

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The "Little Giant" son, Stephen A. Douglas, of Chicago, weighs 325 pounds.

A revival of interest in the poems of Walter Scott is reported from a number of Western cities.

Miss Flora Benjamin, of Cincinnati, is the latest musical wonder. She can play almost any instrument, and is especially proficient on the violin. She never took a lesson in music.

Mme. Popp, the doyenne of Belgian journalists, for fifty years editor of the *Bruges Journal*, has written up to the present no less than 18,000 articles, each containing from 3,000 to 4,000 words.

Only one Philadelphia paper can go back to its files of one hundred years ago, as the *North American* does, in its purpose to celebrate the constitutional centennial, by printing a facsimile of an issue of one of its linen predecessors, which contained the first printed copy of the Constitution.

Bismarck's wife is an interesting woman. She is more than sixty years of age, very tall, and very gray. Her features are prominent and her cheekbones very high. Altogether she has a strong face. She is a woman of very determined character and not unlike the "iron chancellor" himself in obstinacy. She is fond of talking and speaks in a loud and decided voice.

Editor George W. Childs, though well advanced in years, is a wonderfully preserved man. His rosy cheeks are like the blushes of a schoolgirl of fourteen or fifteen. His eye is as clear and bright as it was twenty years ago, his step just as agile. His dress is always the same, and yet he looks as if his clothes had just come from the tailor's, they are so spotless.

The King of Persia once ordered his Visier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The King asked him why, and he immediately answered: "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back?" "Ay, but suppose they come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs." — *Public Opinion*.

Zebhr Pasha, who has just been released from a three years' imprisonment at Gibraltar, has played an important part in African politics for twenty-five years past. He has been an English prisoner ever since his capture by General Gordon over ten years ago. He was on parole in Cairo for eight years until his intrigues in behalf of the Mahdi obliged the English to shut him up at Gibraltar. Whether he will be contented to remain quietly in Cairo or will attempt to regain his scepter in Darfur is an interesting problem.

## HUMOROUS.

Chamber concerts are all the rage at present. The orchestra is usually a six-months-old infant. — *Detroit Graphic*.

When is a ship romantically in love, and when is she foolishly in love? When she's attached to a buoy, and when she's anchoring after a swell.

Irrele Parent—"Debt! Debt! Debt! Do you know what follows debt?" Son (laconically)—"Dunners! Here's a couple of tailors after me now." — *Texas Sittings*.

A citizen of Cincinnati went off to Europe and left four gas-jets blazing away in his house for four months. He has offered the gas company \$300,000 to settle the bill, but they want an even million, and he will probably have to pay it. — *Detroit Free Press*.

Pastry Rhyme Dyspeptical.— She may dress in silk or may dress in satin. May know the languages, Greek and Latin. May know fine art, may love and sigh. But she ain't no good if she can't make pie.

— *Merchant Traveler*.

After a heated debate in Congress, one of the members turned to another whom he expected would help him, and said: "Why didn't you help us out? You never opened your mouth once during the entire debate." "Oh, yes, I did. I yawned through your entire speech," was the reply. — *Farmer and Manufacturer*.

A wee maiden, as many other small children have done, had the misfortune to fall down at the foot, the day, and in landing struck the other part of the anatomy commonly denominated the "funny bone" came in contact with the wall with more force than was calculated to make a comfortable impression. On being picked up and asked if she was hurt she rubbed her arm for a moment and said: "No, but my elbow is awful dizzy." — *Buffalo Courier*.

"How did you happen to fall off the boat?" asked a young man after a member of his boating party was resuscitated. "It was this way: I was lying on top of the cabin and I heard somebody talking. They were cuddled down where the boom couldn't strike them, and pretty soon a coo struck my ears. It said: 'Tishoo, darling.' 'Tishoo some,' 'Sleepy, dahling,' 'Sleepy some,' 'Kiss me, dahling.' Smack! And that's when I rolled off into the water." — *Washington Critic*.

"Bub," remarked a muscular farmer to a boy whom he found in his melon patch, "bub, do you know why you and I would be good material for a cigar?" "Deed I don't, sir," was the response of the quivering culprit. "Well, then, my young Columbus," said the granger, advancing to a convenient position for the laying on of hands, "it's because you've proven yourself a very good filler, and I know you'll acknowledge me to be a good ragger." And he did. — *Young Gazette*.

## HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

The hay crop is the leading crop of the United States.

Cold Cabbage Salad—Chop the cabbage fine, sprinkle it with salt, pepper and sugar, cover with one-third water two-thirds vinegar. — *Boston Budget*.

Buttered Toast—Toast stale bread to a delicate brown, dip in boiling water containing a little salt, spread with butter and set in the oven. — *Indianapolis Sentinel*.

If any particular variety of fruit annually becomes infested with worms, while other varieties escape, it is best not to waste the space with such trees, but dig them up and try new varieties. — *Indianapolis Journal*.

To perfume note-paper Sprinkle some blotting-paper with the perfume required and lay under a weight until dry, and place it between the sheets of paper. When removed they will be perfumed.

Plum Cream—Stew one pint of plums; make very sweet; whip one pint of cream, and dissolve one-half box of gelatine in warm water; strain the plums and add to the gelatine; stir in the cream; set on ice to harden. — *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

There are two varieties of guineas domesticated, the common, or speckled, and the white, the latter not so well known, being comparatively new. There are several wild varieties, the native country being Northern Africa. — *Farm, Field and Stockman*.

Wet, muddy feet and legs are fully as injurious to the lower orders of animal life as they are to men. Instinct teaches the animal in a state of nature to avoid such unwholesome exposures, but man has obliged them to grovel in such miserable places and is therefore responsible for the results. — *St. Louis Republican*.

Grape Catsup—Boil your grapes and put through the colander, and then through a sieve, to get out all the seeds and grape skins. To four quarts of the juice take one-pint of vinegar, a little more if you think it not tart enough, about an ounce each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and sugar to taste. — *Farmer and Manufacturer*.

If any one have a pear tree that bears spotted or cracked fruit, let him sprinkle wood ashes freely over the soil beneath the tree, as far in diameter as the branches extend—not a light sprinkle either, but a liberal dressing. Then wash the bark thoroughly with strong soap suds (old-fashioned soft soap preferred), with the addition of lime-water, and a little flower of sulphur. — *Indianapolis Journal*.

Rissoles of Chicken or Veal—Chop fine fowl or veal till very fine and add to it a little ham and two hard-boiled eggs with a tablespoonful of butter. Flavor with pepper and salt, lemon and nutmeg. Mix all together and roll in small balls and lay two inches from each other upon a sheet of pastry rolled out very thin. With the finger dipped in cold water, moisten the pastry round each ball of meat; spread another thin crust over them, and with a biscuit cutter cut each one, pressing the edges of the pastry together. Brush with a beaten egg and fry in hot lard. Serve with celery and white pickled onions. — *Good Cheer*.

BUCKWHEAT STRAW.

The Views of a Farmer Who Considers It an Article of Value.

I have grown more or less buckwheat every season since I began to farm for myself, now more than forty years ago. I always—save one season—threw the straw out to be trodden under foot by the stock, supposing it was fit for nothing but manure, and very little of that—as "maddy" used to do.

I had noticed, however, from year to year, that when buckwheat was cut before frost, and the straw cured free of nastiness, that stock seemed to relish it.

I, therefore, scattered some damp, bright buckwheat straw in the mow of my barn, thinking I would get it cured without mold. But, alas, wherever it was a foot thick it became musty and came out smoking enough to nearly stifle the stock. This discouraged me, and thereafter I sent it out to the back door of the barn as a thin vain to attempt to save for stock. But, being scarce of straw a few years since, I concluded to try another experiment. I thrashed out the seed in the barn, hauled the straw to the stable and stacked it around poles twelve feet high, laying chunks and pieces of rails on the ground to let air under. I made the stacks about nine feet in diameter at the base, and laying the green straw around the pole without tramping it, to give it free air to dry. I reared it in a slim stack to the top of the pole.

There was a side shed to my stable, and I turned sixteen lambs into the shed to winter, building a pen so as to take in the buckwheat straw sticks. It was not long till the lambs went to eating the straw and lingered around the stack till they eat through to the poles, within a couple of feet. I noticed the straw was bright and clear all around, save a foot or two of mold in center next the poles. This I took away, and let the stacks slip down the poles to give the sheep another chance.

So I kept till the lambs eat up my straw, thriving well with the addition of a little bran and chopped oats and corn, which I fed them twice a day. I have since come to believe that if buckwheat is cut before frost and the straw cured without mold, it is as good for stock as wheat or oats straw. — *Cor. Detroit Free Press*.

## SEEING FOR STAMPS.

A New York Dead-Beat Tells His Mobs of Cleaning a Livelihood.

There was a young man staying at a West side lodging-house until recently who, according to the New York Mail and Express, paid for his bed every night with postage stamps. He had practiced this about a week or more when the proprietor grew suspicious. With a view to finding out just where the fellow got the stamps, the hotel man had him watched and discovered that his lodger not only paid for his bed with the little brown squares but that he ate at several restaurants where the proprietors accepted the stamps in payment. After watching his lodger for several days, the hotel man refused one night to accept them in payment for a bed unless the man could satisfy him that they were not stolen. The lodger demurred for awhile, and refused to talk about the matter. Then the hotel man threatened to hand him over to the police, whereupon the lodger, after swearing his landlord to secrecy, said:

"I am a beggar. I live on a revenue derived from begging for postage stamps. I began by working the First ward, and am now doing Eighth avenue. I hate to give the scheme away, for it is a good one and is profitable. I manage to keep myself looking clean and neat, though a trifle threadbare, and with a letter in my hand, I ask each available person for a stamp. I refuse money always, although gentlemen sometimes go with me to the nearest drug store and buy me the stamp. Occasionally I get two and three stamps. When I get together two or three dollars' worth I take them to a dealer downtown who buys them from me at a discount; but I never pay out this money if I can help it. Whenever I can get restaurant and lodging-house keepers to accept stamps for my meals and bed. In this way I save the discount. But now as you know my game, I shall have to seek fields more green and pastures new. Good night. I guess I'll try Brooklyn for while."

Sylvanus Cobb at Sea.

When the late Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., was a boy he went to sea. The commander of the ship had a literary turn of mind, and put in the spare hours of one cruise in writing a sea story. One day he came upon deck and, looking down upon a group of seamen, said out: "Has any one got a penknife?" "I have," said young Cobb, stepping forward. "Can you make quill pens?" "Yes, sir." "What did you do before you shipped in the navy?" "I was in a printing office, sir." "You are just the one I am looking for. Come with me." Young Cobb was taken into the cabin and made a private secretary, but long before he had finished copying and arranging the captain's manuscript he concluded that he could write a better story himself and tried it.

Better Omits the Debate.

An Englishwoman is about to start "A School for Wives." The pupils will be instructed in cookery, dressmaking, physiology, book-keeping, elocution and debating. The curriculum has its good points, but the class in debating seems to be a surerility. As a means of matrimonial folly debating ability is not a success. It has been said that that is the happiest nation which has no history. It may as truly be asserted that that is the happiest family which has no debates.

Death Roll of the Civil War.

Official statistics show that of the 3,000,000 men enlisted, there were killed in battle, 44,280; died of wounds, 49,205; died of disease, 186,216; died of unknown causes, 24,184; total, 303,785. This includes only those whose death while in the army had been actually proven. To this number should be added, first, 26,000 men who are known to have died while in the hands of the enemy as prisoners of war, and many others in the same manner whose deaths are unrecorded.

What Feels These Mortals Do.

Every man at some period of his life is an egotistic fool, but by a wise dispensation of Providence no man knows exactly when that time is.

Emigrants to the West!

Do you know what oftentimes awaits you if you furnish no medical protection? You can not safely live on newly cleared, water-soaked soil on the banks of low lying streams, unless you are prepared to encounter malaria. Take with you, or send for, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, provided with which you can not only bid defiance to miasma-born diseases, but also to infections of the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys. It also nullifies the effects of exposure to dampness and fatigue.

Nature's most becoming dress—the close of the day.

FAZER AXLE GREASE will last two weeks, all others two to three days. Try it.

A nice, cheap country seat—a stump. — *Texas Mifflin*.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, September 3, 1887.  
CATTLE—Native Steers... \$3 75 5 45  
COTTON—Middling... 3 65 4 95  
FLOUR—Good to Choice... 3 65 4 95  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 3 65 4 95  
CORN—No. 2 Mixed... 3 65 4 95  
DAIRY—Western Mixed... 32 65 34 95  
PORK—Mess (new)... 15 00 16 00

ST. LOUIS.

COTTON—Middling... 3 50 4 75  
HEEVEES—Good to Choice... 3 50 4 75  
HOGS—Cure to Select... 3 65 4 95  
SHEEP—Fair to Choice... 3 90 4 95  
FLOUR—Patents... 3 75 4 95  
XXX to Choice... 3 25 4 25  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter... 3 90 4 95  
CORN—No. 2 Mixed... 3 25 4 25  
OATS—No. 2... 3 25 4 25  
EVE—No. 2... 3 25 4 25  
TOBACCO—Lugs... Leaf—Medium... 2 50 3 00  
HAY—holly, Timothy (new)... 14 00 15 00  
POTTER—Choice Dairy... 15 00 16 00  
EGGS—Fresh... 15 00 15 50  
PORK—Standard Mess (new)... 15 00 16 00  
BACON—Clear Rib... 9 45 9 95  
LARD—Prime Steers... 6 50 7 00  
WOOL—Fine to Choice... 36 00 38 00

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers... 3 25 3 50 4 00  
HOGS—Good to Choice... 3 25 3 50 4 00  
SHEEP—Good to Choice... 3 00 3 25 3 50  
FLOUR—Winter... 3 90 4 25 4 95  
WHEAT—No. 2 Mixed... 3 00 3 25 3 50  
CORN—No. 2... 3 00 3 25 3 50  
OATS—No. 2 White... 3 00 3 25 3 50  
PORK—No. 2 White... 3 00 3 25 3 50

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers... 3 25 3 50 4 00  
HOGS—Sales at... 3 00 3 25 3 50  
SHEEP—Good to Choice... 3 00 3 25 3 50  
FLOUR—Winter... 3 90 4 25 4 95  
WHEAT—No. 2 (soft)... 3 00 3 25 3 50  
CORN—No. 2... 3 00 3 25 3 50  
OATS—No. 2... 3 00 3 25 3 50

NEW ORLEANS.

FLOUR—High Grades... 3 25 3 50 4 00  
CORN—White... 3 00 3 25 3 50  
DAIRY—Choice Western... 19 00 20 00 21 00  
PORK—New Mess... 15 00 16 00 17 00  
BACON—Clear Rib... 9 45 9 95  
COTTON—Middling... 3 25 3 50 4 00

LOUISVILLE.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 3 25 3 50 3 75  
CORN—No. 2 Mixed... 3 25 3 50 3 75  
DAIRY—Choice Western... 17 00 18 00 19 00  
PORK—New Mess... 15 00 16 00 17 00  
BACON—Clear Rib... 9 45 9 95  
COTTON—Middling... 3 25 3 50 3 75

WHEAT—No. 2 Mixed... 3 25 3 50 3 75

BACON—Clear Rib... 9 45 9 95

COTTON—Middling... 3 25 3 50 3 75

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