THE TEN LITTLE GRASSHOPPERS.

Ten little grasshoppers
Sitting on a vine;
One ate too much green corn,
Then there were but nine.

Nine little grasshoppers,
Just the size for bait;
A little boy went fishin',
Then there were but eight.

Eight little grasshoppers
Stayed out after leven;
A white frost nipped one,
Then there were seven.

Seven little grasshoppers
Lived between two bricks;
There came a hurricane,
Then there were six.

Six little grasshoppers
Found an old bee-hive;
One found a bumble-bee,
Then there were five.

Five little grasshoppers
Hopping on the floor;
Pussy took one for a mouse,
Then there were four.

Four little grasshoppers
Found a green pea;
Had a fight about it,
Then there were three.

Three little grasshoppers
Sighed for pastures new;
Tried to cross the river,
Then there were two.

Two little grasshoppers,
Sitting on a stone;
A turkey-gobbler passed that way,
Then there was one.

One little grasshopper
Chirped good-by at the door;
Said he'd come next summer,
With nine millions more.

LOVE'S A B C.

"Going to Europe?"

The speaker was one of two gentlemen sitting at an open window on the second story of the "Ocean Hotel," Long Branch. Both the young men were smoking.

"Yes; I am going to Europe," was the reply. "I will be frank with you, Charley, for we were at school together, were chums at college, and have been close friends ever since. I will say to you what I could say to no one else; and I feel I must unburden myself to somebody."

"A woman, of course?" said his friend, sententiously, selecting a fresh cigar.

"Yes; a woman."

"Miss Temple?"

"Isabel Temple."

"Just as I supposed. But look here, Hal, is she not a bit of a blue-stocking?"

Harry Darnley winced. He could not bear that any one should speak disparagingly of the woman he loved, and Charley Rossiter used the phrase, he knew, disparagingly.

"I do not think so," he answered. "She ranks intellect above all else; is fond of the society of men of ability rather than that of mere boys; likes, in fact, to talk of things, not persons; in other words, is no gossip, as so many women are. If that is being a blue-stocking, then she is one."

"Precisely. Reads Darwin, Herbert Spencer and Huxley. I don't mean to be offensive, but isn't this your half-fledged female lecturer? Before long, mark me, she'll be haranguing from a platform, probably in full Bloomers, with a monkey jacket and a man's hat."

Even Harry could hardly repress a smile. But he replied, warmly:

"You do her great injustice. She is a thorough woman at heart, with infinite capacities for sympathy, self-sacrifice, tenderness, devotion. Only nothing has yet touched her deeper nature——"

"You mean that no man has ever yet won her love," interrupted Charley.

Harry finished, without noticing the interruption: "As she is full of character, she feels the need of doing something, and so throws herself heart and soul into all the movements, from the Radical Club down."

"Oh! yes; goes to feminine conventicles, where they read poems and essays, admire each other, and listen to transcendental fools lecturing. Faith, Harry, I thought you had more sense than to fall in love with a girl of that kind. Grant she is pretty, charming, fascinating, even. I am quite ready to admit the two last, and I know she is beautiful, but for heaven's sake don't marry any woman who thinks more of herself than she ever will of anybody else."

Harry took a turn up and down the room to calm his irritation, regretting that he had made a confidant of this cynical Charley.

"You entirely mistake her," he said, at last. "You should see her in the privacy of her home, as I have; for I first met her a year ago at her father's country seat. Her little sisters fairly worship her; so do all the poor of the neighborhood. A woman more free from affectation, or who is less self-conscious, never lived."

"And she will have none of you?"

"In every way I have shown my love, but she will not let me speak. She seems to wish to spare me a refusal, and in that reveals the delicacy of a true woman."

"Well, old fellow, I'm sorry for you. You're not the sort of man either that really first-rate women dislike, and that convinces me that you overrate this Miss Temple. If she knew you as I do, she'd crawl on her hands and knees to beg you not to go away, but to remain here, and live for her."

"Some day," said Harry, with a sigh, "she'll find she has a heart, and then you'll see how you have maligned her. She's the sort of a girl to die for the man she loves."

"Stuff and nonsense! She'll die for nobody unless, when older, she dyes for herself. Pardon the pun, I know it's intolerable, but it's good enough for her. I only hope her hair, instead of coming out chestnut color, will come out blue. Ha! ha!"

"You may laugh at women who are intellectual, and sneer at them for blues," answered Harry, sternly; "but for my part I wouldn't marry one who wasn't. Think of being tied for a whole lifetime to a silly woman. But with one as bright, as full of spirits, as cultivated as Miss Temple for a wife and companion, one's home would never grow dull.

"'A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command.
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.'

"Heaven bless her! I hope the man who wins her, when I'm far away and forgotten, will be worthy of so rich a prize."

"I wish him joy of his icicle. The cold glitter of steel; all brains, no heart. She isn't capable of learning even the A B C of love, and never will be. Forget her, Harry."

"Well, we shall never agree on this subject, so let us drop it, and forget I ever spoke. What say you to a stroll on the Parade?"

"With all my heart," was the response.

"I shall see her to-morrow for the last time," said Harry, in conclusion. "There's to be a picnic at Paradise rocks. After that—well, Europe."

Little did either of the speakers imagine that there had been a listener to their conversation, much less that the listener was the very lady under discussion. But so it was. Miss Temple had come to call on a friend at the hotel, and, finding her out, had sat down at the table, in her private parlor, to pen her a note. Now this parlor was the next room to that occupied by Charley Rossiter, and, as the windows of both apartments were open, she heard distinctly every word that was spoken. It was Harry's admission that he was going abroad which first attracted her attention.

A sudden pang shot through her heart, a spasm of absolute physical pain. Harry had been so devoted to her for more than a year that she had taken it for granted he would always be so. She had, therefore, no wish to change these pleasant relations; as Harry had said, she shrank from him when he became too demonstrative; but, now that she found he was going away, she awoke to the consciousness that he was necessary to her happiness, and it burst on her like a revelation.

She listened, spell-bound, to what followed. It never even occurred to her that she was eaves-dropping; she was too intensely absorbed. While her cheek flushed, half angrily, more than once, at Charley's cynical criticisms, her heart throbbed with strange pleasure as Harry's generous defense of her, the more generous she felt because he admitted that he was without hope. And it began to dawn on her that she had been, unintentionally, a little selfish in expecting to keep him at her side, on her own terms, receiving everything and giving nothing. She saw, too, that she had misunderstood herself. She had been saying all along, and her set had said it also, that only weak, silly women fall in love; that men were all alike selfish; that her sex were the victims of their affections—"too emotional altogether," as the high priest of the Æsthetic Club put it. It should be her care, Isabel had early declared, to avoid this weakness. Life surely had enough in it, even for a woman, without the need of love. But now her fine-spun philosophy fell from about her. Now, when one whose society had, somehow, become essential to her talked of going away forever, she suddenly discovered what a dreary waste of years lay before her—what a hopeless, purposeless future. And she compared Harry, mentally, with the other men she knew, realizing, as she had never done before, how superior he was to all of them; nobler, truer, manlier, more intelligent, better cultivated, chivalrous beyond words—a Sir Launcelot in all that was great and good. And she blushed, with secret pleasure, as she thought it.

But he was going away for years. It was too late to recall the past. Yet there was one hope—a slender one, but still a hope. They were to meet tomorrow at the picnic; and, though she could not take the initiative, yet something might happen. Perhaps—perhaps——

Suddenly she roused herself, with an effort, for she had been thus musing for long after the two gentlemen had gone out, and rising, ran down stairs to her pony-phaeton, feeling like some guilty thing, all at once remembering that had been eaves-dropping.

There was a great dinner party that day where Isabel was a guest, but everybody remarked that she was not herself. She was dull, spiritless, absorbed. Her usual gay sallies, her contagious wit, were absent. Little sleep visited her eyes that night. She was thinking all the while that she had discovered her secret too late; she called it a secret now; a week ago she would have called it a weakness. Harry was going, and might go, was almost certain to go, without a word.

She dressed for the picnic next day with the greatest care. She was in a fever when she reached the rocks till Harry made his appearance, for she feared something might happen to prevent his coming. He did not, for awhile, join her; and she was in a fever of apprehension till he did. When, at last, he came up, she welcomed him with a bright smile; and from that moment she was the gayest of the gay. Never had she been more brilliant. Half a dozen of the most intelligent gentlemen present were about her; she had a retort for each; the ball of conversation never flagged for a moment. But, with all, she was restless. She was hoping that Harry would give her a chance to see him alone; but he made no movement to do so.

"Why does he not ask me to go for a walk?" she said to herself. The afternoon was rapidly passing; her hopes began to grow faint; she resolved on a decided step.

"How very warm it is," she cried, fanning herself vigorously. "I wonder if there is more breeze on the beach."

Immediately her attendants, one and all, offered to escort her to the shore—Harry among them. She put her arm in his.

"I will accept Mr. Darnley's kind escort," she said, bowing gracefully to the rest. "They tell me he is going to Europe, and it will be my last walk with him. The rest of you I can see dozens of times yet."

The others took the hint, and, bowing, left Isabel and Harry alone. Neither spoke until they had left the noisy company far behind them, and quite out of sight, and had reached a rocky bluff, with the low, level sands stretching before them, and the long line of breakers whitening in the distance.

"Let us sit down here," said Isabel.

They sat down, and, as the sun was still warm, Harry put up her silk umbrella and held it over her. Still he did not speak. Something in Isabel's manner began to give him hope, yet he could hardly believe it; and he feared to spoil all by precipitation.

"Are you really going to Europe?" said Isabel; and her voice trembled a little in spite of her effort to be calm.

"Is it not very sudden?"

"It is sudden; but it is the only thing left for me to do."

"Why?"

There was a tenderness in the tone that was unmistakable, and such as Harry had never before heard. He looked at her suddenly and keenly. Her face grew crimson with blushes; her eyes fell; she turned half aside. Then, as if hardly knowing what she said, she began to draw lines in the did with Harry's thin bamboo cane, which he had put down when he opened the umbrella.

A wild, desperate resolution took possession of her companion. He was no faint-hearted knight; but, as he had told Charley, never before had Isabel given him even the slightest encouragement to speak as a lover. At this sudden shyness on her part he took courage, and resolved to peril all "on the hazard of the die."

Only those who have been in such straits themselves, hoping and yet fearing, but fearing more than they hoped, can know how he spoke. His earnestness, his passion, made him exceptionally eloquent, even for himself.

Isabel listened with a beating heart, and with fast-changing color. He told how long he had worshiped her; how her coldness had driven him to despair; how, being about to go away for ever, he could not leave without saying all this, even though he had no hope.

"Some happier man," he said, in conclusion, "will yet touch your heart. I shall not hate him. I love you too purely for that. Heaven bless you both!"

She made no reply. But, if Harry could have seen her averted face, he would have seen that tears were in her eyes. After awhile, however, the tears ceased; a look of perfect happiness irradiated her countenance, and then a roguish smile began to play round the corners of her mouth. She stopped and traced, once more, something in the sand. But what she traced now were large, Roman letters—the letters "A B C."

"Haven't you even a word for me?" said Harry, after a pause. "I haven't, at least, offended you?"

"I have some letters for you, as you may see, if they will do," she answered, looking up with a mischievous smile; and then she demurely finished off the tail of the C.

What did she mean? Enigmatical as were the words, the look made his heart beat high. He leaned toward her. She did not move away. He put his arm about her. She did not shrink; on the contrary, she said, in a low whisper:

"Will you—give—up—going away, if I ask you?" And her appealing look was even more eloquent than her words.

"I will give up my life, even," he answered, passionately, pressing her to his heart.

She lay passive for a few seconds with her head on his breast; then made a faint effort to release herself.

"Not yet," he said, holding her fast. "Not till you have told me that you love me. It seems too good to be true. My happiness would be too great."

"You must not hurry me," she answered, with a saucy, bewitching glance. "Don't you see I am only at the A B C?"

The look of those splendid eyes, her sweet head on his cheek, the close proximity of her tempting, inviting lips were too much for him. What could he do but kiss her?

"There, that will do—at least, to begin with," she cried, laughingly, but blushing crimson; and extricating herself, with a sudden little movement, from his arms, she said: "You, at least, understand the A B C."

He looked at her with such a puzzled air that she broke into a peal of laughter.

"Don't be angry," she said. "I am not laughing at you. I was in a room at the hotel yesterday, next to that where you were sitting. It was Carrie Stewart's room, but she had gone out, and I was sitting at the table, writing a message to her, when I heard your voice. You understand now. The windows looking on the Parade were open in both rooms, I suppose; you must be more careful, Master Harry, in the future. And it was then I heard the talk about the A B C of love." And she laughed mischievously again.

"What a veritable sprite you are," he answered, joining in the laugh. And catching something of her sportiveness he said:

"But you must be punished for eaves-dropping." And he caught her once more in his arms, before she could elude him, and kissed her again and again.

"Oh! but you're getting beyond the A B C," she said. "Surely one—is—quite—enough."

"One will be, or I suppose will have to be," he answered. "I am waiting for it."

She opened her eyes wide.

"Waiting for it? Haven't you had—a—dozen?"

"Yes! may be. But none from you."

"Oh!"

"Certainly."

"From me."

"Why not?"

She pouted.

"But you love me?"

No answer.

"You love me?"

She looked up from under her half-veiled eyes, blushing rosily.

"It is not much to ask," he said, "is it? It's only the A B C, you know."

"There, then," she said, "that's the A. We'll see about the B and C by-and-by, perhaps, if you behave yourself;" and she glided from his arms again, and stood like a laughing Grace, full two feet distant.

And there we leave them. But Harry was right. Isabel, once having loved, loved with her whole soul.

"She does nothing by halves; she learned the entire alphabet, by Jove!" said Charley, speaking of it many years after. "She didn't stop, as namby-pamby women do, with the A B C."

Youthful Suicides.

—James Zeis, aged 13, son of L. L. Zeis, a farmer in Allen county, Ind., committed suicide by hanging himself with a piece of rope from a beam in his father's barn. The only cause assigned is that he had been accused of stealing a lead pencil from a store and threatened with arrest.

—Nancy Lee, aged 17, committed suicide at Boonville, Warwick county, Ind., by taking a teaspoonful of morphine. On the 11th of January her most intimate friend, Mrs. Fanny Dillingham, committed suicide, after being married a few weeks, on account of difficulties with her mother-in-law. Miss Lee had ever since been depressed in spirits. She left several letters to her parents stating that she had taken morphine, requesting to be buried beside her friend, Fanny Dillingham, and for them to visit Terre Haute and attend a spiritualist seance, promising to appear with her friend.

—The body of a young and beautiful woman, dressed in a male attire, was recently discovered in a water-hole, not far from Rockford, Ill. The Coroner held an inquest on the corpse, and it was found that the young girl was Miss Ella Schultz, adopted daughter of H. C. Buell, a wealthy farmer of Hebron, Ill., who disappeared mysteriously from her home about seven weeks previous. The girl was about 16 years of age, intelligent, but despondent at times. When found she was dressed in a heavy suit of youth's clothing and rubber boots. It is supposed that she intended to run away from home, and that, becoming discouraged and despondent, she committed suicide. She had cut her hair, which was found secreted in a pocket of her coat. Verdict, suicide.

The Sultan's Guest and Friend.

The Grand Duke Nicholas proposes to come as a guest to Constantinople.

Grand Duke (to Sultan)—How are you? I've dropped in to make a friendly call. I'm friendly. I'm your friend. Count me your friend. If you don't count me your friend, I'll put another head on you. How are you? Come, now, let us be friends. Well! Ain't you going to be friendly, hey?

Sultan—Your Highness, we are your most devoted. We cannot well be anything else. Do you expect to stay long?

Grand Duke—I don't know. I want to look around and see. You may have something I want. I am your guest, your friend. Don't have anything to do with those fellows, England and Austria. They mean you no good. I'll protect you against them. Keep 'em out of the Dardanelles. You will, won't you?

Sultan—Well—But——

Grand Duke—Well! But! Ain't I your friend? You want another pounding? I'm your friend. I licked you just for your own good. Will you keep those ships out or not?

Sultan—Certainly, your Royal Highness—certainly. You must have it all your own way now.

Grand Duke—Of course. I come as a friend. I want some money. A friend in need is a friend in greed.—*New York Graphic.*

Lincoln's Springfield Home.

The little brown cottage in Springfield, Ill., in which Mr. Lincoln lived before he went to Washington, still remains nearly as he left it, furniture and all. It is related that it had at first but one story, and that Mrs. Lincoln for many years unavailingly coaxed her husband to raise the roof. At length she seized an opportunity when he was attending court in an adjoining town to employ workmen and have the half-story added, windows put in, paint put on, all completed—save payment of bills—before his return. Coming up the street, he comprehended the situation at a glance, but feigning bewilderment, and pretending not to recognize the old place, he walked past as if searching for home, till his wife—who was watching behind the shutters—called after him: "Abrim! Abrim!"

Mr. Forsyth plainly puts the situation thus: "During the past few years there has been a constant shrinkage of values. Farms, and horses, and cattle, and hogs, and grain, and labor, both skilled and unskilled, have depreciated from 10 to 50 per cent. But there has been no abatement of taxes, no corresponding reduction of the salaries of the legislators and public functionaries, and no cutting down of the public expense has taken place."

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

There are a great many reports resulting in from all over the country, and even from Canada, that the warm weather of December started the buds—and the Colorado beetles—and that the cold snap following it is likely to do a great deal of damage to next year's fruit.

Dressing Hogs.—English experience in dressing well-fed hogs is follows: The per cent. of pork from a hog, the live weight of which is above 550 pounds, 87 to 88; a hog live weight 500 to 550, 84 to 86 per cent. of pork; 350 to 400, 81 to 82 per cent.; 200 to 300, 78 to 80 per cent.; under 200 pounds, 75 to 77 per cent.

Look out for the Hessian fly. It is dormant now, but its card may be seen in the yellow color of the fall season wheat. Anything that will disturb the fly or strengthen the plant is of use. When the ground is soft, it may be well to roll the wheat, or to sow five bushels of salt to the acre or fifty bushels of unleached ash.

Something for Rats and Mice.—Several correspondents write to announce the complete extirpation of rats and mice from their cow-stalls and piggeries since the adoption of this simple plan: a mixture of two parts of well-bruised common squills and three parts of finely-chopped bacon is made into a stiff mass, with as much meal as may be required, and then baked into small cakes, which are put down for the rats to eat.—*English Standard.*

Draining a Hollow.—To drain a depression in a field where a clayey or hard pan subsoil prevents the sinking of rain water, and the lay of the land is unfavorable for ordinary methods of drainage, first dig a hole, as if for a well, through the impervious stratum at the bottom of the hollow, fill it up to the brim with refuse stones, remove the excavated earth so as to allow the surface water free access to the pit, and standing water will never injure the grass or grain crop in that part of the field.

Hon. C. E. Whiting, of Monona county, Iowa, says, and truly, that he is very positive that his experience teaches him that, with wide timber belts around his fields, the balance of the lands will produce more grass, more corn, or more wheat than the whole land would without the wind belts. And as his belts increase in height he finds an increased visible benefit to his crops. And he finds in his large experience that our cultivated forest trees year after year grow right along with immense rapidity in blissful ignorance of the reason why they should not grow.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Mr. James Burnell, of Pacheco, has adopted for several years a method of sowing wheat which has never been described in the Patent Office, but which we have heard has been practiced and advocated by some of our farmers. He fastens a common sack of seed in front of him, on horseback, attaches his feet to guide reins and uses both hands in throwing the grain broadcast, right and left, in such quantity as suits him. Being elevated from the ground the seed obtains a wide spread. He says he can sow twenty acres a day without much fatigue in this way.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

It is not in November or December that our shrubs and flowers want our protecting care; we merely apply it then as a matter of convenience, but now—February till April. Tender nursing cannot be commended, as we may be likely to kill with kindness. Providing a little mulching of leaves, litter, manure, sedge-grass, earth or ashes has been applied over the roots, a few hemlock, spruce, or other evergreen twigs or branches placed right over the plants, greatly preserve them from injury. In the absence of evergreen branches, any twiggy branches will prove useful, as will also thinly-made umbrella-shaped straw thatches.—*Moore's Rural.*

Selecting Seed Corn.—I have been improving my corn by selecting the first ears that get ripe, and this is my seventh year since I began this practice, always planting the largest and best-developed ears. For the last seven years I have rejected the tips and butts of the ears, shelling off all grains that are not well developed. To-day I have as good, sound, well-developed ears as any man can raise, and filled to the very tip—so much so that there is no room for another grain. I have also made my corn much earlier by gathering the first ears that get ripe. The reason why I reject the tip grains is this—they are not so well developed and will not come up so strong and make so rank a growth.—*Letter to Ohio Farmer.*

About the House.

Oyster Stuffing.—Oysters for stuffing turkey should be bearded and chopped fine; a little mace should be added.

University Night-Cap.—Take half a tumblerful of tea, with a wine-glassful of milk and sugar to taste, to which add a wine-glassful of brandy; beat one egg, and mix.

Albany Punch.—One wine-glassful brandy, half wine-glassful Jamaica rum, a table-spoonful arrack, quarter of a lemon, a table-spoonful sugar, then fill the tumbler with crushed ice and water, mix thoroughly, and drink through a straw.

Smoky Chimneys.—Trouble with smoky chimneys caused by their being used for two or more stoves may be averted in most cases by inserting vertically in the flue a piece of sheet iron so as to divide the flue in the center for about two feet above the point where each pipe enters, and turning the bottom of the sheet iron under the pipe so as to shut it completely off from the part of the flue below it.—*Springfield Union.*

How a Water Pipe May Be Cleaned.—A correspondent of *Forest and Stream* tells of a novel method employed to cleanse a two-inch water pipe which had become choked with mud. A string was passed through a hole punched in the tail of a small eel, which was straightway put into the pipe. An occasional jerk reminded the eel that it was incumbent on him to advance, which he did, arriving at the lower end of the pipe with the string. A bunch of rags was tied to the string, and thus the pipe was cleansed.

Chocolate Cake.—One cupful of best butter, and two cupfuls of sugar, beaten to a cream; one cupful of sweet milk, three and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, sifted in the flour; one-half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a very little hot water, the whites of four eggs well beaten and the yelks of six; make a frosting with the whites of two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar, six table-spoonfuls of grated chocolate, one teaspoonful of vanilla; frost when the cake is warm.

Round vs. Square Cheeses.—We have wondered, and it seems that somebody else has wondered, too, why cheeses should always be made round. We have seen a square cheese, one foot long and four inches high and wide, weighing ten pounds. This is just the cheese for family use. It weighs just about enough, and the consumer can begin at one end and cut off a slice as thick as is required. No fresh surface is exposed except the end where the cutting has begun; this can easily be covered so that flies cannot get at it, and meanwhile the cheese will not dry up.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Our Fish Industry.

During 1876, according to statistics furnished the American Fish Culturists' Association of the value and quantity of the fish caught, the oyster trade of the United States amounted to $50,000,000. Then came codfish, valued at $4,825,549, and whale fisheries, worth $2,841,000. The total value of fish caught in the United States in 1876 was $75,278,829.

KEELY.

The Great Motor Fraud Makes His Exit.

The reported bankruptcy of the famous Keely (he of "motor" fame), says the Chicago *Journal*, furnishes an appropriate *finale* to a somewhat protracted career of mingled prosperity, popularity and humbuggery. That there was ever any reasonable prospect of success in the attainment of the object sought by Keely is altogether unlikely, although he made himself (perhaps) and hundreds of wealthy men believe in it. Taken as a whole, it may be doubted whether this motor fraud, with which Keely's name will remain forever associated, is not about as stupendous as any in recent history, and was not as adroitly and cunningly managed. How Keely succeeded in hoodwinking sensible, sharp, shrewd business men as long as he did, how he kept them tolerably satisfied, to say the least, by excuses and reasons given from time to time for the delay to bring the monster motor out, is another of the many mysteries connected with this gigantic mechanical swindle.

As is well known, a stock company was formed, huge in dimensions and abundant in resources, by which the machine, when completed, was to be owned and the "power" negotiated. Under the idea that the new force, if once developed and properly harnessed, would supersede the use of steam, men advanced money to experiment with in the most lavish and reckless manner, thinking there was "millions in it," sure. And whenever any stockholder became suspicious, and went on to Philadelphia to investigate a little, Keely would gravely take him into his workshop, show him some experiments which were enough to stun and befog anybody, declare oracularly the cause of the delay, and then assure the victim that, as soon as everything was right and ripe, the machine would be forthcoming, and the world would be at their feet beseeching them for the privilege of using the wonderful power.

After a time, the stockholders divided into two cliques, with headquarters at Boston and New York respectively, and Keely, by managing and manipulating both, or rather selling himself first to one party and then to the other, succeeded in drawing out the cash from all and keeping himself well supplied. But now, it appears, the funds are all gone, the game is nearly or quite played out, promises have ceased to dazzle and betray, and poor Keely has at last been forced to the wall and has financially collapsed. Fit termination to fit project! First, the machine went under or up, and now poor Keely goes with the machine to the land of unverified hypotheses and unrealized dreams. Let us hope we now have had the final act and even scene in the Keely motor farce.

Flying Turks—Horrible Sights.

A correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes from Pera:

"I left Tatar Bazardjik by the last train that ran. The sight was appalling; thousands upon thousands of fugitives clutched to the train as their only haven; they clambered on to the tops of the carriages, the steps and buffers; these last were crowded. They even put their women and children on the rails to prevent the engines from advancing. At last we got away, but the same sight greeted us at every station. Further on we met trucks full of these wretched people, scores of them crowded into sheep carriages, layers one above the other, waiting to be carried on. In many instances these living truck-loads had remained for five days stationary, not a man, woman or child daring to leave them for fear of losing their places. The scene was most horrible. In one instance I saw eight dead bodies in a truck. Moreover, dysentery prevailed frightfully among them. Without food, exposed to piercing cold, in a state of filth, the position of these poor wretches can hardly be imagined. Such a sight I never witnessed. As we proceeded I saw wretched little children thrown away, starved and frozen to death, into the snow; they were dying in cart-loads. We traveled on; one night near to Hermanli occurred a dreadful scene. The train was too heavy for us to mount an incline, and we had to back. We had proceeded only a few yards when he heard crunch, crunch, bump, and thought the engine was off the rails. We quickly came to a standstill, and got off to ascertain what had happened. We found that in backing several of the poor wretches on the buffers had been thrown off between the metals. The iron guard in front of the engine had caught them, and rolled and crunched them up, two or three together, in a mangled mass of humanity. It was some time before we could extricate their remains. Another poor fellow, a soldier, who, having done good service, was on his way home, had his two legs cut off at the thigh; he was still living. This was one of the many frightful scenes I witnessed. The whole population is moving en masse toward the capital in a state of terror and panic perfectly indescribable. The suffering, misery and mortality is fearful. Christian Russia!"

A Singular Charge to a Jury.

Probably the most curious charge ever made by a Judge to a jury was delivered in St. Louis during the anti-slavery excitement forty years ago. A mulatto, who had killed a policeman, was taken out of jail at night by a mob, tied to a tree and roasted to death. It became the duty of Judge Lawless to bring the matter before the Grand Jury, and the Alton (Ill.) *Telegraph* relates that he did so in the following language:

"If the destruction of the murderer of Hammond was the act of the many—of the multitude in the ordinary sense of those words—not the act of numerable and ascertainable malefactors, but of congregate thousands, seized upon and impelled by that mysterious, metaphysical and almost electrical frenzy, which, in all ages and nations, has hurried the infuriated multitude to deeds of death and destruction—then I say, *act not at all in this matter;* the case then transcends your jurisdiction—it is beyond the reach of human law."

The Result of Obstructed Digestion.

Among the hurtful consequences of obstructed digestion, is the impoverishment of the blood and since a deteriorative condition of the vital fluid not only produces dangerous organic weakness, but, according to the best medical authorities, sometimes causes asphyxia, it is apparent that to improve the quality of the blood by promoting digestion and assimilation, is a wise precaution. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely the remedy for this purpose, since it stimulates the gastric juices, conquers those bilious and evacuative irregularities which interfere with the digestive processes, promotes assimilation of the food by the blood, and purifies as well as enriches it. The signs of improvement in health in consequence of using the Bitters are speedily apparent in an accession of vigor, a gain in bodily substance, and a regular and active performance of every physical function.

Glad Tidings to Rheumatic Sufferers

The great internal remedy of Dr. Herndon the Gypsey's Gift, but lately introduced in Chicago, is all that is claimed for it, a true specific for rheumatism, acting through the blood, and prompt and certain in its curative power. One bottle sufficient. Try it—and prove it.

Cottage Gingerbread.

Take one cup of butter and lard melted together, add one cup New Orleans molasses; stir into this one cup each of sugar and cold water, two large teaspoonfuls ginger, two eggs beaten, and four cups of flour, having in it three large teaspoonfuls of Dooley's Yeast Powder. Bake in moderately hot oven.

Look Out for Them.

Certain unprincipled parties have been for years flooding the country with immense packages of horse and cattle powders which are utterly worthless. Don't be deceived by them. Sheridan's Powders are the only kind now known in this country which are strictly pure. They are very powerful.

A Debatable Question.

While much has been written concerning the use of "put up" medicines, the question is still an open one, and demands of the people a careful consideration. The salient points may be briefly stated, and answered as follows: 1st—Are the sick capable of determining their real condition, the nature of their malady, and selecting the proper remedy or means of cure? 2d—Can a physician, no matter how skillful, prepare a universal remedy, adapted to the peculiar ailments of a large class of people, residing in different latitudes, and subject to various climatic influences? In answer to the first proposition, we would say, diseases are named and known by certain "signs" or symptoms, and, as a mother does not need a physician to tell her that her child has the whooping-cough, or indicate a remedy, so people when afflicted with many of the symptoms concomitant to "impure blood," "torpid liver," and "bad digestion," require no other knowledge of their condition, or the remedy indicated, than they already possess. Second proposition—Many physicians argue that diseases are sectionally peculiar, and that their treatment must therefore vary, and yet quinine, morphine, podophyllin, and hundreds of other remedies are prescribed in *all countries* to overcome *certain conditions.* Is it not, therefore, self-evident that a physician whose large experience has made him familiar with the many phases incident to all *impurities* of the *blood, general and nervous debility, liver complaint, dyspepsia; consumption and catarrh,* can prepare a series of remedies exactly adapted to meet the conditions manifest, wherever, and by whatever means, it may have been engendered? The family medicines prepared by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., fulfill the above requirements. Many physicians prescribe them in their practice. His Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as a blood purifyer and general tonic, while his Favorite Prescription cures those weaknesses peculiar to women, after physicians have failed. His Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated and little larger than mustard seeds, are a safe and certain cure for "torpid" liver and constipation. If you wish to save money by avoiding doctors and keep or regain your health, buy The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, an illustrated work of over 900 pages. It contains instruction concerning anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and the treatment of disease. Over one hundred thousand copies already sold. Price (post-paid), $1.50. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR has sold largely and been universally recommended by druggists as a cure for Heart Disease, and has given satisfaction, as can be seen by reference to a letter received from F. W. Kinsman, druggist, Augusta, Maine.

"Having sold at retail more than a gross of your HEART REGULATOR, I take pleasure in saying that it has given great satisfaction in every case I have heard from. Almost every day I receive testimonials similar to the one inclosed. F. W. KINSMAN."

Send your name to F. E. Ingalls, Concord, N. H., for a pamphlet containing a list of testimonials of cures, etc.

The HEART REGULATOR is for sale by druggists at 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

CHEW
The Celebrated
"MATCHLESS"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
The Pioneer Tobacco Company,
New York, Boston and Chicago.

If we had a voice like thunder, we would use it to advise all people everywhere to get at once a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, or at least to find out about it. As a preventive of diphtheria, pneumonia, congestion and all dangerous throat and lung diseases its value is priceless.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!! Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for all diseases incident to the period of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and, by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

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
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
194 Penn Street, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age is Dr. Tobias' celebrated Venetian Liniment! 30 years before the public, and warranted to cure Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic and Spasms, taken internally; and Croup, Chronic Rheumatism, Sore Throats, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores, and Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, externally. It has never failed. No family will ever be without it after once giving it a fair trial. Price, 40 cents. DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in Pint Bottles, at One Dollar, is warranted superior to any other, or NO PAY, for the cure of Colt, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores, etc. Sold by all Druggists. Depot—10 Park Place, New York.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
Beeves	$7 50	@10 00
Hogs	4 10	@ 4 30
Cotton	11	@ 11¼
Flour—Superfine	4 00	@ 4 75
Wheat—No. 2 Chicago	1 22	@ 1 23
Corn—Western Mixed	48	@ 54
Oats—Mixed	33	@ 35½
Rye—Western	71	@ 72
Pork—New Mess	10 15	@10 25
Lard	7	@ 7¼
CHICAGO.		
Beeves—Choice Graded Steers	4 75	@ 5 00
Choice Natives	4 00	@ 4 50
Cows and Heifers	2 25	@ 3 50
Butchers' Steers	3 00	@ 3 25
Medium to Fair	3 50	@ 3 75
Hogs—Live	3 25	@ 4 00
Flour—Fancy White Winter	6 00	@ 6 50
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 00	@ 5 25
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	1 05	@ 1 06
No. 3 Spring	99	@ 1 00
Corn—No. 2	41	@ 42
Oats—No. 2	23	@ 26
Rye—No. 2	55	@ 56
Barley—No. 2	45	@ 46
Butter—Choice Creamery	30	@ 35
Eggs—Fresh	10½	@ 11
Pork—Mess	9 45	@ 9 50
Lard	6¾	@ 7
MILWAUKEE.		
Wheat—No. 1	1 11	@ 1 12¾
No. 3	1 07	@ 1 08
Corn—No. 2	42	@ 43
Oats—No. 2	24	@ 25
Rye—No. 1	54	@ 55
Barley—No. 2	53	@ 54
ST. LOUIS.		
Wheat—No. 3 Red Fall	1 11	@ 1 13
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	40	@ 41
Oats—No. 2	26	@ 27
Rye	53	@ 54
Pork—Mess	9 75	@ 9 90
Lard	6¾	@ 7
Hogs	3 05	@ 3 40
Cattle	2 80	@ 5 00
CINCINNATI.		
Wheat—Red	1 10	@ 1 15
Corn—New	39	@ 40
Oats	28	@ 31
Rye	60	@ 62
Pork—Mess	9 75	@10 00
Lard	6¾	@ 7¼
TOLEDO.		
Wheat—No. 1 White	1 25	@ 1 25
No. 2 Red	1 22	@ 1 23
Corn	44	@ 45
Oats—No. 2	28	@ 29
DETROIT.		
Flour—Choice White	5 75	@ 6 15
Wheat—No. 1 White	1 24	@ 1 25
No. 1 Amber	1 22	@ 1 23
Corn—No. 1	45	@ 46
Oats—Mixed	28	@ 29
Barley (per cental)	1 03	@ 1 45
Pork—Mess	10 25	@10 50
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
Cattle—Best	5 60	@ 5 25
Fair	4 10	@ 4 75
Common	3 50	@ 4 00
Hogs	3 50	@ 4 40
Sheep	3 60	@ 5 75

At this season of the year the human system is liable to become disordered from the insufficient efforts of the liver to discharge the excess of bile. If nature is not assisted in her efforts, severe bilious attacks or prostrating fevers necessarily follow, causing great suffering and even death. A little timely precaution, however, will prevent all this, and may be found in that favorite household remedy SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR has been in use for half a century, and there is not one single inst