EN ROUTE.

(PANTOUM.)

BY J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[The pantoum is a meter borrowed by the modern French romantic poets from Malayan prosody. It consists of a series of four-line stanzas, the second and fourth line of each stanza reappearing as the first and third lines of the next stanza.]

Here we are riding the rail,
Gliding from out of the station;
Man though I am, I am pale,
Certain of heat and vexation.

Gliding from out of the station,
Out from the city we thrust;
Certain of heat and vexation,
Sure to be covered by dust.

Out from the city we thrust;
Rattling we run o'er the bridges;
Sure to be covered with dust,
Stung by a thousand of midges.

Rattling we run o'er the bridges,
Rushing we dash o'er the plain;
Stung by a thousand of midges,
Certain precursors of rain.

Rushing we dash o'er the plain,
Watching the clouds darkly lowering
Certain precursors of rain;
Fields about here need a showering.

Watching the clouds darkly lowering—
Track here is high on a bank—
Fields about here need a showering,
Boy with the books needs a spank.

Track here is high on a bank,
Just by a wretched old hovel;
Boy with the books needs a spank—
"No, I don't want a new novel!"

Just by a wretched old hovel,
Small speck of dust in my eye,
"No, I don't want a new novel!"—
Babies beginning to cry.

Small speck of dust in my eye,
"I will not buy papers or candy!"
Babies beginning to cry—
Oh, for a tomahawk handy!

"I will not buy papers or candy!"
Train boys deserve to be slain;
Oh, for a tomahawk handy!
Oh, for the cool of the rain!

Train boys deserve to be slain,
Heat and the dust—they are choking,
Oh, for the cool of the rain!
"Gent" just behind me is joking.

Heat and the dust they are choking,
Clogging and filling my pores,
"Gent" just behind me is joking,
"Gent" just in front of me snores.

Clogging and filling my pores,
Ears are on edge at the rattle;
"Gent" just in front of me snores,
Sounds like the noise of a battle.

Ears are on edge at the rattle,
Man though I am I am pale,
Sounds like the noise of a battle,
Here we are riding the rail.

—*Scribner for July.*

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

Maggie Denne was standing on the terrace in the rectory garden at Wittlesleigh, gazing over the lovely bay, when a young man came close and gently placed his hands over her blue eyes.

"Frank, how dare you!" she exclaimed; "let me go this instant!"

The hands were immediately withdrawn, and the fair girl turned round half angrily, to encounter the rude disturber of her reverie.

"Why, Algy, is it you? How did you get here? I thought you were at Motcombe. This is a surprise!" she added; "papa will be so glad, and Frank, too."

"And you, Maggie?" said Algy, as he shook hands with her warmly, venturing upon a gentle pressure of her taper fingers.

"Of course, I am delighted, particularly as Jessie Hamblyn is coming to-day. You recollect her?"

"Oh, perfectly; she used to be my ideal of beauty until——" He stopped.

"Until that terrible attack cost her her eyesight, you mean. Yes, indeed, she was a lovely girl. I admire your taste, Algy."

"I did not exactly mean that," he replied; "I meant——"

"Never mind just now, but tell me, like a good fellow, is that the smoke of the steamer over there? If so, I must go and tell Robert to get the pony chaise ready."

Algy shaded his eyes from the glare, and bent all his powers of vision upon the tiny cloud on the horizon.

It was indeed a fair scene upon which his eyes rested. The blue waters of the bay were flecked with foam, as the brisk breeze met the restless sea on the flood-tide. Till now, Maggie had in vain sought for a token of the vessel, and with shaded eyes had watched the wide expanse, at times almost despairing. But now all doubt was removed. The black streak grew more and more defined; a long trail of smoke extended far across the blue distance.

"Come along," said Maggie; "we must tell papa and Frank. They will be astonished to see you. By the way, do you generally greet your lady friends at Motcombe as you did me just now?"

Algy blushed as he replied, "Of course not; besides, I have no particular friends there."

"Oh! Not Miss Luttrell? and Miss Alice—is it Alice—Carrington? Fie, Algy, fie! what would they say to hear you disown them thus? But here is Frank."

As she spoke, her cousin, Frank Carson, appeared. He walked slowly, and with a peculiar watchful gait, but he turned his head neither to the right nor left, as he approached the merry pair.

"Well, Frank, old fellow, how are you?" exclaimed Algy, heartily, as he extended his hand.

"Why, Algy Vernon, back already! We thought you were studying medicine, or cutting people's legs off to keep your hand in for surgery. Oh, you truant!"

The young men shook hands warmly.

"Have you been here long this time?" asked Algernon.

"About a fortnight," was the reply; "Maggie's school-chum is coming—I am very anxious indeed to make her acquaintance. I understand she's lovely—not that her good looks matter to me—"

Algy was about to make a reply when Maggie made him a sign not to speak.

"Will you come and meet her, Frank? We are going."

"Of course. I shall be delighted to welcome her. I'll go and get some flowers for her—a bunch of roses will do." As he spoke he walked quietly away.

"What did you mean by telegraphing to me in that mysterious manner?" asked Vernon.

"Frank doesn't know that Jessie is blind now, so don't tell him. She may recover her eyesight, the doctors say. Perhaps your skill may prove of use."

"Not much, I am afraid," said Algernon, sighing. "But I've made the eyes my study, too. Now your eyes—"

But whatever compliment he intended to convey was cut short by Maggie's sudden departure.

In half an hour the party were all ready to proceed to the wharf. The pony-chaise led the way at a brisk pace, while a cart for the visitor's luggage followed more soberly.

The steamer soon came alongside, and Maggie's quick glance at once descried her friend.

"There she is, Algy, and Barton is with her, as usual. What a kind creature she is!"

Barton recognized the party at the same moment, and told her young mistress, who turned round and waved her hand.

Jessie Hamblyn must have possessed no ordinary share of beauty before the fell ravages of small-pox had deprived her of sight. Even now her almost classic features were very striking, and her open lids at a distance did not betray the terrible trial to which she had been subjected. Fortunately, the disease had not marked her to any perceptible extent, and, had her eyes been spared, her beauty would have remained almost unimpaired. Her tall, well-formed figure was drawn up as if in defiance of the pity she knew was felt for her, and of many kind expressions which her quick sense of hearing caught and resented. At first she had rebelled terribly against the will that had mercifully chastised her, but lately she had bowed her head to the decrees of Providence, and almost without a murmur.

"How glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed—"I mean, to know I am with you once again, dear Maggie! How kind you are!"

"Dearest Jessie," whispered her friend, "we are all delighted you have come, and looking so well too. Here are two young gentlemen waiting to be introduced; though I think you have met Algy Vernon before."

"Oh, yes! I recollect Mr. Vernon quite well. We had a famous picnic to the glen, I think it was."

"Quite right, Miss Hamblyn. What a memory you have!" replied Vernon, as he shook hands with her.

"This is my cousin, Frank Carson, of whom you may have heard," continued Maggie. "He has brought you a bouquet."

Maggie took them from her cousin and placed them in the blind girl's grasp. Jessie inhaled the perfume for a few moments, and then placed them in the bosom of her dress. "Oh, what lovely roses!" she cried. "Thank you so much, Mr. Carson!"

"Now, dear, let me escort you," said Maggie. "I see your invaluable Barton has already got your luggage ashore. This way, dear."

"Algy, you and I must follow as we cannot lead," said Frank, as he took his friend's arm. "I say," he whispered, "what a beautiful voice she has got, hasn't she? You'll be falling in love, old fellow, eh?"

"Not I," replied his friend; "I'm not equal to a goddess like Miss Hamblyn. Besides, you know—" He stopped suddenly, remembering Maggie's caution.

"Well, besides what? Don't mind me," said Frank.

"Oh, dear, no; the fact is, I'm rather sweet on some one else, you see. She was delighted with those roses, I can tell you. What a thoughtful fellow you are! I never can do those pretty things."

"Then, friend Algy, take a lesson now and a rose next time."

They all drove rapidly back to the rectory. Mr. Denne met them on the steps.

"Welcome to Wittlesleigh," he exclaimed in his cheery voice. "Jessie, my dear, I am delighted to see you. Come in;" and pressing a fatherly kiss on the wide forehead he led his beautiful visitor into the drawing-room.

"Luncheon is ready," he said, "so when you young ladies have exchanged confidences we will sit down. Do not be too long, dear," he added to his daughter.

"We shall be ready in a minute, papa," replied Maggie.

"Scarcely, I think," said the rector, laughing. "But do not forget I breakfasted at 7 this morning."

"What a nice fellow your cousin must be, Maggie? Fancy his taking the trouble to gather these lovely roses! I wish I could see them," she added with a smile. "But, Maggie, dear, what do you think? one doctor in London told papa that perhaps I might some day recover my sight—I do so hope he is right. He wanted to galvanize me, or something!"

"Of course he is right, dear; he never would have been so cruel. He could not have held out hopes if he were not quite sure!"

"Oh, Maggie, fancy! Just fancy being able to see the sea, the sky, the flowers and you, you darling, once again. But it is too good to be true. It is quite impossible!" A weary sigh closed the sentence.

"Not impossible, dear. So let us hope for the best. Hope and pray, and trust in God's mercy."

Jessie bent down and kissed her kind friend, and then the two girls had a "good cry" together.

Nearly two months passed away and still the party at Wittlesleigh Rectory remained the same. To those of my readers who have stayed in sweet South Devon I need not explain the pleasant life which young people can, and I believe do, lead in that land of picnics. Love in these latitudes ripens with the strawberries, and comes as naturally as cream; so the young couples at the Rectory paired off almost unconsciously. Such an arrangement in the case of Algy Vernon and Maggie Denne was not surprising, for they had been acquainted from childhood. Mrs. Vernon and the late Mrs. Denne had been school-fellows. They had never severed the friendship thus initiated, and what was more natural than that the affection entertained by the parents should descend to the children? At any rate, Algy was deeply in love with the pretty Maggie; and she, though not so preoccupied respecting him, thought her old friend very nice, indeed, and, if the truth were told, preferred him to all her numerous admirers.

But Frank Carson and Jessie Hamblyn had no such excuse. Yet the influence of the Devonshire air was such as to kindle a spark, which showed symptoms of bursting out into a very decided flame, indeed. The train of sympathy was laid; it required but that spark to be applied to it, and then the barriers of prudence would give way before the explosion. If Algernon and Maggie understood each other, so did Frank and Jessie, and the numerous excursions and picnics in which they passed the afternoons only served to rivet their bonds closer.

One sultry afternoon a last excursion was planned to the Fairy Glen. The party had been increased on this occasion by three couples from a neighboring parish, and, despite the threatening appearance of certain huge masses of cloud, the expedition started. The romantic spot which Maggie—no mean judge in these matters—had selected for the afternoon meal was one of those lovely bits of landscape so familiar to many of us. A brawling stream makes its way amidst moss-covered bowlders, over pebbly shallows, and swirls beneath the wild flowers beneath its banks. Then, gliding calmly into an unruffled pool, it lazily creeps beneath a picturesque bridge, through the single arch of which ancient structure the moor is seen, extending its wide, undulating curves. And then the water, secure in its pride of high birth in yonder hills, takes no heed of the narrow passage till, ere it is aware, it is caught in a rapid, and hurried over the cascade to the sea, where it is lost forever.

Such were the features of the woodland dining-room on that eventful day—a day never to be forgotten by any member of that merry party.

The cloth was soon laid beside the stream, and, when all was ready, full justice was done to the *al fresco* meal. More than once a muttered growl or subdued roll was heard over the hills, but the suggestion of thunder was met by the reply that the sound was merely the echoes of the blasting operations at the quarries, or the rattling of the trucks on the neighboring tramway.

The air got more and more sultry, and even the insects seemed to sleep. The trees whispered to each other, and their topmost branches waved a gentle welcome to the scarcely felt breeze that stirred the leaves. The picnic party broke into groups after dinner; the groups into pairs, each cautioning the others not to go too far, as there was a storm brewing. Frank and Jessie did not wander away. Escorted by Algernon and Maggie to a rustic seat above the stream, close to a tall and sheltering tree, they sat together, while the more venturesome of the party climbed the tall rocks, or wandered up the stream, leaping from stone to stone, where assistance and much holding of hands was a necessity.

Oh, ye Devon streams, for what are ye not responsible? How many happy faces ye have mirrored in your sparkling waters!

Frank and Jessie chatted for some time on indifferent subjects, until at last she sighed deeply, and said half absently:

"Oh, how very sorry I shall be to leave here! I have been so happy!" Then she added, suddenly: "Every one has been so very kind to me!"

"I am dreadfully sorry you must go," he said, with an answering sigh, and somehow, as he spoke, we know not how—how does it ever happen?—their hands touched; his fingers clasped hers and hers were not withdrawn. The train was fired!

"Jessie, dearest Jessie," he whispered, "can you love me? Will you be my wife?"

There was no reply, unless an almost imperceptible pressure of the taper fingers could be so termed. Frank took it for assent, and, bending down, he kissed the lovely face once, twice, thrice, till the cheeks were as brilliant as the crimson rose Jessie wore in her dress.

"My own, my darling!" was all he said. A sharp peal of thunder passed away unheeded as he spoke. After a pause he resumed:

"So you do love me, Jessie! I never thought you would care for me, dear."

"Indeed I do," she whispered; "why should I not? But I often wonder that you selected me as your companion all these weeks, for I am so unfortunate."

"Why, my darling, how are you unfortunate?" and he passed his arm around her taper waist.

"Because—because—oh! I cannot bear to mention it; though I do not mind now—at least, not nearly so much."

"But what is this terrible reason why I should not love you, Jessie? Tell me, dearest."

"Oh, Frank! that is like your kind sympathy for me. Of course, you guess. It is because I am blind, you know!"

Frank recoiled as if he had been stung, a choking gasp escaped him, and he could not speak for a moment.

"Blind!" he repeated at length, as if in a dream; "blind! Oh, Jessie! So am I!"

It was too true. Blind from his birth, Frank Carson had never dreamed that Jessie was afflicted like himself. Maggie had never told him this, and the terrible fact was now revealed to the lovers for the first time. Frank's knowledge of the ground and neighborhood in which he had lived for years had enabled him to keep Jessie in ignorance of his infirmity, which he of course fancied she was aware of.

And had it come to this after all!

Jessie seized his hand. "Oh, do not tell me that! Frank, dear Frank, say you can see me! Have you never seen me, never at all?"

She waited breathless for his answer. It fell almost like a blow.

"Never!"

And this was the end of her dream of love! She had been so very happy to think that one man at least had been so kind and sympathetic; that one man had seen her vacant eyes and scarred face, and had loved her for herself alone, not for her beauty and her wealth. But now—the charm was snapped—the golden bowl was broken! She bent her head. A great warm drop fell upon her hand, now clasped in his once more. She started as she felt it. He was suffering, too. She drew herself up, a beautiful smile upon her face, then bending toward him she pressed a kiss, the first kiss of her pure lips, upon his forehead.

"'For better, for worse, till death do us part,' dear Frank, I am yours, if you will take me so!"

"'Till death do us part,'" he repeated, solemnly, and he in turn was stooping to his love when—

A hot and brilliant flash of light rent the cloud overhead, a rattling peal of thunder followed it to earth, and Frank and Jessie lay extended beneath the riven tree, hand in hand, to all appearance locked in sleep—the sleep that knows no waking.

Till death did them part! Was this to be their parting, on the threshold of their lives?

Peal after peal of thunder rattled overhead, the lightning flashed around them, the rain poured down in torrents, and there they lay unconscious of the elemental war—asleep!

* * * * * * *

"Merciful Heaven, have pity on them!"

It was the rector who spoke, as he and some others of the party came suddenly upon the senseless forms beneath the tree.

Was the prayer heard? We dare not speculate on subjects such as this. Who can tell?

The bodies were borne to a cottage close by; the light clasp of the fingers was unloosed at length. Jessie, the bunch of roses contrasting so with her pallid face, was laid upon a bed; Frank was in the next room, insensible still.

A stifled sigh first proclaimed to Maggie Denne that her heartfelt prayer had been answered, and Jessie sat upright. Turning to her kind attendant, she said, faintly:

"Maggie, dearest!"

Maggie, full of joy, hastened to the bed. There was Jessie Hamblyn, indeed; but it was the Jessie of old. Her eyes were wide open and full of life!

"It is true, Maggie, darling; it is true, and I can see you again—I can, I can! Look, here are my roses, there you stand. Oh, thank Heaven, I can see the sky once more!"

She fell back exhausted, then, rising again, cried:

"Is it true about Frank? I love him, he loves me; the lightning struck us—yes, but gave me sight for him. Thank God! Where is Frank?" she inquired, after a pause.

"In the next room," said Maggie, as she wiped away her happy tears. "Oh, Jessie, how thankful we all are! We feared the worst for both!"

At this moment the rector entered softly.

"Oh, come in, papa, come in; darling Jessie can see us all again. Is it not wonderful? I am so thankful!"

"It is indeed wonderful," replied Mr. Denne. "And now," he said, after he had affectionately congratulated Jessie, "I have more good news; Frank has recovered, and has asked for Jessie. May he come in?"

"I will go to him," she said, rising from the bed. And before they could stop her she had hurried away to the next room where, lying upon a sofa, was poor Frank Carson. She hastened towards him. "Oh, Frank!" she cried, "dearest Frank, I am so glad." Then, blushing rosy red, she whispered. "Till death do us part. God has given me my eyesight once again, to nurse and tend you all my life. Dear, dear Frank!"

He said no word till, rising up, he knelt beside the sofa, and Jessie's thanksgiving and his went up to heaven together.

But little remains to be told. The lovers were united before many months had passed. Algernon and Maggie soon followed the good example set them by Jessie and her lover. On the former wedding-day the only gift presented to the lovely bride by her devoted husband, Frank, was a bunch of roses.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

A BUFFALO Alderman astonished the board, in a meeting for consideration as to the building of a new jail, by remarking: "I makes der motion as der new jail be build on der same spot as der old jail what's now standing; dat saves der money for der land, and I makes der motion as der old jail shall not be pull down till der new jail is built, so ve vill not be mitout der jail."

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

IT is a glorious provision that extravagance does not pay in any business and especially so in farming.

A TASTE for trees and plants and flowers is the love an enlightened mind and a tender heart pays to nature.

TRUSTWORTHY statistics, showing that only about one horse in 44,000 proves fast, ought to have influence in convincing farmers that there is more profit in breeding something else.

MR. S. MILLER, the veteran fruit-grower of Missouri, notes, as a curious fact, that "strawberries in moss will bloom earlier than the same varieties in stools on the same ground and but a few rods distant."

THE largest and finest-flavored strawberries in that part of Illinois centering at Cobden are raised on new ground. In soil long used, grubs, leaf-rollers, crown-borers and "rust" are lions in the way to the best results.

TO IMPROVE THE FLAVOR OF BUTTER.—As a good method for improving the aroma of butter an exchange recommends one in use in many parts of Switzerland noted for their milk and butter. The milk, as soon as it is drawn, and while yet warm, is filtered through a sprig of washed fir tips, the stem of which is inserted loose and upright in the hole of the funnel. The milk deposits any hair, skins, clots or gelatinous sliminess it may contain on the clear, spicular leaves. It has imparted to it a most agreeable odor, and does not readily turn sour. A fresh sprig should be used each time.

FATTENING OXEN FOR BEEF.—A farmer in Montgomery county asks us why it is that oxen, after they have been used for years at hard work, make beef so much superior to that of young bullocks which have never been used to the yoke. The answer is very simple. When oxen are stall-fed every pound weight they gain is new flesh, so that by the time they are ready for the butcher they furnish almost an entire new carcass, sweet, juicy and tender. Young cattle never take on fat so readily while they are growing, and hence their meat never becomes so solid, tender or juicy. Tender it frequently is, but it is dry and spongy and possesses but little flavor.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

GETTING RID OF THE PEA WEEVIL.—If you sow peas with bugs or weevils (Bruchus Pisi) in them you will scarcely have a pea in your crop without an insect in it. There ought to be a law punishing farmers for sowing weevily peas. This insect might be easily kept down if farmers would procure seed peas from districts where the weevil does not prevail, or if they would take the precaution of killing the weevils in their own seed. This may be done by putting the peas in hot water for a minute or two, which will destroy the weevils without injuring the germinating power of the peas. Or the seed may be kept over for a year in tight vessels; the weevils will come out of the peas when the proper time arrives, and, being unable to escape, will die.

HORSESHOEING.—On an average horses require shoeing once a month. The length of time a shoe will wear depends much on the kind of service a horse is doing, and on the kind of road he is daily traveling. A team horse in heavy draught does not wear out as many shoes as one used in a hack; quick motion grinds shoes down more rapidly than slow use. Some pavement is harder on shoes than ordinary road, while the friction of a gravely road wears them away rapidly. Wooden pavement is but a little saving to the wear and tear of shoes, for the grit and dust which become impacted in the interstices of the wooden block grind away shoes like the friction of an emery wheel. The hind shoes wear out first, and there is more strain and friction on them than on the forward shoes. It is impossible and improper for a horse to wear shoes more than six weeks, for the growth of the foot shortens the shoes, as well as changes the shape otherwise. The neglect will cause the shoe to encroach upon the soft textures of the foot and produce lameness.—*Farmer's Companion.*

WORMS IN SOIL.—The safest and most effectual remedy I have yet tried for the depredations of worms in soils, whether in pot or in the open ground, is soot. Last autumn, while picking out cauliflowers on a wall border, we were sorely troubled by worms casting out the plants almost as fast as we could stick them in. We gave the surface of the border a good dressing of dry soot, and then watered it. It had a most surprising effect; the worms came sprawling to the surface by hundreds, when it was no difficult matter to gather them and put them out of harm's way. Applied also to pot plants, say a dessert-spoonful of dry soot on the surface of a six-inch pot, it will be found to bring them hurrying over the sides of the pot as soon as water is applied. Acting also as an excellent manure, and being generally so plentiful in nurseries and gardens, I am somewhat surprised to see it so little used. On camellias especially, I have found it to have a beneficial effect. It imparts a healthy dark-green color to the foliage, and stimulates the roots into a more active performance of their duty.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

Around the House.

COMMON salt freely sprinkled on the shelves, etc., is recommended as an effective remedy for ants.

LIQUID GLUE.—Dissolve glue in good whisky, to any desired consistency. It should not be allowed to evaporate.

FRUIT FRAPPE.—Line a mold with vanilla ice-cream, fill the center with fresh berries or fruit in slices, cover with ice-cream and set in freezer for an hour. The fruit must not be frozen.

TO CLEAN oil paintings use a sponge dipped in warm beer, and, when perfectly dry, wash with a solution of the finest gum-dragon dissolved in pure water.

BREAKFAST TOAST.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt and a well-beaten egg in one-half pint of milk; in the mixture dip slices of bread, and fry them on a buttered griddle until they are light-brown on each side.

A DAINTY DISH.—Take pieces of cold meats of any kind, chop fine, season with pepper and salt, just a little onion; break over the meat two or three eggs; add a small piece of butter; stir all together; pour it upon nicely-buttered toast; serve hot; garnish with parsley.

TO BOTTLE RED CURRANTS.—Pick them, unbroken from the stalks, into dry, wide-mouthed bottles, adding, as you fill, some finely-sifted loaf sugar, so that it may fall on each layer of currants; fill the bottle, resin in the corks, and keep them in a rack, with the neck downward.

TRIFLES.—Yelk of one egg, enough prepared flour to make a stiff dough; roll very thin, cut in fanciful shapes and fry in hot lard; turn them immediately after dropping them into the lard; they should not remain in more than three seconds, and should be of a light yellow color; drain them on a large, flat dish; when cold, sprinkle with red sugar.

"POCKET-BOOKS."—To one quart of warm milk add a cup of butter, four table-spoonfuls of sugar and two well-beaten eggs; then stir in flour enough to make a moderately stiff sponge; add a small cupful of yeast, and let the dough rise; afterward mix in flour enough to make a soft dough, and let it rise again; then dissolve a lump of soda the size of a bean in a spoon of milk, work it in the dough, and roll into sheets half an inch thick; spread with thin layer of butter, cut into squares, and fold over pocket-book shape; let them stand in the pans to rise a little while before baking.

The Chief of the Bannocks.

Buffalo Horn, the Bannock leader who is at the head of the new Indian uprising in Idaho, is as remarkable a specimen of the red man as Chief Joseph, who a year since so skillfully led the Nez Perces. The hereditary chief of the Bannocks seems to be that object of utter contempt to Indians, "a squaw man," and they have given in their allegiance to Buffalo Horn as their real captain. The latter is described as a small, gracefully-built Indian, with eyes that partake both of the fierceness of the eagle and the tender gentleness of the antelope. The hair on one side of his head is wound with threads of brown bark, which, resembling a buffalo horn, is supposed to be the occasion of his name. He has all the qualities calculated to win savage admiration. He is a perfect daredevil on horseback, a crack shot, intelligent and exceedingly proud. Buffalo Horn has a strain of white blood in his veins, but he speaks very broken English. He is widely known through all the Western Territories north of the Pacific railroad, and has hitherto courted the friendship of the whites. In the Black Hills campaign of two years ago he was Gen. Crook's chief scout; he has also lately been much in Gen. Howard's camp, and is thoroughly familiar with the habits of the soldiers and the regular army tactics. Altogether, report makes of him as dangerous a foe to the white man as any Indian leader of recent years. But, although their chief is so superior, his followers are said to be an inferior crew, and not able to "hold a candle" to the Nez Perces for fighting quality.

Origin of the English National Debt.

From the moment that the public at large began to pay the taxes, and not the land, the extravagance of Government expenditures grew amazingly, and a national debt was commenced. When the people paid, and the aristocracy and their sons and kinsfolk received through Government offices in the army or navy, from that moment the history of our boundless profusion commences. Before this great transfer of taxation from the lands to customs, excise, and other popular burdens, it must be borne in mind that there was no debt. So long as the land had to pay the taxes the aristocracy were not willing to incur a national debt; the moment they had made their transfer, and could, living on their exempted lands, revel in the sweets of taxation, a debt was commenced. Charles, we shall find, borrowed £900,000 of the merchants of London, and soon informed them that he never could repay it; it must remain a debt in the nation, the interest being alone obtainable. The debt first commenced has now grown, as the direct consequence of this grand fiscal revolution, to upward of £800,000,000. Macaulay has well said that this was not the first age of borrowing, but the first of funding.

Poe's Sweetheart's Death.

Announcement is made of the death of Sarah Helen Whitman, in Providence, R. I., of heart disease. To her Poe was for some time engaged in marriage, but she wisely made the engagement conditional, and the weakened, dissolute poet was unable to observe the conditions, and they parted. It was in September, 1848, that they became acquainted, and he thereafter often visited her in Providence. His published letters to his fiancee show much delicacy and a refined moral sense, and are among the most creditable of all his writings. But some of them betray, in the language of Sarah Whitman, "the agony of the conflict in which he was foredoomed to defeat, with a power which no added word could heighten."

AMERICAN ORGANS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—Every American visiting our Section will conceive a legitimate pride in the well-merited praise which he will hear from the great European musical critics who constantly swarm around Messrs. Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs, and openly acknowledge that nothing in Europe can be compared with the Exhaust Bellows and Separate Vibrators peculiar to American Organs, as especially perfected in the Mason & Hamlin instruments.—*Paris (France) Register, June 1, 1878.*

Remember This.

That when you buy a can of DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER you take no chances, for it is warranted absolutely pure, full strength and full weight, and it cannot fail, if properly used, to produce the most positive and satisfactory results, not only in biscuits, rolls, muffins, and fancy cakes, but in all kinds of batter griddle-cakes as well.

GOOD health is a blessing only attained by careful attention to the real wants of the body; but by how many ways do we aggravate symptoms and produce diseases it is difficult to cure, frequent among which is Heart Disease, Nervousness, Sleepless or Wakeful nights. 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. These troubles can be cured by the use of Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR. Send to the sole agent, F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H., for a pamphlet of testimonials, etc.

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The Celebrated
"MATCHLESS"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
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FOR upwards of 30 years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery and diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. 25 cts. a bottle.

ACCIDENTS will happen, and it is best to be always prepared for them. Sufferers from Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Bruises and Sprains will find immediate relief in the use of GRACE'S SALVE, which cures old Sores, Felons, Corns, Ulcers, etc,

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS are a priceless boon to the people of the South and the Southwest. They effectually prevent fever and ague and all malarious diseases, and cost only 25 cents a box.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	$7 50	@10 25
HOGS	4 00	@ 4 15
COTTON	11¼	@ 11⅛
FLOUR—Superfine	3 40	@ 3 85
WHEAT—No 2 Chicago	98	@ 1 01
CORN—Western Mixed	41	@ 45
OATS—Mixed	30	@ 31½
RYE—Western	60	@ 62
PORK—Mess	10 30	@10 60
LARD	7	@ 7⅛
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	5 00	@ 5 50
Choice Natives	4 40	@ 4 80
Cows and Heifers	2 25	@ 3 50
Butchers' Steers	3 25	@ 3 75
Medium to Fair	3 80	@ 4 25
HOGS—Live	3 25	@ 4 15
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	5 75	@ 6 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	4 80	@ 5 12½
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	90	@ 91
No. 3 Spring	82	@ 83
CORN—No. 2	37	@ 38
OATS—No. 2	24	@ 25
RYE—No. 2	50	@ 51
BARLEY—No. 2	47	@ 48
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	17	@ 19
EGGS—Fresh	8½	@ 9
PORK—Mess	9 20	@ 9 30
LARD	6¾	@ 7
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	93	@ 97
No. 2	91	@ 92
CORN—No. 2	35	@ 36
OATS—No. 2	23	@ 24
RYE—No. 1	49	@ 50
BARLEY—No. 2	61	@ 62
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 3 Red Fall	81	@ 85
CORN—Mixed	34	@ 35
OATS—No. 2	24	@ 25
RYE	46	@ 47
PORK—Mess	9 65	@ 9 75
LARD	6¾	@ 7
HOGS	3 50	@ 4 00
CATTLE	2 00	@ 5 10
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—Red	85	@ 90
CORN	39	@ 40
OATS	27	@ 29½
RYE	56	@ 57
PORK—Mess	9 75	@10 00
LARD	6¾	@ 7¾
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 02	@ 1 03
No. 2 Red	98	@ 99
CORN	38	@ 39
OATS—No. 2	24	@ 25
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice White	5 25	@ 5 35
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 10	@ 1 11
No. 1 Amber	1 05	@ 1 06
CORN—No. 1	39	@ 40
OATS—Mixed	26	@ 27
BARLEY (per cental)	1 00	@ 1 25
PORK—Mess	10 00	@10 25
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE—Best	4 75	@ 5 15
Fair	4 50	@ 4 65
Common	3 00	@ 4 00
EWES	3 70	@ 4 60
SHEEP	2 80	@ 4 25

THE horrors of war are nothing to the horrors of Neuralgia. Immediate relief may be had by bathing the head with *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* and snuffing it up the nostrils.

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 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 Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores, etc. Sold by all Druggists. Depot—10 Park Place, New York.

Respiration was carried on with great difficulty, its blue lips and finger nails denoted a state of collapse; the physician had notified the mother to prepare for and submit to separation from her child. Weeping and sympathetic friends filled the room. Congestion of the Lungs was rapidly terminating fatally. Fellows' Hypophosphites was administered, with Cod Liver Oil, in accordance with the printed directions; a change for the better was apparent in an hour, and in sixteen hours the child was enabled to cough up the obstruction, and its life was saved.

The above is a true account of what occurred in the family of the writer in 1873.

FELLOWS'
Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites
Speedily and permanently Cures—
Congestion of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Consumption, Nervous Prostration, Shortness of Breath, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Physical and Mental Depression, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Energy, Loss of Memory. It will rapidly improve the weakened functions and organs of the body, which depend for health upon voluntary, semi-voluntary, and involuntary nervous action.
It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtlety, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Its taste pleasant and its effects permanent.

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Is the best article known for Reapers, Mowers, Threshers, Carriage Axles, &c.; also as an Oil for Harness. Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.

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