GIRL AND WOMAN.

"He will come, will come," she said,
And her breath was like the South,
And the sun lay on her head,
And the morning round her mouth;
And she smiled across the sea
In her girlhood's surety.

"He will come in ship of state,
Like a conqueror to his own,
With a bearing kingly great,
That shall lean to me alone—
Laying all his glory down
For my kingdom, sword and crown.

"And the sword I shall restore
For the high deeds yet to be,
Since no life of knightly yore,
Vowed to rarest ministry,
With his prowess shall begin
Who has wifely arms to win.

"But the crown I'll fling afar,
Smiling soft to hear him say,
'Love, there shineth star nor bar
Like your smiling on my way;
Leaves of bay would fall and fade
Where your lightest touch has staid.'

"Other maidens may be fair;
He will whisper close and low,
That my love's beyond compare
With the beauty they bestow;
While, because he stoops to me,
I shall grow most fair to see."

So I left her on the shore
When the dawn was growing day;
And the white ships, drifting o'er,
Leaned and listened to her lay;
And the waves, to others dumb,
Laughed and whispered, "He will come."

So I found her on the shore
When the harbor lights were dim,
And the expectant curves of yore
Something sweeter seemed to limn;
Still she waited love's surprise
With the youngness in her eyes!

Still she murmured, "He will come;
Days and sails are drifting by;
Other ships go laden home,
Bright with golden argosy;
And the ship for which I wait
Droppeth anchor soon or late.

"I shall know him, though he stands
With the slain years fronting him;
Though he reach untender hands
Of a warrior worn and grim;
Though the smile I go to meet
Shine through tempest and defeat

"For the billows will have brought
All their burden to his strength,
And the winds have fed his thought,
Till his kingdom stretch at length
From the power and peace of seas
To all loves and mysteries.

"And because October holds
More of spring-time than the spring,
And because all harvest folds
Both the bud and blossoming,
He shall find my patience sweet
And my unvowed faith complete."

So I left her on the shore.
Does he come? I only know
That the moon for evermore
Draws the tides, and, swift or slow,
Bound, or barred, or flowing free,
Every river finds its sea.
—*Harper's Monthly for October.*

A TALE OF BUENA VISTA.

The sun rose in a cloudless sky on that memorable 22d of February, lighting up the gloomy valley of Los Angosturas, or the Narrows, as it was more commonly called, with a reflecting brilliancy that made the hoary peaks of the Sierra Nevada glitter and sparkle till the lonesome ravines seemed alive with its refracting rays. Hardly lonely, however, was the usually quiet valley on this eventful day. For eleven miles above Agua Nueva, and near the hacienda of Buena Vista, from which the subsequent battle received its name, were encamped some 5,000 of Taylor's veterans; hardy men, every one of them, and of tried courage, the heroes of many battles, and willing to risk their lives anywhere their intrepid commander would lead them.

They had taken up their present position in consequence of the approach of a vastly superior body of Mexicans. The position was a strong one, their flank being protected by mountains which rose abruptly on each side; these, together with the ravines and gullies by which the space between the armies was broken, formed one of the greatest natural fortresses spoken of in history.

Below them was the glittering army of Santa Anna, consisting of not less than 23,000 well-armed men; their gayly-colored uniforms contrasting strongly with the plain and serviceable suits of Taylor's men.

The American forces were placed so as to secure every advantage; the road running through the valley was swept by their artillery; while the troops, without exception, were in the best of spirits. It was Washington's birthday, and that, of itself, the men thought, would give success to their arms.

Early on the 23d, Santa Anna endeavored to turn the American left. He was successful; the comparatively small body of Americans could not withstand the powerful columns of Ampudia. But, as the Mexicans seemed on the eve of victory, Gen. Taylor arrived with reinforcements from Saltillo.

By great exertions the Colonel in command rallied a part of his own regiment—the Mississippi Rifles—and a part of the Second Indiana, and by a quick advance drove back a strong body of Mexican lancers. Quickly forming his men in the shape of a letter V, he awaited their approach.

On came the Mexicans at a sweeping gallop, their shouts and laughter, as well as their gaudy uniforms, seeming more fit for the ball-room than the stern realities of the battle ground. Their careless riding, and the gay jokes they passed among themselves, showed that they expected an easy victory. Their intended prey, however, manifested little alarm; like so many statues they stood in their places, each occupying a certain portion of the V, their arms ready for instant use, to be sure, but otherwise they seemed utterly unconscious of the approach of an overwhelmingly superior force of the enemy.

"Poor devils!" said a tall Mississippi rifleman, in a low tone, to a still taller companion; "I reckon they don't understand the Colonel's tactics, or they wouldn't be quite so anxious to examine the riflemen's V."

The person addressed was a tall—or rather an extra tall—soldier. He was clad in a cheap, coarse suit like his companions, and appeared to be about 40 years of age. His limbs were massive, but well-formed and shapely, made up rather of large bones and muscles than of superfluous flesh; in short, he was a man who could endure a long tramp without tiring, and be ready for action when his companions were completely worn out and exhausted. His face might once have been handsome, but now it was scarred and seamed by constant exposure to deadly warfare and no less deadly elements. But his eyes—his eyes were what would have called for the second look; black as midnight, and as quick and sharp as lightning; eyes which if once seen would never be forgotten.

Such was Glen Atwood; a man who would fight till he fell, never forgive an enemy nor desert a friend. He had had numberless chances of promotion, but had always refused them, saying that he preferred the ranks to the shoulder-straps, and had rather do the fighting than order somebody else to do it.

During the two or three years he had been with the Mississippi Rifles he had made but one friend—one in whom he ventured to repose any confidence. Bert Williams, with his happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care face, seemed the last person whom such a man as Glen Atwood would have selected as a chum; nevertheless, there had sprung up a friendship between the two that bade fair to prove lasting. Many were the times they had saved each other from certain death on the battle-field, at the risk of their own lives, till, at the time our story opens, there was nothing possible that one would not do for the other.

At his companion's exclamation Glen had smiled faintly, at the same time saying, in an equally low tone:

"Look at them, Bert; they seem uncertain whether to come on, stop, or go back."

It was true. The Mexicans had expected to be fired upon as soon as they came within range; then, before the Americans could reload, they intended to dash upon them. What, then, was their astonishment at the silence in which they were received! From a gallop, they let their horses come to a walk; but not a motion was made along the American lines. They seemed utterly oblivious of the close proximity of the foe. The Mexicans were dumbfounded. Slowly they approached, until at last they halted within eighty yards of the opening of the terrible V.

In an instant the Colonel gave the command, and his men took deliberate aim. The first volley swept away the Mexican's front. The next moment Sherman's guns opened upon them with grape and canister. For a moment the Mexicans were bewildered, then, with cries of horror and despair, wheeled their horres, and fled in the utmost confusion.

"Whoop! hooray!" yelled Bert Williams, dashing forward in the mad excitement of the moment in pursuit of the enemy.

"Back, you fool!" shouted one of the officers.

But he might as well have talked to the whirlwind. Over the dead bodies of the Mexicans rushed Bert, intent only on the foe before him.

On reaching a safe distance, the Mexicans turned, and for the first time beheld Bert: several instantly dashed forward in pursuit. Bert stopped, stared at them for a second, and seemed to realize the situation; for, shaking his fist at them as a parting salute, he turned and started toward his friends at a run, which, if possible, exceeded the speed with which he had left them. It was apparent to all that unless speedy aid was given he would be captured; this, however could not be done without endangering the safety of the whole regiment, which the Colonel did not feel authorized to do.

The chase was watched in breathless interest by friend and foe; the Americans not only wished to see the Mexicans fail, but all—or nearly all—had a personal feeling for the fugitive, who had endeared himself to them by that reckless gayety and abandonment of manner too often seen in the "soldier of fortune."

On the other hand, the Mexicans, who felt sore over their recent defeat, saw a chance of retrieving their fortunes; for they had concluded, on seeing the interest with which the fugitive was regarded by his friends, that he was a person of some consequence.

Suddenly all were astonished to see a figure rush from the American lines toward the nearly-exhausted Bert. It was Glen Atwood. He had watched the race until he saw it was utterly impossible for his chum to escape; then, as he afterward expressed it, he concluded to "put a finger in the pie."

"Put in your best speed, Bert," he yelled, as he bounded forward.

"Hang—their—impudence!" was the only answer he received.

By this time the Mexicans had arrived within a few feet of the flying Bert, while Glen was yet some distance off. A moment later Bert was surrounded, and in less time than it takes to write bound firmly to the back of a vicious mustang.

Leaving him in the charge of one of their number, the rest spurred on toward Glen, hoping to catch two birds where they had expected but one. The latter personage, however, had no thoughts of escape; he had but one object in view, which was to liberate Bert. Hardly had the Mexicans left their prisoner when he dashed into their midst; at a single bound he was in the saddle of one of their number—the former occupant, a moment later, feeling himself flying through the air with an indistinct idea of earthquakes and battering-rams.

Before the Mexicans had recovered from their surprise at this unexpected movement, another of their number had "bit the dust," or, in plain English, been taken by the shoulder and sent to repose in a bed of thistles by the roadside.

"By Jingo!" yelled Glen, "Why don't ye wake up? Take that!" at the same time, by a quick, sharp pull of the bit, making his horse rear and throw out his fore-legs in such a manner as to send a too-forward Mexican spinning from his saddle.

At this moment a Mexican, who had been edging behind Glen for some time, threw his lasso; for a moment it circled through the air, then settling gracefully about his shoulders. With a shout of exultation, the Mexicans rushed forward; but their triumph was short-lived; without any apparent effort, Glen slowly stretched his shoulders—there was no other name for it—and snap went the cord; at the same time, by a dexterous turn of the wrist, he caught the flying strands in one hand and gave a quick pull, causing the unlucky owner of the lasso, who had one end of it tied to his arm, to make an involuntary and not very graceful tumble.

Things were getting warm for the Mexicans. So thought their leader—a thin, wiry man, who seemed to have more life in him than the whole of his companions put together, for, with a low command, he dashed forward, followed by the whole party. Glen saw that the decisive moment had arrived. With a low word of encouragement to his horse, he spurred forward to meet the danger half way. On came the Mexicans, and on went Glen, all at full speed; but they were destined to meet with a surprise before meeting one another.

"Whoop!" yelled a voice which made Glen lift his eyebrows in surprise. "Quarreling again, hey, old man? Wonder if you ever learned the golden rule?"

The next moment Bert Williams came dashing up. It needed but one look at the horse he bestrode to assure Glen that his guard had met with some accident.

"Been up to your tricks again, have you?" inquired Glen, significantly.

"Kinder," was the laconic answer.

Glen smiled. He remembered a trick that had been played on them while at the fort. Several of the men had determined to play a joke on Bert, and to that end had called him into the guard-house one day. While he was looking in another direction they had retired, locking the door after them, and, on looking around preparatory to leaving, they discovered him sitting on the fence outside.

The story soon leaked out, causing considerable astonishment to those who remembered that the guard-house was built of stone, having but a single opening, which was the door through which the jokers had passed; how, then, the prisoner had escaped was a mystery to them.

To Glen, however, the matter was rather plainer. In a burst of confidence Bert had told him how his early life had been passed in a traveling circus, where he had not only learned the wonderful tricks by which showmen mystify the public, but had become one of the best bare-backed riders in the profession.

By this time the Mexicans were upon them; but they were going at such headlong speed that they found it impossible to stop. As they passed several passes were made on each side. Glen parried a lance thrust, at the same time shaking his fist so near a burly Mexican's face as to knock him from the saddle.

It took but a few seconds for them to stop their horses, turn, and once more head for each other. As they again drew near, a Mexican rose in his saddle and threw his lasso with unerring aim. Bert saw that it was intended for him, but at the same time saw that it would be impossible to dodge it, the horses were at such speed. So he drew his feet up until they rested on the saddle, and crouched for a spring. As the lasso quivered for an instant above his head, preparatory to descending, the noose widened so as to form a large opening. Bert took instant advantage of it. Like an india-rubber ball he bounded from the saddle, shot up through the opening in the lasso, then, as the Mexican's horse dashed up, he descended plump upon its unfortunate owner's shoulders.

"Carambo!" sputtered the Mexican as he went head first into the dirt.

"Satan!" yelled his companions, putting spurs to their horses, and dashing off as though all the imps of pandemonium were after them.

"Oh, no, indeed!" shouted Bert. "Not the old man—only one of the boys!"

"Bert," said Glen, gravely; "hadn't we better go back? I'm afraid you're getting excited; you're sure you wouldn't pick up a chap's horse and throw it at him if you got out of temper, are you?"

"Get out!" was the pleasant answer.

It took the two but a few minutes to return to the regiment. They had no time for congratulations, however, for the moment they regained their places a staff officer rode up and ordered the regiment to another part of the field. They had plenty of fighting for the rest of the day; but we doubt if any of it came up to the "lasso practice."

Not until they were gathered about the camp-fire that night did Glen get a chance to speak to Bert.

"Say, old fellow?" was his first observation. "How did you escape from the Mexican this morning?"

"What Mexican?" inquired Bert, lazily. "Do you mean when I got tied up? Well, you see it was easy enough; I just *shrunk up* till the ropes fell down; then I told the Mexican to get off his horse; but he wouldn't, so I helped him—that's all. Oh, I learned all about it in the circus, you know." And, as Bert concluded, he rolled himself up in his blanket, which put a stop to all further questioning that night.

Deadheading on Newspapers.

The Rome *Sentinel* rises to explain, and its language is plain, and is as follows:

"There is no other business on which the public levies such heavy contributions as on the newspaper-publishing business. An organization is getting up some kind of festivities, for example. It pays for the use of grounds, pays for music, pays for refreshments, gets $2 worth of tickets and $4 worth of bills printed either at a newspaper office or somewhere else, and then expects free advertising from the paper to an extent actually worth from $2 or $3 to $10. The mere announcement of a picnic, sociable, or festival is an advertisement, and ought to be paid for. The result is that a generous proportion of the profits of nearly all entertainments of this kind is money which rightfully belongs to newspaper publishers. Then, after the thing is over, the managers will come in with a long string of resolutions, with which to rob the publisher of more valuable space. The truth is that space in a newspaper represents money. It is worth money to the publisher. There is no more reason why he should give it away than why a merchant should give away his goods. Part of the space of the paper is sold to business men for advertising purposes, the rest of the space is devoted to interesting reading matter. On the last the publisher depends for the attractions which shall sell his paper. Either space representsscash to him. Yet the business man who buys space to the amount of $2 often buys a gratuity of local space to the amount of $1 or $2, or even more. The managers of festivals, picnics, or other home entertainments may not buy 1 cent's worth of space, but all the same expect the free gift of several dollars' worth of space. The minister, who never advertises, may want space to the amount of $1 or $2 weekly, for the advertisement of coming sermons. The politician, even though he forgets to keep his subscription paid up, demands column after column of valuable space free, and rarely so much as says thank you for it. For all this the newspaper man, taxed beyond any other business man, enjoys the high distinction of being regarded as a deadhead by two-thirds of his neighbors."

A Brave Brakeman.

"I have often heard of the brave and daring deeds of engineers, firemen and brakemen," said a well-known cattle dealer yesterday in the hearing of a *Bee* reporter, "but I never witnessed a more daring feat than that performed by Pat O'Keefe, a brakeman on the Grand Island division of the Union Pacific railroad. It was on Durfee & Gasman's cattle train, on Thursday afternoon. Conductor Jennings had charge of the train. We were running pretty fast for a freight train—about twenty-two miles an hour—equal to passenger-train time. The cars jolted fearfully. When we were within about a mile and a half of Shelton station, the door of one of the cars flew off, having been kicked from its fastenings by one of the 'rambunctious' steers. Pat O'Keefe, the brakeman, saw the door fly off, and yelled out, 'For God's sake, stop the train,' but his voice was stopped by the rattle of the cars, and did not reach the engineer. The next thing I saw was a steer jump off the car. The animal landed on his feet, and skipped off at a lively gait, entirely unharmed, and went to grazing. That's a fact, as strange as it may seem. I expected to see the whole car-load follow him, but they didn't; for O'Keefe had by this time climbed down the side of the car, between the bars, and, hanging hold with one hand, he took his hat in the other and waved it back and forth in the open door in the faces of the steers, and thus kept them at bay until we arrived at Shelton. I wouldn't have done that for the whole train of cattle, with the cars and engines thrown in. He saved twenty head of cattle which the company would have had to pay for had they been lost. That brakeman deserves promotion."—*Omaha Bee.*

A Terrible Story from Kentucky.

Several weeks ago an 11-year-old daughter of a Ballard county farmer mysteriously disappeared, and all efforts to find her whereabouts were fruitless until ten days after her disappearance, when a neighboring farmer, while out searching for his cow, heard the cries of some one in distress, and, following the direction of the sound, found the lost child in a dense thicket, with both hands tied together with a rope, one end of which was tied to a tree. Near the tree were some old clothes upon which the child slept. The farmer inquired of the child how she happened to be there in that condition, when she told him that a negro man had brought her there, and that he came every night and brought her something to eat and drink, and assaulted her. The farmer told the child to remain quiet until night and he would procure assistance, and when the negro came back that night they would secure him, which they did. When the girl was asked what must be done with him, she said "skin him alive," which they proceeded to do immediately. They began at the crown of his head and stripped the skin to his feet. He only survived the operation five minutes.—*Mayfield (Ky.) Democrat.*

The Force of Habit.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were in the rear of our office, watching canal-boats lock through into Lake Champlain. The most ignorant one about canal matters was a young lady, who had passed many summers on the "great hoss oshen" when her father was Captain of a canal-boat. Her remarks disgusted "an old salt," who was acquainted with her previous history. Walking off a distance, he placed both hands to his mouth and bawled out: "Low bridge!" The only one in the party to respond was the aforesaid young lady, who bowed so low that the feathers on her fashionable jockey hat swept the tow-path.—*Whitehall (N. Y.) Times.*

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

EFFECT OF WIND ON EVERGREENS.—There was never a better illustration of a point we are continually urging—that it is wind much more than frost that is so destructive to evergreens, and gives a tender character to many beautiful varieties—than the equinoctial storm of last spring afforded. The thermometer was only ten degrees below the freezing point, but the injury to evergreens was greater than at any time through the winter, when the thermometer was at zero.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

WATERING IN COLD WEATHER.—Cows giving milk need an abundance of water. The dry hay usually given affords little material for milk, and even with abundance of roots, unless water is placed within easy reach, cows will tend to fatten rather than to milk production. A great difficulty in cold weather is in having water so far from the yard that cows will suffer long before going from comfortable quarters to reach it. Whenever it is possible, a cistern should be constructed under the barn or under ground to hold water for stock.—*Exchange.*

REPAIRING THE MISCHIEF OF MICE.—The writer had some seventeen apple trees badly damaged by being girdled by mice, many of them clear around the tree and for a space of six or eight inches from the base up, the past winter. Those trees are now in full leaf, and are apparently doing as well as any among about 100 of the same age. We encircled the damaged places with common grafting wax, over which we wound cloth and then bound with twine. This was done as soon as we discovered the mischief and before the wood had seasoned.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

FEEDING NEW-BORN CALVES.—When calves are taken from their dams immediately after being dropped, care should be taken to feed them at first with their mothers' milk, which at the time of calving is peculiarly adapted to act as a gentle purgative, ridding the bowels of the calf of the meconium with which they are charged at birth. To induce the new-born calf to drink readily from a pail, a couple of fingers should be put into his mouth, and the muzzle then brought gently into the milk, which it will draw into the mouth while sucking the fingers.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO BREAK UP A SITTING HEN.—Our lady friends who generally have charge of the poultry department are sometimes worried and tortured by the obstinacy of hens that persist in sitting when they are not wanted to perform that duty. Many plans have been tried to prevent hens from sitting, such as tossing them in the air, or driving them from place to place; but the best way is to fasten a string to the hen's leg, four or five feet in length, and tie the other end to a stake driven in the ground, close to the path where you are in the habit of passing frequently. Then scare her as often as you go that way. One day effects a cure.—*American Stock Journal.*

RAISING CORN FOR FODDER.—One dairy farmer, who has 100 dairy cows, says that he wants his corn grown so as to produce the greatest quantity of ears possible for the purpose of feeding his cows, and to increase their daily flow of milk; and, from letters received from different sections of the country last fall, there is no doubt that very many farmers will make the experiment this season with sweet corn, growing it in such a manner as to produce ears as well as fodder, all to be used in the feeding of farm stock this summer and fall, and from such experiments much knowledge may be gained. The large, free-growing varieties of sweet corn are best for this purpose.—*Cor. Exchange.*

PROTECTING TREES FROM RABBITS.—Trees from three to ten years old, which farmers value at several dollars during the fall, are often found to be ruined in the spring. Blood or manure applied to the bark in the early winter will generally protect until the smell is gone; but even then the rabbits take hold some. An all-winter protection is better. Some use poplar bark; others cedar bark. Would not building-paper be a good protection? I have seen apple trees protected by cheap barrels. When the tree is small both heads are taken out and the barrel pressed over the tree. When the tree is larger, a hoop is taken from each end, and every hoop is nailed to every stave; then every hoop is sawed off between two staves; you can thus spring your barrel around the tree. Then the upper and lower hoops are replaced and nailed. A barrel thus prepared will protect from hogs, sheep, rabbits and the sun.—*Correspondence Western Rural.*

About the House.

NEVER start your fire with oil.

IT is fashionable to economize.

TRY lemon juice on cucumbers.

FRUITS are delicious for breakfast.

USE a cloth for washing potatoes.

QUIET workers accomplish the most.

AIR pillows in the wind, not in the sun.

VARIETY is the very best culinary pice.

USE blue tissue-paper for wrapping up silverware.

MAKE your home bright and cheerful as possible on rainy days.

RUB your kitchen table with a ripe tomato to remove the grease.

DO NOT use silver spoons to scrape kettles, or silver forks to toast bread.

NEVER starch napkins; they are intended to wipe the mouth, not to scratch it.

TO SWEETEN a sour sponge; rub thoroughly in lemon juice, then rinse several times in warm water.

WASH matting with warm salt water—one pint of salt to two-thirds of a pail of water, and dry with a soft cloth.

FIRST boil ashes in a new kettle, then scrub with soap and sand; fill with clean water and boil two or there hours.

WHEN servants do not wait upon table, let the lady members of the family take turns in serving. It is much pleasanter than for this one, that one, or all to jump up every time an article is needed.

CORN FRITTERS.—Cut the corn from twelve ears into a deep dish: mix in three eggs and one teacupful flour; fry in a skillet or spider, as they require considerable fat. If the corn is grated it will be as good.

RELIEF FOR CATARRH.—A snuff made of powdered borax, and used frequently during the day; also borax dissolved in tepid water and snuffed up the nostrils. Spirits of camphor on a handkerchief, and kept near the nostrils at night after retiring, will also be of great benefit.

INDELIBLE INK SPOTS.—Cyanide of potassium will remove indelible ink, but being a deadly poison it must be carefully handled. A druggist will give the necessary information. Try a mixture of lemon juice and salt; keep the spots wet with it, and bleach in the sun.

A BREAKFAST LUXURY.—Take eight ears of corn and grate them, carefully scraping off the cobs with a knife, so as to get all the milk. Peel one quart of good, ripe tomatoes, and cut them into the corn. Season with salt and pepper. Put in butter, and roll in three soda crackers. Let them stew steadily for one hour.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS FROM BLACK VELVETEEN.—Have a bowl of hot water, a tooth-brush, and some pulverized borax. Dip the brush into the water, then into the borax, and scour the spots; when the grease has disappeared rinse the places with fresh hot water, using the brush to do so; rub dry with a black cloth; shake well; when quite dry brush the places with a dry brush.

TOMATO SOUP.—Boil one quart sweet milk; take one quart hot water, one quart stewed tomatoes, measured after they are cooked, then strain seeds out; put tomatoes and water together, wet one and a half table-spoonfuls corn starch with a little cold milk, put in the boiled milk and beat until it thickens a little; then put the milk in the tureen with a little butter, pepper and salt, pour the tomatoes in, stir quickly, and serve.

CORN BREAD.—Put in a quart measure two table-spoonfuls wheat flour, fill it up with Indian meal, put this into a sieve with two teaspoonfuls sugar, half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda; sift all into a bowl, mix it with one quart milk, one egg, and two teaspoonfuls melted butter; beat well, pour into a medium-sized dripping-pan, well greased; when baked cut in squares, and serve hot for breakfast.

TOMATO CATCHUP.—One peck ripe tomatoes, one teacupful salt, half teacupful black pepper, two table-spoonfuls ground cloves, two table-spoonfuls ground allspice, six small red peppers, and four onions, chopped together fine; half teacupful celery seed; wash and wipe the tomatoes, cut them up, and put in preserving kettle; add all the above ingredients excepting the celery seed; boil two hours, stirring frequently; then remove it from the fire and strain through a sieve; add celery seed and boil half an hour longer; before taking it from the fire, add one quart good vinegar; bottle and seal.

Transfusion of Blood.

A good degree of success has attended the transfusion of blood in the case of Adam Kohlepp, of Williamsburg, a patient in the last stages of consumption. The patient's friends had no hopes of his recovery. He had not been dressed for two months, and had slept only in snatches for weeks. At the first operation, on July 11, seven ounces of blood from the arm of a strong, healthy man were injected into the patient's median basilic vein. Before the operation, the patient's pulse was feeble and accelerated. After the transfusion the pulse became slower and fuller, and a gentle perspiration appeared all over the body. He soon fell asleep, not awakening for seven hours. He then ate with apparent relish, and again fell asleep, though not so readily as before. In the morning he was able to rise, but did not leave his bed-room. On the fifth day following the operation he took a short walk upon the street. On July 26 a second operation was performed, in which four ounces of blood were transfused with the desired effect. Since then the patient has gained strength rapidly, and is troubled only with his short, hacking cough. Night sweats have entirely left him. His breathing is attended with no difficulty. His pulse is full and slow. His blood is only a little above the normal temperature, and for a week past he has not only been out but has done a few hours' light work daily. The treatment will be repeated in the hope of arresting the disease.—*New York Herald.*

The Brave Montenegrins.

While the Russians and Turks alternately gain and lose ground, the adventurous Montenegrins profit by their engagements, and constantly add to their territory. They have Nicsics, and promise before long to seize every one of the positions they have coveted. Their success is the more remarkable from the fact that they are not, as has been reported, well armed. There are battalions armed with very large breech-loaders. None have bayonets, a few have only revolvers, and only a small proportion have yataghans. The artillery with which Nicsics was bombarded is thus described by a correspondent of the London *Times:*

"A battery of ten-centimeter bronze muzzle-loader, Napoleon mountain guns, a battery of Broadwell steel breech-loading mountain guns, throwing shot of about six pounds, two same system, but slightly larger caliber, captured at Vucidol, and two ten-centimeter steel muzzle-loading rifled guns about 12 cwt., and already much deteriorated, captured at Medun. An old thirty-six smoothbore, also captured at Medun, is en route for Nicsics, and there are four more Turkish trophies like those of Vucidol in repair at Rieka. To keep up the supply of shot, the Rieka foundry turns out about 300 shot a week."

A Picture of Gen. Zachary Taylor.

Gen. James Shields thus describes his first interview with Gen. Taylor: "I was sent with my brigade to report to him on the Rio Grande. After getting my command into camp I put on the most showy uniform I had, and spent much time in rigging up to do honor to such an occasion as the meeting with the Commander-in-Chief of the army of occupation. Arrived at headquarters I inquired for Gen. Taylor, and was shown into a tent by the orderly who went away to announce me. Presently entered a hard-featured but still very benevolent-faced man, quite undersized, who, from his appearance, would easily have been taken for a wagoner. A great flapping straw hat crowned his head, he had no collar, a linen coat, and the coarse pantaloons he wore had no suspicion of rank about them, and his unstockened feet were covered by common infantry shoes. While I was trying to figure out in my mind what this apparition could be he grasped my hand and heartily exclaimed: 'I'm very glad to see you here, Gen. Shields, and will cut out some work for your command before long.' And this was actually Gen. Zachary Taylor, one of the bravest, kindest and noblest of men that ever lived."

HON. WILLIAM E. SMITH, the Republican nominee for Governor of Wisconsin, is a wholesale grocer in Milwaukee. He was State Treasurer from 1866 to 1870, has served in both branches of the Legislature, and was Speaker of the House in 1871. He is a Scotchman by nativity, having come to this country when a boy.

Allied Enemies to Health.

In many of the fairest and most fertile districts of North and Tropical America, air and water are allied enemies to health, both being impregnated with the poisonous *miasmata* which produce chills and fever, bilious remittents and febrile disorders of a still more malignant type. Fortunately, a sure preventive and curative of such destructive maladies is to be found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a vegetable preparation which is infinitely to be preferred, both on account of its efficacy and freedom from all hurtful properties, to the deleterious mineral and alkaloid remedies of the pharmacopœ. It is moreover, the reigning specific for dyspepsia, debility, constipation, urinary troubles, rheumatism, and nervousness, promotes appetite and sleep, and is a capital antidote to depression of spirits.

Delicious Cookery.

The lightest, sweetest, most wholesome and delicious Vienna rolls, tea biscuits, bread, muffins, flannel cakes, crullers, and all articles prepared from Flour, are always possible to every table by using DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER. This celebrated Baking Powder has stood the critical test of the best housekeepers and the consuming public generally of America for twenty years. It is absolutely pure, and always of uniform strength. The genuine is put up in cans. Most all good grocers sell it.

CHEW
The Celebrated
"MATCHLESS"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
New York, Boston and Chicago.

"CURSE the whole lot. That scale agent cheated me out of $50, clean, for I could have bought a better Five Ton Wagon Scale for $50, on trial, freight paid to my own door, of Jones, of Binghamton, Binghamton, N. Y."

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

The Latest Fashion for Ladies.

Our attention has recently been called to the *Raritan Matelasse Cloakings*, something entirely new in the way of heavy, thick, warm, woolen goods, specially adapted for ladies' wear during the cold weather now approaching. These goods are the handsomest and most stylish ever seen, and, so far as price is concerned, are a miracle of cheapness. They are intended for cloaks, sacques, dolmans, circulars and jackets, for both ladies and children, and are to be found at all the leading dry-goods stores in the country. Be particular to ask for the *Raritan Cloakings*, and take no others.

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

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
BEEVES	$8 00	@	11 75
HOGS	5 25	@	5 80
COTTON	11¼	@	11¾
FLOUR—Superfine Western	5 25	@	5 75
WHEAT—No. 2	1 37	@	1 41
CORN—Western Mixed	56	@	59
OATS—Mixed	31½	@	37
RYE—Western	70	@	71
PORK—New Mess	13 40	@	13 50
LARD	9	@	9¼
CHICAGO.			
BEEVES—Choice Grazing Steers	5 75	@	6 00
Choice Natives	4 75	@	5 40
Cows and Heifers	2 50	@	4 00
Good Second-class Steers	3 50	@	4 00
Medium to Fair	4 10	@	4 65
HOGS—Live	4 80	@	5 75
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	6 75	@	7 25
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 75	@	6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 12½	@	1 13
No. 3 Spring	1 09	@	1 10
CORN—No. 2	43	@	44
OATS—No. 2	24	@	25
RYE—No. 2	54	@	55
BARLEY—No. 2	62	@	63
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	25	@	28
EGGS—Fresh	14	@	15
PORK—Mess	12 90	@	13 00
LARD	8¾	@	9
MILWAUKEE.			
WHEAT—No. 1	1 17½	@	1 18¾
No. 2	1 14	@	1 15
CORN—No. 2	43	@	44
OATS—No. 2	25	@	26
RYE—No. 1	55	@	57
BARLEY—No. 2	65	@	67
ST. LOUIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	1 30	@	1 32
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	43	@	44
OATS—No. 2	26	@	27
RYE	56	@	57
PORK—Mess	13 12½	@	13 25
LARD	8¾	@	9
HOGS	5 00	@	5 50
CATTLE	3 50	@	5 20
CINCINNATI.			
WHEAT—Red	1 20	@	1 35
CORN	48	@	49
OATS	27	@	32
RYE	60	@	62
PORK—Mess	12 75	@	....
LARD	8¾	@	10
TOLEDO.			
WHEAT—Amber Michigan	1 34½	@	1 35½
No. 2 Red Winter	1 35	@	1 36
CORN	47	@	49
OATS—No. 2	26½	@	27½
DETROIT.			
FLOUR—Choice White	6 75	@	7 00
WHEAT—No. 1	1 38	@	1 45
CORN—No. 1	48	@	49
OATS—Mixed	28	@	29
BARLEY (per cental)	1 10	@	1 30
PORK—Mess	14 00	@	14 50
EAST LIBERTY, PA.			
CATTLE—Best	5 60	@	5 80
Fair	4 50	@	5 00
Common	3 00	@	4 00
HOGS	4 00	@	5 80
SHEEP		@	5 00

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness," and nothing will cure so speedily and permanently as to take SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR or MEDICINE.

PURELY VEGETABLE,

The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC for all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spleen.

Regulate the Liver and prevent CHILLS AND FEVER, MALARIOUS FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, RESTLESSNESS, JAUNDICE AND NAUSEA.

BAD BREATH!

Nothing is so unpleasant, nothing so common as bad breath, and in nearly every case it comes from the stomach, and can be so easily corrected if you will take SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. Do not neglect so sure a remedy for this repulsive disorder. It will also improve your appetite, Complexion and General Health.

CONSTIPATION!

SHOULD not be regarded as a trifling ailment—in fact, nature demands the utmost regularity of the bowels, and any deviation from this demand paves the way often to serious danger. It is quite as necessary to remove impure accumulations from the bowels as it is to eat or sleep, and no health can be expected where a costive habit of body prevails.

SICK HEADACHE!

This distressing affliction occurs most frequently. The disturbance of the stomach, arising from the imperfectly digested contents, causes a severe pain in the head, accompanied with disagreeable nausea, and this constitutes what is popularly known as Sick Headache; for the relief of which, TAKE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR OR MEDICINE.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Price, $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

PERPETUAL
SORGHUM EVAPORATOR.
$15. $20. $25.
Cheap and Durable
Send for Circulars.
Address the only Manufacturers
CHAPMAN & CO. Madison Ind.

WHITNEY & HOLMES
ORGANS.
The Finest Toned and Most Durable Made.
New Styles. New Solo Stops.
Warranted Five Years. Send for Price-Lists.
WHITNEY & HOLMES ORGAN CO., QUINCY, ILL.

TEACHERS of VOCAL MUSIC,
Desiring the Best Book extant, should try
FAVORITE SONGS
An unequaled collection of Gems compiled for their use by Profs. H. R. and T. H. R. Christie, and supervised by Prof. R. M. McIntosh, the eminent author and teacher. Price $6.00 a dozen. Sample by mail, 50 cents. SPECIMEN PAGES FREE. E. W. CARROLL & CO., Publishers, Cincinnati, or LYON & HEALY, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
THE GREAT RIOTS
It contains a full account of the reign of terror in Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Chicago and other cities. The conflicts between the troops and the mob. Terrible conflagrations and destruction of property. Thrilling scenes and incidents, etc., etc. Send for a full description of the work and our extra terms to Agents. Address,
NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO VOLTAIC AND TRUSS CO.
Their Voltaic Belts and Bands cure Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Nervous Diseases. Belt, $3; Bands according to size. The Digital Syringe combines Syringe, Speculum, Forceps; a *complete article*, $3. Adjustable Uterine Supporter. Most natural in use. $6. It is easily converted into a Truss. Extra, $1; or alone, $4. Pile Supporter cures