] families being the only inhabitants proper upon the island. Toward the upper end, near the cut, some eight or nine miles from the light-house (the whole island probably is about twelve miles long) there were squatted and lived temporarily Johnny Becker, with his wife Abigail and some half-a-dozen children. Johnny was a trapper; he led a nomadic life, trapping muskrats, beaver, and other game, shooting ducks and fishing, eking out a poor existence from these precarious modes of life. He had built a sort of a shanty home from the slabs and drift-wood that had been accumulated on the beach. Here let us turn to it.

On a cold, stormy November night in 1854, Johnny Becker was away on the main land at Port Rowan to swap his skins for supplies, and to return when he could. Housed in this shanty was Abigail, his wife, the heroine of our story. Let us leave her there with her children, while we turn to another scene and fact in our story. The Canadian three-masted schooner Conductor, of Amherstburg, Canada, owned by John McLeod, a Scotch gentleman and member of the Canadian Parliament; her commander, Capt. Robert Hackett, now of Detroit (whose father kept a lighthouse on Bobolo island, opposite Amherstburg, many years), and manned by a crew of seven men in all. This vessel, loaded with wheat, bound from Detroit to a lower port, through the Welland canal, on the night in question, was in the vicinity of Long Point island, and near Abigail Becker's rude home. It was blowing a terrible gale of wind, the weather bitter cold, the tops of the waves freezing in the air as they broke, filling it with frozen spray, so that nothing could be seen twenty feet away from the vessel.

The Conductor was scudding before the wind under close-reefed sails; they judged they were a safe and proper distance from the land and running parallel with it, on toward their port of destination, in which they were deceived. They were nearer the Canadian shore than they supposed, and, at midnight, struck the outer bar of Long Point, beat over it, and sunk between the two bars, a little above the place where Abigail Becker and her children were sheltered on that fearful night. The vessel's hull was entirely submerged; the crew took to the rigging of the three masts, their only refuge. It was about midnight of a fearful, stormy November night, the sky in murky darkness all around them, the storm of waters dashing and roaring with fury, calling for their apparent victims to ingulf them; no possible succor near; clinging to their frail supports in the rigging just above the certain death that seemed to await them. Who could imagine their terrible forebodings of an imminent, horrid death; no relief apparent, no help to look up to, but the Great Father who cares for all? How they prayed to him on that awful night, to save their precious lives, I had from their own lips at the time, more than twenty years ago, and it is as fresh to me now as then. Here they clung, waiting for daylight which would never seem to come. But come it did at last, that awful November morning, with no abatement of the terrible, raging storm. It brought no comfort with it, no greater hopes of succor; all they could see was the wild, icy waves around them, making it really more terrible than when hidden by the pall of night. Let us turn now to our heroine. Abigail rose after daylight and looked out. She took her pail, as was her custom, and went down to a point to get some water to fill the tea-kettle. At her feet, on the beach, she saw the Conductor's yawl-boat, wrecked and breaking to pieces. Her beach experience taught her that some disaster had occurred. She looked around toward the lake, peering through the gloom and storm, and, walking up the beach, finally discovered the masts, and the people clinging to them. She went up opposite on the beach and saw their terribly helpless condition. She waved to them and, they saw her. She returned to her shanty, and leaving the children in charge of her oldest girl of 10 or 12 years of age, took her iron pot, some tea and matches, went up again opposite the vessel, built a fire of logs and driftwood, filled the pot with water and boiled it, making the tea ready to warm and refresh them, if they could reach the shore alive. Here she passed the day. Every drop of water that struck the beach was a particle of ice in a moment. She frequently waded into the water to encourage and let them see that a human being on the wished-for shore was caring for them, with the expectation that they would be saved.

Meantime the day was wearing on, night was fast approaching, another of those awful nights in prospect, and no other hope for succor than the faithful woman watch on shore. Imagine the terrors of the scene; no abatement of the storm; it still raged as fearfully as ever. Abigail knew that a climax was fast approaching; she knew that these exposed men could not survive another night, with chilled, inactive blood, clinging in the unsheltered rigging where they had been so many hours. A happy thought came to her; God sent it. Alone on that dangerous beach, night rapidly coming on, God inspired her with that happy thought of how to save them. Their prayers were answered; God had heard them cry for help and succor, when man was powerless and not there to save. Abigail waded out toward them a short distance, to attract their sight toward her; she beckoned them to jump overboard and swim to shore, explaining by pantomime that she would catch and save them. These men well knew their great danger was when they reached the shore. They could not land in their exhausted state without human assistance to aid them; the undertow and moving quicksand would wash them back and drown them; this was Capt. Hackett's fear when he cried to the mate in the other rigging. Capt. Hackett, from the rigging, cries to his mate, Jerome: "That is a good idea; it is our only chance. I will try it; if I am drowned, you can run your chances, remaining here another night, or, if I am saved, you can follow me one by one." The mate says: "If you go, I will follow." Captain answers: "Don't you try it until you see that I get ashore." Capt. Hackett came down the rigging close to the water, stripping off his overcoat. Looking for a smooth chance, he jumped and swam for the shore, watched by his comrades with intense interest. He did well until he reached the backwater of the quicksand, which was the great point of danger. The back wave overwhelmed him, his blood chilled with his long exposure, he helplessly succumbed to his apparent fate, and gave up, as far as his own efforts went to save himself. At this critical moment Abigail dashed in with impetuous spirit and speed. Grasping the drowning man in her arms, she quickly bore him safely to the shore, and laid him by her great fire of logs, giving him hot tea. His young Scotch blood soon revived. But there was no time to lose. The passing minutes were too precious with those lives yet imperiled. The mate prepared to try it, the Captain says: "I will assist him when he gets to the bad place," as he termed it. The mate came with the same result, when reaching the back receating waves, doubled up as the Captain did. Against remonstrances of Abigail, Capt. Hackett rushed in, attempting to save him; the mate grasped the Captain with the desperate embrace of a drowning man, pulling him down with him. They were both exhausted and helpless, locked together, powerless to save themselves. At this perilous moment Abigail again rushed in, woman as she was, she did what not one man in a thousand could have done. She picked up these men with the strength of a giantess, and bore them safely to the shore in her strong arms. God gave her strength for the occasion, and in like manner she saved each one of that crew; before the light of day had entirely passed, they were all borne in safety to the shore by this heroic woman. Not a mouthful of food had passed her lips since the night before. So intent was her desire to save them that all that day she had passed on that beach without a thought of herself; her heroic soul had sustained her. She guided these men, snatched from the jaws of death by her hands, to her humble shanty-home; she fed and cared for them three or four days, the continuous storm preventing them from leaving the island. When they crossed over to the main land and to their homes, they did it with hearts of gratitude for their safety.

A few days after I was at Port Rowan to visit a vessel that had been wrecked the same night above that point. Capt. Davis, an old friend of mine, told me the story of Abigail's noble work. The bays were then frozen over. I hired a sleigh, and with Capt. Davis drove down to her house. I saw the spars of the Conductor just sticking above the frozen snow and ice. I passed some time in her house. She stood up all the time I was there, and would not sit before me. Let me describe her. A tall woman, over six feet high, as straight as an arrow, stout, well-proportioned, never having worn a stay or a corset in her life, ignorant of the use of whalebone or padding, barefooted, and all her children so. She stood up before me in all grace of noble, uncultivated womanhood, her great blue eyes gleaming with modest benignity. I could not forbear expressing my great admiration for her noble deeds. She said she had not done more than she ought to have done, nor more than she should do again if her help was wanted. I measured her foot and those of her children, and when I arrived home had some shoes made for her and the children, got stockings, and made up a box of things and sent her all that I was able to. I bought her a Bible, inscribed her name in gold letters upon it, and sent it with her package to her. Her oldest girl had a white swelling on her knee. I told her I would get a steamer to stop for her in the spring, one that ran up the shore of Canada, and, if she would come to Buffalo with her girl, would get her into the Sisters' Hospital, and Dr. Hamilton would cure her. She came and stayed at my house and at Mr. Aurelian Conkling's; her girl was put into the hospital and cured. I went to Mr. Hodges, who kept the American Hotel, and asked him for his parlors for a levee for Abigail. I went among the people; ex-President Fillmore, Judge Hall, and many prominent citizens attended.

We collected over $1,000 for her in those rooms. I had written an article and published it in the *Commercial Advertiser*; it found its way down to Quebec, where the Canadian Parliament was sitting. It was read by permission of the Speaker, a committee was appointed to investigate the facts, and, when found to be true, the Government gave Abigail 100 acres of land near Port Rowan, where she now lives. I have a letter from her, written last year, now in my pocket.

Another pretty incident connected with this story is this:

The late Joseph Walker, Quaker President of the Life-Saving Benevolent Association of New York, hearing of this, wrote me, "The giving of our medal is confined to the saving of American life. If thee wilt find that there was an American life saved from on board the Conductor, Abigail shall have our best medal." Inquiry showed there were two Americans on board and saved: the mate, Jerome, and one other of the crew. The medal, a fine large one, made especially for her, was sent me to give her. I was asked to get a receipt. I sent it up to the Collector at Port Rowan, an old army officer, to give her, and return me a receipt. He found Abigail could not write, so he took her to a daguerrean artist, and, seating her, with my Bible on a table, one arm resting upon it, and her medal in an open case in the other hand, took her picture and sent it to me as her receipt. I had it put on stone, making a nice engraving, and sent the original to New York to Joseph Walker.

Abigail was taught by the ladies of Port Rowan to write, and she is quite improved. And thus, gentlemen, you have the story of Abigail Becker, the heroine of Long Point. It will be new to most of you; it has never been so fully written before, and it has never been placed with our Historical Society. This is specially prepared for it, as a matter of interest. I give it as a tribute to the noble woman and of the great deed performed by Abigail Becker in saving from otherwise certain death the lives of Capt. Hackett, First Mate Jerome, four sailors and cook, seven persons in all, of the schooner Conductor, of Amherstburg, Canada.

Maritime history affords no parallel to this, requiring such physical effort, such clear judgment, adopting the only possible means to save those people, surrounded as they were with such desperate circumstances, carrying out her plan, when formed, with such unflinching courage and devotion in that freezing cold exposure.

RUSSIA.

Her Growth as a Military Power—The Russians Not a Warlike People.

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

Russia reached the mouths of her rivers long ago, and has got beyond them, unless the Danube is also to be reckoned as a Russian stream. Yet the exertions of the Russian Government to augment its military forces were never greater than they have been in the last six years. She has already the power to bring 500,000 men into the field. But the grand measure of universal conscription, sanctioned by the ukase of Jan. 1, 1875, will add another 500,000 to that number of her active troops, and another 1,000,000 to the reserve. These enormous forces can only be raised and maintained for aggressive purposes. The territory of Russia is invulnerable. Nobody has the slightest interest in attacking it, unless she begins by attacking some one else. If attacked, as she was in 1812, she may rely on her climate, her extent and the patriotism of her population for effectual defense. Setting aside ambitious considerations, we should say that to burden a poor and thinly populated country with the maintenance of an enormous army is the most mischievous policy that can be conceived. It is a perpetual drain on the manhood of the empire. It enormously weakens its productive powers. It leads to a frightful waste of life. When the Emperor Nicholas once expressed his surprise at the inferiority of the men in his army to the seamen of his fleet in point of discipline and condition, Count Woronzow replied what the army wanted was 'more food and less drill.' Hundreds of thousands of human beings have been sacrificed in the last fifty years to the stupid pride of exhibiting to the world the shows and pageants of a great military establishment. What renders this state of things still more lamentable and extraordinary is that the Russians are not a warlike or combative people. Even in their drinking bouts they do not fight. They are entirely ignorant of all that goes on abroad, and entirely indifferent to glory. Nor can any conceivable benefit accrue to the people of Russia by threatening and molesting their neighbors, or by the acquisition of territory, of which they have already more than enough. If their country were attacked they would defend it with undaunted courage, but as a race of men there is no people in the world less disposed to slaughter their neighbors. Military service is with them the result of absolute, blind, unquestioning obedience. They submit to it as they submit to a law of nature, because they are docile and brave. Yet surely military service, as it is understood in Russia, is the most detestable form of slavery; for a peaceful peasant is converted by it, without the least will of his own, into a bloodhound, a destroyer, or a victim. And this burden is now hung with redoubled weight upon the back of every peasant in the empire. The whole community is crushed by it. Military service is the primary obligation of life, and must affect every other relation of society.

Russian and Turk—Rank and File on Each Side.

The Turks at Widin are described by an English admirer as well-armed (chiefly with the Martini-Peabody rifle), well clothed and shod, and in magnificent fighting condition. The Turkish soldier never gets drunk and is never insubordinate; and he will grow fat where a soldier of any other nation would starve. His religion allows him only to drink water, and teaches him that, if killed in battle, he at once ascends to a life of bliss in the future state. With arrears of pay for more than eighteen months he does not murmur. Tobacco and coffee are his only stimulants. The former he gets, the latter he hopes for when his pay-sheet is made up. Withal he is patient and dignified, bloodthirsty and religious.

A correspondent of *Le Figaro*, visiting the Russian camps north of the Danube, was impressed with the calm and discipline prevailing at every point. The infantry are accustomed to life in the field, the cavalry are well mounted, there is an *intente cordiale* between men and officers of the most promising character. But it is the perfect discipline of the troops which wins the most attention. It is the unanimous testimony of the Roumanians that they are paid solicitously for all the merchandise consumed by the army. They say they have not seen either drunkenness or brutality; and the embarkations and marches of the troops are models of good order and calm. In fact the old idea of the march of a Russian army being attended with an enormous consumption of schnapps and an unflagging use of the knout has no application to the Russians in Roumania. The Cossacks, of whom there are numerous detachments north of the Danube, and a whole camp at Bralia, are the theme of enthusiastic comments. They are worthy young men, of magnificent physiques, and blondes, and have a countenance in which resolution and gentleness are singularly blended.

'Twas the Custom of the Country.

When Sir Samuel Baker, the African traveler was taking leave of Kamrasi, King of Unyoro, that potentate asked him, as a particular favor, to leave Lady Baker behind. This cool request raised Sir Samuel's ire, and in high indignation he told the King that if ever he made such a request again he would shoot him. Lady Baker, too, who overheard and understood the offer, felt that a word from her would not be out of place, and gave the monarch a piece of her mind in the strongest language she could command. His Majesty for a while was greatly astonished, being unconscious of having given any offense. At last, seeing that his guests were really angry, he said, in a deprecating tone, "Don't be angry. I did not mean to offend you by asking for your wife. I will give you a wife if you want one, and I thought you would have no objections to give me yours. It is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives; and I thought you would like to exchange. Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like to do as others do there's an end of it."

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

THE soot from the chimneys should be saved. A pint of soot to a pailful of water will make a liquid manure of great value for flower beds and plants of all kinds.

IF a hen be not sitting so that her nest and eggs absorb a little moisture from the earth, sprinkle her nest and eggs every few days with water when she is off to feed.

FOR a fall or winter cabbage none of the new discovered varieties are equal to the old flat Dutch. And it will do yet to sow the seeds for plants, for June transplanting.

NO NOT put flowers in straight rows anywhere. Do not crowd your flowers, and especially not crowd a large number in the front yard. A very few and very choice is the best taste.

A LEGAL bushel of oats must weigh 30 pounds in Maine, New Hampshire and New Jersey; 34 pounds in Canada, 36 pounds in Oregon, 35 in Missouri, 33 in Iowa, and 32 pounds in Massachusetts, New York and most other States.

WORMS IN HORSES.—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* gives the following as a sure, safe, and reliable cure for worms in horses: Arsenic, 1 drachm; sulphate iron, 2 ounces: mix, and divide into sixteen papers—one powder to be given every night and morning *mixed in the food.*

AN English exchange says paraffine oil will destroy "crops of insects" when two ounces of oil are mixed with six gallons of water and poured—sprinkled—over them. It is effectual, too, when sprinkled over the seed before sown, and the subsequent growth is said to be wonderful.

IN grape culture it seems that the finer varieties, which grow weak and liable to disease, can be grafted on Concord and Clinton roots, and then grow as well and as strong as these popular varieties. The French have found this out, and are importing largely of these American kinds for grafting their own kinds for their vineyards.

THE VALUE OF SUNFLOWERS.—Sunflowers are rich in honey and are consequently good neighbors for bees. Oil, hardly to be distinguished from olive oil by any one but an expert, may be extracted from the seeds in proportion of one gallon to one bushel. One acre will produce something like fifty bushels of seed. The seeds, too, make food not unpalatable for human beings, and very good for animals and poultry. The Portuguese and American Indians make a kind of bread from them, and roasted they may be ground and used as a substitute for coffee. The stalks may be used as bean poles while growing. Dry they make passable roofs for sheds and the like, and burn readily on the hearth. The ashes are very rich in potash. Altogether it is a very useful plant, and, to crown all, it has a reputation which the chemists have never disproved, for absorbing malaria, and acting as an effectual screen against that scourge of low-lying districts—fever and ague.

HOW TO RAISE EARLY POTATOES.—The process is called the Felliez plan, and comes to us from France, and consists in being able to have new potatoes in January and February, equal to those ordinarily produced in May and June. Having selected a light, friable soil at least twelve inches in depth, make a hole ten inches deep, place a little manure, then fill in the soil. The holes ought to be two feet apart. The seed potatoes should be preserved in charcoal dust till the 1st of August, the moment for planting, and be steeped for one hour beforehand in a solution of half a pound of salt and one quart of water, about the middle of September mold, and at the same period in October weed, and earth up irrespective of the faded stems; then cover with a little straw; the tubers will increase under ground, independent of all exterior vegetation, and may be gathered in the early part of January, although they will not be fully ripe till the close of the month of February.

About the House.

MOCK APPLE PIE.—Take one and one-half cups of bread crumbs, pour over them four cups of boiling water, add one cup of sugar, one grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of tartaric acid, and a small lump of butter; when cool add one egg well beaten.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, half a cup of molasses, two-thirds of a cup of warm water, three cups of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful each of soda, nutmeg, cinnamon, clove, salt; one pound of chopped raisins, two-thirds of a cup of currants, and slices of citron.

TO MAKE ROPES DURABLE.—To prolong the duration of ropes and retard their decay, steep them in a solution of sulphate of copper, an ounce to a quart of water, and then either tar them or immerse them in soapsuds, four ounces of soap per quart of water. In the latter case there is no smell.

WASHING CAMBRICS.—A table-spoonful of black pepper will prevent gray or buff linen from spotting, if stirred into the first water in which they are washed. It will also prevent the colors running, when washing black or colored cambrics or muslins, and the water is not injured by it, but is just as soft as before the pepper was put in.

CRACKERS AND APPLE SAUCE.—Mix the best Graham flour with cool soft water, making the dough as soft as it can be molded. Roll out a half inch in thickness and cut into cakes with a cookie cutter; lay on a baking-pan and bake in a quick oven. Stew the dried apples slowly until tender, in a porcelain kettle, and sweeten with sugar when cooked.

CORN BREAD.—Take one pint of sifted corn meal and stir into it one teaspoonful dry saleratus and half teaspoonful salt, then add two well-beaten eggs, one pint sour milk, and three table-spoonfuls sour cream; beat about five minutes, and put it about half an inch deep in the pan to bake; if you have no cream use about a table-spoonful butter or lard; bake thirty-five minutes.

POTATO CAKES.—Prepare a sufficient quantity of thick mashed potatoes, lightly buttered, and passed through a colander; add the yelks of four eggs; mingle well, and cook three minutes longer; put the whole in a dish and let cool; when wanted, roll them down on a floured table, give them the size and shape of codfish balls, dip them in beaten eggs, then in yellow meal flour; fry them in hot lard; see that they are of a clear yellow cover, and serve them on a folded napkin.

TO OBTAIN GOOD DRINKING WATER.—A serviceable filter may be readily made as follows: Take a common earthenware flower-pot, about nine inches in diameter and ten inches in depth. The drainage hole is stopped loosely with a piece of clean sponge. A layer of about two inches of animal charcoal is first placed in the pot, then a layer of clean sand, upon which a layer of three inches of clean coarse gravel is placed. The pot can be set over an earthen jar, into which an abundance of pure water will filter for all drinking purposes.

Secretary Key's Farming Experience.

Postmaster General Key said in a speech at Charlotte that he had always felt a peculiar interest in North Carolina. When Joe Johnston's army surrendered, he was compelled to seek refuge in that State among the relatives and friends of his wife. He had no money and no means of support, his only possession being a poor blind mule. He went up into Caldwell county, rented a farm, and with his blind mule raised a crop of corn. This he sold for 50 cents per bushel, and upon the money obtained from this, together with the proceeds from the sale of his mule, he returned to his home in East Tennessee. While, therefore, his sojourn in North Carolina was not of the most pleasant character, for the reasons mentioned, still it offered him a home when he could not live in his own State.

Cossacks and Roumanian Ladies.

When the first troop of Cossacks rode through Bucharest the Roumanian ladies were very anxious to see them, and the long avenue was lined with carriages. A column of dust arose, thickening and drawing nearer. A cry of delight and impatience passed all along—ladies eagerly stood up, favored gentlemen climbed upon the coachbox and the wheels. The column of dust approached, and presently the Cossack lances pierced it, glittering in the sun. Dark and colorless masses loomed through it, and strange but stirring music was in the air. Not a sound was heard, even while they passed, except that martial war-song of the bards who head each sotnia and the shrill accompaniment of whistles modulated to weird harmony. No rattle of accoutrements betrays the Cossack; his very horse seems trained to move with silent activity. With that pæan in one's ears, and the whistles screaming through it, one beholds without astonishment these warriors glide past, stealthily and swift. One recognizes the surviving race of an earlier time. To the same war-song, perhaps, marched the ancestors of these people when they overran Russia. The Bucharest ladies were not a little impressed and not a little frightened. They looked at each other blankly, with little shrugs of the shoulder to express distaste. One of them afterward confessed to the London *Standard* correspondent, who describes the scene, that her Muscovite sympathies vanished at sight of the first Cossack, so ugly and dirty was he.

An Unlucky Man.

The unhappy Kentuckian, who bet on every race during the week, and lost every time, illustrates the freaks of fortune in this respect. He had just $50 left, and in sheer desperation cried out in the crowd that assembled at the hotel after the races: "I'll bet $50 I can name two men here with twenty-three fingers." When the bet was taken, this child of fate continued: "Anybody 'll do. Here, my friend, I'll take you. I have thirteen fingers, and you have ten, that makes twenty-three. I knew there was one bet I could not lose." The stranger gazed at him a moment with a pitying expression, and then said, compassionately: "Well, I'm sorry for you. You have struck a hard streak of luck. *I had three of my fingers shot off at Chickamauga!*"—*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*

"What Everybody Says Must be True."

The incontrovertible testimony offered by those who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription induced the doctor to sell it under a positive guarantee. Many ladies have refrained from using it on account of a general feeling of prejudice against advertised medicines. Let me ask a question. Are you prejudiced against sewing machines because you have seen them advertised? or can you doubt the ingenuity and skill required in their invention? Again, would you refuse to insure your house because the company advertised that it had paid millions in losses, and yet had a capital of several millions? Do such advertisements shake your confidence, and create prejudices? Then why refuse to credit the testimony of those who have found the Favorite Prescription to be all that is claimed for it in overcoming those ailments peculiar to your sex? Why submit to the use of harsh, and perhaps caustic treatment, thus aggravating your malady, when relief is guaranteed, and a positive, perfect, and permanent cure has been effected in thousands of cases?

WABASH STATION, Ill., Oct. 24, 1876.
R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:
Dear Sir—Allow me to extend my most sincere thanks to you for the great benefit my wife has received from the use of your Favorite Prescription. She suffered almost intolerably before using your medicine, and I had tried the skill of several physicians, but to no purpose. Finally, I thought I would give the Favorite Prescription a trial, and she is now sound and well.
Very gratefully yours, D. A. HUNTER.

Disease Is an Antagonist

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HOGS	6 00	@ 6 75
COTTON	11⅝	@ 11¾
FLOUR—Superfine Western	5 50	@ 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 62	@ 1 65
CORN—Western Mixed	56	@ 58
OATS—Western Mixed	45	@ 50
RYE—Western	78	@ 80
PORK—Mess	14 00	@14 25
LARD	9	@ 9¼
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	6 25	@ 6 50
Choice Natives	5 75	@ 6 00
Cows and Heifers	3 00	@ 4 50
Good Second-class Steers	4 50	@ 5 00
Medium to Fair	5 25	@ 5 60
HOGS—Live	4 45	@ 4 80
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	9 50	@10 50
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	7 50	@ 8 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 47½	@ 1 48½
No. 3 Spring	1 32	@ 1 33
CORN—No. 2	45½	@ 46
OATS—No. 2	36	@ 38
RYE—No. 2	68	@ 70
BARLEY—No. 2	60	@ 62
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	18	@ 22
EGGS—Fresh	10	@ 11
PORK—Mess	12 50	@12 75
LARD	8¾	@ 9
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 62	@ 1 63
No. 2	1 52	@ 1 53
CORN—No. 2	43	@ 44
OATS—No. 2	37	@ 38
RYE—No. 1	67	@ 69
BARLEY—No. 2	69	@ 71
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2	1 75	@ 1 80
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	42	@ 43
OATS—No. 2	38	@ 39
RYE—No. 2	69	@ 71
PORK—Mess	13 00	@13 12½
LARD	8	@ 8¾
HOGS	4 00	@ 4 40
CATTLE	4 00	@ 6 25
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—Red	1 79	@ 1 81
CORN	45	@ 47
OATS	39	@ 43
RYE	77	@ 78
PORK—Mess	13 00	@13 25
LARD	8¾	@ 9
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	1 86	@ 1 88
Amber	1 97	@ 1 99
CORN	49	@ 51
OATS—No. 2	47	@ 48
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Medium	8 00	@ 8 50
WHEAT—White	1 88	@ 1 89
CORN—No. 1	51	@ 52
OATS—Mixed	42	@ 43
RYE	85	@ 90
PORK—Mess	13 75	@14 00
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