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BY

C. C. CRIFFEY, Editor.

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The Negaunee Iron Herald.

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THE IRON HERALD.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, such as

Posters, Circulars,
Bill Heads, Ball Tickets,
Business, Wedding, and
Visiting Cards,
Programmes, Tags,
Note & Letter Paper,
Envelopes, Etc.,

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED

AT THE IRON HERALD OFFICE.

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AND
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Negaunee, Marquette County, Michigan.
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WM. BRUNKO,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
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M. H. CONNER,
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Office over the Pioneer, Negaunee, Mich.
Business promptly attended to in the Counties of Marquette and Menominee, and adjacent to the position of M.

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Bills, Circulars, Cards, Posters, Etc., Neatly and Promptly Executed at the Herald Office.

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E. HAUPT
Baker Bread, Cakes and Pies of all kinds and Dealer in Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish, Oysters, Fruits and Confectionery. Iron Street, Negaunee, Mich. 20

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DEALER IN
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY,
NOTIONS,
FLOUR, FEED,
CONFECTIONERY, ETC.
Negaunee, Mich., 20

THE NEWS.

Personal.

Mr. Thomas Ryan, President of Sixth Ward, Chicago, died on the 8th, at Chicago, aged 45. The Tribune remarks that he was a worthy, generous, charming fellow, and a good member of a Board.

Two years from December 31st, of Scotch extraction, has passed the bar. While in college he was a member of the Sophomore class, and was the valedictorian of the class in the Junior, Senior, and the aforesaid Board conversed in the Board.

The Institute of the Association Board Meeting, passing out of the treasurer of the colored school, in the Board, Board, Board,

IRON HERALD

NEGAUNEE, L. S., MICH.

Thursday, March 11, 1877.

Ben Butler has now "tripped down and out." Thank the Lord!

The Indiana Legislature has passed a bill making eastern "ticket scalping" illegal.

Two police dens were raided by 40,000 men in February. A decided change for the better.

In Indiana, the Brazil Center coal district is filled with necrobacteria and malcontents, and property suffers in value.

The income of university presidents by State is as follows: Yale, in settlement of the Vergennes affair is $80,000, and $40,000.

Hall and Lawrence Europe. No Butcher trial, no prospective Prince consort, no Prince Arthur, no Centennial, nothing to look forward to.

Several malcontents in Illinois have lately organized surgeons for their wounds, who are to be ready at 24 hours when the public feel the need of the services of any accident.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the two men who were elected Vice Presidents when Mr. Lincoln was elected President—Hannibal Hamlin and Andrew Johnson—are now members of the Forty-second Congress.

Four hundred acres dead, and suffocation yet! This only proves how truly great an article Angelic ammonia was. The monstrosity of genius are often more enduring than those of genius, mortale or human.

All the material for the main track of the Hoosac and Berkshire railroad and forty miles of the second track has been contracted for and is in process of delivery. The road thus far has cost $4,600,000.

The Tilton vs. Beecher Colonel is to come a little sooner now, but that enabling the moonshine neighbor, New Mexico, adjoining her on the south to do likewise, has been defeated in Congress.

The Fire insurance Underwriters of Milwaukee have formed a mutual organizing with the New York Underwriters the latter rates, regulations, and rates of their local insurance. The result is not yet announced.

The Vineyard Gazette says: The scarcity in the corn market during the past week and the advance in price, has caused a lower asking among all hands, even in the valleys and the prospect of a cheap Indian meal this year that had yet been very flattering.

The two boys who have been looking around in the Pennsylvania oil regions, have concluded they have the necessary machinery for boring pay ores, and a sufficient old artisan to detail they seem to have through and tap his wells from the tanks, safe!

Mining operations have been almost entirely suspended along the Tuglaine area range, Connecticut. Our mines, for instance, is depicted to return to normal workmen, who get their days work per week, and are paid from $1 to $1.25 per day.

The Remington gun works, at Ilion, New York, are running night and day, with two thousand men, on a contract with the Spanish government, in addition to which nearly three hundred Remington rifles have been delivered within the last twelve months for home consumption.

At Crabtree, Adams county, Pa., McCormick & Co., have got new machinery for their magazine reapers, the Wrightsville Sun Company's government can long worked, and all the mines in the Hudson Valley, which extends from the Line of the Hoosac and Berkshire railroad into Maryland, are associated. The throes over gas lands out of work.

The jealousy among the manufacturers of Pittsburgh still continues. They refuse to yield and the mass that ores are rapidly decreasing! Not yet to yield. The Pittsburgh Bolt Company have contracted with English colonel men from Birmingham and Detroit to take the places of the striking puddlers. They will arrive in day, and the strike will remain operations at once.

The jealousy of manufacturers prevailed in Indiana some days to make a subject of doubt by some persons, because while the Conversation of 1871 requires that every act passed by the Legislature must be prefaced by an enacting clause, the law of 1875 in regard to assessment was not thus prefaced. This omission is to be corrected.

Every dollar to Washington and Baltimore is cheap railroad fare. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has reduced to that figure, coming under the reduction of the Baltimore and Ohio. The means is a large and determined war between the rival railway lines between Chicago and the seaboard, and which the Michigan Central and the Michigan Southern, with their connections, outward, will probably be limited. It is an anti-charge way to the Southern, and yet not any passengers will not object.

A Muskegon (Mich.) dispatch says: "Operations in the lumber woods are about over. The lumbermen are cutting and the camps being broken up. The season has been good and a large amount of logs. There is still plenty of snow, but most firms have all the logs they want next season."

Miscellaneous.

CHAS. SUNDBERG

(LIMITED) DEALER IN

FINEST AND LARGEST

ON THE

WATCHES, CLOCKS, Jewelry &c.

Have opened on the Bay of Negaunee

HAYDON'S

Holiday Goods

ON EXHIBIT FREEST

JEWELRY

ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

JUST OPENED AT HAYDON'S.

REPAIRING NE-TLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.

Stores on Main Street, Negaunee

CHAS. SUNDBERG.

Haydon's Column.

For the Holidays!

Desirable Goods for Presents

A. A. ANDERSON

Has a large stock of

Fine Solid Silverware

SILVER PLATED WARE,

Gold and Silver Watches,

Both American and Foreign.

Albums, Musical Albums, Gold Pens, Spectacles,

All kinds of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

And Fancy Goods Generally.

These goods are especially suitable for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

And will Sell at Reasonable Prices.

Great Bargains for Cash.

Remember and call at the Interesting Jewelry Store in Negaunee where you will find everything in the line of Jewelry.

FIRST

NATIONAL BANK

Negaunee, Michigan.

CAPITAL, FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Miscellaneous.

Wheelock & Winter,

COLUMBIA OF IRON AND SILVER BUILDING,

Negaunee,

Announce to the Public generally that they are now prepared to offer the following goods with the lowest possible rate.

AS MANY AS THEY WISH

CORN, BEEF,

LARD, BUTTER,

FLOUR, VEGETABLES,

FISH, FEED,

COLN and POTATOES

At the bottom of the market. Cheap

Our motto—Cash together with the Goods and so that the Cash speaks a thought better and so at Cheap to Cheaper also every Product and element of articles Sold in the Grocery and provisions line. We have extraordinary facilities for buying low, and propose to give our customers the benefit thereof

WM NAST & CO.

Wholesale Dealer in

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC

WINES and LIQUORS,

CIGARS, TOBACCO.

Merrchaum Goods and Smokers' Articles of Every Description.

Negaunee, Mich.

Wholesale Agent of the Washtenaw Cigar Co., Detroit

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The Oldest, Largest and Best

Life Insurance Co. in the U. S.

ASSETS OVER $65,000,000.

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FURNISHING, UNDERTAKING.

FURNITURE.

J. ENGELS,

—OF—

Ngaunee, Michigan,

Has the largest and best selected assortment of Furniture ever offered in this market.

LOWER PRICES

Than any other house in the North. Capital $100,000

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Insurance Co's Hartford Insurance Co's

Insurance Co's Phoenix Insurance Co's

Insurance Co's Home Insurance Co's

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Insurance Co's Insurance Co's

Insurance Co's

LOCAL NEWS.

Thursday, March 11, 1875.

Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon Railroad.

Going North.	Going West.
Mail.....7 00 a. m.	Mail.....2 00 p. m.
Express.....4 00 p. m.	Express.....10 00 a. m.
Freight.....7 00 p. m.	Freight.....8 00 a. m.

Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

Arrive.	Depart.
Express.....7 00 a. m.	Express.....7 00 p. m.
Mail.....12 00 m.	Mail.....2 00 p. m.
Night Express.....3 00 a. m.	Night Express.....7 00 p. m.

POST OFFICE TIME TABLE.

Four Months with Marquette.....7 00 a. m.	1 00 p. m.
Four Months with Ontonagon.....7 00 a. m.	1 00 p. m.
Lake Superior and Milwaukee	
Sault Ste. Marie,	
Per Steamboat from Marquette.....7 00 a. m.	
Per Steamboat from Ontonagon.....7 00 a. m.	
Marquette and Negaunee.....7 00 a. m.	1 00 p. m.
Marquette and Negaunee.....1 00 p. m.	7 00 p. m.
Iron River and Ironwood.....7 00 a. m.	1 00 p. m.
Iron River and Ironwood.....1 00 p. m.	7 00 p. m.
Lake Superior, Lake Shore and Western Railroad,	
Sundays.....7 00 a. m.	1 00 p. m.

I. O. O. F.

NEGAUNEE, MICHIGAN.

Tue Negaunee Lodge, No. 156, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday Evening.

W. K. Morse, N. G. Tho. Carnelvan, P. G.
Jno. Mitchell, Sec. Jno. Pearce, Treas.

RELIGIOUS.

Services at the Catholic Church every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock P. M. Sabbath School at 2 P. M. Services at Lake Superior every Sunday afternoon at 3 P. M. Services at Richmond every Sunday afternoon at 3 P. M. Services every Sunday afternoon at Palmer at 3 o'clock P. M.

Services at the Methodist Episcopal Church every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 2 P. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7 P. M. All welcome.

St. Patrick's Benevolent Society,

OF NEGAUNEE, MICH.

Meets on the second Sunday in the month, at 2 o'clock P. M.

ENTERTAINMENT.

The Ladies' Society of St. Peter's Church, on this city, will give a supper and social entertainment at Warner's Hall, on the evening of next Wednesday, March 24th, for the benefit of the church. The ladies of Negaunee will be interesting in the social and enjoyment to be obtained. There will be an entertainment in the evening, from 8 to 10 o'clock.

Hon. J. Bayard Jackson, Esq., is at Sault Ste. Marie and school children are in order.

The Jackson mail was about twenty hours yesterday.

The sleighing is being carried to a night fall of snow.

The Lake Shore has given notice of its intent to the Sunny Side.

The Jackson Company opened its Pioneer yet cut on Saturday.

The Wisconsin carries large cattle a great amount of snow mulles.

A Lumberman's convention was held in Chicago last week.

The Wisconsin Legislature adjourned sine die on Saturday last.

The member from Gogebic of the Big Big Bill was not elected in Pacific Lot.

There may be "nothing like leather," but silver jewelry has proved a failure.

They have a new sleigh here for "love or war." "Take it for what it is choice."

Prince Bismarck is in the pitch pipe and his knitting needle in one hand as he is surrounded.

A second glacial period of the Dominion of Annex Ireland is thought to be in throes on the 18th inst.

A little sleigh of black velvet passed the rock, of the girl of the period is called "a dog cutter," and is fashionable.

It may be of interest to know that the prices in spring goods for cash only have not materially reduced as yet.

St. Patrick's day comes on Wednesday next, March 17th. The day is to be observed by a social gathering, if possible.

The Cotton in Good of Repair is to be sold at auction on the 22nd and accumulated expenses and dressed on Monday.

People are not always conditioned to be thankful for the unexpected favor of their being endowed by with asses ears.

Through the instrumentality of the Lake and Sunset the water of Lake City dentists handle have been sold to Lake Lot.

The Chicagoans was again. Mr. Gardner spoke to a friend of a visitor to the locomotive between this point and Green Bay.

A new Chinese is here who speaks "a mongrel Irish brogue and thinks he is big discount on two big asses named Bill and Sam."

John Wood Esqrs says that there is nothing so beautiful in a young man as the companionship of sisters." Doesn't any sister.

A supposed of Sheriff expressed in this way "Mr. Tilton is a gentleman, and, as the Shoulder is foolish for having Bedford Avenue and Brooklyn."

The poet's criticism on the day of August, after from a Scotsman, "Ayr and nothing about the dirk, is considered the perfection of criticism."

Tuna—The last installment of the pro rata money of the treasury was $40,000 and $40,000—with pay on Friday last by City Treasurer Ryan.

Discounts—A large number of the wood chopper employed hereabout have recently been discharged, on account of the surveying of contracts.

Mr. Sunday was a beautiful day and brought every one out with a delightful enjoyment. The streets were thronged and the sleighing fine.

Mr. Hall issue conscription, but in the nature whose whispers, Mr. Antoinette, or confined to the whole length of the land in all directions.

The discovery of the First National Bank in another column seems a good sign of the business of that institution is on a rapid increase.

Mr. Lawrence seeks for the bad, and never fails to harvest sure, unless he hopes, to get upon a jury, when he becomes a partner, cause guard he has a little.

Mr. Y. young blood from Ishpeming was walking along from street the other day, and they, to a young lady, who was pulled on by horse, suddenly stopped, and the young lady fell from her sleigh to a pool of water. The gentleman stopped and forgiving has been walked along, when he remarkable indicated that he would not be off at all.

Mr. Vanity puts a young man with his mouth a pair of mittens on, yarn his hair with the head in the middle, and Crego does he stand a little sleigh by a dog.

Mr. Lewis McHugh has a graphic who predicted that dull day in the state during the month of March. Sound prophet—a few on this Peninsula for that day.

Mr. Fairbanks is after that Joseph Bonaparte, and Bonaparte is after Fairbanks, and Fairbanks is after Bonaparte. Thursday evening by the appearance of Mr. B.

Mr. Allen Grover we announced at the Lake Superior Hotel, on Friday, and the Monumental succeeded in taking 11 more of our sets to remember up the Lake side.

Mr. Lake Superior is so charmed that Gen. Sherman's little Bill Big Bill, "Gone, now, just lay lobber, get out of the land, and get some work, it will starve."

Mr. Hector—Theodore Hector, the white man from street with our Monday evening, and left his sack was taken in to hardly finding one of the boxes of lap big between the horse and sleigh. The sackup will certainly lay him up for several weeks.

Mr. Smith, who will have no place, may, in a week or two, be found in the Lake Superior, or in the Sunset, or in the Lake Shore, or in the Pioneer. Perhaps he will be found in the Lake City, or in the Sunset, or in the Lake Shore, or in the Pioneer, and I think he is interested in the Lake Superior, or in the Lake Shore. Some guess he is Sheriff.

Mr. Lawrence—Perhaps, a pebble in the mouth of the pitcher of the pitcher, and using a shorter for a lodge in this place of the Lake City. Thursday, we saw the signature of the Lake City, and the signature of the Lake City. Thursday, we saw the signature of the Lake City, and the signature of the Lake City, and the signature of the Lake City, and

A HARD WINTER.

Hail! monarch of the leafless crown
Rare seen save with a gloomy frown,
With ice for scepter, robes of snow,
Thy throne—the stream's arrested flow—
Stern tyrant! whom the east'ning sun
Doth loathe to serve, by vapors dun
Begirt, a melancholy train,
O'er nature holding saddest reign
Lo! of thy rigor birds make plaint,
And all things 'neath thy burden faint.
Nor cheered are they by message cold,
In answer by thy north wind told,
The envy of thy grievous sway,
When thou wouldst drive all hope away
From nature, yearning to restore
To earth the bliss it knew before,
When summer ruled with empire mild,
And autumn, still a ruddy child,
Lay cradled 'mong the greenery
Of whisp'ring grove and laden tree
The brook that prattled to the air
Of golden harvests, scenes as fair
As poet rapt in fancy's maze
Could scarce enshrine in mortal lays,
Now rude and angry hurls along
The bearers of his summer song—
The branch and leaf that once repaid
His music with their tender shade,
And catching zephyr's honey'd tone,
To his sweet tuning joined their own
Or bound, perchance, in durance slow,
Full faint he wends, and moaning low,
Fit dirge he makes o'er freedom lost,
In joy of which he wanton tossed
The falling blossoms on his wave,
For water-nymphs to catch and save.
Now stript of his green bravery,
In piteous plight the weary tree
Is blown upon by mocking winds,
Whom changed now he sighing finds
From those gay playmates welcomed erst
In glee by his young leaves when first
They wove their merry breeze-taught dance,
And broke their feathered lodgers' trance,
What time the eastern wave did gleam
'Neath fore-feet of the golden team.
Not busy now with tender care,
For coming brood the birds prepare
Their airy cradle, rocked unseen
By Dryad hands behind the screen
Of leafy curtains, where no eye
Of mischief curious may pry
The thrush that erst with welling voice
Made all the tangled brake rejoice
In echoes of his mellowed strain,
To mope in silence now is fain,
Nor ever pipes from straining throat
The varied wonders of his note
So bleak the scene, so sad the day,
Too harsh, O winter, is thy sway!
—*Chambers' Journal*.

SOBER AS A JUDGE.

I don't care? I say it, and I stick to it, and, if it were necessary, I'd swear it on the biggest testament or prayer-book that was ever used for taking an oath upon in any court of justice in the kingdom.

You say it's all nonsense, that it was imagination, that I didn't see 'em; but, in the name of all the wise men in the East, how the dickens can you know? You can tell what you see, but that's no reason why you should be able to tell what I see. My eyes were never in your head any more than yours were in mine.

So I say it again, and I'll maintain it through thick and thin, round or solid, that I saw those two as plain as eyes could see them, and that they were there.

This is how it was. Jack Bigley had just done walking his wards at Fawkes's. His governor had come down stunning, bought him a share in an old country practice, and Jack was off to mend broken legs, liniment old women's rheumatics, and to take little strangers—whom, as a matter of course, he would dig up with a golden shovel from under the large plantation of rose bushes in his back garden—snugly in his coat-tail pocket to all the married couples in the district who needed a supply.

He was always a good fellow, was Jack; and many's the jolly night he's had in my room in Double street, Borough. I'll bet anybody a sovereign even money that there isn't a man living who could brew such good punch out of bad spirits as could Jack Dingley.

Oh, the loo we've had, and the rubbers we've played, the oysters we've eaten, and the songs we've sung long after midnight! And when, of a morning, we've gone down to the hospital with a buzzing in the head and a sensation as of sick millstones going round and round, who could ever contrive better than Jack a pleasant little pick-me-up in the dispensary? one which really did pick you up, you know, stand you upon your feet, and set you going wound up tight for the remainder of the day.

Jack took me by the sleeve one morning in his last week, just before we were going into the theater, where old Bogus was going to perform his celebrated operation of removing a man's head without chloroform—his operation, you know, for turned brain—and whispered

"To-night—eight sharp—tripe and onions."

Of course I went, and was there to the minute. Tripe! Yes, I should think there was tripe, and hot potatoes in their jackets; four great dishes of oysters—fat little natives, mind you—none of your shabby Scotchmen, sprawling all over a spongy shell. There was the biggest lobster I ever saw, a splendid salad; a whack of pickled salmon, and, just as I entered the room where the supper was spread out, the fellow from the pub round the corner was just putting a bright pewter pot of porter, with a head on it like a cauliflower, at every man's elbow—for they were already seated—seven, and a place left for me.

That was a supper—the remains were not worth much—and the noise we had made over it was only the overture to the play about to begin; for no sooner was the table cleared than Jack's big spirit stand was fetched out; a kettle of hot was singing on the hob; the waiter brought in lemons and sugar, pipes and tobacco; Jack put his cigar box beside them; and then, while we religiously set to work to fill the room with smoke, Jack slipped out into his bedroom, returned with his wash-hand basin, which he swore was perfectly clean for the occasion, and in it brewed the biggest jorum of punch I ever saw in my life.

It wasn't too big for us, for we went again and again, Jack's face beaming as he ladled out the steaming compound And then the harmony! Talk about making the welkin ring! You should have heard us make the glasses ring till somebody in the next house hammered at the wall; when, taking it for applause, we immediately sang him "Rambling Dan," with the "Ha! ha!" chorus, and the five "Hurrahs!" at the end of every verse. You mayn't know the song, but it is always sung with a full orchestral accompaniment—poker, shovel and tongs—teaspoons on the edges of glasses, and the chairman, of course, beating time with a hammer upon the mahogany table.

We had no sooner finished than there was a tapping on the wall on the other side, which of course meant "Encore!" so we sang it again with two extemporized verses composed for the occasion by Jack Bigley. Directly after this there was a knock at the door, which opened, and a man said something about a noise; but as we all with one consent made a rush at him he fled, and we were allowed to enjoy our harmony in peace for the rest of the evening.

It wasn't all singing, you know. We had a game at cards, but it was voted slow; and Tom Burrows did the frog on the stone in the middle of the table, with a candle at each corner. Bob Rummins, too, did his balancing tricks with three full tumblers of grog on a cane bottomed chair—balanced on his chin without spilling a drop. He tried standing upon his head upon a quart decanter, and got on pretty well till Tom Burrows spirked him in the ribs with the waxy end of a pipe-stem, when he went over backward into the coal scuttle, and then wanted to fight Tom for half a sovereign.

It was all over, though, directly, bless you; and they shook hands, and were the best of friends; when, to keep the game alive, Jack Bigley went and got a pint Guinness' stout bottle, cleared the table, and, putting the neck downward, sat on the bottom, and spun himself round. Bless you, it was beautiful. I never saw anything like it. His hands and legs flew out, and he went out like a teetotum or a top, till Tom Burrows must spoil it by making believe the bottle was his peg, and wanting to take him up in a spoon.

We were all too good humored to quarrel, and we did have the jolliest night you ever knew. We had more singing, and when the song hadn't any chorus we made one—a good rattling one, too—and we encored one another two or three times over, and then began again.

We never had the slightest idea of breaking up, and should have gone on until the milk came round if it had not been for Tom Burrows, who, from being the larkiest fellow of the whole lot, suddenly broke down and began to cry.

It was no use slapping him on the back and trying to comfort him—he would keep on crying and talking about his mother, and saying if she only knew; till it upset Bob Rummins, who wiped one of his eyes, and said he hadn't been to church for nine Sundays.

That spoiled it, you know, for Bob got worse than Tom Burrows, and would keep on saying that he meant to turn over a new leaf. Then Tom Burrows came and called him brother, and they stood and shook one another's hands, and cried into the same pocket handkerchief; till Dick Wharton said he would go home now, and went and laid himself down under the table amongst the oyster shells, with a big lobster claw under the small of his back.

I'm not quite sure about which way I went home, but I remember how nice and fresh the cool night air felt, and that all the policemen were walking in pairs. I mention that last, you know, lest you should think that I was in the slightest degree overcome. In fact, when I dropped my umbrella, and then when my hat fell off, as I stooped to pick it up, I remember what I said to the pair of policemen who were civil enough to pick them up, and we chatted so that they walked home beside me; and, as I'd got thick gloves on, they felt in my waist-coat pocket for me, and got out my latch-key, and opened the door.

Just to show you that I was perfectly correct. I'll mention what the pair of policemen said, and that was—

"Of course you can find your way up-stairs, sir?"

And they wouldn't have said that if I had been in that reprehensible state in which some young men return home from a bachelor's party.

Ah! I recollect everything perfectly. How they had left no candlesticks for me in the proper place, and how something was left in the passage way for me to stumble over, and then the rug at the foot of the stairs was rucked up, and two stair-rods loose, so that three times over I was nearly stumbling up the stairs.

"There's a light in my room," I remember saying.

And that accounted, of course, for there being no candle left in the passage. So I smiled to myself, as I paused for a moment on the landing, and tried to hum over the chorus of "Rambling Dan," just to amuse my landlady, and to let her know that I was back safe. But I was so out of breath that I forgot it, and turning the handle with my left hand—my left hand because I held my umbrella in my right—I walked in.

You see, I am so perspicuous about all these little facts that it shows you I could not have dreamed or imagined what I saw. For there, with my camphine lamp on the table, the bottle of brandy and a jug of hot water, sat two skeletons in the easy chairs, one on each side of the fire. One of them was sitting looking at the fire, and evidently musing; his right elbow rested on the table, and with his left hand he held a long clay pipe between his teeth, and puffed out a cloud of smoke. The other seemed in a rollicking frame of mind as well as body, or rather bones, for he sat with his legs crossed and hanging on the arm of the easy chair, one of my cigars was between his teeth alight, and he held up a glass of steaming brandy and water, as if about to drink my health, nodding at me as I came in

I was not frightened, not a bit of it; for I'd known these skeletons for the last two years. They lived, when at home, in the second case on the right hand side as you went into the museum at Fawkes', but how it was that they had taken it into their heads—skulls, I mean—to come out and visit me, was a puzzler.

So I stood looking at them, when the rollicking one actually began to chant between his teeth—and, mind you, without dropping his cigar—the chorus of "Rambling Dan," finishing off by clanking his bony legs together, his phalanges rattling like castanets

"Your health, old fellow," he said then.

And removing his cigar, he drank a hearty draught of brandy and water.

"I was frightened, I tell you, and I was perfectly clear in the head, I tell you; for I was so surprised then that I remember looking down into the easy-chair to see if there was a pool of brandy and water trickling down through the empty ribs.

But no—I could see the sacrum and the upper bones of the pelvis, and they were quite dry.

"Absorbed, my boy, absorbed," he said, laughing; and it was a strange, harsh laugh. "Now, then, Rattler, have a drink of this," he said to his bony vis-a-vis.

But the other skeleton only nodded his head slowly twice, and went on smoking, the wreaths curling up toward the ceiling

"Shut the door, old fellow," said the rollicking skeleton to me. "I don't want rheumatism in my bones, if you do in yours. That's right," he continued, as I complied. "Now come and sit down, and I'll give a lecture on osteology; for you're horribly shaky about your bones.

"Who told you?" I said, I determined to keep a bold face on the matter.

"I heard old Bogus abuse your articulation paper, and tell you that you'd put the patella in the wrong place. Ha! ha! ha! we hear a good deal, don't we, Rattler?"

The other skeleton nodded its head slowly again; and this solemn, slow movement did give me something of a chill. As for the rollicking fellow, I didn't mind him a bit; and to show him that I didn't, I spiked him with the ferule of my umbrella in the same way that Rummins did Tom Burrows when he was standing on his head.

"I say!" he said, "don't do that."

"Why not?" I said. "What do you mean by coming and taking possession of a fellow's room?"

"'Spose I'd got my thoracic viscera with me, and you'd abraded the surface of my lungs, or scratched my pleura; you wouldn't have liked it, I know."

"Well, perhaps not;" I said, "but anyhow, I wish you'd go."

"Don't hurry us," he said; "we don't often get a night out. Mix yourself a glass."

I did so, and lit a clay pipe. But I didn't care for it; so I lit a cigar, and sat, smoked, and looked at them.

"That's good brandy," said the rollicking skeleton, after another draught. "I say, what do you think I died of?"

"Hung for burglary, I should say, or entering people's houses in their absence."

"Get out," he said. "I had d. t. horribly. Take care of yourself—don't you?"

"Not if I can help it," I said.

And then I started, for Rattler had gone. Now, I didn't see him go, and I know he didn't pass my chair. But he was gone, and there was an end of it.

"It's a curious life, mine," said the rollicking skeleton, "wired together as I am. I'm glad of a change. A case bottle's all very well, but a glass case is too much of a good thing"

Then he leaned over toward me in a curious, sneering fashion, laughing with his feet, if I may so express the way in which he made them quiver, and he annoyed me so that I said to him at last.

"Pray keep still."

"I would," he said, "but it's time to get up"

And he rose from the chair and walked into the wall, straight in, without a pause, and somehow those words of his made such an impression on me that they seemed to hang in the air, and they were the very first I heard later on in the morning, when my hot water was brought to the door.

Ah! you may say what you like, but if it's possible for two skeletons to get out of a case and come down several streets in the dead of night, and visit a medical student, those two visited me.

How Tom Marshall Came to be a Drunkard.

"How came you to be a drunkard?" asked a friend of Tom Marshall in a conversation with him. "Well, I will tell you all about that," said Tom. "I graduated in law at Lexington, with the celebrated divine, Robert J. Breckinridge, and our friends thought we were the intellectual wonders of the age, and they advised us, by way of taking a high position at once, to attack Henry Clay, then in the prime of his fame and power, upon the first opportunity which presented itself. That opportunity soon came. We were both employed in a case in opposition to him. Bob made a speech and I made a speech, and our friends congratulated us upon our tremendous speeches, and we were basking in the sunshine of our coming prosperity, when the old lion arose, and with one sweep of his paw he drove Bob to the Bible and me to the bottle, where we have been ever since."

THE CONFEDERATE TREASURE.

A Doubtful Story from a California Paper.

When the Confederate army under Gen. Lee was forced back from the trenches at Petersburg by the Federal army, President Davis hurriedly ordered about fourteen millions of dollars, the property of the banks of Virginia and of the Confederate States, to be placed on trains at Richmond and sent South, intending to convey it to the trans Mississippi Department, if possible, there to make a final stand. The treasure was carried down to Charlotte, N. C., where the railroad ended. At this place it was decided to leave the money belonging to the banks of Virginia, in keeping of their officers. The rest of the money, belonging to the Confederate States, was placed in wagons, and the retreat continued. The brigades of Gens. Basil Duke and Vaughn, who had succeeded in escaping from East Tennessee, and had arrived at Charlotte a few days before, were placed under the orders of Gen. John C. Breckinridge to act as an escort to the treasure, and the command proceeded South until Greensboro, Washington county, Ga., was reached. At this point information was received that the Federal General, Wilson, had captured Macon, a few miles distant, and in the line of retreat to the trans Mississippi Department. The news soon got among the men. They became demoralized, and a rush was made for the wagons containing the treasure. It was speedily divided up among them, the officers being unable to restrain the men. Among the lucky ones were two soldiers belonging to Company B, Third Tennessee mounted infantry, of Vaughn's brigade, from Monroe county, Tenn. One of them was named Albert Stevens, and the other we will call J. T. Jones. They had charge of a wagon containing $150,000 in gold, and when the panic spread among the soldiers, and the cry was "sauve qui peut," they retained their presence of mind, and drove off in the woods, where they divided the money, making some $75,000 apiece, and separated, Stevens taking his to his home in Tennessee, where he buried it, confiding its hiding place to his mother, a very old lady. Finding that it would be dangerous for him to remain in Tennessee, owing to the unsettled condition of things there, the people being equally divided on the question of the war, he went to Georgia, where he found Jones, who had bought a small place and was quietly waiting until it would be safe for him to return home. Stevens staid awhile with Jones, and then went off to another part of Georgia to visit some relatives. Before going, however, he informed Jones about the hiding place of his money and his mother's knowledge of its whereabouts. As soon as Stevens was gone Jones mounted his horse and made a bee-line for Tennessee, to the place where Stevens lived. Arriving there he presented his comrade's mother with a forged letter, purporting to come from her son, directing her to deliver the money to Jones, which the old lady did. Jones then started direct for California. Arriving here he purchased a large tract of land in Mendocino county, land being very low at that time, and has since amassed a large fortune in addition to his ill gotten gains, and is now highly respected and a member of the church.

In the course of time Stevens, having ascertained that it would be safe, started for home, possibly dreaming of a future life of ease and comfort on some blue-grass farm, raising fat cattle and blooded horses, this being your average Kentuckian's or Tennessean's idea of an earthly paradise. On reaching home he soon found out his loss. Buckling on his revolver, he scoured the entire South and West in search of his faithless friend, vowing to shoot him on sight, and only recently ascertained his whereabouts. He is now in correspondence with a prominent lawyer of this city, and an attempt will shortly be made to bring Jones to account through the courts.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

The Toilers of Age.

Among those whom Gov. Tilden invited to attend the Bryant reception was A. T. Stewart, who replied by a polite note. He could not spare the time. In fact, Stewart has not been in Albany since he attended as a lobbyist, in order to prevent the Broadway railway. Stewart is 74, and being the owner of many millions, might indulge in an easy mode of life, but such is not his disposition. This leads me to observe that New York contains a remarkable group of laborious old men—toilers *con amore*—amateurs of work, whose zest of life would be lost without the daily task. In addition to Stewart, there is Moses Taylor, who is nearly of the same age. He is President of the City Bank, and is worth $5,000,000, but his application to business is of an unremitting character. Commodore Vanderbilt, at 80, may be found daily at his office. This is not in the Grand Union Depot (his place there being supplied by his son William), but is next to his residence in Fourth street, a quiet and retired spot suited to a calculator. The front room is occupied by a clerk, and in the rear office the Commodore receives special visitors, and goes through his daily duty. His library of railway reports is well read, and he has books of calculations upon transportation, and all the minutiæ of his realm, which are thoroughly studied. If he omitted this, he would soon sink into dotage. William B. Astor, who is more than 80, visits the land office every day, and keeps a clear view of his immense estate, although its principal care is in the hands of his son, John Jacob. George Law and Daniel Drew are now 76, and yet attend to their usual engagements. Peter Cooper is 81, and yet calls himself a business man, and has a private office in the institution which he founded, where he carries on daily routine. Edward Mathews, 75, is eager for tenants to occupy his suites of offices near Wall street. Charles O'Conor, at 78, is still in legal practice, though he objects to going before a jury. These men work in obedience to the law of nature which makes industry essential to the greatest amount of happiness. I may add that all our millionaires (except a few who inherited wealth) are over 60.

Our oldest working pastor is four years younger than Bryant. I refer to Stephen H. Tyng, rector of St. George's Church, who is 75. He still retains his power to a remarkable degree, and is able to satisfy the tastes of a critical congregation. In his day of fullness Rector Tyng was a model of pulpit eloquence. He has now the mildness, but not the chill, of old age, but what he has lost in fire is gained in love. The next of our ministry in point of years is Vermilye, of the Reformed Dutch Church, who is Tyng's junior by only three years. To these is to be added the once brilliant Samuel H. Cox, who, though nearly 84, still occasionally appears in pulpit service.—*New York Cor. Cincinnati Gazette*.

"The Can-Can of Journalism."

Mr. J. H. McVicker, of McVicker's Theater, Chicago, is not only a good actor but a successful manager. As a card-writer he likewise excels—not in the beauty of his chirography, but in terse, caustic and satirical language and beautifully-rounded sentences. The following is a specimen of his style, being a rejoinder to the Chicago *Times'* hoax about the suppositious burning of a theater in that city:

With the "hoax" part of the "Burned Alive" article I have nothing to do—it is with the attempt at justification I am dealing. The article itself may be looked upon as the "can-can" of journalism which is permitted to exist from the fact that we Americans are so proud of the "freedom of the press" we would not "gag it by law" even from the utterance of falsehood and indecency. The press must have its way, and there is no corresponding vehicle, with equal speed through which to cope with it. An equal sensation to the "Burned Alive" article, written and signed by one of the Judges of the Supreme Court attested by a "competent, practical" physician, and posted in fifty thousand places in the city during the night might read thus "Every life in danger" "Printers' ink impregnated with disease" "Beware of the daily papers" "The editor of the *Times* dead" "He read his own paper and expired" "Small-pox in every printed sheet" "The *Times* architect attempts to save himself by jumping into the lake, but is drowned!" "One hundred reporters found among the dead!" "An attempt made to fumigate the *Times* office, but fails" "A dreadful holocaust!" "Read no daily papers" "Death will follow their touch!" These would be a fair sample of "head-lines" to be followed by twenty pages of legal-cap giving a description of the dreadful loss of life from "reading the papers," all vouched for by a "responsible" Judge and uttered by a "competent, practical" physician. Something of this kind might "touch home" to journalism could it be accomplished Impress the public mind that there is danger in the touch of a newspaper—that the ink contains poison—and circulation would decrease rapidly. Such an assertion from a supposed responsible party would be believed by many and have its effect—just such an effect as the "Burned Alive" article was calculated to have on amusements

I make no apology for asking you to give this room in your columns. It is not one-seventh the length and quite as interesting as the article to which it alludes, and with good "headlines" will help the circulation of the *Times*

J. H. McVicker.

All Sorts.

It is rumored that the *Herald* establishment will issue an illustrated daily to rival the *Graphic*.

A Minnesota man, who prophesied mild weather for January, was found frozen to death in bed.

Why is the number of wise men so small?
Because to be stupid is so easy—that's all

How to be contented—Look at the hole in Jones' coat sleeve, and then at the neat patch on your own.

Yale has turned out two hundred Congressmen. Fathers, think of this, and send your sons to Harvard.

"I came off with flying colors," as the painter said when he fell from the ladder with a pallette on his thumb.

Mr. Sherman has introduced into the New York Legislature a bill regulating the time for fishing throughout the State.

It is proposed to increase the dog tax in England from 5s, which it is now, to 10s. The object of the increase is to reduce the present number of useless brutes.

Rev Robert Laird Collier, who is now preaching at Leicester, England, writes that his health is entirely recovered, and that he will return to America in June.

Vasquez, the California bandit, has been convicted of thirty-seven murders. If punished for each offense it would take about seven hours for him to strangle at twelve minutes a hang.

I never could believe that providence sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.—*Richard Rumbold, when on the scaffold*, 1685.

Mrs. Ely, who flattered the Russian Czar's nephew out of his diamonds, Ned Buntline, Mark Twain, A. J. Butler—Ben's brother—and George Butler, his nephew, were all residents at one time of Hannibal, Mo.

A man and his wife both eloped from Kearney City, Neb., on the same night a short time ago, each leaving a note for the other, saying they had gone for good. "Two souls with but a single thought," etc

It is estimated by a New York paper that the average cow yields only 7,000 gallons of pure milk. Let's see: 7,000 gallons of milk—14,000 gallons of water—200 pounds of whiting—well, call it 22,000 gallons altogether.

At Nantes, in France, the Davenport Brothers gave their usual exhibition, but the knots were tied by an old sailor. The result was not as usual; instead of five minutes those knots amused the spirits for just half an hour.

A man accomplished the journey from Brighton, Cal., to Sacramento, the other day, in a hand car propelled by the wind. In the absence of a sail, he unfolded his ears and made the trip in about fifteen minutes. Distance, eight miles.

Every friend and admirer of the poet Whittier will be sorry to hear of the great feebleness of his health this winter. Never strong, the inclemency of this season has told hardly upon him, and his immediate friends are extremely anxious about him.

Mr Peter Bickel, of Milwaukee, not knowing a bank wherein he could safely deposit his money, deposited $278 in his coal bin. When he went for it he found some one had been there while he was away. The servant girl admitted that she did it with her little scuttle.

Ned Vose used to travel around Colorado with a performing bear, but a great change came one day last week, and now the bear travels around alone, thinking over old times, and occasionally leaning against a tree as a pang shoots through his bowels. Ned is inside that bear.

N. Muller, a member of the Russian expedition to Siberia, has made a tremendous discovery, and has communicated it forthwith with great circumstantiality to the St. Petersburg Geographical Society. It is that the "North Pole is not an isolated point, but a territory of a certain extent." And he thinks he is going to explore it.

A Cool Burglary.

The Bryan (Ohio) *Democrat* gives the following burglary story: For coolness, deliberation and audacity the burglary of Wertz Bros.' grocery, on Sunday morning is without parallel in the criminal history of the county. So deliberate and impudent was the transaction from beginning to end, that it seems like a huge joke. About 2 o'clock Sunday morning a gang of thieves, variously estimated from five to eight in number, stole Andrew Smith's horse, hitched him to S. C. Moore's bob-sled and then drove to the west side of Wertz Bros.' grocery, southwest corner of the public square. An entrance into the grocery was easily effected through a side door. Once inside, the fire was smothered with salt, and the work of pillage began. Every drawer was ransacked and the cellar searched. Some change was taken from one of the drawers, and several hams lifted from a barrel in the cellar. Then, to cap the climax, the audacious rascals actually lifted and carried out an iron safe, weighing nearly 1,000 pounds. Once loaded, they attempted to start, but Smith's horse was too conscientious for the business, and refused to pull. Carefully placing him in the stable, they went to David Gettle's stable, over half a mile away, got out his dray horse, drove up through the heart of the village, hitched him to the bob, and away they went. They drove south on Lynn one square, then east on Maple, crossing Main, to near Allen, where they halted, turned the horse adrift, and within ten rods of Mr. Barstow's residence, deliberately cracked the safe by smashing the door to smithereens. Alas, for all their pains they found no lucre—nothing but books and papers. Aside from the damage to the safe, the loss was inconsiderable. It is the impudence of the trick that surprises and astounds everybody. They were heard crossing Main street between 2 and 3 o'clock. The safe fell off the bobs twice en route, and the thieves carried cord wood and built up a tramway to aid in reloading. The safe was smashed within ten rods of where Barstow and his family were sleeping About 4 o'clock a young man, returning home from a protracted visit to his girl, saw the party at work, but hadn't sufficient curiosity to go over and see what they were working at.

A Suit without Precedent.

In the Supreme Court of New York a case was tried last week which both counsel agreed was without precedent in legal records. Jennie Youngs, who, when about 23 years old, married Daniel S Youngs, a man of 58. Mr. Youngs was the owner of real estate worth about $150,000, but a short time before his marriage he conveyed it to his two daughters, who are about the same age as his wife. She now brings suit against her husband and her two step-daughters to set aside the conveyance, charging that it was made to defraud her out of her inchoate right of dower. The husband put in no answer, but the daughters answer that their mother, in the quarter of a century that she lived with their father, aided him in gaining his wealth, and that he promised her he would settle this property on them; that the plaintiff will enjoy this property during their father's life, as they have given him a life lease, and that he has other property he means to settle on her. At the close of the plaintiff's testimony, the defendants asked an adjournment to enable them to decide whether they would offer testimony or rest on the law point.

The value of coal produced annually from all sources of England is estimated at $620,000,000.

TERRIBLE SEA DISASTERS.

Five Corpses Found Frozen to the Deck of a Schooner.

[St Pierre (Newfoundland) Cor Brooklyn Union.]

During the terrible weather which prevailed on this coast since the new year set in great damage has been done to shipping in the adjacent harbors, and several wharves and moorings have been so badly wrecked as to cause the owners insufferable expense. But of all the accidents none are worthy of notice in view of the appalling catastrophe which was revealed here at the dawn of this morning. Guillaume Perot, keeper of the St. Pierre Light House, was aroused by his wife at half-past 5 a. m. to-day, she expressing a fear that she had heard the crashing of timber below where their quarters in the light-house are. As the sea or the wind was not running very high at the time Perot himself could distinctly hear at intervals the heavy bumping of what he knew to be a vessel upon the rocks. He dressed himself hurriedly and ran to the house of a French fisherman named Folquet, who, with his three sons and the light-house keeper, went to the moorings of their boats on the beach. There they found a schooner on her beam ends, and she was being badly shattered by successive collisions with the heavy boulders that prop out from the headland The fishermen launched a boat, but before they were ready to put out for the wreck she veered about and was fast drifting on the beach. In less than fifteen minutes the rudderless craft was stranded and they could board her with the aid of planks laid upon the lopsided hull, which was literally cased with ice, as were the decks, the rigging, and the stumps of her dismantled spars. Out of the galley two human legs protruded, and, upon investigation, the fishermen found that they belonged to the corpse of a colored man, whose face was frozen to the deck and whose body was stiff and hard as the ice that surrounded it. The steering gear had all been swept away with the rudder, and the vessel must have been for weeks at the mercy of the elements. In the forecastle three bodies were found which had been either frozen or starved to death, for no provisions could be found on board. A corpse was found on its face beside a coil of rope near the galley, and, like the rest, it was as hard as a stone imbedded in a surface of ice. The cabin windows had been broken in by heavy seas, and the Captain's stateroom and mates' bunks were solidly cased with ice. There was a box of matches and some kindling-wood frozen in the ice near where the stove or "bogy" had stood before the severe lurching of the vessel or the force of the seas threw it down. A corpse was found at the downward end of the cabin with the stove shading the face. It wore a heavy reefing jacket, muffler, sea-boots and "sou'wester" hat. The fishermen think that this was the Captain. The two mates, they say, must have been drowned, as no trace of them except their trunks and clothing could be found. The rigid, ghastly aspects of the corpses struck terror into the very souls of the hardy fishers, who had witnessed many a horrible scene of death on that stormy coast. They had to use axes to literally cut the bodies out of the ice, and by direction of the Prefect of the Police, they were laid in a heated apartment of the jail to be thawed out. The varied blush and snow-white spots on the limbs, ears, noses and fingers of the dead men revealed the fact that they had been badly frostbitten before death, and in that way, perhaps, disabled from doing ship duty.

Sammy Crabapple's Thanksgiving.

Crabapple's boy had read that touching Thanksgiving story about the chap who ran away from home when a lad and went to sea, and wasn't heard of for years and years; and how on every Thanksgiving Day his fond mother set a plate for the wanderer, and kept a seat for him at the table, and how the gray-haired sire, when he asked a blessing, prayed for his wayward son—prayed that he might return in safety to the paternal roof. And then one Thanksgiving Day, when they had about given him up for dead, although the plate and the vacant chair told the story of a mother's undying hope, just as the family had sat down to the Thanksgiving dinner, there came a rap at the door. "Come in!" cried the sire, and in bounced the lost boy in a sailor jacket and a tarpaulin hat, just home from a long whaling voyage. Such rejoicing as there was in that house! How his father shook him by both hands, how his mother wept over him and embraced him; and how all his brothers, and sisters, and aunts, and cousins hung around his neck and tugged at his sailor jacket! It was worth braving the dangers of the seas to meet with such a welcome on his return He sat at the feast in the chair that a mother's deathless love, and hope, and recollection had always placed for him, and never was there a happier Thanksgiving since that cherished anniversary was invented.

Crabapple's boy wept over that story every time he read it, and he got to wondering whether such a fuss would be made over him should he run away from home and then turn up again some Thanksgiving Day. He thought about it so much that he finally determined to test the business, anyhow. He would see how the folks would act when he played the prodigal's return. So about a week before Thanksgiving he ran away from home He didn't go to sea, because the sea was too far off, and he couldn't make much of a voyage in a week, anyhow. He got a job in a tanyard grinding bark, which answered all the purpose, for he could imagine his "bark was on the sea" as he rode the old horse around the circle. He called the mill the world, and imagined himself sailing around the world every revolution.

When the week was up he started for home. He fancied himself so much tanned by the occupation he had followed that his parents would hardly know him. He imagined he had picked up a good many *hide ears*, anyhow.

With a beating heart he approached the parental mansion. He looked in at the window and saw the folks just sitting down to the Thanksgiving supper. A chill of disappointment crept over him as he saw there was no vacant chair, and there wasn't an idle plate anywhere on the table. He listened at the door as the blessing was asked, but although several prophets were honored with a flattering notice his name wasn't mentioned. This was a little hard on the boy that had run away from home and was liable to turn up on that or any succeeding Thanksgiving Day. Recollections of him didn't seem to cluster around that hearthstone to any great extent. Repressing a chilling foreboding that arose in his breast, he flung open the door, rushed into their midst and exclaimed, "Father!—mother!—'tis I!—Sammy Crabapple!—home again!—home!—home!" and threw himself on his father's breast, sobbing convulsively.

What did that father do? Did he hug him and slobber tears over him, and call him his "long lost bo-bo-boy?" Not much he didn't. He took him by the collar, led him into the woodshed and worked over him more than an hour with a barrel stave. His brothers and sisters dancing around on the back stoop in an ecstasy of joy, while his mother screamed. "That's right, Ambrus, give it to him! Learn him better'n to run away from home again!" Then he was sent to bed without any Thanksgiving supper at all, and threatened with being deprived of both Christmas and New Year's.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

You Can't Always Tell.—It was a handsome looking cottage, and the passer by would have said to himself that the angel of bliss and the dove of peace swung on the door-knobs and turned handsprings through every room. And yet yesterday noon a man's voice was heard calling out, "Jane, oh! Jane—them pertaters hez biled dry! Come in here! blast ye, come in!" And she was heard replying, "Git up'n take the kettle off, you old noodle-head, and don't blast me, or I'll break another rib for ye!"—*Detroit Free Press*

A lady who acts as copying clerk in the Indiana Senate is thus described: "She is a tall and queenly beauty, with flashing eyes, black as jet, and threatening death for love or hate, as the case may be."

Vinegar Bitters.—Dr. J. Walker, a regular practicing physician of California, has conferred a priceless boon upon mankind, by the introduction of a "Bitters" compounded from herbs exclusively, which may be truly said to be superseding all others, and is becoming a *bitter* dose indeed for the charlatans and quacks, on account of its immense sale and universal popularity. Not only are these Vinegar Bitters, as he calls them, an invaluable tonic and alterative, but they are acknowledged as a standard Medicine, and the astonishing rapidity with which they cure diseases hitherto declared incurable, seems almost incredible. After having been carefully tested, they are kept on hand in thousands of households, and used for any and every form of disease, many relying upon them in preference to the most celebrated physicians. They have become a recognized "Family Remedy," and properly so. 25

The official report to the Austrian government, respecting musical instruments at the Vienna Exposition, declares the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs to be "the most distinguished and praiseworthy instruments" of their class; praising in detail their power and resonance of tone, variety of combination and solo effects; fine power of expression; smooth, even and sympathetic tones, and thorough workmanship. They were awarded the first and highest medal. Other American organs in competition were declared to be far less meritorious, the tones and workmanship being both inferior. In comparison, it was said: "Judged leniently, they do not rise above a respectable mediocrity." This was undoubtedly the most extensive, thorough and competent comparison of such instruments ever made.

The Northwestern Telegraph Institute of Janesville, Wis., gave offices to fifteen graduates during the month of January. Valentine Bros., the principals of this institute, understand their business thoroughly, and they not only give students a perfect and practical knowledge of telegraphy, but have arrangements with telegraph companies by which they are enabled to procure situations for graduates.

The American Organs, advertised in another column, have the guaranty which comes from twenty-five years of successful experiment, and from the well known high character of the manufacturers. They now offer entirely new styles, unsurpassed in quality and beauty.

In the first week of December there were 94,999 paupers, indoor and outdoor, relieved in London; the second week, 95,879, the third week, 96,557; the fourth week, 97,357—an addition to the list during December of 2,358

Carpenters, see advertisement of Simmons' Sash Supporter.

A Few Words to Feeble and Delicate Women.

By R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

Knowing that you are subject to a great amount of suffering, that delicacy on your part has a strong tendency to prolong, and the longer it is neglected the more you have to endure and the more difficult of cure your case becomes, I, as a physician, who is daily consulted by scores of your sex, desire to say to you, that I am constantly meeting with those who have been treated for their ailments for months without being benefited in the least, until they have become perfectly discouraged, and have almost made up their minds never to take another dose of medicine nor be tortured by any further treatment. They had rather die and have their sufferings ended than to live and suffer as they have. They say they are worn out by suffering, and are only made worse by treatment. Of anything more discouraging, we certainly cannot conceive, and were there no more successful mode of treating such difficulties than that, the principles of which teach the reducing and depleting of the vital forces of the system, when the indications dictate a treatment directly the reverse of the one adopted for them, their cases would be deplorable indeed. But lady sufferers, there is a better and far more successful plan of treatment for you, one more in harmony with the laws and requirements of your systems. A harsh, irritating caustic treatment and strong medicines will never cure you. If you would use rational means, such as common-sense should dictate to every intelligent lady, take such medicines as embody the very best invigorating tonics and nervines, compounded with special reference to your delicate systems. Such a happy combination you will find in my Favorite Prescription, which has received the loudest praise from thousands of your sex. Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs, that continual drain that is sapping from your systems all your former elasticity, and driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces that renders you irritable and fretful, may all be overcome and subdued by a persevering use of that marvelous remedy. Irregularities and obstructions to the proper workings of your systems are relieved by this mild and safe means, while periodical pains the existence of which is a sure indication of serious disease that should not be neglected, readily yield to it; and if its use is kept up for a reasonable length of time, the special cause of these pains is permanently removed. Further light on these subjects may be obtained from my pamphlet on diseases peculiar to your sex sent on receipt of two stamps. My Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists

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Beeves	9¼ @	13½
Hogs—Dressed	8¾ @	9¼
Cotton	15¾ @	16¾
Flour—Superfine Western	4 25 @	4 75
Wheat—No 2 Chicago	1 09½ @	1 12½
No 1 Spring	1 16 @	1 19
Corn	83 @	85
Oats	69 @	72
Rye	85 @	95
Pork—New Mess	19 00 @	19 50
Lard—Steam	13 @	14
CHICAGO.		
Beeves—Choice Graded Steers	6 60 @	6 75
Choice Natives	5 75 @	6 00
Good to Prime Steers	5 60 @	6 00
Cows and Heifers	3 50 @	4 75
Medium to Fair	5 00 @	5 50
Inferior to Common	2 25 @	3 00
Hogs—Live	6 50 @	7 30
Flour—Fancy White Winter	6 00 @	6 50
Red Winter	5 00 @	5 50
Wheat—No 1 Spring	90 @	91
No 2 Spring	86 @	87
No 3 Spring	82 @	82½
Corn—No 2 New	64 @	65
Oats—No 2	53 @	54
Rye—No 2	98 @	1 00
Barley—No 2	1 07 @	1 13
Butter—Fancy	32 @	35
Eggs—Fresh	34 @	37
Pork—Mess	18 00 @	18 37½
Lard	13 @	13¼
ST. LOUIS.		
Wheat—No 2 Red	1 05 @	1 06
Corn—No 2 New	64 @	65
Oats—No 1	56 @	57
Rye—No 2	1 03 @	1 04
Pork—Mess	18 50 @	19 00
Lard	13 @	13¼
Hogs	6 50 @	7 50
Cattle	4 50 @	5 50
MILWAUKEE		
Wheat—No 1	91 @	92
No 2	86 @	87
Corn—No 2	60 @	63
Oats—No 2	52 @	53
Rye	1 01 @	1 02
Barley—No. 2	1 10 @	1 12
CINCINNATI.		
Wheat—Red	1 07 @	1 10
Corn—New	65 @	66
Oats	59 @	62
Rye	1 10 @	1 12
Pork—Mess	18 50 @	19 00
Lard	13 @	14
TOLEDO		
Wheat—Extra	1 14 @	1 15
Amber	1 06 @	1 07
Corn—New	66 @	69
Oats	58 @	60
DETROIT.		
Wheat—Extra	1 13 @	1 14
Amber	1 06 @	1 07
Corn	67 @	69
Oats	58 @	60
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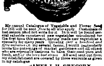

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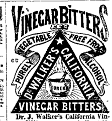

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For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelminitics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

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