WIDDER GREENE'S LAST WORDS.

"I'm goin' to die," says the Widder Greene,
"I'm goin' to quit this airthly scene;
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me,
Nobody can let nobody be;
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
And that's the hull o' what they know.
The men is mad on bonds an' stocks,
Swearin' an' shootin' and pickin' locks.
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There ain't a cretur but knows to-day
I never was lunatic any way,
But since crazy folks all go free
I'm dreadful 'fraid they'll hang up me!
There's another thing that's pesky hard—
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borry a pin,
But what the paper'll have it in:
'We're pleased to say the Widder Greene
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene.'
Or, 'Our worthy friend Mrs. Greene's gone
Down to Barkhamstead to see her son.'
Great Jerusalem! can't I stir
Without a-raisin' some feller's fur?
There ain't no privacy, so to say,
No more than if this was judgment day.
And as for meetin'—I wan't to swear
Every time I put my head in there;
Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spiled and done,
Like everything else under the sun;
It used to be so solemn and slow,
'Praise to the Lord from men below,'
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High diddle diddle! there and here.
No respect to the Lord above
No more'n of He was hand and glove
With all the creturs He ever made,
And all the jigs that ever was played,
Preachin' too—but here I'm dumb—
But I tell you what! I'd like it some
If good old Parson Nathan Strong
Out o' his grave would come along,
An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire—
Judgment and justice is my desire.
'Taint all love an' sickish sweet
That makes this world or t'other complete.
But law! I'm old! I'd better be dead
When the world's a turning over my head;
Sperits talkin' like tarnal fools,
Bibles kicked out o' deestrict schools,
Crazy cretur's a-murderin' round—
Honest folks better be under the ground.
So fare-ye-well! this airthly scene
No more'll be pestered by Widder Greene."

—*Baltimore Sun.*

ANNE'S STRATAGEM.

Capt. Lucien Gauthier, having been ordered to report himself to the General commanding the French forces in Strasburg, had found very comfortable quarters there. He had been billeted in the house of a stately dame, a widow, who bore the sounding name of Von Stralendorff, but she was evidently of French extraction, although her name was so decidedly German. Her sympathies were also French, as the cordial hospitality she extended to the young officer amply proved. She lived in a quaint old mansion, whose spacious garden overlooked the river Rhine. Her domestics were few, consisting of an ancient couple named Pratzner, and their sluggish but good-natured daughter, a buxom, robust young woman of 20 years of age, called Katrina.

Capt. Lucien Gauthier was treated with as much consideration as if he had been a relative of the widow Von Stralendorff. His personal merits, however, may have had something to do with this treatment. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the art of pleasing—possessed it naturally and unobtrusively. He had a good figure, tall and commanding, and made a frank and open expression of countenance. He became a uniform admirably. He looked like a real soldier, not one dressed for a holiday parade. The dark, heavy mustache that graced his upper lip added to his martial appearance. His flow of animal spirits was great, and his small talk inexhaustible.

The widow Stralendorff found him a most entertaining guest, and the interest she took in providing for his comfort [illegible] The Turkish War Department [illegible] destitute of funds [illegible] contracts is sus[illegible] He took the Turkish advic[illegible] as it came to him, and Suleiman Pash[illegible] of it under all circumstances. [illegible] from Ot[illegible] he thought did occur to him, [illegible]ever, that she might have a design upon him in the way of matrimony, and wished him to fill the place of the departed Von Stralendorff; but, when he considered that she was 60 and he was 25, he discarded the idea as preposterous.

He had been but a week beneath this hospitable roof when the Dame Von Stralendorff informed him that a niece of hers was about to pay her a visit—the young lady being the daughter of her youngest and only surviving brother.

"I am glad she is coming," said the widow, "for I think you will enjoy some feminine society younger than mine."

The Captain thought there was a sly significance in these words, but then he might have been mistaken.

"Anna has been well educated, and is tolerably pretty, and so I think you will like her," continued the old lady.

If Dame Von Stralendorff had intended to excite the Captain's curiosity in regard to the forthcoming visitor, she fully succeeded in doing so. He looked forward anxiously for the day of her arrival. He had not long to wait. Anne came the second day after the announcement that she was coming.

Capt. Gauthier was duly introduced to her, and he did like her. She was pretty, as her aunt had said—pretty, petite, piquante. Her figure, though small, was nicely proportioned, and her features were of the Flemish type. She had the kind of face that Rubens loved to paint. A peachy complexion, small mouth and pouting lips, a nose that turned upward slightly at the point, laughing blue eyes, and luxuriant hair of a deep lemon hue, or something of that glossy, shiny tint that the silk displays when it hangs from the cocoon.

Anne was in her twentieth year, and was a self-possessed young lady. She and Capt. Gauthier soon became the best of friends. They rode together, they sailed together upon the Rhine, they sang duets together, to the great delight of the relict of Von Stralendorff, and they took walks together in the garden by moonlight. All this was very romantic, and you will naturally suppose that it led to the inevitable result. It did.

Capt. Gauthier soon found that the pretty and agreeable Anne had awakened a new sensation in his heart, and he began to fear that he was falling in love with her. I say "fear," because Gauthier, despite his carelessness and lightheartedness, was a man of honor. He knew that he had no business to fall in love with Anne, or induce her to fall in love with him. So he took her into his confidence as a preventive against both these evils. He was the affianced husband of the daughter of a rich citizen in Paris, named Ayrault, and their nuptials were merely awaiting the termination of the campaign.

Napoleon the Third expected to make a very short war. And so he did. But it did not end in the manner arranged on his programme.

This marriage was one of convenience, as it is called, and had been arranged by the heads of the families of Gauthier and Ayrault. The young people had no voice whatever in the matter. Their acquiescence was a matter of course. They were both eligible parties, and the settlements on either side were to be ample. If they could not love each other as man and wife when they came together, that would their fault. But life is not devoid of consolation. Failing to love each other, they could, in true French fashion, love somebody else.

Lucien Gauthier grew to manhood with this prospective marriage hanging over him. The contract had been signed when both were in their nonage.

Lucien had never seen Julia Ayrault since the signing of the contract, and he had conceived an intense dislike against his promised wife, and had inwardly resolved that he never would marry her. This feeling had induced him to adopt the career of a soldier. He thought it would require less courage to face the enemy than a wife he could not love—nay, whose very name he had learned to loathe. He never uttered it even without making a grimace. But this resolve placed our gallant Captain in rather an awkward situation, for his contract bound him to Julia Ayrault, and, if he would not marry her, he could not honorably offer his hand to any other woman.

The thought of this, however, never troubled him until he encountered the sprightly little woman who rejoiced in the name of Anne, and then it occurred to him that it would be a pleasant thing if he were a free man. But he knew he was not, and so he manfully resolved to tell Anne the truth and prevent her falling in love with him, as she seemed very well inclined to do, and to check his own growing passion—nip it in the bud, as it were, before it could attain a proportion troublesome to his peace of mind. To his surprise, and disappointment mingled somewhat with it, Anne appeared to consider that it was his duty to marry Julia Ayrault.

"What, whether I love her or not?" he demanded.

"Oh, you will learn to love her," she answered.

"Never!" he cried, emphatically; and he was about to add that it was impossible now that he had met her, but prudence restrained the words.

"Oh, yes, you will!" insisted Anne. "She is very amiable, not bad-looking, and she will make you a good wife."

The assertion amazed the Captain.

"Do you know her, then?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes; I have met her frequently in Paris. She was educated at the same pensionnat."

"Did she ever speak of me?"

"Often. Her heart is set upon this marriage. She loves you, if you do not love her, I know."

Capt. Gauthier sighed dismally.

"How can I love her?" he responded. "Especially after——"

He paused confusedly.

"What?" she asked pensively.

"Nothing—no matter! Oh, why don't the Governor order a sortie, or something, so I could get a chance to be killed off?"

"Oh, don't!" cried Anne, in alarm.

The order for a sortie came, as if expressly to accommodate the Captain. He finished his breakfast hastily, and then began to equip himself for the field.

Madame Von Stralendorff had retired to her own room, but Anne remained to assist him in equipping himself. She stooped under his right arm, buckling on his belt, while he held the sword in his left hand; and, as she clasped the buckle, he noticed that her fingers trembled, and her face wore an anxious look. That face was fully exposed to his view, as her flossy light hair was drawn back from her forehead, and fastened by a high quaint comb, evidently of Spanish manufacture. Never had Anne's face looked so charming to him as it did at that moment. His right arm descended, with an involuntary action, encircled Anne's waist, and drew her to his breast. Her head rested confidingly against his chest, and her upturned eyes were raised to his, betraying too plainly the secret of her heart. She loved him. There was no mistaking the story told by those violet orbs.

"O, if you should be killed!" she murmured, plaintively.

He bent his head and kissed the red, pouting lips consolingly. She accepted the kiss as a matter of course.

"Don't worry," he said; "I shall return in safety to you, that is, if you'll promise to marry me when I come back."

"O, how can I?"

"Easy enough."

"But Julia Ayrault?"

"I shall never marry her."

"O, you must."

"Then I'll put myself in the way of the first cannon-ball I see coming."

"No, no, you mustn't do that."

"Promise to marry me, then."

"Well, then—I—I—"

"Will?"

"Y-e-s."

He kissed her again.

"That's a dear girl," he cried. "Just mention the subject to your aunt while I'm gone, will you? I shall write to my father in Paris the moment I return, and tell him to have the contract with Julia Ayrault annulled. And now a short farewell until we meet again."

Once more he kissed her, and then hurried from the room. She ran to the window and watched him as he mounted his horse in the court-yard and rode through the massive gate, which old Pratzner held open for him, and then let it clang heavily to when he was gone.

"O, if he should never come back!" she exclaimed.

Madame Von Stralendorff entered the apartment and approached her.

"He is gone," she said.

"Yes. Alas, if I should never see him more!"

"Don't borrow trouble. War is a perilous game, and he must take his risk with the rest. He is brave and active, and let us hope Providence will spare him to you. You love him?"

"O, dearly."

"I don't wonder at that. He's a noble young man. I could almost love him myself—that is, if I were a little younger. But does he love you?"

"I believe he does, with all his soul."

"Very good. So, then, your stratagem has succeeded, and you can thank me for suggesting it."

"I do, aunt, and I am under infinite obligations to you."

"Tush! you're welcome. I should never have thought of it if I had not taken a fancy to the young fellow myself."

The rest of that day passed anxiously to Anne. From the upper windows of the mansion she watched the bridge that crossed the river, and the fields upon the opposite shore. She saw the troops from the city file gayly over the bridge, their bayonets glistening in the sunlight, a glittering array. She heard the reports of the cannon, but the scene of the strife was beyond her vision.

Hours passed away, and then the little army that had marched so proudly and confidently away came back straggling and in disorder. Even her inexperienced eye could read these tokens of defeat. Her heart began to beat painfully. Where was Lucien Gauthier? Dead, wounded, a prisoner?—or alive and returning in safety?

The sound of the gate-bell soon answered that question for her. She hurried down to meet him. He was harassed and worn, and covered with dust, but unwounded. He had passed through the strife unscathed.

It was a tender meeting between them. In the joy that each experienced, they knew how much they loved each other.

He went to his chamber and changed his uniform, and then sat down to the repast prepared for him. The meal was partaken of with very few words, for the Captain had brought a good appetite from the field with him.

When he had finished, the table was cleared of all but the wine and fruit. Then Lucien found his tongue. Then he looked at Anne, who sat opposite him, and then at Madame Von Stralendorff, who occupied the head of the table, and again at Anne.

"Have you told your aunt?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered Anne, demurely.

"Have you any objection?"

"Not the slightest," replied Madame Von Stralendorff, urbanely.

"You know my family?"

"All about it."

"But you do not know all about me," interposed Anne, with a roguish smile; "and, when I have said a few words to you, you will agree to marry Julia Ayrault."

"Never!"

"Then you cannot marry me."

"Why not?"

"Because—Oh, you short-sighted mortal!—I am Julia Ayrault!"

Capt. Lucien was very much astonished, but he hardly needed the explanation that followed, for the little device flashed through his brain with instantaneous conviction.

"Though you had agreed to marry me, you appeared determined not to love or even see me," continued Julia; "and so I resolved to see you, and, if you were worth it, make you love me. Fortune favored my scheme in sending you here to my aunt—for she is my aunt, although she married a German. She wrote me word that you were quartered in her house, and so I came as Anne; my name is Julia Anne, although you may not know it."

"I know that I love you," interrupted Lucien, "and that you are to be my wife—for I shall abide by the contract now—and that is all that is necessary."

"Then you will forgive the little deception I practiced upon you?" asked Julia.

It was an idle question. Of course he did.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

"A FARM," says the *Kentucky Live Stock Journal*, "is the best material possession in the world."

A WRITER in the *Massachusetts Ploughman* says: "I have given ten years' trial to the cultivation of the raspberry. My experience is that the only way to get one's expenses back is to sell plants at $1 per dozen."

A HORTICULTURIST furnishes the following recipe to preserve all kinds of grain from the ravages of cut-worms, birds, etc.: One pound sulphate of iron, one ounce aloes. Dissolve in water heated to ninety or ninety-five degrees, and pour over one bushel of grain.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A DAIRYMAN remarked that before sitting down to milk a kicking heifer he put a "snap" attached to the end of a rope into her nose, and tied the rope to a pin put into the scaffold girt over the manger, slightly elevating her nose, and she stood as quietly while she was milked as the most gentle cow in the stable.—*American Cultivator.*

MANY young fruit trees, especially pears, are burned to death during the hot season. Even when the ground is kept wet and their roots are moist enough, young and newly-set trees upon which the bark is thin and tender are cooked by the sun as by a fire, and the branches and trunks die while the roots remain alive. This may often be prevented by winding the trunks with cloths, which shuts out the sun.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

I FILLED a half-hogshead with rainwater, and put into it one-quarter pound ammonia and one-quarter pound common niter. When the strawberry plants were blossoming out I gave them a sprinkling of the solution at evening twice a week until the fruit was nearly full size. The result was double the amount of fruit on those where the liquid was applied to what was obtained from those right alongside upon which none of the liquid was applied.—*Fruit Record.*

Rows of grape-vines should run north and south, so that every leaf may get the sunlight either in the forenoon or afternoon. This is more important in September than during the heat of summer. If the rows run east and west, the vines shade the entire ground and hence you lose a large part of the heat, and the moment the sun disappears there is no stored-up heat to carry the vines through the night. This in time of frost is of great importance.—*Massachusetts Board of Agriculture.*

WE have learned to jest at gapes by making free use of camphor. We give to a chicken in a very bad case a pill the size of a small garden pea. As soon as we see symptoms of gapes we give the birds water to drink which is strongly impregnated with camphor, thus giving to the chickens that which was a favorite medicine with our great-grandmothers, "camphor julep." The treatment seems to explain itself. The gapes or "gaping" is caused by the presence of small red worms in the windpipe. No medicine can reach them unless it does so by vapor. An hour after the chicken has swallowed the pill it smells of camphor. Camphor is a very strong vermifuge, and the worms die.—*London Cottage Gardener.*

J. M. HAYNES, of Lebanon, Ohio, finds a sweet-corn crop more profitable than a distillery. He raises over 500 acres of this crop annually. The drying house employs over fifty persons. The fresh ears are steamed five minutes to "set the milk;" the grain is then cut off rapidly with cutters having concave faces; then spread on perforated zinc tables, and heat applied four or five hours from long furnaces, stirring constantly; then packed in barrels of three bushels each for shipment. Great care is required to have the corn just at the right age, and to have it dried just enough to keep well. Four bushels of fresh corn on the cob make one bushel dried—the wholesale price of which is $20 to $22 per barrel. At fifty bushels of corn per acre, 500 acres would yield 25,000 bushels, and give over 2,000 barrels of dried corn, which, at $20 per barrel, would be $40,000.—*Nebraska Farmer.*

About the House.

Lo, MONDAY is the "washing-day,"
As all good housewives know,
Memorable of dishes hashed,
And clothes as white as snow;
And Tuesday is the "ironing-day,"
'Mid cold, or fog, or heat;
And Wednesday is the "sewing-day,"
To see the clothes are neat;
And Thursday is a leisure-day;
And Friday brooms begin
To sweep away the household dirt
'Fore Sunday's ushered in;
And Saturday is "baking-day,"
Pies, puddings, cakes and bread,
And then the weary week is done,
And we may go to bed.

WHEN boiling meat or poultry never put a fork in the lean part of the meat, as it allows the juices to escape.

A SURE CURE FOR CORNS.—Bathe in a strong solution of soda, pare off close and touch with carbolated iodine; repeat the application of iodine next day and a cure will speedily follow.

IT is stated that spirits of turpentine, sprinkled through the house once a week, is a sure preventive against scarlet fever and other diseases. It is also stated that it will keep moths out of carpets.

TO PURIFY cess-pools and sinks, dissolve a few pounds of copperas in a bucket of water, and pour into sinks or vaults of water-closets, and it will neutralize unpleasant odors and destroy deleterious exhalations.

TO KEEP AWAY MOTHS.—A small piece of paper or linen, moistened with spirits of turpentine, put into a bureau or wardrobe for a single day, two or three times, is said to be a sufficient preservative against moths.

A SMALL dish of charcoal placed in your meat larder will keep the articles sweet and wholesome almost as well as ice. Charcoal is a great disinfectant. Occasionally used for cleansing the teeth, it will sweeten the breath when nothing else will do so.

CANARIES.—To exterminate lice from canary birds, use hollow canes for perches; shake out well mornings into a cup of water, and you will catch them all. Two parts canary, one rape, and one part hemp seed is the best food. The canes used are pipe-stems, ordinarily called tobacco stems.

CRACKED HANDS CURED.—None but a laboring man, who has suffered misery while using an ax, or pounding with other tools, can rightly appreciate this article. For years, when young, I suffered at some seasons untold bitterness, caused by dry cracks on hands and fingers. I tried every so-called remedy I could hear of, but in vain; and, being obliged then to labor each successive day for an honest livelihood, I was bound, as with an iron chain, to such sufferings as almost made life a burden. At last a friend told me to put common copal varnish into the cracks, and it would cure them. Although my faith was very weak, I tried the prescription, and, to my great joy, sure enough, in forty-eight hours my hands were as well as ever. It does not save from fresh cracks, but it never fails to entirely cure the old ones within two days. I kept a small bottle of the varnish, with a sliver standing in it—cost ten cents—always handy, and with its help my hands are nearly well. For knowledge of this simple remedy I would not part for many dollars. I have given it to many others for many years, and have never known of its failure to effectually cure in all such cases. I don't know that the subject can be considered agricultural (perhaps it is only cuticultural), but there are probably farm readers of your paper who will be glad to get the information.

Colorado's Wonderful Wealth.

The mines here, as nowhere else that I know of, are rich from the very surface, so much so, in fact, that they pay for their own development and leave a comfortable margin to those who work them. Tests by actual assay show silver running from thirty to as high as two thousand ounces per ton from a depth of not more than ten feet, the same ores producing at the mills from thirty to five hundred ounces per ton by the quantity. What this country now wants is capital. There are already millions of dollars invested and room for millions more. Mills and reduction works are springing into existence on all sides; the lixiviation works at Lake City, the reduction works of the Crook Brothers, at the same point, Green's smelting works at Silverton, and the new reduction and smelter works now in course of construction or proposed on Henson creek, in Burrow's park, at the mouth of the Cottonwood, Mineral City, Silverton and other points, one and all promise to be scenes of unexpected activity, the tide of capitalists and miners now pouring in being unparalleled in the years past. The new reduction works of the Melville Company at Silverton are about ready for occupancy, the works of the Walker Brothers lightning amalgamator being in position and requiring but the finishing touches to put them in working order with from forty to fifty stamps. There are fully five thousand mines in San Juan, with the indications strong that before this year has expired the number discovered will increase the sum total to half as many more. Since the first discovery of gold in the now famous Saugre de Cristo mines—November, 1874—quartz has bee steadily taken out running from $50 to $500 per ton, while one lead is running at the enormous rate of $40,000 per ton. The Summit is, however, the great gold-bearing district, being exclusively confined to that most precious of metals. There are now no less than six mills in the Summit district—the Adams, Little Annie, Golden Queen, Bowen, Consolidated and Golden Star, and the gold saved in these mills alone the present season will reach fully one million dollars. Last year the bullion product of Colorado was, gold $3,165,000; silver, $3,200,000, or a total of $6,365,000, independent of lead and copper, which is estimated at $140,000. This year it is confidently expected that the total bullion product will reach ten millions of money. The average silver ore of San Juan runs from $150 to $2,000 per ton, the smelting works at Silverton averaging $220 per ton the season through. No silver-mining country in the world can equal this showing of yield, nor can any other mining country equal the San Juan in the ratio of expense in taking out the ores, it averaging but $8 to $10 per ton.—*Rocky Mountain Tourist.*

Up the Bosphorus.

Drifting cautiously down to the mouth of the Golden Horn, picking our way among the shipping that is anchored in mid-stream, we turn away from the point of the Seraglio, head due north, and find ourselves entering a river. This is the Bosphorus; it might be the Hudson, or any other winding stream that has green walls and is lovely to look upon. Just think of it for a moment. On our right the eastern shore is Asia; on our left, to the west, is Europe; at our back is the Sea of Marmora, and in two hours we shall have come to the waters of the Black sea. The channel turns so abruptly at times that seven land-locked lakes are formed, each more charming than the last. Palaces, villas, villages line the delicious shores; the hills brood over the waters like hanging gardens of delight. I believe that the remarkable beauty of the Bosphorus is positively unequaled in the world, for nature has made here a bed for art to dream in. Behold two continents, face to face, like rival queens, glassing themselves between two classic seas. We are cruising between the Pontus and the Propontis, the Euxine and Marmora. We swing from shore to shore; pause for a few moments at each landing; exchange passengers, and have ever about us a landscape that is renewed at every turn, and a surprise that is as fresh when we steam up the Golden Horn at sunset as at the hour when we came out of it with our hearts full of expectation.—*Charles Warren Stoddard, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Letter 334 Years Old.

Frederick Lauer, Esq., has at present in his possession an original manuscript letter of the great reformer, Martin Luther, dated in the year 1542. The letter is written on a half sheet of paper, note size, and is in a well-preserved condition. The manuscript is legible, and the signature "Mart. Luther, D." is written in a good bold hand. There is no doubt as to the authenticity of this letter, written in the dialect of the German language current during the sixteenth century. The signature and chirography have been compared with other manuscripts of Dr. Martin Luther still in existence and found to be an exact resemblance.

The letter is a brief dissertation on the eighteenth psalm, and contains thoughts similar to those found in the "Hymn of the Reformation," and it is believed that the inditing of this letter first led to the composition of that famous hymn. The letter contains expressions which now sound exceedingly curious, in the present refined condition of the German language. The writing is neat and concise, although difficult to read, except to a thorough student of German, in consequence of abbreviation and singular terms used. The age of the letter, 334 years, and its excellent state of preservation give it great value, and it will no doubt ultimately find an eager purchaser in some collector of curiosities of this kind.—*Reading (Pa.) Times.*

A Horse Eating a Lamb's Head.

Cyrel Vesper of the town of Oak Grove has on various occasions found his lambs in a headless condition, and all his efforts to discover the cause were unavailing until last week. One morning he stood in his yard and saw a horse, which he uses but little, walk up to a lamb, take it by the head, and shake it. When Vesper arrived at the spot the horse had nearly devoured the head.—*Beaver Dam (N. C.) Argus.*

Good Material is Always Requisite

to great results. You may have the best flour, eggs, milk, shortening, however, and still have poor bread, cake, pastry, etc. Why? You didn't use DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER. With this last magic element to give order, harmony and union to the rest, the result is a mathematical certainty. Try it, and be convinced.

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

"Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great *Internal Medicine*, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price, $1 a bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

INFORMATION worth thousands to those out of health. Self-help for weak and nervous sufferers. Facts for those who have been dosed, drugged, and quacked. The new Health Journal teaches all. Copies *free*, Address, *Electric Quarterly*, Cincinnati, O.

"Canker in the Bud."

You watch its development with expectant solicitude—the choice, exquisitely-molded bud, which promises to unfold with the perfect flower. You perhaps think how it will adorn the drawing-room vase, and anticipate the pleasure of showing it to your flower-loving friends. But some morning you find its head drooping, its fragrance fled, and an ugly purple spot on one of the delicately-tinted petals. It is the poet's "canker in the bud." How often the loathsome canker blights the cherished "infant blossoms" in our household gardens—those human buds which give earnest of a brilliant future. The noisome canker, so long concealed—scrofula—at length reveals its dreaded presence and to our bright hopes succeeds the most agonizing fear, for we know the fatal sequel it portends—pulmonary consumption. It is estimated by eminent medical authorities that at least one-fifth of mankind are afflicted with this insidious malady. But its ravages are so secret that even its victims are unaware of its presence until it suddenly discloses itself in some of its myriad and oftimes fatal forms. A slight cutaneous eruption is often the only indicator of its presence. The only means of exterminating this disease from the system is by a thorough course of constitutional treatment. This treatment must fulfill three indications, namely, promote nutrition, alter or purify the blood, and arrest disorganization of the tissues and the formation of tubercles. No more efficient alterative can be employed for those purposes than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. While imparting strength and tone to the digestive organs it cleanses the blood and heals the diseased tissues. Test its virtues ere the deadly canker has blighted the life you prize.

A Medicine of Many Uses.

A medicine which remedies dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, debility, intermittent and remittent fevers, urinary and uterine troubles, depurates the blood, counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and gout, and relieves nervousness, may be truly said to have many uses. Such an article is Hostetter's Bitters, one of the most reliable alteratives of a disorderly to a well-ordered state of the system ever prepared or sold. It has been over a quarter of a century before the public, is indorsed by many eminent professors of the healing art, and its merits have received repeated recognitions in the columns of leading American and foreign journals. It is highly esteemed in every part of this country, and is extensively used in South America, Mexico, the British possessions and the West Indies. If its increase in public favor in the past is to be regarded as a reliable criterion of its gain in popularity in coming years, it has indeed a splendid future before it.

AFTER an experience of over twenty-five years, many leading physicians acknowledge that the *Graefenberg Marshall's Uterine Catholicon* is the only known certain remedy for diseases to which women are subject. The *Graefenberg Vegetable Pills*, the most popular remedy of the day for biliousness, headache, liver complaint and diseases of digestion. Sold by all druggists. Send for almanacs. Graefenberg Co., New York.

SEND $1, and fifteen cents for postage, and get the Chicago *Ledger* for one year. The *Ledger* is the most successful, in fact the only successful, literary paper ever published in the West. The above price is merely nominal for such a valuable paper. Address The *Ledger*, Chicago, Ill.

SEND TO S. TAYLOR & Co., Chicago, for a price list. See advertisement in another column.

POND'S EXTRACT FOR PAIN.—You seldom see much allusion to it in the public prints, yet its sale has extended to all parts of the world.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.

PATENTEES and inventors should read advertisement of Edson Bros. in another column.

SEE advertisement of S. Taylor & Co. in another column of this paper.

Hofmann's Hop Pills *cure* the *Ague at once*

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES	9 75	@13 50
HOGS	5 00	@5 50
COTTON	11⅛	@12
FLOUR—Superfine Western	5 75	@6 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 63	@1 65
CORN—Western Mixed	54	@60
OATS—Western Mixed	41	@65
RYE—Western	76	@80
PORK—Mess	13 80	@13 90
LARD	8¾	@9

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	6 60	@7 00
Choice Natives	6 10	@6 50
Cows and Heifers	3 00	@4 50
Good Second-class Steers	5 00	@5 50
Medium to Fair	4 75	@6 00
HOGS—Live	4 40	@4 75
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	9 50	@10 50
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	7 50	@8 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 49	@1 50
No. 3 Spring	1 32	@1 33
CORN—No. 2	45	@46
OATS—No. 2	38	@39
RYE—No. 2	65	@66
BARLEY—No. 2	55	@56
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	18	@22
EGGS—Fresh	10½	@11
PORK—Mess	12 60	@12 75
LARD	8½	@8¾

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 1	1 60	@1 61
No. 2	1 51	@1 52
CORN—No. 2	44	@45
OATS—No. 2	38	@39
RYE—No. 1	68	@70
BARLEY—No. 2	69	@71

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	1 76	@1 77
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	43	@44
OATS—No. 2	38	@39
RYE	64	@66
PORK—Mess	13 00	@13 12½
LARD	8	@8½
HOGS	4 25	@4 50
CATTLE	4 00	@7 00

CINCINNATI.

WHEAT—Red	1 80	@1 95
CORN	48	@50
OATS	38	@42
RYE	74	@76
PORK—Mess	13 00	@13 12½
LARD	9½	@10

TOLEDO.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	1 78	@1 80
Amber	1 82	@1 84
CORN	47	@51
OATS—No. 2	39	@41

DETROIT.

FLOUR—Medium	8 00	@8 50
WHEAT—White	1 90	@1 92
CORN—No. 1	51	@52
OATS—Mixed	43	@44
RYE	85	@90
PORK—Mess	14 00	@14 25

EAST LIBERTY, PA.

HOGS—Yorkers	4 90	@4 95
Philadelphias	4 90	@5 00
CATTLE—Best	6 25	@6 75
Medium	5 50	@6 10
SHEEP	4 25	@5 50

THE novelty and exceptional strength of its perfume are the peculiar fascinations of this luxurious article, which has acquired popularity hitherto unequaled by any Toilet Soap of home or foreign manufacture.

COLGATE'S CASHMERE BOUQUET TOILET SOAP.

TURF GOODS

Largest and Best Stock in the West.

FINE HARNESS, WHIPS, ROBES, and All Kinds of HORSE CLOTHING.

Horse Boots of all kinds manufactured to order, and sent on approval to parties ordering by mail. Get our prices before making your purchases. Ad'rss

S. TAYLOR & CO., 181 East Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

THOMSON'S PATENT GLOVE-FITTING CORSETS.

SURPASSES ALL OTHERS FOR COMFORT. GIVE COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

The Friends of this UNRIVALLED CORSET are now numbered by MILLIONS. Prices are much reduced. MEDAL RECEIVED AT CENTENNIAL. ASK ALSO FOR THOMSON'S UNBREAKABLE STEELS. The best goods made. See that the name of THOMSON and the Trade Mark, a Crown, are stamped on every Corset & Steel.

FITS THE FIGURE PERFECTLY.

WILHOFT'S Anti-Periodic, —OR— FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.

For All Diseases Caused by Malarial Poisoning of the Blood.

A Warranted Cure!

G. R. FINLAY & CO., *New Orleans, Prop's.*

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

UNEQUALLED OFFER.

Full Nickel Silver Plated 7 Shot Revolvers as Premiums.

A MONTH'S AMMUNITION FREE

Tramps, Burglars and Thieves infest all parts of the Country. Every One Should go Armed.

Our NEW Model LONG RANGE Revolver. "TRAMPS' TERROR." Including 100 CARTRIDGES! Every Revolver Warranted Full Best English Steel, Rifled Barrel, and deadly accuracy and long range combined; automatic action, Cylinder revolves when Hammer is cocked. BEST Low-priced Revolver Science can produce. Price $3

Specially adapted for the Weight, 7 ounces. Pocket Revolvers. Loads without removing the Cylinder, either to receive Cartridges or eject shell. Uses Regular Cartridges, kept by all dealers. This is the Weapon for Police, Bankers, and Household use. 5,000 Testimonials. Price $3 with 100 Cartridges, $3. Address WESTERN GUN WORKS, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

CUT OUT THIS CERTIFICATE AND RETURN WITH THREE DOLLARS.

WESTERN GUN WORKS PREMIUM CERTIFICATE. 100 CARTRIDGES FREE! THE WESTERN GUN WORKS hereby agrees, on receipt of this CERTIFICATE and THREE DOLLARS, to send a Single-Barrel Warranted Full Nickel Silver Plated Seven Shot New Model Long Range TRAMPS' TERROR REVOLVER, including a box of 100 Cartridges, and also an EXTRA BOX of SUPERFINE TARGET CARTRIDGES FREE! This offer only holds good for WHITE PARTIES, and is made to introduce our Long Range Revolver and Target Cartridges only presented to holders of this Premium Certificate and not sold in any other way. Also, Shell Rocker and Cleaning Tools complete, all in elegant case. This offer only holds good for WHITE PARTIES, and is made to introduce our Long Range Cartridges and entire outfit. Remit by P. O. Order, Registered Letter, Draft, or Express, as our risk is good on C. O. D. Orders. This Revolver and Outfit cost over $8.00 at retail. Extra fine engraved $4.00.

Name $3 P. O. State Co.

WESTERN GUN WORKS, CHICAGO, ILL. JUNE 18, 1877.

Give Name of Nearest Ex. Office.

"The Best Polish in the World."

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

$1,00 $1.00

Osgood's Heliotype Engravings.

The choicest household ornaments. Price One Dollar each. Send for catalogue.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO. BOSTON, MASS.

$1.00 $1.00

—Maize Flour Toilet Soap!—
—Maize Flour Toilet Soap!—
—Maize Flour Toilet Soap!—

A great discovery!—a new soap compound! It soothes, softens and whitens the skin, has wonderful healing and superior washing properties, and is equally suited for the bath, nursery and gentleman's toilet. It is delightfully perfumed, and sold everywhere at a moderate price. Registered in Patent Office, 1876, by the manufacturers, McKEONE, VAN HAAGEN & CO., Philadelphia.

THE SUN.

1877. NEW YORK. 1877.

THE SUN continues to be the strenuous advocate of reform and retrenchment, and of the substitution of statesmanship, wisdom and integrity for hollow pretense, imbecility and fraud in the administration of public affairs. It commends for the government of the people by the people and for the people, as opposed to government by frauds in the ballot-box and in the counting of votes, enforced by military violence. It endeavors to supply its readers—a body now not far from a million of souls—with the most careful, complete and trustworthy accounts of current events, and employs for this purpose a numerous and carefully selected staff of reporters and correspondents. Its reports from Washington, especially, are full, accurate and fearless; and it doubtless continues to deserve and enjoy the hatred of those who thrive by plundering the Treasury or by usurping what the law does not give them, while it endeavors to merit the confidence of the public by defending the rights of the people against the encroachments of unjustified power.

The price of the Daily SUN is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year, postpaid; or, with the Sunday edition, $7.70 a year.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—In order to introduce THE SUN more widely to the public, we will send THE WEEKLY edition for the remainder of the year, to Jan. 1, 1878, postpaid, for Half a Dollar. Try it.

Address THE SUN, N. Y. City.

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EGGLESTON'S SENSIBLE TRUSS

Has a Pad differing from all others, is cup-shape, with Self Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person would with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.

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FOR 10 CENTS, and 3 cent stamp for postage, we will send for one year, the handsome 8-page paper, Instruction and Specimen Book, entitled

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