OUR NEWS SUMMARY.

—A United States Express messenger is missing with $15,000.

It has been decided by the Berlin Congress to grant autonomy to Western Roumelia, Epirus, Thessaly and Crete, to be secured by European control. The Powers will insist on the rectification of the Greek frontier by Turkey. Austria receives one side of the Bay of Antivari and Montenegro receives Nicsics.

—A disturbance occurred in the Polish church at Schuylkill, Pa., followed by a riot so serious that a number of the members were arrested at the church door.

—Joseph Meyer and John Murray, aged eleven years, were drowned while bathing in a sink hole near Mahanoy, Pa.

—Eighteen months' imprisonment at hard labor in the State prison with a fine of $1,500 was the sentence given to Benjamin Noyes, President of the National Capital life Insurance Company.

—Sections of Central and South America are now undergoing political revolutions.

—The residence of Governor Van Zant, at Newport, was robbed of watches and jewelry to the amount of $3,000.

—The Arkansas Democrats in Convention demand the repeal of the Resumption Act, and the reception of greenbacks for all dues.

—Four counties in Alex. H. Stephen's district in Georgia, have approved his course in Congress.

—An explosion occurred in a petroleum factory at Lyons, France, causing the death of thirty persons.

—George Fessler, the absconding county treasurer, has arrived at Canton, Ohio, and is now in jail. He brought $26,000 with him. The balance of the deficit is $40,000. Fessler preferred to stand his trial in Canton rather than go to a Canadian prison.

—Much indignation and uneasiness were aroused in Rhode Island recently by the published statement that two tramps had been guilty of a daring burglary at a mill village near Providence, and that another tramp had attempted to murder a grocer when the latter went to his barn in the morning for his horse and wagon. The criminals in both cases were arrested, and turned out to be residents of the neighborhood, the burglary having been perpetrated for plunder and the murder attempted for revenge.

—A most serious accident during the storm in Western Pennsylvania, was at a German Lutheran picnic at Ross Grove, on the Western Pennsylvania Railroad, a few miles up the Allegheny from Pittsburg, where a large tree fell on a party who had fled to it for shelter, instantly killing ten and seriously injuring fifteen. The dead and injured are all from the borough of Sharpsburg. Of the fifteen seriously injured no consequence will probably survive. Mr. Miller and daughter, and the daughter of the Lutheran preacher, were among the killed.

—The boat racing at Henley, England, on the 4th, was witnessed by immense numbers, and afforded general gratification. The Americans won in two heats—the Shoe-wae-cae-mettes carrying off the first heat for the Steward's Challenge Cup, and the Columbia College crew winning the second heat for the Visitors' Challenge Cup. In the first heat of the Diamond Challenge Sculls, Lee, of Newark, N. J., was beaten by Edwardes-Moss, the present holder of the prize. Lee lost by mistaking the winning-post. The time made by the "Shoes" and Columbias was the subject of general admiration. Great enthusiasm was manifested by the American spectators at the success of the latter.

—The final contest for the Visitors Challenge Cup, in which the Columbia College crew, of New York, and the Hertford College crew, of Oxford University, participated, was won by the New York crew by half a mile, the boat of the Oxford crew running into the river bank. The Columbia crew got off first, and soon had the lead by a length, which they kept to Poplar Point, where they took the Hertford's water. The Hertford crew made a spurt, but their bow oarsman broke down from exhaustion, and the boat ran ashore. The Columbias won as they pleased. The time of the heat was eight minutes and forty-one seconds. The Shoe-wae-cae-mettes were beaten completely in the final heat for the Steward's Challenge Cup. Joseph Nadeau, one of their number, was taken sick in the morning, and broke down sick in the boat while the heat was being rowed, and the "Shoes" stopped.

—An Irish picnic at Lewiston, N. Y. led the Canadians to suppose the Fenians were gathering on the border, and quite a scare followed.

—In the case of Benjamin Hunter the jury at Camden, N. J., brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree.

—A really alarming report comes from Mexico. It appears that one thousand citizens of that Republic are drilling at El Paso and have petitioned the government of Chihuahua to allow them to cross over into Texas and give the warriors of that State a drubbing. Mexico has some curious ideas in regard to the United States.

—The President, Governor of Pennsylvania and other State officials attended the Wyoming massacre anniversary.

—New and very rich gold fields have been discovered in Montana.

—A fire at Sanford's Corners, Maine, destroyed the Congregational Church, the Baptist Church, Prescott Every's store and barn, and three dwellings. Loss, $30,000.

—The body of Mrs. Wertheimer, who so mysteriously disappeared in New York, was found in the Hudson River. As no jewelry was taken from her person, and no marks of violence found, it is believed that her death was accidental.

—The coal companies stopped work the 15th of July. Twenty-five hundred men are thrown out of employment.

—Tobin the old soldier convicted of murder at West Point, has been sentenced to be hanged next September. The President will be asked to commute the sentence to life imprisonment.

—At Petersburg, Va., a span of the railroad bridge was blown down and one man seriously injured.

—The U. S. Treasury Statement shows an increase of the public debt for June of $2,149,381.18. This is owing to the deficiency bills passed at the last session.

—The Democrats of the Sixth Ohio District nominated on the thirty-seventh ballot W. D. Hill, of Defiance County, for Congress.

—The famine in China still continues, and it is declared that over 5,000,000 people are dying from starvation. The peasants feed upon the bodies of the dead, and when they are not to be had, kill the living for food.

—A paper has been posted in all the cotton mills of the Stockport, England, district giving a fortnight's notice of a five per cent. reduction in wages. The operatives at present seem to favor resistance. A strike there would affect 25,000 persons.

The Steward's Challenge Cup Race.

The great event at Henley, England, on the 4th was the first trial heat for the Steward's Challenge Cup. The Columbia College crew took the inside position, near the Berks shore, the Dublin University boat was in the middle, and the Sho-wae-cae-mettes on the Bucks side of the river. The boats got off at 1:30 P. M. The Sho-was-cae-mettes misunderstood the starting signal, and got off badly, while the Dublins made a fine start, and soon led both the American boats by two lengths. The "Shoes" were far over on the Bucks side, while the other crews were close to the Berks shore, the Dublins crowding the Columbia boat, intent on getting her water. The Columbias rowed a good course in grand form, overtaking the Dublin, hand over hand. As they rounded the point the Dublins steered in shore, crashing into the Columbia just as the latter was beginning to head the Irish crew, and this in spite of the shouts of the umpire: "Dublin, take your right course!" The two boats disentangled themselves, and when they did so the Columbia was leading the Dublin. Long before this the "Shoes" had taken a decided lead, having made up what they lost at first by a uniform stroke of 46 from the start. At the time of the foul, which occurred at the end of the mile, they were one length and a quarter ahead of the foulingcrews. Upon witnessing the foul the "Shoes" bow gave an order to "ease all," and dropping their stroke to 40, the crew proceeded easily, the Nadeau brothers pulling with one hand several lengths, and waving their red caps in answer to cheers on shore, notwithstanding the other crews had cleared. Opposite the grand stand the "Shoes" raised their stroke to 48, to afford the spectators an exhibition of their powers, in the unusual time of 8:40. Paddling to their boat-house, the "Shoes" sprang upon the float with agility, cheerily offering to row the race over again if necessary. They were altogether as fresh as when they started. The Columbias were also very fresh on leaving their boat, and made a claim to be allowed to row again in the final heat, but this was disallowed by the Stewards, on the ground that the "Shoes" were so far ahead that they could not have been caught. The Dublins did not deny the foul, which was allowed in favor of the Columbias.

The time of the "Shoes" was 8:04. It stood thus on the Stewards' time-book for two hours, but was changed on the book to 8:21.

His Manhood Whipped Out.

A few weeks ago a well-dressed stranger was found dead in one of the towns contiguous to this city. Several days elapsed before any satisfactory clew to his identity was discovered. It was evident, from the appearance of his remains, that the man had been a gambler, who, for some unknown cause, and in some unknown manner, had come to a violent death. An acquaintance—himself a respectable gentleman—relates an incident in the life of this gambler, which may prove instructive to parents and others having charge of young persons.

Many years ago, while serving out a term of imprisonment for some offence of which he had been convicted, he entered into a plan for escape. It proved unsuccessful. He was detected, and as a punishment for the attempt he was whipped with the most terrible severity—his whole back being made raw by the lash. Referring to this, the gambler was in the habit of saying that all his manhood was whipped out of him. From that event he became an enemy of the human race, and went from crime to crime, until the sudden end of his criminal career.

We avail ourselves of the occasion to say that we think serious injury is often done to children by the unnecessary infliction upon them of severe corporal punishment. Some children are extremely sensitive, and they feel the degradation much more keenly than the mere infliction of physical pain.

We do not believe the murdered man of whom we have spoken is the only one who has carried through life the burning memory of corporal punishment; nor the only one whose nature has been hardened and soured by such a recollection.

We do not forget that Solomon said, he that spareth the rod hateth his son; but, fortunately for the boys of our day, we live under a gentler dispensation, which usually substitutes love and kindness for the rod in which the faith of the ancients lay.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—They who are ignorantly devoted to the mere ceremonies of religion are fallen into thick darkness; but they are in still thicker gloom who are solely attached to fruitless speculations.

Mrs. Jenks's Girlhood.

The Meadville (Penn.) *Index* says: "Mrs. Jenks, who has been testifying before the Potter Committee in Washington, lived in this city about twenty-three years ago. Her mother was a widow, and for a long time resided in the old house just north of the Odd-fellows' Home, on the Waterford Turnpike, about a mile from Diamond Park. Mrs. Murdock had been married in Scotland to a man named Douglass. Mrs. Murdock was deserted by her husband after coming here, and supported herself by practicing midwifery and nursing the sick. She was employed in the family of W. H. Doughty, and is described by Mrs. Doughty as being a woman of more than ordinary intelligence. She claimed to be a graduate of a medical school at Glasgow, though she never exhibited its diploma. While here Mrs. Murdock was very poor, and evidently had a hard struggle with the world. The little girl Agnes Douglass Murdock—now Mrs. Jenks—is distinctly remembered by many of our citizens. She attended school at the academy in 1855, and is called to mind by Prof. S. P. Bates, of this city, who was then teaching there, as a particularly bright and intelligent girl. Agnes at that time is described as a very handsome and fascinating little girl, keen-eyed and sharp-tongued, slight in build, fair complexion, though not a decided blonde. Twenty-three ago Mrs. Murdock and Agnes removed to Jackson, La."

Becoming a Millionaire.

A New York correspondent says: Harrison Stephens is a gentleman with a short but interesting history. Stephens was born in Ludlow, Vt., about seventy-six years ago. He sprung up on a farm, became a cattle driver, was very poor but keenly acquisitive, made money in cattle speculations, invested it in Montreal real estate, and kept investing until he is now the owner of about two dozen of the finest stores in St. James street, including also the building known as the Ottawa Hotel. Stephens made a fortune in itself by shrewdly purchasing United States Government bonds during the war, when greenbacks were worth thirty to forty per cent. The subsequent appreciation of these bonds made him enormously wealthy. I am told that Stephens, with all his wealth, is an unhappy man and fears death. In order to prolong his existence and to retain his health, all that he eats and drinks is weighed and measured. He estimates his digestive capacity at a certain limit; and does not permit himself to pass it. He is hale and hearty, and his only ambition is to become a little richer. Like all men of his character, he is exceedingly close in his dealings.

Making Up.

A Russian colonel, lately appointed chief police master of one of the most populous towns of the Baltic provinces, has hit upon a very novel plan for subduing fishwives. "You must be locked up in the same cell until you have kissed each other." This was invariably the sentence of the new magistrate in every case of female broil which was brought before him. He knew very well that although kissing is a habit with Russian men, it is not much in use with the women of Muscovy, least of all with the fishwives. The excited women railed for a time louder than ever, protested that they would die sooner than give this humiliating sign of reconciliation, and then, after a few hours' confinement, called the jailer, and informed him that they had kissed. As the conciliatory act was without witnesses, they were told that they must repeat the kiss publicly in the market place. They were compelled, in the midst of their sisters in trade, to kiss each other three times.

A Woman's Conscientiousness.

The Haverhill Mass., *Gazette* tells this story:—Perhaps the reader has noticed while journeying upon the Boston and Lowell Railroad, at Willow Bridge, Somerville, a plain but substantial neat brick house upon the hill, only a moment's walk from the station. Its doors have not been opened for twelve years. Twelve years ago one of the brightest and smartest mechanics in our bustling city—young, handsome, whose only apparent fortune was his daily wages of which he was very careful, saving all he could for the one bright object of his life, which was to marry her whom he had won, as soon as they could get money enough to commence housekeeping—was engaged to a charming young girl. She was conscientious to a fault, brought up in the most puritanical of Puritan families, good, pure and beautiful. One bright morning in spring he invited her to take a drive in the suburbs. They halted after about an hour's drive in front of this house. He asked her how she liked it. Of course she wished it was their's; they could be so happy if they only had a home like that. He invited her in. The house had just been completed, and very nicely furnished. Judge of her surprise when he quietly informed her that the property was his, that he owned it. Why, she was completely dumbfounded, and, of course, wanted an explanation. How, when, did he come in possession of so much property? He tried to avoid the question, but she was firm. He finally told her that he drew $20,000 in some lottery scheme, and with its funds built and furnished this home for her. She turned upon him as though he were the veriest gambler, vowing then and there that she would never be his wife until he gave back the property which he had gained by what she termed unlawful means. She scorned all efforts of his to induce her to occupy the house They separated; parted at the door, which has not been opened since. The furniture remains the same today as when they left it twelve years ago, except what age has done. Both are wanderers upon the face of the earth, both lives blasted.

—It turns out that the two men lately hanged by a mob in Gallatin, Tenn., were entirely innocent.

Burning of a Theatre in India.

The *Times*, of India, gives particulars of the fire which occurred in a theatre at Ahmedduggur on the 12th of June. A well-known Parsee theatrical club from Bombay, it appears, had been entertaining the public of Ahmednuggur. The thing was a novelty there, the acting and scenery were both far better than our out-of-the-way native public had any right to expect, and, as a consequence, an unusually large audience was attracted. A commodious mandup was erected outside of the city, opposite the Native Infantry lines, to serve as a theatre. On the night of the 11th ult. the house was unusually crowded to witness the performance of "Situmgeer, or The Tyrant," one of the best known and most popular tragedies in the Victoria Company's little *repertoire*. The play was over by 10 o'clock, and the audience were laughing and chuckling over the humors of an amusing farce, when suddenly a crackling noise, which increased to a roar as it neared them, was heard from the lower end of the mandwa. Then arose a cry of "Fire!" which deepened into a terrible shriek when it was seen that the ceiling was already in a blaze. For a moment the audience were paralyzed with fright, but as the flames spread a furious rush was made for the little entrance, and many fell and were trampled under foot. The whole pavilion quickly filled with flames, and by the time three-quarters of the audience had escaped, the strong easterly wind caught the flame and carried it like a scorching sheet of fire quickly across the interior of the booth. By this time, though the door was still blocked with a struggling mass, most of those who were able to move were safe, but the others lay groaning and yelling in the agonies of an awful death. The European residents ran to the spot at the first alarm, and eased the block at the doorway by pulling the front row of the crowd boldly out as best they could, and with tremendous efforts. Major Trevelyan and Col. Utterson behaved with the greatest gallantry, and but for the order and confidence inspired by their daring and coolness the loss of life would have been much greater. The whole fire did not occupy many minutes, but as the scorched and wounded people were pulled out from near the entrance and passed into the open air it seemed an eternity before the flames died down sufficiently to enable the rescuing party to drag the dead out of the centre of the auditorium. The sight was simply awful. About 40 men had either been burned to death or had more mercifully been suffocated by the smoke. Nine of the persons who were got out alive died the same day in the hospital. Some of the bodies were so much disfigured by the fire that fathers and mothers could not even recognize their very sons and daughters. The cause of the fire is unknown.

The Suicide of a Dog.

The Lincoln *Journal* says:—Our readers may remember the drowning last Sunday of the little six-year-old boy, Dany. The child had a little dog who was his constant companion and play mate. When the accident occurred the dog was with the boy, and, by his strange conduct and uneasiness, attracted attention. While the boy was lying in the bottom of the stream the dog would run to the child's mother and then toward the place where the boy was supposed to be, and finally plunged in and swam around or over the spot where his little master lay. After the body had been placed in the coffin the dog manifested a strong desire to see the child, and when the lid of the coffin was raised he licked the dead face, and seemed to feel intense grief. In a short time the dog went out to the railroad track and lay down on the road, as it had done many times before; but upon the approach of the train he laid himself upon the rail and deliberately permitted the train to pass over his body—being killed. The mother, at the time of the drowning, supposed the child was at home, and therefore neglected to obey the hint given by the dog.

Keep Up Your Heart.

"Calamity shows whether there is any manhood about a man or not. It is hard to brace up in adversity, but a strong heart will pull a man through." So speaks a man who a few years ago was a wealthy and prosperous manufacturer of this city, but who "went to smash," financially speaking, more through the fault of incompetent partners and impecunious creditors than his own. Instead of saving a share of his large property, as he might easily have done by a little "crookedness," he manfully sacrificed everything and resolutely commenced trying to "get on his feet" again. Notwithstanding the hard times he has succeeded in doing so. He wasn't too proud to seek employment of men whom he could buy and sell, commercially speaking, before his misfortunes, but pluckily set his brains and hands in operation. His words are brave, and his actions correspond with them. It may require a fierce struggle to triumph over reverses in life, but he is indeed a coward who weakly turns to dissipation or suicide instead of making the effort. There is always room in the world for strong hearts and willing hands.—*Troy Times.*

A Socialistic Pic-nic.

The procession of the Socialists' Labor Party in Brooklyn on July 4th comprised about three thousand men and boys. There were five divisions in line, each division being composed of from two to six sub-societies. Along the line of march the procession was frequently cheered by people on the sidewalks and in the houses. After the parade there was a pic-nic in Uhler's Park that was attended by about 5,000. There were dancing, games, and speeches. Conspicuously displayed in the grove was a banner upon which was painted:

Bread is cheap and water don't cost anything—we don't mean to starve.

—Dennis Kearney, the leader of the Workingmen's party in California, was born at Oakmount, county of Cork, Ireland, in 1847; he is a Catholic, married, and strictly temperate.

At a Pic-nic.

There was a pic-nic in Eby's Grove, near Dayton, Ohio, one day. Some of the young men wandered down the river. In a secluded nook they discovered a pile of female clothing. They looked into the river for signs of life or death but saw nothing. A newspaper reporter of the party took down all the surroundings, rummaged among the clothes, and found there were several sets or suits of them, little and big. In one of the pockets a love letter was found, written by Hal to Julia. The clothing was tenderly bundled up and taken to the picnic camp, stuffed under a buggy seat, and the party started home feeling very sad. It did not occur to them at once that it was a little strange a young woman and two or three little girls should commit suicide all at once. It was perhaps Julia and her little sisters who had thus plunged into eternity. It was a very sad case all agreed—disappointed love perhaps—and on the theory of suicide the love letter would be a good thing for the account. The clothes were taken to the police office. The reporter was satisfied that he had a good thing. The account was read evidently, for early in the morning an angry father came raging into police quarters demanding the clothes. His daughter had taken a walk on the river bank with two or three little neighbor girls, and the place being secluded and the temperature warm, and the water inviting, they concluded to take a bath. Soon they heard voices in the woods, and hid themselves in the bushes. They huddled together as quiet as mice until the intruding young men had come and gone—gone with their clothes. The only thing they could do was to remain quietly where they were until after dark and then steal to their homes in the kindly shadows of night.

The Skies of Italy.

The skies of Italy, however, so far as the two or three days we have seen them enables us to judge, bear no comparison in clearness and beauty to those of our own fair land. They are much softer than ours, making it difficult at times to distinguish between mountain and cloud, or rather to tell where the mountains end and the clouds begin. The olive and the vine continue to be the main products, but as we approach Rome they give place to fields of wheat, rye, rice, and maize. The wheat was just ripening for the harvest South of the Alps, but after we crossed the Appenines the harvest was in progress. We passed immense fields of wheat in which were long rows of reapers, cutting it with sickles in the old-fashioned way. One or two overseers on horseback superintended each gang of workmen. Instead of placing it in shocks, they haul it together at once and thresh it by treading out with horses in the open field. We saw but few stacks of grain, and nothing that approached to our barns. Their horses, cattle and sheep are kept all the year round in the open field.—*Cor. Reading Times.*

Crazed by the Use of Arsenic.

The Sacramento *Bee* says: About a year or so ago a young lady of sunny temperament and pleasant features began to use to excess preparations for bleaching her hair to the fashionable golden tinge, and at the same time became a slave to that beautifier of the complexion and the form—the deceptive poison, arsenic. Her features before, though not beautiful, were at least good. People soon remarked her changed appearance for the better. Her complexion was rosy and blooming; her hair soft, silky, and of a beautiful tinge; her form plumper than it had been, and her skin smooth and white. But her self-congratulation did not last long. Headaches soon followed, growing more and more violent every day; but still she kept on using the abominable stuff which has been the ruin of so many. Of late her sufferings have been almost intolerable. The blessing of sleep has not been hers. Her head was a very hell of torture night and day. Her mind grew feebler and feebler, her thoughts wandered, her intellect was lost, and to-day, a girl of twenty years, she is confined in a cell in that prison of the living dead, Stockton, a maniac.

The Chief of the Bannocks.

Buffalo Horn, the leader of the Bannocks, acted as a scout under Gen. Howard from Camas Prairie to Henry Lake, when he left on account of the threatening cold, returning to Fort Hall. Buffalo Horn is not the hereditary Chief of the Bannock Indians, but is merely a leader among the wild warriors, and is looked up to by them as their Captain. These young bucks have a supreme contempt for the real Chief, whom they speak of sneeringly as an old woman. Buffalo Horn is a small, gracefully-built Indian, with beautiful eyes, not unlike a cross between an eagle's and an antelope's. One side of his long hair is bound round with threads of brown bark, which, resembling a buffalo's horn, is probably the origin of his name. He speaks very little English, but seems to enjoy the society of whites. Frontiersmen say the Bannocks are not very brave as a class, and cannot "hold a candle" to the Nez Perces as fighters. They are closely connected with the Shoshone and Piutes, by marital and other ties and would probably have their alliance should war assume serious proportions.

Georgia's Fish Story.

The Quitman *Free Press* says: J. B. Watkins, of Quitman, Ga., tells it, and there is certainly no doubt of its truth. He says: "While fishing with set lines for catfish in the Coosa river, a small three-pound cat was caught. This cat was put on one of the lines whole for bait. Visiting the hooks next day, it was discovered that something tremendous had been caught. It proved to be a cat which weighed forty-two pounds. Upon examination it was found that the first fish of three pounds had been swallowed by an eleven-pound cat and been caught, and in turn the two had been swallowed by the forty-two pounder. The three weighed fifty-six pounds.

An Indian's Execution.

A Boise City (Id.) telegram says that Tambiago, the Bannock Indian who murdered Alexander Roden at Fort Hall, was hanged in the yard of the Penitentiary, near that city. He begged for a respite for another day, saying he would willingly die if, he could have one more sleep. On the scaffold he bore himself like the stoical savage that he was and seemed only to regret that he was compelled to go alone and without seeing any of his people. His brother, who is in the Penitentiary for shooting three teamsters near Fort Hall last summer, attempted to commit suicide, but was discovered and the attempt failed. He and Tambiago had asked as a special favor that if one must die the other be permitted to die with him. This request was of course refused, hence the attempt at self-destruction. Some apprehension was felt that there might be an attempt made by some prowling band of Indians to rescue Tambiago, but there was no evidence of the presence of Indians in the vicinity.

Capital Punishment Among Sparrows.

In the cornice over the Utica Court House is a very large colony of sparrows. Last week one of the number committed some offense and was brought up before one of the older birds and a large jury. The offender must have been guilty beyond doubt, as the trial was a brief one. Within an hour the wicked bird was seized by four others, and in spite of his struggles a cord attached to a bracket was twisted around its neck; when all was secure the bird was dropped and it quickly strangled. The victim's body still hangs from one of the pillars of the temple of justice, a warning to all other offenders against the laws of the sparrows.

Emaciation a Remediable Defect.

Leanness not only detracts from personal comliness, but is an index that the blood is deficient in nutritive properties. To remedy emaciation, enrich and purify the blood, which will then develop healthy flesh. This object is most readily attained through the agency of the great blood fertilizer and depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which enables the stomach to extract from the food taken into it ample nourishment for the system, removes all obstacles to complete digestion and assimilation, and by stimulating the kidneys to vigorous action, incites those organs to strain from the vital fluid in its passage through them impurities which would otherwise impair its flesh-creating qualities. Not only do the Bitters promote the development of solid fibre, but they also increase muscular power and elasticity, overcome nervousness, banish mental depression, and protect the system against disease.

Why Longer Remain Fat?

Obesity was considered by the ancients as evidence of coarseness. Even yet the slim forms of the Grecian goddesses are regarded as models of female beauty. Corpulence is now held to be a disease, and Allen's Anti-Fat has fully demonstrated it to be curable. The Anti-Fat chemically neutralizes in the stomach all glucose, saccharine and oleaginous substances, thus preventing the formation of fat. Its use insures a loss of from two to five pounds per week. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Sold by druggists.

For Upwards of Thirty 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 Cents a bottle.

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THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
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U 28

MARKET NOTES.

NEW YORK MARKET.

The wholesale New York market quotations snow:

Beans.—Prime, $1.60@1.62½; fair to good $1.40@1.50 per bushel.

Butter.—N. Y. sold at 18c. for choice in pails, and 16@18c. common to good. Western sold at 19c., and the common Western at 5@8c.

Cheese.—Factory fancy, 8½c. do. fair 8c., farm dairy, prime 10@11½c., and do fair 9@10c.

Eggs.—Quotations ranged from 14c. for ordinary to 16c. for New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Flour.—Superfine New York and Western, $4.50@5.90; extra New York $4.30@4.95.

Hay.—Shipping 45@50c.; clover 20@25c.; salt 30@40c.; straw 40@50c.

Hops.—New York 6@7; Eastern 7@10c. yearlings 2@3c., Cali 1@2c.

Petroleum.—Refined 11⅜c. crude 7c. in bulk; in barrels 9@9½c. Naptha 6@6½c. in shipping order, and 15@16c. in cases, and 12c. in barrels.

Pork.—New mess $11@11.50 Family mess 10.50@11 prime $8.75, dressed hogs 5⅝@6⅝.

Wheat.—Spring No. 2, $1.05. Milwaukee No. 2, $1.12½. Amber $1.13. White $1.22.

Rye.—State 64@66c.

Wool.—Ohio Pennsylvania and Virginia xxx 42@45c., xx 37@40., x 37@40c. No. 1, 35@40c. No 1, 35@40c., common, 30@32c. New York and Western xx 35@38c., x and No. 1, 35@38@32@35c.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Flour.—State family $5.50; rye flour $2.75. Wheat, State $1.15. Amber $1.20. Corn yellow 57c.; mixed State 49c.

Petroleum.—Refined 11½c.; crude 8½c.

Wool.—State and Western xx 34@35c., x 34@35c., Medium 36@37c., coarse 33@34c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

BUFFALO.—Cattle good quality, $4.90 Hogs fair to good $3.60@$3.70 best $4.00.

EAST LIBERTY, PENN.—Best cattle $4.70, medium to good $3.25@4.50; common to fair $3.50 Hogs, Yorkers, $3.60@3.70; Philadelphias, $3.80@3.85. Sheep, $3.50@5.40.

WEST BROWN'S, MASS.—Cattle, choice, $7.75 extra $7.00@7.50, first quality, $6.12½@6.62½, second qual. $5.12½@5.62½, third quality 4.25@5.00. Sheep and lambs—wool sheep, $3.45@4.00, extra $4.50@5.50, sheared 3½@5¼c. spring lambs 4@5½c. veal calves 4½@5½c

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TO MY CHILD IN HEAVEN.

And hast thou been one month in Heaven, my child,
And am I then, mother to one of those
Who wait upon the throne of God: methinks
If I could pierce, only one little space of time,
Through the thick veil that hides thee from my sight,
And see thee there, all glorious as thou art;
If I could catch even the faintest strain
Of that celestial song to which thine ear
Is now attuned,—I would submit: nay, more,
I'd thank thee, Father, even through blinding tears,
And from a bleeding heart, that thou did'st deem
Me worthy of such honor. But, ah, me!
The flesh is weak. And I did love thee so,
My child! And I did take such great delight
In all those ways which only mothers know.

And I did pride me so on thine unfolding
Promise, and did build such hopes, high hopes,
Of what we'd be, each to the other, as
The growing years rolled on! But one short, dreadful
Day, and thou wer't dust before mine eyes, and now
My arms are empty, and my heart cries out
Continually in agony of pain.
For when I call thy name, through endless space
There comes no answering sound; and, when I lift
My arms imploring, they clasp empty air;
And when I raise mine eyes, the midnight stars
Flash back their cold, eternal brightness,
As the noonday sun mocks at my grief.

Is it so, then? Is this great tragedy
Of life and death but mockery? and does
Nature laugh through all her secret places,
And toss in pastime, souls, mere playthings of her will?

Long ages back, one sore distressed, and burdened
With sorrow's weight, left upon record, this
Question, pregnant