EVERY YEAR.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

The spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year.
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Yes! the shores of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places, changing fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

A QUARRELSOME NEIGHBOR.

"That man will be the death of me yet," said Paul Levering. He looked worried out, not angry.

"Thee means Dick Hardy?"

"Yes."

"What has he been doing to thee now?" asked the questioner, a Friend, named Isaac Martin, a neighbor.

"He's always doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have complaint of him. Yesterday one of the boys came and told me he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her on the head."

"That's very bad, friend Levering. Does thee know why he did this? Was thy Durham trespassing on his ground?"

"No, she was only looking over the fence. He has a spite against me and mine, and does all he can to injure me. You know the fine Bartlett pear tree that stands in the corner of my lot adjoining his property?"

"Yes."

"Two large limbs full of fruit hung over on his side. You would hardly believe it, but it is true; I was out there just now, and discovered that he had sawed off these fine limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down upon the ground, and his pigs were eating the fruit."

"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee, friend Levering? He doesn't annoy me. What has thee done to him?"

"Nothing of any consequence."

"Thee must have done something. Try and remember."

"I know what first put him out—I kicked an ugly old dog of his once. The beast, half starved at home, I suppose, was all the time prowling about here, and snatched up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous kick, that sent him howling through the gate. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the dog's master happened to be passing along the road. The way he swore at me was dreadful. I never saw a more vindictive face. The next day a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised from a pup, met me shivering at the door, with his tail cut off. I don't know when I have felt so badly. Poor fellow! his piteous looks haunt me now; I had no proof against Dick, but have never doubted as to his generous agency in the matter. In my grief and indignation I shot the dog, and so put him out of sight."

"Thee was hasty in that, friend Levering," said the Quaker.

"Perhaps I was, though I never regretted the act. I met Dick a few days afterward. The grin of satisfaction on his face I accepted as an acknowledgment of his mean and cruel revenge. Within a week from that time one of my cows had a horn knocked off."

"What did thee do?"

"I went to Dick Hardy and gave him a piece of my mind."

"That is, thee scolded and called him hard names and threatened."

"Yes—just so, friend Martin."

"Did any good come of it?"

"About as much good as though I had whistled to the wind."

"How has it been since?"

"No change for the better; it grows, if anything, worse and worse. Dick never gets tired of annoying me."

"Has thee ever tried the law with him, friend Levering? The law should protect thee."

"Oh yes, I've tried the law. Once he ran his heavy wagon against my carriage purposely, and upset me in the road. I made a narrow escape with my life. The carriage was so badly broken that it cost me $50 for repairs. A neighbor saw the whole thing, and said it was plainly intended by Dick. So I sent him the carriage maker's bill, at which he got into a towering passion. Then I threatened him with a prosecution, and he laughed in my face malignantly. I felt the time had come to act decisively, and I sued him, relying on the evidence of my neighbor. He was afraid of Dick, and so worked his testimony that the jury saw only an accident instead of a purpose to injure. After that Dick Hardy was worse than ever. He took an evil delight in annoying and injuring me. I am satisfied that in more than one instance he has left gaps in his fences in order to entice my cattle into his fields, that he might set his dogs on them, and hurt them with stones. It is more than a child of mine dare to cross his premises. Only last week he tried to put his dog on my little Florence, who had strayed into one of his fields after buttercups. The dog was less cruel than the master, or she would have been torn by his teeth, instead of only being frightened by his bark."

"It's a hard case, truly, friend Levering. Our neighbor Hardy seems possessed of an evil spirit."

"The spirit of the devil," was answered with feeling.

"He's thy enemy, assuredly; and if thee does not get rid of him he will do thee great harm. Thee must, if thee would dwell in safety, friend Levering."

[The Quaker's face was growing very serious. He spoke in a lowered voice, and bent toward his neighbor in a confidential manner.]

"Thee must put him out of the way."

"Friend Martin!" The surprise of Paul was unfeigned.

"Thee must kill him."

The countenance of Levering grew black with astonishment.

"Kill him?" he ejaculated.

"If thee doesn't kill him he'll certainly kill thee one of these days, friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self-preservation being the first law of nature.

"And get hung!"

"I don't think they'll hang thee," coolly returned the Quaker. "Thee can go over to his place and get him all alone by thyself. Or thee can meet him in some by-road. Nobody need see thee, and when he's dead I think people will be more glad than sorry."

"Do you think I'm no better than a murderer? I, Paul Levering, stain my hands with blood!"

"Who said anything about staining thy hands with blood?" said the Quaker, mildly.

"Why, you!"

"Thee's mistaken. I never used the word blood."

"But you meant it. You suggested murder."

"No, friend Levering, I advised thee to kill thy enemy, lest some day he should kill thee."

"Isn't killing murder, I should like to know?" demanded Levering.

"There are more ways than one to kill an enemy," said the Quaker. "I've killed a good many in my time, and no stain of blood can be found on my garments. My way of killing enemies is to make them friends. Kill Neighbor Hardy with kindness, and thee'll have no more trouble with him."

A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Levering's face, as if a cloud had passed. A new way to kill people.

"The surest way to kill enemies, as thee'll find, if thee'll only try."

"Let me see. How shall we go about it?" said Paul Levering, taken at once with the idea.

"If thee has the will, friend Levering, it will not be long before thee finds the way."

And so it proved. Not two hours afterward, as Mr. Levering was driving into the village, he found Dick Hardy with a stalled cart-load of stone. He was whipping his horse and swearing at him passionately, but to no purpose. The cart wheels were buried half-way to the axles in stiff mud, and defied the strength of one horse to move them. On seeing Mr. Levering Dick stopped pulling and swearing, and, getting on the cart, commenced pitching the stones off on to the side of the road.

"Hold on a bit, friend Hardy," said Levering, in a pleasant voice, as he dismounted and unhitched his horse. But Dick pretended not to hear, and kept on pitching off the stones. "Hold on, I say, and don't give yourself all that trouble," added Mr. Levering, speaking in a louder voice, but in kind and cheerful tones. "Two horses are better than one. With Charlie's help we'll soon have the wheels on solid ground again."

Understanding now what was meant, Dick's hands fell almost nerveless by his side. "There," said Levering, as he put his horse in front of Dick's, and made the traces fast, "one pull, and the thing is done." Before Dick could get down from the cart it was out of the mud-hole, and, without saying a word more, Levering unfastened his horse from the front of Dick's horse, and, hitching up again, rode on.

On the next day Mr. Levering saw Dick Hardy in the act of strengthening a weak fence, through which Levering's cattle had broken once or twice, thus removing temptation, and saving the cattle from being beaten and set on by dogs.

"Thee's given him a bad wound, friend Levering," said the Quaker, on getting information of the two incidents just mentioned, "and it will be thy own fault if thee does not kill him."

Not long afterward, in the face of an approaching storm, and while Dick Hardy was hurrying to get in some clover hay, his wagon broke down. Mr. Levering who saw from one of his fields the incident, and understood what its loss might occasion, hitched up his own wagon and sent it over to Dick's assistance. With a storm coming on that might last for days, and ruin from two to three tons of hay, Dick could not decline the offer, though it went against the grain to accept a favor from the man he had hated for years, and injured in so many ways.

On the following morning Mr. Levering had a visit from Dick Hardy. It was raining fast. "I've come," said Dick, stammering and confused, and looking down on the ground instead of at Mr. Levering's face, "to pay you for the use of your team, yesterday, in getting in my hay. I should have lost it if you hadn't sent your wagon, and it's only right that I should pay you for the use of it."

"I should be very sorry," answered Paul Levering, cheerfully, "if I couldn't do a neighborly turn without pay. You are quite welcome, friend Hardy, to the wagon. I am more than paid in knowing that you saved that nice field of cover. How much did you get?"

"About three tons. But, Mr. Levering, I must——"

"Not a word, if you don't want to offend me," interrupted Levering. "I trust there isn't a man around here that wouldn't do as much for a neighbor in time of need. Still, if you feel embarrassed—if you don't wish to stand my debtor, pay me in good will."

Dick Hardy raised his eyes slowly, and, looking in a strange, wondering way at Mr. Levering, said: "Shall we not be friends?" Mr. Levering reached out his hand. Hardy grasped it with a quick, short grip, and then, as if to hide his feelings that were becoming too strong, dropped it, and went off hastily.

"Thee's killed him!" said the Quaker, on his next meeting with Levering; "thy enemy is dead!"

"Slain by kindness," answered Paul Levering, "which you supplied."

"No, thee took it from God's armory, where all men may equip themselves without charge, and become invincible," replied the Quaker. "And I trust, for thy peace and safety, thee will never use any other weapons in fighting with thy neighbors. They are sure to kill."

Russians and Germans.

The explanation which the *Spectator* gives of the tardiness of the Russian army is a very shrewd one. It says that the staff has got the campaign of 1870 on the brain; it wants to move hosts equal to the German ones with the same precision, the same unfailing success, and the same earthquaky results; it aims to do everything on a gigantic scale, and to move men by the hundred thousand across a broad river, but finds that the task involves difficulties only to be met by a grievous expenditure of time. The Russian forces fight well, maneuver well, and are well directed; but there is a want of "go" about them, a disposition to have everything prepared as if an army were a watch, a tendency to wait for overwhelming masses of artillery, which reveals a certain want of self-confidence not to be anticipated in a conquering people. These strictures are made by the great Liberal weekly which has criticized the policy of the British Government most unmercifully, espoused the cause of Russia, and hailed the war as the most just and necessary of modern times. British Generals, however, have been charged with making war with watch in hand.

A Fire Extinguished with Milk.

Barre, a village in Washington county, Vt., has several manufacturing companies, but farming, wool, sugar, and stock-raising constitute the principal business of the place, not mentioning the large quantities of the celebrated Vermont butter and cheese. The barns are in almost every case attached to the dwelling. One of them was in flames; the inhabitants turned out en masse, and were fighting the fire successfully, with fair prospects of saving the house, and it was announced that the supply of water was exhausted. The milk of 100 cows was substituted for water; carpets were saturated with this precious but cheap commodity, and the homestead was saved.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

COFFEE FOR TIRED HORSES.—A veterinary surgeon of Prague is said to have discovered that strong coffee has a wonderfully-reviving effect upon decrepit and overworked horses. In a very short time it renews their vigor, smooths their skin, and restores their full capacity for work.

NO STOCK should be allowed to wander over the meadows. This is doubly injurious. It destroys the grass and spoils the appetite of the animals for dry feed. Nothing is gained, but much is lost by this practice. The ground is also "poached," and quagmires are formed in low, springy spots where the first grass appears.

PROTECTING YOUNG TREES.—The cheapest and best way I have found to protect the trunks of trees from sheep, etc., is to cut bass-wood when it will peel freely, and cut the bark in strips long and wide enough to go around the tree. It will curl round in drying and be a sure protection.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

SCREENS.—Mr. E. Moody said at the Rochester horticultural meeting that he found screens of trees of much value to some of his plantations. In his garden he gets abundant crops of the Franconia raspberry, except where there is an opening in the screen which surrounded it. He has known peaches to be killed on the windward side of a screen and to escape on the other side.

SHEEP AS FERTILIZERS.—Springel allowed that the manure of 1,400 sheep for one day is equal to manuring highly one acre of land, which is about four sheep per year. Mechi, a still more recent authority, estimates that 1,500 sheep, folded on an acre of land twenty-four hours, or 100 sheep for fifteen days, would manure the land sufficiently to carry it through four years' rotation.—*Semi-Tropical.*

HARNESS IN STABLES.—Harness should never be kept in the stable where manure is constantly generating large quantities of ammonia. This ammonia is rapidly absorbed by the leather, and the effect upon the leather is about the same as would result from saturating it with strong lye. In a word, ammonia rots leather, and hence keeping harness in the stable is sure to result in its damage, more or less.—*Exchange.*

WATERING GARDENS.—When the warm, sunny days come, and our gardens look dry, and parched, we are so strongly tempted to use the watering pot that we frequently yield, and so injure the plants that we are striving to benefit. If we attempt to water our flower beds at all, we must do it thoroughly. Wait until after sunset, and then pour on water until it seems ready to run off. Let this soak into the ground and then water again. Finally, spread freshly-cut grass over the beds; this covering will tend to keep the ground soft and moist. The usual method of sprinkling the flower beds slightly only tends to make the surface of the ground hard and dry, thus excluding air and moisture.—*Globe-Democrat.*

MOTHERLESS YOUNG ANIMALS.—How to mother motherless young animals—foal, calves, or lambs. Rub the palm of the hand full of gin on the nose and mouth of the dam; rub a little of the same bottle along the back of the young animal to be adopted, place them together and the relationship is complete. The advantage of this simple process will be complete to those who have to do with long-wool sheep, where, as is frequently the case, a ewe leaves a pair of fine lambs, while probably another ewe loses her lambs, when exchange of maternal affection is instantly brought about by the gin, to the saving and successful raising of what otherwise would be two troublesome pets at best. When a ewe has three lambs, and another ewe one, the disparity can be effectually remedied in the same manner.

REGULARITY IN FEEDING.—Nothing is more important than regularity in feeding. If the usual time be allowed to pass the animals become uneasy and worried, and every feeder knows a fretting animal will not fatten. A supply of good, pure water is absolutely necessary, and especially if dry food is used exclusively. Rock salt should be kept constantly in the feeding-troughs. Injudicious feeding is generally followed by scouring, and the nature and conditions of the secretions form infallible guides to the careful feeder. All cattle should be carded daily; it is well known to the groom that nothing will so improve the horse's condition, and in all animals it induces warmth and cleanliness, and promotes the healthy action of the skin. Very poor cattle will sometimes be found to be lousy, a remedy for which is a good wash with tobacco water. Animals of restless disposition do not thrive so well as those of quiet temper, and kind words and gentle actions on the part of the feeder will be well repaid in their peaceful contentment and certain improvement.—*American Cultivator.*

About the House.

HUCKLEBERRY BREAD.—One quart flour, one pint sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, one and a half pint berries; mix as stiff as biscuit dough.

IT is worth knowing that if one volume of castor oil be dissolved in two or three volumes of spirits of wine it will render paper transparent, and, the spirits rapidly evaporating, the paper in a few minutes becomes fit for use. A drawing in pencil or in India ink can thus be made, and if the paper is placed in spirits of wine the oil is dissolved out, restoring the paper to its original condition.

SCALLOPED OYSTER-PLANT.—Boil oyster-plant or salsify till very tender; drain off all the water and rub through a colander; add butter, pepper, salt, and milk, and mix well together. Put in a baking-dish, cover the top with bread-crumbs, with here and there small bits of butter. Bake a delicate brown. Celery-salt may be used for a flavor, but not quite as much as one would of common salt.—*Christian Union.*

REMOVING TEA STAINS.—The stains will come out of buff linen lunch cloth by being put in the boiler in a suds made two pailfuls of water, a teacupful of soft soap, and a tablespoonful of the "Magical Mixture" for washing. Let these ingredients boil together five minutes; then put the boiler on the corner of the range and put the cloth in, stirring it around, but not letting it boil. The color will not be injured in the least by this process.

A HOME-MADE CARPET.—An Eastern lady says: Have any of you a spare bed-chamber, seldom used, which you would like to carpet at little expense? Go to the paper-hanger's and select a paper looking as much like carpet as you can find. Having taken it home, first paper the floor of your bedroom with brown paper; then over this put down your wall-paper. A good way to do this will be to put a good coat of paste upon the width of the roll of paper and the length of the room, and then lay the paper, unrolling and smoothing at the same time. When the floor is all covered, then size and varnish, only dark glue and common furniture varish being used, and the floor will look all the better for the darkening these will give it. When it is dry, put down a few rugs by the bedside and toilet table, and you have as pretty a carpet as you could wish.

Chinese Coin.

In China the Government long ago ceased to coin the precious metals or regulate "the value thereof." Gold in China is not money; silver is money, but neither is coined. Both are merchandise, and pass by weight and fineness. The Chinese Government provides one coin—and one coin only—for the use of its people, namely, an ugly, coarse and comparatively heavy disc, composed mainly of iron, with a little copper; cast, and not stamped, and bearing some rude characters, letters or signs upon its surface. This coin, which is known among foreigners by the name of "cash," has a value of about one mill, American money, and is made with a hole in the center for convenience in stringing in tens and its decimal multiples.

THAT'S ALL.

Mr. Parker's Funny Little Story.

[From the New York World.]

Mr. Parker sat in Mr. Johnson's place last evening, a shade of melancholy upon his usually placid brow. At last he turned to his friend and said: "Johnson, you remember the race I had after that boy who tried to push me off the Bleecker street car?"

"Oh yes, I remember," said Mr. Johnson.

"Speaking of boys," resumed Mr. Parker, "did I ever tell you about the boy and the policeman?"

"No."

"Sad, sad story, but if policemen will let their temper rise, and if boys will annoy them—well, well, I suppose such things are intended as a lesson," said Mr. Parker with a sigh.

"Do tell us the story," urged Mr. Johnson.

"I suppose I might as well," said Mr. Parker. "It was the 15th day of last June, at exactly 3:15 o'clock in the afternoon. I know, because I looked at my watch just before the—the" —— Mr. Parker hesitated for a word a moment, and then said—"affair." "I was going up Broadway, and had reached Broome street, when the first peculiar and unwonted thing I observed was a small boy seated upon the steps of an omnibus also going up town. Suddenly I saw an officer, who had placed a whistle to his lips and blew a shrill blast. The sound of the whistle seemed to affect the small boy, for he raised his hand gracefully to a level with his face, placed his thumb upon the tip of his exceedingly pug nose, and moved his fingers in the air. He accompanied this salute with the remark, 'Blow away, old Prussian blue.' This seemed to anger the policeman, who did blow away at a tremendous rate.

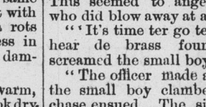
"'It's time ter go ter work; don't yer hear de brass foundry a-whistlin'?' screamed the small boy, derisively.

"The officer made a dash after him; the small boy clambered down, and a chase ensued. The situation of affairs at this point of my story can be more easily comprehended by a reference to this drawing."

Here Mr. Parker executed a few rapid strokes with a piece of chalk upon a slate whereon he had been scoring points in a recent game.

"Here," said he, "is the map:"

MAP.



"Figure A represents the policeman.

"Figure B is a correct drawing of his club.

"Figure C is a rough sketch of the small boy.

"Now," continued Mr. Parker, "keep your eye on the map and you will understand what I am about to say. A flourished B in his right hand and dashed off in pursuit of C. C ran faster than A, probably spurred to exertion by the fear of B. A swore and C tore along at a great rate. All at once C slipped on X (an unknown quantity—perhaps a banana; perhaps an orange peel). A gained, and B was raised high in air over the devoted head of C, when C arose and ran rapidly down a narrow street."

"Well?" said Mr. Johnson, excitedly.

"Well what?" asked Mr. Parker.

"Tell us the rest; did he kill the boy? Finish the story."

"That's all," said Mr. Parker, solemnly.

You May Dun by Postal Card.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* thus explains the issue brought in that city against the sender of a dunning postal card: "A. Zehandalaar was examined before United States Commissioner O'Beirne on a charge of sending an indecent publication—a postal card—to E. G. Emmett, law clerk in the office of C. T. Emmett, dunning him for an unpaid tailor bill. Mr. Emmett was asked if he did not owe the bill, but an objection was made. The District Attorney argued the card contained an innuendo that that the debtor was dishonest, by use of the following words: 'Honest men pay their tailors' bills. He argued that an attempt was made to hold Emmett up to public ridicule. The language was absolutely insulting. It was an illegitimate mode of collecting a debt. The object was to protect the postoffice from becoming the vehicle for conveying indecent and insulting communications. He considered any unbecoming language actionable. The defense claimed that there was nothing indecent on the card; that any lady could read it without blushing. The Commissioner promptly ruled out the evidence and dismissed the case, holding that the statute did not cover the case."

What Our Great Men Are Doing.

The exchange list gives the following facts in regard to the present whereabouts and doings of some great men: George Washington recently put up at the Stockbridge (Mass.) station-house, and has been brought before the Brooklyn courts for deserting his wife Elizabeth. Andrew Jackson is a policeman at San Jose, Cal., and is also in the toils of the law for burglary at San Francisco. Sam Adams has just been pardoned out of Sing Sing, and William Wirt heads a gang of Philadelphia burglars. Patrick Henry, Andrew Johnson, Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Fremont are on the tramp in various parts of the country. William Penn is foreman of a New Jersey fire company, and is in trouble for deserting his wife, and Horace Greeley keeps a hotel in Santa Barbara, and has been arrested in South Carolina for chicken-stealing. Napoleon Bonaparte is on the New Orleans grand jury. G. Garibaldi drives a Chicago express wagon; Thomas Moore is in the Dayton (Ohio) poor-house, and Julius Cæsar keeps a hotel at San Jose, Cal.—*Harper's for August.*

How to Reach the North Pole.

Various suggestions are from time to time thrown out for reaching the North pole. One enthusiast proposes to accomplish the journey in a balloon, and now we are told that all that is needed is a little glycerine. The greatest obstacle to be overcome in the Arctic regions is scurvy. The specific for scurvy is lime-juice, because the flavor of the latter is so nauseous. What is to be done? A correspondent of the London *Times* fancies he has solved the conundrum. It is the addition of glycerine to the lime-juice. But the blue-jackets prefer scurvy to lime juice, which is thereby preserved in a fluid condition, and free from fungoid growths, even in very cold climates. Add, says this writer, a lump or two of loaf sugar, a soupcon of lemon oil, and then a good jorum of hot water and fluid lime-juice and old rum, and the North pole must surrender.

ENGLAND, whose Field Marshals had been reduced by death to the Duke of Cambridge and the Prince of Wales, has now three new Field Marshals. They are Gen. Sir William Rowan, an Irishman, 88 years of age; Gen. Sir Charles York, 87 years old; and Hugh Rose, Lord Strathnairn, who is only 74, and was distinguished as commander of the forces in Central India during the mutiny. He was raised to the peerage in 1866, in reward chiefly for his Indian services.

TURPINS OF THE PLAINS.

A Veracious Account of a Recent Stage Robbery between Deadwood and Cheyenne, as Told by a Passenger.

It was a wild country that we passed through. Foot hills all about us, deep and narrow gulches in the road, not a house or human being in sight for miles. The curtains were all up on our side of the coach, and were all down on the opposite side. I was very weary from long traveling, and I soon dropped away into a light "stage-coach" nap. I tried hard to keep awake, for I knew we were within a few miles of the Cheyenne river, but I couldn't. I had slept about half an hour, when I awoke and found the coach standing still. I heard voices outside, and in the first moments of awakening, not fully realizing where I was, I put my head out of the window.

"Take in that head, or I'll put a bullet through it. Don't make such a break as that again."

I got all of myself inside the coach in the quickest possible time. I knew then we were in the hands of the highwaymen of the Black Hills. It appeared that, as the mules pulled the coach down into a gulch, about fifteen feet wide and about six feet deep, and before they could pull out, four men sprang out from the side of the road. The mules balked, and the coach stopped. The Captain of the gang was on our side of the coach; his three men on the other. The driver and Keeler were "covered" with guns, and were told to "put up their hands," which they didn't hesitate to do.

The Captain said: "Driver, throw down your gun."

The gun on the front of the coach is usually kept on the driver's seat. This time it was down in the boot. Keeler reached after it, but the robbers thought he was the express messenger, and one of the three men said to him: "None of that. Make no break, or you are a dead man. Throw up your hands."

The Captain then made the driver reach down for his gun, bring it up muzzle foremost, and then throw it out upon the ground. The driver and Keeler were then made to descend from their seats.

The Custer box was taken out, broken open and nothing of value found therein. The work of removing the Deadwood box from the coach was commenced. The driver and Keeler were made to do the work. All the tools they had to work with were the stage wrench and a broken stage bolt. The stage was stopped at about 8:30 p. m., and, after they had worked about an hour one of the gang said: "These fellows are d—d fools, boys; I have been in the penitentiary half a dozen times with more iron than that about me, and I got out every time." So he lent a helping hand, and, in half an hour afterward, the box was out of the boot and on the ground.

While the removal of the box was progressing we were busy secreting what valuables and cash we had. Mrs. Tonn stowed her property away in a safe place. One passenger cut a seat open slightly and hid his watch so that he wasn't able to find it himself until daylight. Another passenger put his watch on the floor of the coach, and he, too, could not find it until morning. Two or three of us stowed away what little cash we had reserved for expenses in the upper lining of the coach, but unfortunately the nervousness of one of the passengers caused two packages of the money to fall out of the open window, where it was lost.

The robbers were very jocose. They told Mr. Keeler that they got $13,000 the night before. They sent word by the driver to Luke Voorhees, of Cheyenne, Superintendent of the stage line, that he must send them up a pair of good scales. They had been dividing up the gold dust with a spoon, supposed to hold about six ounces, and they couldn't make a fair divide, so they wanted the gold scales. They told the driver that he needn't be afraid. They didn't propose to bust him, so long as he made no "break." What they wanted was the company's treasure. If he (the driver) was discharged they would not only take care of him, but they would kill the driver who took his place. They wanted Jack Gilmer to come up the road, they said, so that they could make him get out and walk a ways. They didn't fear the soldiers they heard were coming up the road. They were fighting for big money; soldiers for a few dollars per month; there were fourteen of them, and in a fight any one of them would take his chances with the fourteen rather than with the soldiers. They didn't want to disturb the mails, as it was against the law. All they wanted was gold dust and currency. Drafts, etc., they would put back in the boxes, and leave them in the road where the next up-coach could get them and take them back to Deadwood.

The proposition had been made to go through the pockets of the passengers while the box was being forced off, but the Captain said, "No, not now." In the meantime, one of the gang asked particularly whether Mrs. Tonn was on board; also, if Dr. Edwards was one of the passengers. After the box was taken off one of the men who had been watching the road back of the coach came up, and said, "Now let's rob the women." The Captain emphatically said "No!" to that proposition, and told the driver to drive on. As he did so, he said, "Our gang has divided up. There are two gangs further down. Three miles from here you may meet the second detachment. If not, eight miles below you will probably meet the third gang. If you (addressing the driver) drive slow, and have no one outside with you, you may pass them all, as they may see that we have the treasure box." So we drove on, and were not further molested that night.

Attempted Suicide by Starvation.

Six months ago a gentleman and his wife registered their names in the best hotel in Sonora, Cal. They made few acquaintances; they seemed to court seclusion; they wandered up and down the grassy hills; occasionally they were seen sitting under a tall pine; anon the man carried a pick-ax on his shoulder and had the air of a man who was hunting for a pocket vein; they were eccentric and mysterious. On June 30 they disappeared, and, after their fellow-boarders had gossiped about them for a day or two, search was made for them. The queer couple were found on the top of Bald mountain, not far from the town. They had been out-doors about ninety hours; they had not lost their way; they had gone out into the woods with the deliberate purpose of starving to death; they had eaten nothing; they had a four-ounce bottle filled with water, with which they had moistened their parched lips; they were dying by inches. The neighbors carried them to a cabin and induced them to eat something. The husband is a graduate of a Pennsylvania medical college, and owns a homestead in New Jersey. Once he was very wealthy, but he lost everything in stock speculations in San Francisco. He had been waiting for remittances from that city; his last penny was gone; he was in debt to the hotel proprietor; he resolved to go up to the mountain and starve, and his wife went with him. The *Alta* is unable to determine whether these people are lunatics or Spiritualists.

Protection from Flies.

A contemporary records the discovery of a French pharmaceutal chemist who has discovered a way to protect horses from attacks of flies, according to a London medical paper. His invention consists of rubbing the horses, especially the parts most subject to attack, with a little concentrated oil of laurel. There is not the slightest danger in its use, and the cost is said to be very small. Another repellant suggested by the same person is a solution of 60 grammes (1 lb. and 5 ozs avordupois) of assafœtida in two glasses of water, and one of vinegar.

If horses be well washed with this not a fly will settle on them, as the assafœtida drives the flies away. This drug has no deleterious qualities as an external application, and may be used unhesitatingly.

Appetite a Necessity.

Appetite is a necessity. Without it, sufficient food is not received into the stomach, either to nourish the system or to give the stimulus to the bowels which they require. Both these organs and the liver become torpid in consequence, and the blood grows poor in quality and quantity. Improve the appetite, therefore, and avoid such results. This is most effectually done with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a tonic appetiser and alterative without a peer. It gives not only an untwonted zest for food, but enables the stomach to digest and the system to assimilate it. Flatulence, heartburn, nausea, and every other concomitant of indigestion, are removed by it, as are also biliousness and constipation. Each nerve and fiber of the body is made to tingle with health by its use, and it is the leading remedy for despondency.

Trouble in the Household.

We would advise every one interested not to buy Yeast or Baking Powders, loose or in bulk. They are usually made by unskillful persons, and have frequently proven totally unfit for use. There is no guarantee or responsibility attached to loose powder. DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER is always put up in cans, warranted full weight, and absolutely pure.

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THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES	8 75	@12 75
HOGS	5 30	@ 5 65
COTTON	12½	@ 12½
FLOUR—Superfine Western	5 30	@ 6 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 56	@ 1 58
CORN—Western Mixed	58	@ 60
OATS—Western Mixed	35	@ 60
RYE—Western	74	@ 78
PORK—Mess	14 50	@14 60
LARD	9¼	@ 9½
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	6 25	@ 6 75
Choice Native	6 00	@ 6 00
Cows and Heifers	2 75	@ 4 50
Good Second-class Steers	4 00	@ 4 50
Medium to Fair	4 80	@ 5 30
HOGS—Live	4 95	@ 5 25
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	9 25	@ 9 75
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	7 50	@ 8 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 44	@ 1 44½
No. 3 Spring	1 22	@ 1 23
CORN—No. 2	48	@ 48½
OATS—No. 2	31	@ 32½
RYE—No. 2	63	@ 64
BARLEY—No. 2	62	@ 65
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	18	@ 20
EGGS—Fresh	10	@ 11
PORK—Mess	13 65	@13 75
LARD	9	@ 9¼
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 53	@ 1 55
No. 2	1 47	@ 1 48
CORN—No. 2	48	@ 49
OATS—No. 2	33	@ 34
RYE—No. 1	65	@ 67
BARLEY—No. 2	69	@ 71
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	1 40	@ 1 42
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	46	@ 47
OATS—No. 2	33	@ 34
RYE	55	@ 57
PORK—Mess	13 70	@13 80
LARD	9	@ 9¼
HOGS	4 60	@ 5 00
CATTLE	4 50	@ 6 00
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—Red	1 35	@ 1 45
CORN	48	@ 50
OATS	34	@ 40
RYE	65	@ 67
PORK—Mess	13 95	@14 05
LARD	8⅞	@ 10½
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	1 19	@ 1 21
Amber Michigan	1 89	@ 1 91
CORN	52	@ 54
OATS—No. 2	34	@ 36
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Medium	8 00	@ 8 50
WHEAT—No. 1	1 86	@ 1 87
CORN—No. 1	52	@ 54
OATS—Mixed	37	@ 39
RYE	65	@ 75
PORK—Mess	14 00	@14 25
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
HOGS—Yorkers	5 20	@ 5 30
Philadelphias	5 40	@ 5 50
CATTLE—Best	6 00	@ 6 50
Medium	5 00	@ 6 00
SHEEP	3 50	@ 5 50

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