THE NORTH WIND.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Keen comes the current in the north!
Blue shines the sky, clouds scudding there!
Rouse from your sleep and wander forth
And taste the sweetness of the air!

Leave the dull city streets behind!
Launch out upon the country wide!
Plunge in the white sea of the wind
And swim wherever floats its tide!

The north wind, oh how sweet, though cold!
The north wind, fount of joy and health!
Not often has thy worth been told,
Exhaustless though thy stores of wealth.

The east wind, chilly, vapid, damp;
How weary lag the cheerless hours!
The sun is but a sickly lamp,
But noisome weeds the loveliest flowers.

Rain, rain, throughout the shadowy day,
At night, the same unsparing doom;
Earth in the first, dull, drenched and gray,
And in the last a dungeon-gloom.

The south wind, warm, relaxing, flows
The tepid gulf stream of the air!
From climes where endless summer glows,
And flowers are heaped up everywhere.

A torpor to the blood it yields,
Steals strength from even the strongest frame;
Sloth o'er its prey its sceptre wields,
And fleshy ills their victim claim.

The west wind melts in peach-sweet scents,
Breath of the flowers through downy skies,
As in it furl the cloudy their tents,
The sinews sink beneath its sighs.

The north wind, how its currents draw!
Welcome its honest, genial breath!
It shaves the rosy muscles raw,
But it brings life instead of death.

Hurrah! Hurrah! It whistles blithe!
Hurrah! It stings the tingling flesh!
It cuts the skin as cuts the scythe!
But oh, its kiss, how sweet and fresh!

Up, up the screaming, icy crag!
Up, though the pine-tree soars and swings!
Though the air streams as streams a flag,
White with the storm of winter's wings.

Up, breast the torrent of the blast!
Scream with its scream! run, plunge and bound!
Until your blood pours hot and fast,
And all your frame in bliss is drowned!

Swing in the hemlock's shivering fringe!
Dive head-deep in the scattering snow!
Though craven nature shake and cringe,
And fain would drive your steps below.

Shun the red hearth! A glow more sweet
The north wind's freezing pinions bear!
Winter's warm sparks are whistling sleet;
His fireside is the open air.

A SMALL BOY.

"Oh! I say, she's out," said small Ned, as he opened the door. "She's gone to the dressmaker's, but she'll be back soon, 'cause she's got to friz her hair for dinner. Come in and wait."

I accepted the invitation, and installed myself in the easiest chair in the parlor, after rolling it to the bay-window, so as to command a view of the street, while Ned "histed" himself, as he called it, on a marble-topped table beside me, and sat there, with the crispy cheekiness of early boyhood, whistling and swinging his feet.

Ned was a chap of 10 years, with a remarkable memory—as I was fated to discover—the youngest brother of Miss Victoria Conrad; and Miss Victoria Conrad was a handsome, dashing, clever girl whom I had met at a picnic the preceding summer, and with whom I had immediately fallen desperately in love.

I use the word "desperately" advisedly, for it was my first really serious entanglement, and my charmer, being a thorough mistress of the arts by which young and susceptible male hearts are subjugated, had inthralled me most completely.

True, before I cast myself at her feet, I had felt a great tenderness for a sweet little third or fourth cousin of mine—a slight, pale young girl, with hair of the faintest gold, and eyes of the softest blue, and an innocent, trusting, child-like look in her pretty face.

But beside Miss Conrad, with her magnificent form, glorious auburn tresses, and wonderful big black eyes, May Newton faded into insignificance. It was as though one placed a delicate, cream-colored lily in the same vase with a gorgeous, flame-dashed-with-crimson-leaved, brown-throated gladiole.

And so I found, on becoming acquainted with Miss Conrad, that my feeling for May, which had existed since our earliest childhood, *was* only a tenderness, while my feeling for Victoria, although but three months old, already amounted to a passion.

But, in spite of my infatuation for the latter, I was not blind to the fact that she was a finished coquette, and I didn't half like the way, after the very decided encouragement she had given me, she flirted with my intimate friend Charley Thornton. Sometimes, indeed, it flashed upon me that there had been a love affair between them which had not entirely ended even now, and it was after one of these flashes I had sought her house, determined to discover what her real feelings toward me were, and resolved that when I left her it should be either as an accepted or rejected suitor.

To speak frankly, I had every reason to believe, in spite of the flashes, it would be as an accepted one. For, as much as Thornton was distinguished by Miss Conrad above her other admirers, just so much had I been of late distinguished above Thornton. And we two were equal in age, looks, family, education, and (our lady-love thought) fortune. I say our lady-love *thought*, for the truth was, compared to me, Charley was poor. How rich *I* was I had taken care should not be known; for, though only three-and-twenty, I had already grown tired of a single life, with its attendant boarding houses, and was looking for a wife, with a view to a comfortable home of my own. And, like Lord Burleigh and other romantic, poetical fellows, I wanted to be loved for myself alone.

Only Charley Thornton knew of my recently inherited wealth, and him I had bound by all that is sacred in friendship not to disclose it.

"So in singling me out for favor," I argued, "Victoria leads me to suppose she loves me. And, if she consents to be my wife, that supposition will turn into a happy certainty, for *she* certainly, with *her* beauty and talents, might make a much finer match than the one I offer her. And what delight it will be, when the words are said that seal my happiness and make her all my own, to see her resplendent eyes grow larger and brighter as she learns that in accepting a few thousands she has become the mistress of half a million!"

But to go back to the small boy, swinging his feet and evidently anxious to enter into conversation.

"I say," he blurts out at last, "do you like to look at photographs? Charley Thornton does. He and Vic looked at this book"—taking one from the table on which he sat—"for more'n an hour the other day. I like *him*. He gave me two white mice and a guinea-pig; the cat ate the white mice, and the guinea-pig's dead. But they wasn't looking at it all the time either. They was talking. Your picture's there, you know. His used to be on the other page, but he coaxed Vic to put it somewhere else."

"Why?" I asked, ceasing to watch for the coming of my divinity, and turning toward the small boy with awakened curiosity.

"'Cause," said Ned, evidently trying to repeat the very words—"'cause he couldn't bear even his picture to have always before it the face of his rival, his successful—yes, that's it—his successful rival."

My heart gave a bound. She *did* love me, then. Poor Charley!

"And what reply did your sister make to that?" I asked.

"Oh! she said 'nonsense,' but she took the picture out—Charley's, you know—and he kissed her hand, and she carried it up to her room, and it's there now, hanging between the 'Huguenot Lovers' and 'His Only Friend.' He's a poor barefooted boy a-lying fast asleep in the road, and his only friend's a dog—one of them big fellows, you know—"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, rather impatiently; "I know all about it."

Ned, evidently somewhat offended, was silent for about three minutes, and then began again. "Oh, my! didn't they talk that day! Vic sent word to everybody else that came that she was out. Wasn't that a whopper? I was snuggled up on the sofa over in that dark corner there, and they didn't see me, and I heard every word they said. Wouldn't Vic have boxed my ears if she'd caught me?"

"I wonder what they talked of," I said to myself, with a jealous qualm—to tell the truth, I'd been a little staggered by the picture episode; and then, though it wasn't exactly the right thing to do, although certainly excusable in a case like this, where a man's whole happiness was at stake, I made up my mind if possible to find out.

"Ned," said I, "I saw a splendid knife the other day—six blades."

"Six blades!" repeated Ned, his eyes sparkling.

"Yes, or five blades and a file, I don't remember which. It was a beauty, though, and if I wasn't afraid you'd cut yourself with it, I'd buy it and give it to you."

"Cut myself!" said the small boy, with infinite scorn; "I ain't a baby."

"Well," said I, "the knife shall be yours." And then I continued, in a nonchalant manner: "What was it you said your sister and Mr. Thornton were talking about?"

"I didn't say nothing," said Ned. "When'll you bring the knife?"

"You shall have it to-morrow," I replied. "Did they say anything about *me*, for instance?"

"Oh, lots!" said Ned, starting off rapidly. "Charley said, 'Oh, Vic, you'd never have given me up if I hadn't told you how rich he was. What a fool I've been! I might have known that that would have been too much of a'—let me see: 'Lead us not into temptation'—'temptation for such a girl as you are. Good heavens!' and he grabbed hold of his hair just as though he was going to pull it all out;" and the small boy suited the action to the word, and tugged at his own curly locks with such an assumption of desperation as brought the tears into his eyes. "'Good heavens!' he says, 'how selfish and cruel you are! I'm sure I don't know how I *can* love you. *Are* you going to marry him?' And Vic says, 'I am.'"

"Oh! you are," thinks the attentive listener.

"'It would be awful silly,' she says," the small boy rattles on, "'for *us* to get married. I might *think* I was happy for a little while, 'cause I b'lieve I love you as well as I could love anybody, and then I'd be jolly miserable, for I must have a seal-skin jacket and a new switch, and hair like mine costs like——' Oh no; that's what she said to ma this morning. I mean she says: 'For I never could *be* happy without a fine house, and a carriage, and all sorts of nobby things,' and ever so much more I can't remember. 'And so be a good boy,' she says, 'and console yourself with May Newton. She likes you, I'm sure, and she is a sweet little thing, and would make you an excellent wife.'"

"I don't believe she ever will, then," I mutter between my teeth. "Go on, Ned."

"'No, she wouldn't,' says Charley; 'and as for her liking me, you never were more mistaken in your life; or, if she does *like* me, it is because I am the friend of the man she *loves*—Arthur Bell'"—(I'm Arthur Bell)—"'yes, she loves him as dearly as I do you, and has loved him for years. It was for his sake she refused handsome Phil Akers, to say nothing of that rich old bachelor Quimby, that all the other girls are pulling caps for. Poor little wretch! *I* know how to pity her.' 'You'll both recover,' says Vic, 'and, ten chances to one, fall in love with each other. There's nothing like catching a ball on the bounce.'"

"'A heart on the rebound,' I think you mean, Ned," I say, with astonishing calmness.

"Well, perhaps I do," assents the small boy, whistling a couple of bars of "Yankee Doodle" thoughtfully. "Anyhow," ending with a false note that makes me shudder, "Vic stuck to it she'd marry you, 'cause you was so slap-bang-set-'em-up-again rich; and Charley smashed his hat on his head and walked out of the room like this," and, slipping from the table, the small boy seized my hat from my hand, literally "smashed" it upon his curly head, and strode out into the hall in such a melodramatic manner that I smiled in spite of myself.

When he returned I left the easy-chair—not quite as much at ease as when I sat down in it—took possession of my hat, restored it as nearly as possible to its original shape, and said, "Ned, you've been remarkably entertaining—in fact, I never met such an entertaining *small* boy before; but I won't wait any longer. Give my respects to your sister—"

"Don't you mean your love?" asks Ned, with wide-opened eyes, and adds, confidentially, "Oh! come now, you needn't be bashful. I know all about it, you know."

"I *don't* mean my love," I say, most emphatically.

"And when'll you come again?"

"Impossible to tell."

"But the knife—the one with six blades, or five blades and a file?"

"I'll send it to-morrow morning early."

"You're a trump!" exclaims the small boy, cutting a caper. "And, I say, when you marry Vic and ask me out to your country-house to spend my vacation, will you give me a boat and a Shetland pony—one of them really jolly ones with hair hanging all over their eyes?"

"*When* I marry Vic, I will," I promise solemnly. "Good-by."

But I never marry Vic.

Mr. Quimby, the rich old bachelor, does, though; and a precious time, they say, she has with the cranky, hot-tempered, asthmatic old fellow.

My wife has soft blue eyes and faint, golden hair; and I have come to the conclusion that a delicate, cream-colored lily is much to be preferred to a gorgeous, flame-dashed-with-crimson-leaved, brown-throated gladiole.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Pension System.

There is now under consideration by the Committee on Pensions in the lower house of Congress a bill to reorganize the entire pension system of the Government. It provides for the appointment of a commission of three persons, two of whom shall be surgeons, in each of sixty pension districts into which the United States shall be divided, who shall make investigations of claims for pensions, make surgical examinations, and have power to administer the oath, and compel the attendance of witnesses. This is recommended by the Commissioner, as the Government in granting pensions now acts conclusively upon *ex parte* evidence furnished by the claimant. It is also proposed to have every pensioner in what are known as invalid cases examined once in two years, so that if the invalidity for which the pension was granted, as is often the case, shall cease to exist, the pensioner may be dropped from the rolls. This bill is in harmony with the suggestions of the Commissioner of Pensions in his last annual report.

England's Military Force.

The following is the effective land force that England might call into the field at short notice:

Regular army (62,000 of these serving at present in India)	189,000
Reserve and auxiliary forces	346,000
Indian colonial troops	127,000
Colonial militia, volunteers, etc	81,000

The untrained militia of Canada and the contingents furnished by native Indian states are not included in the above.

FAMOUS SOUTHERN DUELS.

Prentiss and Tom Marshall—A Personal Reminiscence.

(From the New York Sun.)

The duel between the great orator, Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, and ex-Gov. Henry S. Foote, occurred near Vicksburg. A large crowd was present, and, after one or two harmless shots had been exchanged, Prentiss, with his inimitable humor, called out to some youngsters who were perched in a tree near by, "Take care, boys; the Governor is firing very wild to-day." Foote was finally wounded. Prentiss was one of the coolest and bravest, as well as the most magnanimous men I ever met. He was one of the counsel for the defence in the celebrated Wilkinson and Murdaugh trial for murder in Kentucky. The case was removed to Harrodsburg on account of the prejudice against the accused at Louisville, where the killing occurred. When Prentiss arrived at the Galt House on his way to the court, some one warned him of the bitter feeling existing against his clients, remarking at the same time: "They will be hunting you, Mr. Prentiss, if they find out you are in the city." "Ah!" said he, reaching over the counter for his traveling bag and taking out a pair of pistols which he placed in his pockets. "Well, I am a hunter myself when there is game around." No one molested him, however.

The celebrated Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, fought several duels; that with Col. James Watson Webb is familiar to most Northern readers. Tom once told the writer that if Webb had not stood cross-legged and disconcerted his aim he would have killed him; that he had meant to have another fight with him, but the Colonel unfortunately took the pledge to Gov. Seward. Another of Tom's duels was with John Rowan, of Kentucky, a crack shot, but one of the most amiable and gentlemanly of the old "fire eaters." Tom received a bullet in the leg, and, as Rowan, who did not wish to kill him, walked up to express his regret, Marshall, lying on the ground, exclaimed: "By—, Mr. Rowan, you shoot a fellow and apologize for it with more grace than any man in Kentucky."

With one of these Kentucky affairs, which occurred in 1845, I was unfortunately connected, and the course it took may illustrate the state of feeling on the subject at that time. The principals were Dr. T——, of Harrodsburg, and Counsellor H——, brothers-in-law. The cause of offense was a family affair. I resided in Lexington at the time, and was induced to interfere, in the interest of peace, on behalf of Dr. T——, who was a stranger to me. After several days' discussion on the part of the doctor's friends, and canvassing, as well as I could, the views of the other party, I found an amicable adjustment impossible; and, having gone so far, there was nothing left for me but to carry a challenge. The elder brother of the doctor, himself an eminent lawyer, the brother-in-law of the latter, and even the venerable mother—the last two strict members of the church—were consulted by me, but the feeling among them all was that their relative had been grossly insulted and must vindicate his honor in the usual manner. The meeting was appointed to take place at a retired spot in Boyle county, but was prevented by the authorities, and I remember well we had a scamper to get beyond their jurisdiction and avoid arrest.

In the meantime I received a request from a reverend gentleman, whose death I saw noticed last year, to withdraw the challenge for an accommodation which he hoped to bring about. I gladly agreed to comply, provided the opposite party would consent to the arrangement without prejudice to my friend; but the overture was plumply rejected by them. The meeting took place the next morning at a wild, romantic spot on Dick's river. The law officers were on the hill above us, but an old boatman and his sons, whom we were compelled to take into our confidence, and who had the Kentuckian's instinctive love of a "fair fight," kept them at bay. The weapons used were the old-fashioned dueling-pistols, those used by the opposite party being a pair belonging to Henry Clay. Counsellor H—— fell, mortally wounded, at the first fire; and, as there was but one boat to cross the river, the constables waiting for us on the side we occupied and only kept back by a wholesome fear of our friends, the boatmen, we were compelled to wait until the wounded man had been transported across. I never saw a man suffer more mental agony than the doctor did during the time, having been informed of the result. He had not wished to kill his opponent—only to inflict a wound such as might end the affair. We both left the State, going in different directions—he to Missouri, and I to Louisiana.

From what I subsequently learned of his history, this affair wrought the most singular change in the character of Dr. T——. Prior to the fight I had found him amiable, inoffensive and averse to bloodshed, though truly brave; but afterward I heard that he was frequently engaged in desperate encounters, in one of which, I believe, he was killed. This duel created considerable excitement at the time, and the Louisville *Journal*, having published an account derogatory to Dr. T——, Mr. Geo. D. Prentice, the editor, was called on to correct it, which he did. B.

Stupid People.

We are often tempted in moments of forgetfulness to overlook the blessings we owe to stupid people. Apart from the pleasures we derive from laughing at them, we are indebted to them for hours of tranquil happiness. Making fun of them is but a one-sided enjoyment after all, for they cannot answer back again, and are seldom good enough even to turn the other cheek. As butts, therefore, they are failures. You can never calculate how far to go with them. You may offend with a piece of trifling banter after your most cutting sarcasms have passed unheeded. But the stupid man is the backbone of the nation. He is the prophet of common sense. Unlike Charles II., he never says a witty thing, but seldom does an unwise one. His usefulness in the social economy of the world has yet to be acknowledged, his place in the order of creation to be fixed. Yet such people form the bulk of every congregation, and down to their level sermons must be preached. They constitute the whole body of aggrieved parishioners, and laws must be made to satisfy the requirements of their several cases. They are the voting power of every constituency; they oblige their representatives to name a party and stick to it; they pin him, as they say, to his colors. They insist on defining everything, particularly matters of opinion, and think, when they have given a heresy a name, that it is more than half refuted. Yet they never understand definitions when they have made them, and, though they believe blindly in a form of words, seldom remember it correctly. They are led in politics by cries and are great on uniformity and uniforms.

Artesian Wells.

Artesian wells number 1,000 in California. Of these 300 are in Santa Clara valley, fifty miles from San Fancisco. Most of them overflow the surface, and the tubes average seven inches in diameter. The local resources of artesian water are now mapped out. Under the valley runs a broad river, coming from the great lakes of the Sierras, 200 miles off. The pressure from 6,000 feet elevation suffices to throw the water above the surface. The depth of the bore runs from 150 to 250 feet. Outside the boundaries of this subterranean river—several miles wide—no depth of boring has struck artesian water. There is reason to believe that every valley in the State has an underground river, leading direct from the same lakes, and lying below the superficial currents that have no direct connection with any elevated reservoirs.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

SALT is very important for animals. Large pieces of rock salt put into the mangers and feeding troughs are recommended. One-half the ash of animal blood consists of salt; without the latter the blood cannot be natural or in a healthy state.

THE PEACH-TREE BORER.—Placing leached ashes around the base of trees was recommended as a means of preventing the beetle which lays the eggs from depositing them. The ashes were first applied as a manure, and this effect was accidentally discovered.—*Moore's Rural.*

VALUABLE MANURE.—It is estimated that fifty head of poultry will make more than enough manure for an acre of land—seven cwt. of guano being the usual quantity applied per acre, and poultry manure being even richer than guano in ammonia and fertilizing salts. No other stock will give an equal return in this way, and these figures demand careful attention from the large farmer.

SHELTER YOUR FARM IMPLEMENTS.—Every farmer not only wants shelter for his hay, corn and other grain—for his cattle, horses, mules, sheep and swine—but he wants shelter for his plows, harrows, cultivators, reapers and mowers, wagons, carts, etc. Has the farmer good shelter for all these? If not, now is the time and now is the hour to provide this shelter. Lose no time in doing it. The snow and the cold rain-storms are here. Make comfortable everything you have.

FOR DISCUSSION.—Sanitary laws for our homes. What farmers' gardens are and what they should be. Small fruits for family use. Trees for the lawn, the farm, the roadside. The adaptation of fruits to soils. The best evergreens for home decorations. The best trees for small grounds. The value of experiments in the farm and garden. The value of botanical studies to country children. These are topics which we think worthy of discussion at our farmers' clubs, agricultural and horticultural conventions, and in the family circle.—*Rural New Yorker.*

SELECTING SEED CORN.—There is a difference, if we notice it, in the ears, which can be seen when husking, some ears being much harder to break off than others. And herein lies the secret: Those with the large, tough stems are the male or bastard ears, which I never take for seed, no matter how large the ear; but those which are somewhat hollow and small in the stem end are the female, and the only kind that should be taken for seed. This being the true way of picking out seed-corn, it is of no matter whether it be the top or bottom ear, as it is all one. We very well know that mixture or fertilizing between the male and female stalks takes place in the later stages of their growth.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

HOW TO BUILD A POULTRY HOUSE.—We advise every man to build a hennery on the same principle that a farmer would build a barn: first for comfort, second for convenience, and then add as much for elegance and style as he is willing to pay for. The plan we would adopt for a poultry house is this: Build on a southerly slope, if you can. Dig out for a back wall, to be cemented up; then lay upon it a shed roof, the roof and sides shingled, with tarred paper between the boards and shingles. It should be ten feet high in the front and five in the rear. On the inside have a walk three feet wide running the whole length, high enough from the ground to let the fowls under, to scratch and go out into the yard. Lay a floor over the rest with the roosts on the back part, with the shelves under them to catch the droppings, so arranged as to be removed and cleaned once a week. The nests for large hens should be a foot high, and small at the entrance, running back two feet. With such nests as these hens seldom learn to set eggs. Fasten the nests on the partition which separates the walk from the coop. A building thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide may be separated into three rooms, large enough for twenty-five fowls to a room. Such a building can be put up for $50, and is worth as much for all practical purposes as the most elegant building, while everybody that can afford to keep good fowls can afford such a hennery.—*Boston Transcript.*

About the House.

ADD your fuel to the fire slowly.

HERRINGS are very strengthening.

DO NOT make your bread too light.

STALE bread may be steamed into freshness.

SCALDED skimmed milk will go as far as fresh milk.

SALT meats should be simmered; they should not be fiercely boiled.

TO PREVENT SCORCHING.—To prevent scorching, the secret is simply to keep a basin or cup of water in the oven. The steam generated not only prevents scorching, but makes the meat cook nicer.

DESTROYER OF BED BUGS.—The quickest and best cure for them, I find, is to wash the bedstead with cold water and then sprinkle well with red or best black pepper, and also sprinkle well where there is any sign of bugs.

POUND CAKE.—Eight eggs beaten separately; not quite one pound of butter; one pound of powdered sugar; not quite one pound of prepared flour, or flour with two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the yelks, sugar and butter together, then add the beaten whites and flour by degrees, alternating till both are stirred in; flavor with lemon.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, one cup of milk, scant three cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, bake in layers. For the chocolate mixture, grate one cake of sweet chocolate; beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and add a cup of powdered sugar.

TO GET RID OF BIRD LICE.—To keep insects off birds put the least little bit of kerosene oil under each wing, say as much as remains on the little finger after you have let the drop fall off; do this every ten days until all are removed; clean the cage well every day; scour it in hot water; use powdered borax, but no soap.

TO PURIFY THE COMPLEXION.—Eat an orange or two every morning before breakfast, drink plenty of lemonade not sweetened; never drink tea, coffee, nor any kind of stimulants; do not use soap on the face or neck; take a sponge bath every morning, either cold or tepid, in water made soft with powdered borax, a teaspoonful in a quart of water.

HARD SOAP.—Pour four gallons of boiling water on to four pounds of washing soda, and three pounds of unslacked lime; let it stand until clear and then drain off; place it on the fire in an iron pot; put in six pounds of good, clean fat; boil two hours—stir most of the time; pour one gallon of cold water on to the mixture of soda and lime that has been once used; let it settle clear, and add this cold solution to the boiling soap whenever it is in danger of boiling over; add only a pint or so at a time; try the soap by cooling a little in a saucer; about thirty minutes before removing from the fire, add four ounces of borax; wet a tub to prevent sticking; turn in the soap and let it stand until solid; cut into bars.

THE aerial quickstep is what they call a hanging in Kansas.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

SECRETARY EVARTS is 60 years old.

KENTUCKY will reset the old whipping-post.

MR. ROSS has examined 375 lost Charleys.

FRANCE is willing to resume diplomatic relations with Mexico.

THE Chinese nation has just celebrated its 360th centennial, or 36,000th New Year.

ONE-HALF the wire is laid on the great suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn.

IT is rumored that the Crown Prince of Austria is soon to wed the Princess Beatrice of England.

A TRAMP was taken in at Westfield, Mass., who boasted that he had been on the road since 1852.

MRS. MARGARET HERBERT and MRS. Catherine Tilton, twin-sisters, of New Jersey, have celebrated their 90th birthday.

RUSSIAN officers consume great quantities of champagne. The general staff of the Russian army lately ordered $80,000 worth from Paris.

IN France 95 per cent. of the murders committed are for money; in Spain 98 of every 100 murders are inspired by motives of jealousy or love.

THE Czar of Russia is not strong, and fears the early approach of death. He will be 60 if he lives until April, an age beyond which no previous Romanoff has lived.

KING HUMBERT, of Italy, thinks his father ran things a little fast, and has commenced cutting down expenses by selling off 1,000 horses kept in the royal stables.

IT is regarded in New York as really quite surprising that James Gordon Bennett, with his extravagant life in Europe, is making his father's fortune last so long.

THERE are living in Belgium, France, Austria, Italy and America 120 families of the descendants of Rubens, represented by 556 persons. Most of them are of noble birth.

WOLVES in Eastern France are unusually bold this year, and have committed many depredations. An instance is cited in which a courier was driven by them from his regular track.

"IN this great court that wears the golden epaulets of justice," said a Cincinnati barrister, "where are the great waves that wash the shore of justice?" His client was sent down for thirty days.

THE telephone develops more practical value in England than here. The London *Daily News* uses it to get reports of debates direct from Parliament, connections being made with the ordinary telegraph wires.

STANLEY is a man who is cruel to his most devoted friends. An African native became so fond of him that he begged Stanley as a favor to kill him and eat him, but the hard-hearted explorer peremptorily refused.

WINTER.

Lastly, came Winter, clothed all in frieze.
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill,
As from a limbeck, did adown distil:
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.
—*Edmund Spenser.*

GEN. CROOK thinks that Sitting Bull will be compelled to come to the United States in order to hunt the buffaloes necessary for his subsistence; also, that there is no possible way of keeping him from crossing the frontier. There will be always more or less trouble till Sitting Bull is cleaned out.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales show in many ways most kind hearts. They have provided for Sandringham and the other villages adjoining excellent school-rooms and teachers, and on holidays they give the children treats and serviceable gifts, the Princess and her little one distributing the latter with their own hands.

COL. KING's farm on the Rio Grande consists of 160,000 acres, all fenced. He has been growing in wealth since the war with Mexico, and now owns, besides the land, 22,000 horses, 50,000 cows, 75,000 sheep and 30,000 mules. He employs 300 Mexicans as herders. Most of the land has been fenced at an enormous cost.

M. DUGUE, a Parisian dramatist, had nearly $20,000 in gold in his desk, and beside the gold was a sack full of bright new sous that his wife had long been saving up, in accordance with the superstition that their presence brings luck. It did; for an enterprising burglar, taking the sous for forty franc pieces, carried them off with the next bag, and left $17,000.

FRESH flowers are daily planted around the tomb of Napoleon III., at Chiselhurst, by direction of his widow, Eugenie. It is next in order to transfer his ashes from the island of England to the banks of the Seine, to be buried among the people who were dearest to him when alive. The Hotel des Invalides is waiting to receive the nephew of his uncle.

MR. JAMES F. DOWNEY, editor of the Louisiana (Mo.) *Journal*, having been assaulted by Alderman W. W. Anderson, publishes a card containing the following business-like proposition: "I will meet him anywhere his friend and my friend may select, both to be unarmed, and if I don't thrash him inside of five minutes I will make a public apology and admit I am no man. I am in no condition to struggle with a man, but I am strong enough to whip a hypocrite and a coward."

Christmas Kindness.

One of the tenderest acts of kindness perpetrated by the churches at Christmas time is to feed poor children on candy, bought at 18 cents a pound, and when the little cherubs die with their stomachs full of marble dust—tendered to them by economical pastors as sugar, and eaten by the innocent lambs with all the simple faith and exuberant appetite of their age—they will go aloft, carrying with them, as it were, their own tombstones.—*Philadelphia Times.*

To Housekeepers.

The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality, in every respect, of DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER. It is entirely free from adulteration of any kind, and every package contains absolute full weight. Consumers should bear in mind the fact that a strictly pure, full weight baking powder, although it costs a little more than the adulterated, cheap, light weight, or bulk powders, is by far the cheapest, both in purse and health.

PHYSICIANS have long prescribed Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR as a relief and cure of Heart Disease, for the simple reason that they have seen its favorable workings in all the many forms of disease the Heart is liable to, and it can truly be recommended as a scientific remedy for that dreaded of all diseases, whose subtle workings are not usually seen until the patient is beyond ordinary help. Among the many forms of Heart Disease are Palpitation, Enlargement, Spasms of the Heart, Stoppage of the Action of the Heart, Trembling all over and about the Heart, Ossification or Bony Formation of the Heart, Rheumatism, General Debility and Sinking of the Spirits. We can pronounce Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR a certain remedy, and advise you to use it. Send your name to F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H., for a pamphlet containing list of testimonials of cures, etc.

For sale by druggists at 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

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Aching Heads and Uneasy Nerves

Are often soothed by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, because that searching corrective completely removes the causes of brain and nerve excitement, which are to be found in the derangement of the stomach, and of its associate organs, the liver and bowels. It is a truth which cannot be too earnestly insisted upon, that the effect of mere sedatives and narcotics, like bromide of potassium, valerian, chloral hydrate and opium, is less appreciable the longer they are used, and that they can never permanently relieve nervous excitability, because they cannot remedy the weakness and organic derangement which lies at its roots. Hostetter's Bitters, however, can and does cure nervous maladies, for the reason already stated. Sick headache, restlessness at night, vertigo, mental heaviness and depression of spirits, as well as the dyspeptic condition of the stomach, and torpidity of the liver and bowels, which give rise to them, are entirely obviated by this benign alterative tonic.

THE old life preserver is what they call Johnson's Anodyne Liniment way up in Maine where it is made. This name is well deserved, for it is the best liniment in the world. It will certainly prevent diphtheria, and will relieve croup and asthma instantly.

DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery will cure a cough in one-half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine; and it does it not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. Sold by druggists.

EXPOSE THE FRAUD.—Patent medicine venders are now putting up Condition Powders in packages as large as a nigger's foot for 25 cents, but they are utterly worthless. One small package of Sheridan's Condition Powders are worth a dray load of them.

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TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address
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THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES	$7 25	@10 75
HOGS	4 25	@ 4 65
COTTON	10¾	@ 11
FLOUR—Superfine	4 25	@ 4 90
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 28	@ 1 29
CORN—Western Mixed	48	@ 51
OATS—Mixed	38	@ 41½
RYE—Western	71	@ 72
PORK—New Mess	11 30	@11 60
LARD	7⅛	@ 7¾

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 90	@ 5 25
Choice Native	4 25	@ 4 75
Cows and Heifers	2 25	@ 3 50
Butchers' Steers	3 25	@ 3 50
Medium to Fair	3 70	@ 4 15
HOGS—Live	2 50	@ 4 10
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	6 50	@ 7 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 50	@ 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 09½	@ 1 10¼
No. 3 Spring	1 04	@ 1 05
CORN—No. 2	41½	@ 43
OATS—No. 2	24	@ 25
RYE—No. 2	51	@ 54
BARLEY—No. 2	47	@ 48
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	30	@ 37
EGGS—Fresh	12	@ 12½
PORK—Mess	10 35	@10 50
LARD	7⅛	@ 7⅛

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 1	1 14	@ 1 15
No. 2	1 10	@ 1 11
CORN—No. 2	41	@ 42
OATS—No. 2	23	@ 24
RYE—No. 1	53	@ 54
BARLEY—No. 2	57	@ 58

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—No. 3 Red Fall	1 25	@ 1 26
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	41	@ 42
OATS—No. 2	26	@ 26
RYE	51	@ 53
PORK—Mess	10 60	@10 70
LARD	7⅛	@ 7¾
HOGS	3 40	@ 4 10
CATTLE	2 50	@ 4 75

CINCINNATI.

WHEAT—Red	1 15	@ 1 25
CORN—New	39	@ 40
OATS	28	@ 31
RYE	59	@ 60½
PORK—Mess	10 75	@11 00
LARD	7⅛	@ 8

TOLEDO

WHEAT—No. 1 White Michigan	1 25	@ 1 27
No. 2 Red Winter	1 23	@ 1 23
CORN	45	@ 46
OATS—No. 2	27	@ 28

DETROIT.

FLOUR—Choice White	5 65	@ 6 10
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 24	@ 1 25
No. 1 Amber	1 22	@ 1 23
CORN—No. 1	38	@ 39
OATS—Mixed	28	@ 30
BARLEY (per cental)	1 02	@ 1 50
PORK—Mess	10 75	@11 25

EAST LIBERTY, PA.

CATTLE—Best	5 25	@ 5 50
Fair	4 75	@ 5 00
Common	4 00	@ 4 50
HOGS	4 00	@ 4 35
SHEEP	3 50	@ 5 75

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