FOUR GLIMPSES.

I caught one glimpse of a child
With sunny golden hair,
At a game of romps with her kitten—and I
Never saw such a merry pair.
The sun beamed in through the lattice,
And danced on the cottage wall,
As if to show his approval
Of child, and kitten, and all.

One glimpse of a youthful maiden
Beneath the old oak-tree,
Plighting her troth to a lover,
Ever true to be,
And I knew that youthful maiden
I saw with her lover that day
Was she I first saw as a little child
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

One glimpse of a bright young wife,
Peeping out from the window-pane,
Watching and waiting there
For her husband home again.
And I knew that bright young wife,
Looking so happy and gay,
Was she I first saw as a little child
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

One glimpse of a still white form
With her babe upon her breast—
Both in that darkened chamber,
For ever and ever at rest.
Ah, me! for too well I knew
That life had passed away
From her I first saw as a little child
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A Lion Hunter's Story.

"Here we are at last!"

"And precious seedy we all look."

"Yes, that abominable Mediterranean nearly finished me off. Well, here goes to forget sea-sickness—for the next few months, at least—and thoroughly enjoy ourselves."

These remarks were uttered by Hugh Vulliamy, Guy Gee and myself, Sidney Shipton, as we sat round a well-spread table in a French hotel in the North of Africa, all three being pale and slightly green as to complexion, not being good sailors. It was a great consolation to each of us individually that the others were no better than himself, for no one could laugh at his companions.

It is, no doubt, a great misfortune to have plenty of money and nothing to do—or, at least, it is voted so by some of those who have but a small proportion of that necessary article, and have their time fully occupied in earning that little; but we three young men were all in that position, and the countenances of my companions had not yet assumed that expression of ennui and disgust at the "slowness" of things in general not infrequently met with in our great metropolis. For my own I can say nothing; but I never feel tired of living, except during the first week of a sea voyage.

Hugh, Guy and I had been somewhere together for the last three years, for sporting purposes; and this time we had resolved to realize our long-cherished dream of seeing the African lion in a state of nature. Each of us had made up his mind to kill the first lion, and we had two or three bets on about it.

We did not stay long in this civilized part of the world, but hastened to get further south; and, though it was early in December, and consequently rather cold, a healthy brown was fast tinging our skins, from the open air and exercise. The highest mountains were already crowned with snow, and we heard that it was by far the best time of year for sport, as the game, forced by the snow and cold air of the heights to do so, came down into the plains, where the temperature was milder. We should probably find hyenas, wild boars and lions, if we were fortunate, and there seemed good prospect of adventures of an exciting nature.

We took up our quarters at a small town southeast of Morocco, and had not been there long before Guy came in one morning, having been out early, with eyes that told me at once that he had heard news. However, he took his seat at breakfast without any remark, and merely answered my query of "Is anything up?" with a quiet "Yes."

I restrained my curiosity, and, as I expected, finding he was asked no questions, he soon spoke.

"A lion has been seen at a farm not far off, and helped himself to a sheep. Here is a chance for us."

Vulliamy sprung up.

"Hurrah! Come along, boys. Don't let's lose any time."

He had fetched his gun, and examined it, and we soon had all our weapons in readiness, and sallied forth. There was some excitement in the place about it, and a battue was organized, we being of the party; but with no result. No lion turned up, and we had to content ourselves for the day with smaller game. However, though we were disappointed this time, an opportunity occurred before long to have our wishes gratified. We had for a week or two been staying at a lodging-house on the outskirts of the town, riding out daily in search of any game that might turn up, and during this time Gee had somehow managed to make friends with an Arab chief, who had invited us all to his house, some miles from the town. Guy had expressed his desire for a shot at the king of beasts, and his new acquaintance promised that we should have the pleasure of hunting the lion very shortly if we would go.

After a little hesitation we agreed to accept the invitation, in reality not a little delighted at the novel experience thus offering itself; and a few days after we were riding out to his place. He welcomed us with much cordiality, and we learned that several lions had lately been seen in the neighborhood, and that almost every morning the Arabs of his tribe found vacancies among their flocks. It was time something was done, and a batue was decided on for the following day.

Our host showed us on the night of our arrival a snare which had that day been prepared, in the hope of catching one of these nightly visitors. It was a mere hole dug in the ground, just deep enough to prevent the animal from jumping out, and was concealed by a light covering of branches.

A most fearful noise awakened me, in what seemed the middle of the night, though it must have been toward morning; and it was some time before it occurred to me that it emanated from the throat of a lion, which had undoubtedly fallen into the trap; and, as I lay and listened, I could make out that the roaring was responded to from further off. It was impossible to sleep again, as the howls continued; and, as soon as it began to grow light, I dressed and joined some of the men, who were evidently on their way to look at their imprisoned enemy. There, sure enough, was a magnificent lioness, who lashed her sides with her tail, and looked hungrily at us as she bounded from side to side of her prison. There was so much power in every movement of the beautiful, lithe creature that at first I could not avoid shrinking back with a shudder.

"Fancy playing mouse to that great cat," said Hugh's voice in my ear; for he and Guy had joined us. "It would pretty soon be all up with you, wouldn't it?"

This gave one a very different idea of the power of these creatures from that ensuing on a visit to a menagerie. On my first visit to a menagerie, I remember being very much disappointed in the lions, which were not half what I expected; but no one who has not been lion-hunting can imagine the difference between these poor, confined, tamed things and this active, powerful, graceful creature, which lashed itself into a fury as it sprung up in a vain endeavor to get at us or to make its escape. We saw it dispatched then and there.

We had returned to the house, and were at breakfast, when a man came in, pale and trembling, to say that he had been on his way to a farm not far off, when he had come across two lions apparently asleep in the road, scarcely a quarter of an hour before. He had come back at once, taking the greatest care not to disturb their slumbers, no doubt, or he would not have been there.

Horses were speedily saddled, and we reached the place the man had indicated, to find that the animals had gone, though fresh traces showed that they had not vacated the place many minutes. We dismounted to try and discover which direction they had taken, when we saw evidently the two emerge from among some trees. They were splendid specimens, and the chief judged them to be about 5 years of age. Catching sight of us, they stood still for a few seconds, then turned and disappeared into a thicket of trees and shrubs.

Hugh and Guy looked all excitement, and I felt my heart beat fast, but not with fear.

Our host, seeing that we were all impatience to pursue, turned to me, for he could speak a little French, and we understood each other pretty well.

"It would be madness, with so small a party," he said. "But wait a minute."

He said a few words to one of the men who had accompanied us, and who now galloped off in the way we had come.

We waited and waited, until Guy Gee had almost lost his temper, for we were obliged to be guided by our host's wishes under existing circumstances; but at last we were surrounded by a hundred or more of Arab beaters, of whom more than half were armed with sticks and hatchets.

When I saw these men descend into the ravine where the lions had taken refuge, and penetrate into the thicket, I was horrified at their audacity—quite unnecessarily, as I afterward found, as they are given to taking pretty good care of themselves.

Of course, during our preparations, the animals had had time to get a good bit ahead, and we followed their tracks for two hours without ever coming near them. At last we caught sight of them some distance before us, just as they entered a little wood where the trees were thick and close, and it was difficult to get along.

"It would be very dangerous," said the chief, drawing rein, "to attempt to follow them there, for you cannot see for the smallest way round you, and may have a ball hit you by accident, or put one into some one else, or, while you are occupied with one beast, the other may be upon you before you are aware of him."

"What would you advise, then?" asked Vulliamy.

"That we return and try elsewhere," was the reply. "If we fail to find a lion a wild boar may do instead."

"Botheration!" said Guy to me. "I wish we had obtained some beaters, and come independently. It does seem a cowardly trick to run away after following them so far."

I looked back at the dark and gloomy thicket, and could not help owning inwardly that the Arab was right. It was very disappointing; but lions seemed to be plentiful, and we had to console ourselves with the hope of another.

We soon reached a ravine somewhat resembling the last, with sloping, rocky sides; along each side ran a sort of natural platform, and in one of these Guy and I found ourselves, followed by some fourteen or fifteen of the Arabs, armed with guns, while opposite us were Vulliamy and our host, with the rest of the men who carried firearms.

The beaters were down in the hollow between us, and began their work. For an hour we followed the course of the ravine without any result, and I was beginning to feel slightly fatigued, when the report of a gun from the opposite side put us on the alert. The bushes were too high for us to see over, and, as the beaters had given no sign, I asked some of the Arabs whether they thought it could be a lion that had been fired at. The answer was a negative movement, for I only knew a word or two of their language, and, none of those who followed us speaking French, I could not gain any further information.

Under these circumstances Gee and I continued to advance, and a minute after there was another shot. Our horses began to tremble and snort, refusing to go on, and at last I thought we must be near the game we sought.

"By Jove!" cried Guy, "look here, Sid. All those cowardly Arabs have cut their sticks."

I looked round, and, instead of being followed by a little party of armed men, to my astonishment there was not one in sight.

"Where are they?"

"Up in the trees behind us," said Guy. "Well, I don't see where the danger lies; but perhaps we had better follow their example."

I had dismounted with the intention of taking this advice, when right before us a huge lion bounded out of a thicket of lentisk trees, his skin streaked with blood—for he was wounded—and his terrible fangs disclosed in a savage snarl.

He caught sight of us and came straight for me, whereupon I lost all presence of mind. No doubt I ought to have awaited his advance, taken him between the eyes, and fired at five paces off; but I may be a great coward, for I did no such thing.

"Run, Guy!" I shouted, and I dropped behind my horse, which remained motionless, paralyzed with terror.

Then followed a few minutes of suspense, a terrific, deafening roar, a shot, and I felt a shock that extended me on the ground. I believe I was unconscious for a minute; but as soon as I recovered myself I sat up and looked round, feeling sick and giddy.

Neither lion nor horse was visible. A little way off I saw two or three Arabs peering from among the branches of a tree down into the ravine. A motionless figure, face downward on the ground, next attracted my attention, and my heart sank as I saw it was Guy.

I rose staggeringly to my feet, when the Arabs signed to me energetically to follow their example. However, I would not do so without seeing how it fared with my poor friend, for I felt that if he were dead I should never forgive myself for my loss of courage. I knelt down by his side, and laid my hand on his shoulder to turn him over.

"Guy, old fellow."

"Hallo!" he said, springing up, rather white, but apparently as whole and sound as ever he was in his life. "Here, come and let's get up a tree!"

We were speedily ensconced in the branches of a tree, and, as we were safe, he looked at me and laughed.

"That was rather narrow, wasn't it? But I say, Sid, are you hurt?"

"No, I think not," I said, rather doubtfully, for I was still confused and misty in my ideas.

I heard from Guy afterward what had taken place during those few minutes after I took shelter behind my horse.

He had dismounted at the same time, when the poor terrified animal snatched the reins from his grasp and galloped off. He saw the lion appear, as if about to spring on my horse, and, keeping his presence of mind far better than I had done, he took aim; but, before he could fire, at one and the same instant my horse backed suddenly and threw me full length on the ground, while the lion, changing his intention, made for Guy.

He saw it in the act of springing, fired, and, missing, threw himself face downward on the earth, when the animal went quite over him, was greeted by shots from the surrounding trees, and again took refuge in the ravine. Not feeling sure that the creature was not still at hand, waiting for any sign of life on his part, Guy lay still till I touched him.

It was some time before any one would venture to go and explore in search of the lion, though we knew the poor wretch must be either dead or dying, considering the way he had been peppered. At last Guy slipped to the ground, and hastily loaded his gun.

"I'm going," he said; "come along, Sid. We'll go alone if every one else is afraid."

In an instant our host joined us, and he was soon followed by a number of the others. We found the noble beast lying quite dead at the bottom of the ravine. The chief presented Guy with the skin, as a token of admiration for his courage, when we parted from him, with many expressions of regret, a week later.

Choate and Webster.

Perhaps the weight and power of Webster's character were due to the hours he spent in the woods and fields and on the ocean, chatting with the farmers or sailors, as he was engaged in hunting and fishing, as to the hours he spent in his study.

Now Choate, superior to Webster in quickness of apprehension and imagination, was an in-doors man. The larger portion of his mature life was passed in the stifling atmosphere of the courts, or in what Milton calls "the still air of delightful studies;" that is, in his library. He, of course, was not so foolish as to neglect exercise; but his exercise was commonly confined to long walks through the streets or around the Common of Boston. No one ever enjoyed nature more intensely; but he never sojourned with her. His friend Charles G. Loring, one of his competitors for the leadership of the Suffolk bar, once invited him to pass a summer day at his beautiful residence on the Beverly shore. Mr. Choate was full of enthusiasm as he walked among the woodland paths, or gazed at the varying aspects of sky and ocean; he doubtless stored up in his mind images of natural beauty which flashed out afterward in many a popular speech or legal argument; but he exhausted the capacity of the place to feed his eye and imagination in half a dozen hours. "My dear Loring," he said, in parting, "there has not been a twentieth part of a minute since I entered this terrestrial paradise that I have not enjoyed myself to the top of my bent; but let me tell you that should you confine me here for a week, apart from my work and books, I know that I should die from ennui. You are fortunate in being able serenely to delight in it day after day." If he had been asked to pass a fortnight with Webster at Marshfield, or at his New Hampshire farm, and had accompanied him day after day in his shooting and fishing expeditions, not even Webster's conversation could have saved him from being devoured with an impatient desire to escape from the monotony of such an existence. All the eccentric *originals* of the neighborhood, whom Webster delighted in year after year, he would have been delighted in for a day, and then dismissed them from his mind as intolerable bores; the mountain or ocean scenery might have enthralled him for a few days more; but the shooting and fishing, in which Webster took such pleasure, would have seemed to him a scandalous waste of time, which might have been more profitably bestowed on Æschylus and Aristophanes, on Thuycidides and Tacitus, on Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, on Bacon and Burke, on Shakspeare and Milton.

In one particular Choate excelled Webster—that of constant high-bred courtesy to men and women of all ranks. —*Edwin P. Whipple, in Harper's Magazine for November.*

Humors of the Law.

Persons who are unfamiliar with court proceedings are often surprised and perplexed at the number of objections that are made to questions asked witnesses. Quite an amusing incident in this connection once occurred in the Seventh District Court in this State. A trial for murder was progressing. A witness was testifying that on the morning after the murder he met the defendant at breakfast, and the latter "called the waiter and said——" "Hold on!" exclaimed the attorney for the defense, "I object to what he said." Then followed a legal argument of about an hour and a half on the objection, which was overruled, and the court decided that the witness might state what was said. "Well, go on and state what was said to the waiter," remarked the District Attorney, flushed with his legal victory. "Well," replied the witness, "he said, 'Bring me a rare beefsteak and a couple of soft-boiled eggs.'"

In one of our courts a little while ago an old lady was being examined as a witness. To almost every question asked, the counsel on the opposite side would jump up and say, "I object as irrelevant, immaterial and incompetent." This appeared to annoy the old lady, who seemed inclined to make a personal matter of it. Finally the interrogatory was put, "Did you see those men in that field on that day?" "Maybe what I saw wouldn't be evidence," was her answer, "because I saw them through glasses. I am old and wear spectacles." —*Los Angeles Herald.*

Whalebone.

Few persons know what the whalebone of commerce represents in the living animal. A writer thus describes it:

Whalebone, in fact, represents an enormous development of the gum of the whale, and exists in the living animal in the form of two rows of plates, which, like a great double fringe, hang or depend from its palate.

From 150 to 200 of these plates exist in the mouth of a whale, and the largest plates may measure from eight to ten or twelve feet in length. The inner edges of these whalebone plates exhibit a fringed or frayed-out appearance, and the whole apparatus is adapted to serve as a kind of gigantic sieve or strainer.

Thus, when the whale fills the mouth with water, large numbers of minute animals, allied to the jelly-fishes and the like, are ingulfed and drawn into the capacious mouth cavity.

The water is allowed to escape by the sides of the mouth, but its solid animal contents are strained off and entangled by the whalebone fringes, and, when a sufficient quantity of food has been captured in this way, the morsel is duly swallowed. Thus it is somewhat curious to reflect that the largest animals are supported by some of the smallest beings.

Well-Toned Systems.

Systems toned and renovated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are most effectually defended from disease. That supreme invigorant soon overcomes that distressing feebleness consequent upon ailments which impoverish the blood and relax the muscles. Vigor, appetite, sleep return to the wasted frame, and every physical faculty gains greater activity through its benign influence. Nor is this all, for the Bitters have a most genial and cheering effect upon the mind of the despondent invalid, which is the natural effect of the increased bodily vitality which they produce. Nervous symptoms disappear in consequence of the use of this medicine, and the evil consequences sure to result from a premature decay of the physical energies are averted. Dyspepsia, liver complaints, rheumatic ailments, urinary and uterine irregularities, malarial diseases, and many other disordered conditions of the system, are remedied by the Bitters.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

BAD salt spoils good butter.

THE specific gravity of butter-fats is always higher than that of meat-fats.

A CALF at 6 weeks old, if properly fed, produces the best veal.

PULVERIZED charcoal has a wonderful effect upon bloated animals.

HAY cut at the proper time and well cured contains a large proportion of saccharine matter.

FANCY farming may be indulged in, as a recreation, by men with other means of support. Such men may pride themselves in it, and claim to be model agriculturists. They are not true farmers.

SAWDUST of itself is not a manure. It is an excellent absorbent, undoubtedly, when used as bedding; but whatever manurial influences it exerts, even then, are due to the matters absorbed. Straw or leaves are much preferable.—*Canada Farmer.*

WHILE leaks on the farm in the main are considered a bad thing, if all our farms were well supplied with the kind of leaks that carry off the surplus water quickly, we might soon gain a surplus that could be applied to stopping other leaks.

TIMOTHY and red top mixed, at the rate of a peck of the first and a bushel of the latter per acre, would do well upon a moist, drained meadow. Orchard grass and Kentucky blue grass, a bushel of each per acre, would be the best for open timber land.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE great error in wheat husbandry consists in this: Sufficient time is not suffered to elapse, between plowing for wheat and seeding, to admit of that packing of the soil and that preliminary decomposition of crude vegetable matter, which, on most soils, is an indispensable prerequisite to a good wheat crop.—*Letter to Exchange.*

AMONG some of the best farmers of this State the practice prevails of letting the hay that the fork will not gather in loading the wagons remain upon the ground, for two reasons: First, that it does not pay for raking up and gathering; second, that it acts as a mulch against the burning suns of the latter part of July and August.—*Pennsylvania Journal.*

THE use of straw, or coarse hay, as a mulch for protecting winter wheat during the winter is advisable. But care should be exercised lest too much straw may be used, and the wheat smothered. Six inches of straw would be too much. One inch would be enough. The object should be to protect the soil from thawing repeatedly, during the winter as it is the frequent freezing after thawing which destroys the wheat.—*American Agriculturist.*

A FARMER of experience says that the feet of a horse require more care than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix, and with bad feet and bad legs there is not much else of the horse fit for anything.

BLEEDING a horse is generally done in the vein with a broad-bladed lancet; and when the vein is sufficiently pressed and secured, so as to cause it to swell, then the point of the lancet is sent in with the left hand, and, cutting upward, makes all the opening necessary. When sufficient blood is taken, the cut ought to be squeezed together and fastened with a pin. By pressing the vein below the wound the blood will shoot out in a stream and fall clear into the bucket ready to receive it.

TO INSECTS we owe wax and honey, silk and precious dyes, valuable medicines, food for birds and many other animals, the fertilization and increase of plants necessary for the subsistence of many creatures, and thus, indirectly, for the preservation of man. In short, the human species, wholly deprived of the service of insects, would fade from the face of our planet. So the husbandman has only to make the best of it by learning to distinguish between his friends and his foes, and how to assist the beneficent operations of nature in encouraging the former and checking the latter.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

A YOUNG man starting out in farming cannot do a better thing than to plant an apple orchard if his land is within "the apple belt." Don't rely on the gnarled and decaying old trees; the life of an orchard, under favorable conditions, is only about that of a man. Nothing will lift a mortgage, or run up the profit side of the account, like a prime orchard in its first years of bearing. Go for the standard varieties or such as experience has proved do well in your locality and soil. Theories are good in their place, but a day spent in driving through your town and finding out what fruit-growers have actually learned and done, is better. Get your trees from some reliable nursery—the nearer at hand the better—and use your own best care and other people's experience in planting them.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

COLORING KID GLOVES.—White kid may easily be colored black, purple or lilac with a solution of one part extract logwood and three parts brandy. Apply with a sponge and rub until dry.

CHEAP REFRIGERATORS.—A flower-pot wrapped in a wet cloth and placed over a butter-plate will keep the contents of the plate as hard and firm as if they were set on ice; and milk will not sour if the can containing it be wrapped in a wet cloth.

GOOD MUFFINS.—Most people like muffins. This is how to make them: One heaped teacupful of flour; two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; one table-spoonful of white sugar; one beaten egg; one table-spoonful of melted butter; one teacupful of sweet milk. Drop from a spoon into muffin-rings set in pie-tins, and bake in a well-heated oven.

BREAD SAUCE.—Put into half a pint of cold milk one small onion, three or four cloves, a small blade of mace, a few pepper-corns, and a little salt. Set the whole to boil, then strain the milk over a teacupful of fine bread crumbs. Stir well on the fire for a few minutes, adding at the time of serving either a small pat of butter or a table-spoonful of cream.

SALT FOR BEDBUGS.—To get rid of bedbugs, wash the room and the furniture of the room they frequent with salt water, filling the cracks with salt, and you may look in vain for them. Salt seems inimical to bedbugs, and they will not trail through it. Some think it preferable to all ointments, and the buyer requires no certificate as to its genuineness.

RED-PEPPER CATCHUP.—Cut up ripe peppers and place them in a preserving kettle until it is full; then cover with the best cider vinegar and boil until the peppers have dropped to pieces. After removing from the fire, as soon as the sauce is cool enough, I rub it through a wire sieve. It is much better, in my opinion, without salt or any other condiments, and it is of a beautiful scarlet color, and so thick that it must be put up for use in large-mouthed bottles or jars, and will keep fresh for years. It should boil slowly for at least four hours.

CRAB-APPLE PRESERVE.—Pick over the fruit carefully, leaving the stems on; get as many pounds of sugar as you have pounds of fruit; put the sugar over the fire with enough hot water to dissolve it nicely; when it comes to a boil drop in the apples, and let them boil slowly for about forty minutes, skimming all the time; heat the jars in hot water; put in the hot fruit, and seal at once; or put them in stone crocks and cover with paper.

SMALL TALK.—A good way to make flat-irons smooth is to rub them with clean lard and rub dry.——A small quantity of turpentine added to stove-blacking will make the stove easier to polish. ——To remove old putty from window-frames, pass a red-hot poker slowly over it, and it will come off easily.——A very fair oak stain may be produced by equal parts of potash and pearlash, say two ounces of each to about a quart of water. Keep it corked up in a bottle, and it is always ready for use. If it strikes too deep a color, add more water. ——Silicate of magnesia is recommended as a perfectly harmless substitute for the often dangerously-adultered violet powder.——To preserve cut flowers, put a drop or two of ammonia in the water. Change the water every day and cut off half an inch or so of the stems of the flowers.——Plants for winter flowering should be kept in pots all summer. They should be brought in the house and placed in their position before the winter fires are made.

A Seasonable Hint.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, reminding its readers that the next few weeks give the best season of the year to "plant fences," supplies some very remarkable figures as to the use of wire fence, and especially of the Barb Fence of the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company. Since the introduction of wire fence, twenty years ago, *one hundred and fifty thousand miles* of wire fence have been constructed. The Barb Fence has been before the public only three seasons, yet already *twenty-four thousand miles* of this fence are in use in this country and various parts of the world. It is in the highest favor with land owners, for farm and home protection against depredators of the crops and orchards. The fence is constructed of Galvanized Steel Wire, and carries steel barbs firmly attached by the process of manufacture patented in this country and very widely abroad. The Barb Fence is literally a steel thorn hedge with all the defensive qualities of the most perfect hedge, and all the durability of galvanized steel wire. It is cheap as a material, easy in construction, and has almost the life and tenacity of a stone wall. The Barb Fence Wire is being extensively used in single strands to perfect and give efficiency to walls and fences of old construction. It will turn the breachiest steer, and is as useful in the home inclosures as in the outlying fields.

Diphtheria and Its Causes.

How many times my heart has ached to see delicate children with their lower limbs exposed, not only in cool, but in damp, chilly weather; nothing to protect them but thin stockings and thin shoes, suitable only to the very warmest weather. Should we wonder that diphtheria carries off so many children? The wonder to me is that the mortality is not greater. I consider that this unsuitable manner of clothing children is the promoter of more cases of diphtheria than all other causes combined, especially in this variable climate. It appears that parents pay no attention whatever to the changes in the weather from June to November; no matter how chilly or cold the weather may be, the thin stockings and absurdly-short dresses and exposed neck and arms are to be met with upon our streets anywhere. It seems to me that the attention of parents should be called to this great neglect on their part to properly clothe their children according to the state of the weather, no matter what may be the season of the year. It would appear difficult to overlook this subject of clothing in our search after causes for diphtheria. What physician does not know that the blood recedes from, or shrinks, as it were, from cold localities to seek a more congenial latitude? And where will it go to? Why, it can only find shelter in some of the vital organs, and then what is the result? Congestion of one or more organs, unless the person happens to be possessed of sufficient vitality to bring about a reaction in the circulation. Some people have this and recover, while, perhaps, in the meantime, many others, less favored, do suffer and die.

A CONGRESS of grape-growers has been held at Montpelier, France, a section of country that has been completely devastated by the terrible phylloxera. It was demonstrated there that American vines were able to resist the ravages of this plague, and the growers hope, by this means, to restore their former prosperity.

PHYSICIANS recommend Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR as a cure for Heart Disease, showing they have confidence in it. A lady says:

"From a child I have been subject to Palpitation of the Heart, and for the past few years have continued to grow worse, palpitation being followed by dizziness and suffocation, so much so that if I attempted to lie down my heart would seem to cease beating entirely, causing great prostration. I was obliged to have a physician in attendance for nearly a year. At last he advised me to try Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR, which I did, and have not taken any other medicine since. Am nearly well, and have great reason to believe I shall get entirely cured by continuing to take the HEART REGULATOR.

"MRS. ALONSO MORGAN, Concord, N. H."

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

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

DR. WILHOFT'S ANTI-PERIODIC OR FEVER AND AGUE TONIC!—Wilhoft's Tonic has established itself as the real infallible Chill cure. It is universally admitted to be the only reliable and harmless Chill medicine now in use. Its efficacy is confirmed by thousands of certificates of the very best people from all parts of the country. It cures malarious diseases of every type, from the shaking agues of the lakes and valleys to the raging fevers of the torrid zone. Try it! It has never been known to fail. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WHEN neglectful of the duty assigned to it by nature—that of secreting the bile—the liver should be disciplined with DR. MOTT'S VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS which will speedily remedy its inaction and stimulate it to a vigorous performance of its secretive function. Constipation, which is an invariable accompaniment of liver disorder, is always overcome by this great anti-bilious cathartic, and indigestion, chronic and acute, is completely cured by it. All Druggists sell it.

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"MATCHLESS"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
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New York, Boston and Chicago.

SUDDEN changes in the weather are productive of Throat Diseases, Coughs and Colds. There is no more effectual relief to be found than in the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" 25 cts. a box.

THE most dangerous fevers are typhoid, bilious, malarious and gastric. These all originate in the stomach, liver, or bowels, and may be easily prevented. One of *Parsons' Purgative Pills* each night for a week will drive disease from the system.

IT is demonstrated that America makes the best Cabinet or Parlor Organs in the world. At all world's exhibitions in recent years Mason & Hamlin have obtained highest honors, having received the gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1878.

A MISSIONARY just returned says he regards *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* as beyond all price, and efficacious beyond any other medicine. It is adapted to a great variety of special cases, and is the best pain killer in the world.

TO CLEANSE and whiten the teeth, to sweeten the breath, use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

That Boy.

Dramatis personnæ.—A young American in roundabout and leggins, perched upon the fence devouring a huge piece of mince pie, and a maiden of five summers, in pantalettes, looking very wishfully at the gourmand on the fence. *Young America.*—"I say, sis, does your mar make mince pies? If she does, I'll bet they ain't so good as my mar's." *Little Miss* (timidly)—"I like mince pie awful well." *Young America.*—"Well, now, that's funny! Just look here (drawing a quarter of a pie out of his jacket pocket), and it's boss, too! Ain't my mar good?" (carefully stowing it away in his pocket). That boy "is father to the man" who must have his cigars and any other masculine luxury his contemptible selfishness craves, while his poor sickly wife must do the work of two women ("girls waste more than they earn," he says), and for the want of a little money to purchase a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the sovereign remedy for female diseases and weaknesses, she is literally lying by inches—and all because of that masculine selfishness, that would not divide the childish luxury with his playmate, and now tacitly refuses his wife the luxury of health.

FOR upward 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 diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. 25 cts. a bottle.

HON. C. R. PARSONS, Mayor of Rochester, was radically cured of Bright's Disease by Craig's Kidney Cure. Depot, 42 University Place, N. Y.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Farmers, Families and Others can purchase no remedy equal to Dr. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT, for the cure of Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Colic and Seasickness, taken internally (it is perfectly harmless; see oath accompanying each bottle) and externally for Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Mosquito Bites, Old Sores, Pains in Limbs, Back and Chest. The VENETIAN LINIMENT was introduced in 1847, and no one who has used it but continues to do so, many stating if it was Ten Dollars a Bottle they would not be without it. Thousands of Certificates can be seen at the Depot, speaking of its wonderful curative properties. Sold by the Druggists at 40 cts. Depot, 42 Murray street, New York.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	$6 50	@ 9 50
HOGS	3 60	@ 3 85
COTTON	10	@ 10¼
FLOUR—Superfine	3 10	@ 3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	90	@ 1 02
CORN—Western Mixed	45	@ 47
OATS—Mixed	25	@ 28
RYE—Western	54	@ 56
PORK—Mess	8 25	@ 8 50
LARD	6½	@ 6¾
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 50	@ 5 55
Cows and Heifers	2 00	@ 2 80
Medium to Fair	3 30	@ 3 90
HOGS	2 75	@ 3 65
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	4 75	@ 5 50
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	4 25	@ 4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	79	@ 80
No. 3 Spring	65	@ 69
CORN—No. 2	34	@ 35
OATS—No. 2	18	@ 19
RYE—No. 2	42	@ 43
BARLEY—No. 2	96	@ 98
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	20	@ 25
EGGS—Fresh	14	@ 15
PORK—Mess	7 60	@ 7 75
LARD	6	@ 6¾
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	84	@ 1 00½
No. 2	79	@ 80
CORN—No. 2	33	@ 34
OATS—No. 2	17	@ 18
RYE—No. 1	42	@ 43
BARLEY—No. 2	93	@ 95½
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	81	@ 82
CORN—Mixed	32	@ 33
OATS—No. 2	20	@ 21
RYE	40	@ 41
PORK—Mess	8 00	@ 8 25
LARD	6	@ 6¾
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—Red	80	@ 85
CORN	37	@ 38½
OATS	21	@ 25
RYE	49	@ 50
PORK—Mess	7 80	@ 8 00
LARD	6	@ 7¼
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White	89	@ 90
No. 2 Red	88	@ 89
CORN	35	@ 39
OATS—No. 2	21	@ 25
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—White	4 50	@ 4 90
WHEAT—No. 1 White	88	@ 89
No. 1 Amber	85	@ 86
CORN—No. 1	41	@ 42
OATS—Mixed	22½	@ 24
BARLEY (per cental)	1 40	@ 2 70
PORK—Mess	9 50	@10 00
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE—Best	4 75	@ 5 00
Fair	3 75	@ 4 00
Common	3 25	@ 3 50
HOGS	3 10	@ 3 70
SHEEP	3 00	@ 4 25

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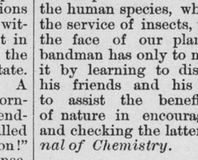

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BURNS, SCALDS, WOUNDS, FEVERS, PILES, BUNIONS, BITES, WARTS, PIMPLES, CANCERS, SORES, STINGS, WENS, ABCESS, SPRAINS, CUTS, BLISTERS, CORNS, FELONS, ULCERS, SHINGLES, STIES, FRECKLES, BOILS, WHITLOWS TAN, SCURVY,
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